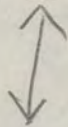


Paul's mind raced with him as he ran up Blueberry Hill for Doctor Gourdeau. He was filled with terror. Had the baseball struck her? he thought. What if Mama should die? I killed her on my birthday with my little bat. Why wasn't there some whiskey in the house? At least some wine? But Paul knew why there wasn't. Belle had never permitted a drop of liquor in her house since Paul was four years old. Brother Ronald, aged eight, had found a tall bottle of port wine, "company" wine, hidden behind Belle's washstand. By this time she and Oliver occupied separate bedrooms.

Ronny had opened the bottle of port and craftily inserted his thumb in the neck. He pretended to toss off a manly draft. He then passed the bottle to little Paul, who still wore his yellow curls. Paul needed both hands to tilt the bottle to his mouth -- whereupon, not to be outdone, he downed his first drink, a mighty draft. It also developed that it was his first drink. For four days friends and neighbors had come to view the tiny sot, lying on his mother's bed. They had all manner of "cures" for Belle to try. But Doc Gourdeau had shrugged his French shoulders and shaken his head. "Mis' Biglair -- dey always wake up."



Paul's mind raced with terror as he ran up Blueberry Hill for Doctor Gourdean. He was filled with terror. Had the baseball struck her? he thought.

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~~1 please~~



"Take a chance, bud - Columbus did.
There it ^{is} ~~was~~ ^{was it} partially, at least, a
key to American character? Take a chance.
Let 'er go, Gallagher!"

"Listen, Cotton, old man - confidentially -
you'd better ^{buy} ~~buy~~ Mowhawk Munis, preferred..."

Capsule anthropology

Students of ~~the~~ social groups who
prefer their ~~results~~ ^{folkways} in capsule form ^{take comfort in} ~~the~~
the cunning Scot, the stolid Dutchman, the
voluble Frenchman; the brawling Irishman,
the gay Italian, the dashing Spaniard, ~~the~~

"- To one side, ~~part~~ pardner - I aim
to ride ^{over} that ~~that~~ bridge, hell or high water"

Or the austere Swede, the ^{stubborn} ~~doughty~~ Britain,
the brooding Teuton; the mystic Jew ^{or} ~~or~~ ^{the}
gloomy Russian, ~~the silent Arab~~, the

proud Pole, the impassive Chinese, the
silent Arab, ^{or} the joyous Hawaiian, ^{the sad-glad Negro,} and -
hear, hear - the treacherous Jap, ^{or} the
devil-may-care American...

But ~~is~~ it the ~~the~~ devil-may-care
American? But ~~is~~ not the American
all of these and more? "What folk
you ast all dem ~~so~~ foolment questions, Boss?"



At 11:15 that night Paul Bigler, age
eleven, crept into the kitchen door of his ^{parents'} ~~father's~~
house, clutching in his hands a bottle of
magical Bannan. Stealthily he ~~crept~~ padded
through the pantry, dropped his cap on the
dining-room floor, hated the loud-~~clinking~~
ticking Seth Thomas clock on its shelf, ~~then~~
squeaked ^{worn, unpadded wooden} up the ~~creaking~~ back stairs to the
"Cup' room", ^{in the darkness} ~~wincing~~ ^{breaking} with every step; into
the ~~the~~ darkness of his bedroom, thence
into the ^{cupable short plump} arms of his waiting mother, Belle.

Right after breakfast
The next morning Fivina, the Finnish
bride girl, ~~scrubbed~~, steaming pail ~~in~~
~~hand~~, beside her, knelt to the task
of removing a ^{wine} black blotch from the
boy's room floor.

(Single space) (The Banyan tree is a stubborn tree,
To get its growth takes a century,
And if you ever spill its juice,
To get it out - well, then aint ^{no} ~~use~~ use...

Fivina scrubbed and scraped and
rubbed the ^{worn} ~~soft~~ pine boards. "What kind
crazy bizness doze Bigler boys bring up to now?"
Such was her puzzlement, this ^{blonde, perplexing} ~~thing~~ ^{uninitiate}
into the mysteries of Banyans.

~~It was July 1915.~~

Banyan first came into the Bigler
home in July, 1915.

~~Kate~~

~~She~~

in Chippewa,

Kate Donovan, who ran the Donovan House where Belle lived, was chief among ^{Belle's} self-appointed carriers of ~~Belle~~. She was a wispy, hank-haired little ^{widow of sister,} woman with the thin, busy wet lips which seem peculiar to certain Irishwomen. When ~~she~~ ^{Kate} was excited she had a slight brogue, which was to say that she always spoke with a slight brogue. "Don't marry that man, Belle! No good can come of it. He's a pup, he is!" (Kates pups ^{always} rhymed with 'hoop.') #

"I tell you he kill his first wife, that he did. ^{A fine Irish girl she was.} Three sons in four years! God help ye, lass." #

and Oliver took his school teacher to his ^{big} home house on ^{Hemlock Street and told} Oliver ^{his three young ones,}

~~Oliver and Belle were~~ married on a

~~June day~~ Midsummer's Day in ~~that~~ St.

^{The ceremony was held}

Xavier's Church, by Father Keul. The following

March ^{Belle} ~~she~~ presented him with their first son

"Here is your new mother."

(2)

and arbiter ⁱⁿ all things intellectual. She was the

Belle Biegler was the family historian, recorder, ~~arbiter~~, recollector, and court of last resort on all ^{questions} things pertaining to grammar and usage. She really had an amazing ^{her mind was a patchwork of things remembered.} memory. And she could parse a sentence so that it looked like a battleship on war maneuvers. In ^{the language} this department the boys early found that Oliver rated A in emphasis but was deplorable in spelling, syntax and construction.

recollections

Belle, as was her way, had saved all of Oliver's few love letters. She had carefully stowed them ^{nestling} away in a shoe box ^{hid with traditional blue.} It took the combined efforts of Paul and two others ^{in the dusty attic.} of the boys to find them. ^{With them they found an old hot water bottle. Love must not cool.} When the family spirits were at a low ebb (and Oliver was safely out at camp) ^{unearth} she ^{Belle} would occasionally read some of ^{the letters} them at the dinner table. They never failed to start a wild hooting. ^{Oliver's beautifully written letters} They were gems of cloying copybook sentiment, tiny hymns to unsullied womanhood, as warm and pulsating as a notice of overdue box rent. Belle had even found the book ^{out of which} he had copied them ^{it was,} out. "Professor Cuyler's 'Letters For All

Paul's memory

Occasions.'" A pretty tome with little naked cupids swimming on the cover. ^{In all of them} ^{Womanhood was a shrine, the keeper of the stocks, to which evil Man addressed his abject} She would sit at her end of the table, near the pantry door, endlessly smoothing the tablecloth, brushing away imaginary bread crumbs, drinking her Bulgarian tea, and ^{eye grew misty.} reading the old love letters. ^{Most of the time she would laugh heartily, but sometimes her} Next, perhaps, she would read ^{Professor Cuyler's} excerpts from the book of letters which she thought ^{Oliver} he should have ^{disputed} sent. One of Oliver's classics ran as follows:

Professor's

"The grave beauty of your mien, your sweetly solemn smile, distracts me so that I cannot properly attend to my duties as (here state business or profession)." Oliver had gone the whole hog and copied everything, directions and all. The only original note that had crept into this one was in the salutation. "Dear Angle," it ran.

But "Dear Angle" had married her Oliver. "He looked so big and strong, driving ^{his} the fast horses." ^{He had taken her to} She had forsaken Will Lamoree and her arduous little regiment of sinters in ^{Monquette} Detroit. The advice of all her new Chippewa friends had gone unheeded. "I tell you Belle, his nothing but the keeper of a low dive. He cheats at cards, he chases ^{fast} women and beats them. ^{and} He - his not even your own religion!"

She had an amazing ^{memory} ^{copy} She could parse a sentence so that it looked like a battleship on ^{war} maneuvers.

1 please

Belle Bugler was the family historian, recorder, arbiter, & recollector, and court of last resort on all things pertaining to grammar and usage. ^{In this department} She, very early, found

that Oliver rated A in emphasis but was deplorable in ^{spelling} syntax and construction. ^{the combined effort of} Belle, ^{Oliver's} as was her way, had saved all of ^{his} few ^{she had carefully stored them away in a shoe box. It took Phil and two} love letters. ^{One of these was a} When the

family spirits were at a low ebb (and Oliver was ^{safely out} at camp) she would occasionally read some of them at the dinner table. ^{They never failed to start a wild boating} They were gems of ^{copybook} sentiment, tinged by ^{unsullied} womanhood, as ^{stilled} as a statue warm and pulsating as a ^{treasurer's} report. Belle had ^{found} the book he had copied them out ^{"Professor Tyler's Letters for all Occasions."} She would sit at her end of the table, near the pantry door, ^{idly} creasing, smoothing the tablecloth, brushing away ^{imaginary} crumbs, ^{drinking her Bulgarian tea, and} reading the old love letters, ^{then} ^{perhaps she wanted} reading excerpts from the ^{of letters} book, which she thought he should have sent. One of the classics ^{was} ran as follows: ^{"The grave beauty of your men,}

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But "Dear Angle" had married her
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horses."

Jan. 3 1944.

"The Burning Earth".

4th
draft

~~Without consulting the patter and mumbo-jumbo of the psychologists,~~
Paul came gradually to sense that the
essence of people's lives was secret and unseen,
locked far below the surface in ^{dreams and} memories
as deep as Hell. ^{itself:} ~~Impatient with the patter and~~
~~mumbo-jumbo of the psychologists, he felt~~ that the
day-to-day brawling, working, eating, bragging,
drinking fellow was but a fragment of the
whole man, like the lapped frozen peak to the
great submerged iceberg, the ^{quiet} cone to the
festering volcano, the slender projecting spire
to the engulfed cathedral. We simply did not know
each other. He did not know his friends; they knew him not at all.
And ~~there~~ ^{there was no help for it,}
For he was haunted, too, by the slow
realization that the human modes of ~~expressing~~
communicating this seething buried life, one
to the other, was still but little removed
from ^{a series of grunts or} the caveman's crude scrawls ^{and drawings} on
his ancient, smoke-grimed wall,

Must there only be occasional, fugitive,
fleeting gleams? How to tell? how to say?
How shall I articulate my beautiful, ghastly
dream? ^{Who will tell me his?} There was slow, quiet terror in
the thought: Was not all this the key to the
essential loneliness of man? How to tell? how
to say? Was this, then, the ^{reason for the} terrible

Compulsion — why men strive, sweat, blunder,
^{lurch and} stumble, ~~and~~ blindly fall, yet rise and strive
again — to mould, fashion, ^{carve,} build, to create?
They must try to say, they must try to tell...

Thoughts like these made ^{Paul} ~~him~~ despair
of ever becoming a writer. ^{Christ, what was the use?} Laggard words,
the ordinary resources of language, seemed
but faint tinklings and little bells, lost
and helpless to convey this vast deep
realm of dream and shadow. It ^{sometimes}
seemed to him, ^{sometimes,} that entire new symbols,
even ^{new} modes, of ^{human} communication were imperative.

"But there is music," he mused, "yes, ^{try to} music — it is
the closest we have yet come..." ^{release, towards utterance,} At times, ^{in his monstrous}
^{longing towards self-expression,} he thought he would become a composer.

2 draft pen

warning his card that fine June day.

The summer that Paul was eleven he was as usual shocked and surprised to discover that his fifth grade teacher had promoted him to sixth grade, into the room of Miss Eddy, the principal of Ridge Street School. ^{"I passed, Mom, I passed!" he had shouted} ^{at this evidence of advancing age} But he was gratified. ^{even more} Paul was anxious to grow up for three ^{at the time} reasons: He wanted to be able to play with his older brothers; he wanted to be a big, strong man like Oliver; and he wanted to be a great writer like James Oliver Curwood.

There seemed little ~~easy~~ ^{soon} prospect that any of these ambitions would be realized. Paul was a gangling, ^{thin} big-eyed youngster, small-boned like Belle, and his ^{spindly} arms and thin legs, in their corduroy knickerbockers, looked like the stems of Pat Lyons' clay pipes. He had weak kidneys, and still occasionally wet the bed at night, a condition which Belle ruefully lay, like ^{the} his school books, to the interlude of the port wine. Belle sought to use him as a walking laboratory for her latest health concoctions -- "Mother's got to put some flesh on your poor little bones, son" -- and she once even tried to persuade Oliver to buy a goat. It ~~seemed~~ ^{in the "Iron Ore"} she had just read an illustrated newspaper account of a 115-year-old Turk who had got that way from drinking and eating vast quantities of goat's milk and cheese. After ^{studying} looking at the picture of the ^{venerable} old Turk, Paul was for once grateful to hear his father's thunderous no.

"You read too much, son," Belle would ^{constantly} say to him, and it was probably true. Too much, that is, but not too well. ^{always} Long ago Paul had read every book of fairy tales in the Carnegie Library. ^{And the Brownie} "Andrew Carnegie's library!" Oliver would roll his eyes and shout, being a slavish admirer of ^{the memory} Teddy Roosevelt and his big stick. "Out of all the millions of tons of ore he took out of this bloody town, ^{that's} it's the only goddam thing he ever ^{sent} gave back!"

Paul had romped through Horatio Alger until he thought that some special destiny lay ahead for his little schoolmates who wore ^{a certain kind of clothes - clothes that were} threadbare ~~clothes~~, but clean and neatly patched." ^{These boys} They ^{were} were, he concluded, all hellbent for marrying the boss's daughter and getting elected to Congress -- a prospect which even then left Paul quite cold. Then had come the saga of Tom Swift and his adventures with miscellaneous giants, fantastic inventions and infernal machines, which ran into many volumes. Nor did the ^{quarrelsome} Rover Boys escape him, Dick, Tom and Sam. Serious-minded Dick was the oldest, in love, in a pure, Eagle Scout ^{sort of} way, with a curiously sexless creature named Dora Stanhope. The brothers Rover and little Dora were constantly being badgered and harried by the diabolical machinations of a bully called Dan Baxter, ably assisted by a "toady" whose name had finally escaped Paul. *There were so many...*

Paul waded through the opium dreams of Jules Verne and "The Arabian Nights." Then came the thralldom of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. Belle couldn't even get ^{Paul} him to eat during that

magic time. More lately he had discovered, much to Belle's approval, the great Out-of-doors, and by turns Paul became Hopalong Cassidy, who could shoot the eye out of a gopher at seventy paces; a big game hunter ^{on the} ~~in~~ South Africa ^{weldt;} ~~and~~ then the slugging hero of "The Spoilers." He soon became a vicarious authority on cattle brands, Alaskan sled dogs, and placer mining. ^{all manner of breeds} ~~the diverse forms of~~ Tarzan had not yet emitted his first ^{curdling} ~~ear~~ jungle ^{shrills} roar to a startled world.

As he read these floods of books, and many more, Paul ^{yearned} ~~wanted desperately~~ to see these far places -- and then to write about them like the gifted authors he had read. ^{and then} James Oliver Curwood was his latest literary idol. Paul shivered with his heroes as they munched out the frozen north, their frosty dragon breaths trailing after them as they shouted to their faithful dogs -- racing, ^{yet} ever racing, ^{the thrill of} ~~against time~~ to get across the Mackenzie before the spring breakup... The closest Paul had got to literary expression was a story written the year before in fifth grade. ^{achieving} ~~It was~~ ^{personal} ~~casually~~ entitled, "Lost All Night In a Swamp With a Bear." ^{he had} ~~After~~ that there had ^{Followed} ~~been~~ ^{and} ~~seemed~~ but little to add, except possibly "gr-r-r," but Miss Welch ^{had read it aloud to the class.} ~~seemed to like it,~~ and ^{had liked it} ~~after~~ all it was ^{quite} a start.

NO SPACE

Paul felt that Belle was to blame for ^{part of} ~~most of~~ these incipient literary yearnings. ^{just two} Only the ^{and even} summers before she had written a scenario for the moving pictures. There was little that Paul doubted his mother could not do -- she could make the best orange sherbet in the world, run a big house full of boys, give scores and hundreds of music lessons and two recitals a year, ^{and even} live with Oliver. ^{and} And now she had added authorship to her accomplishments. It was true. Paul had actually seen her in the desperate throes of authorship, had even hefted the heavy ^{finished} manuscript tied with blue ribbons ^{at night} which had been typed by Lawyer Belden's stenographer -- one thick copy for a breathless Hollywood, another copy for Belle, and the third for Orville.

^{little} "Orville" was Orville Trembath -- "my collaborator," Belle called him -- the son of ^{spry,} a deaf Mrs. Trembath, one of Belle's old friends and neighbors. Orville was an actor. He had been "in stock" and was home "resting between engagements." He was a languid youth, who reminded Paul of a picture of the man who shot Lincoln which he had seen in ^{Leslie's} Magazine Yearbook. Paul never warmed up very much to Orville. He had been insulted by him.

Paul had been swimming all afternoon ^{out at} in Cooper Lake. He was late for supper ^{and} and he was hungry. There was no supper on the table. It was Thursday, the hired girl's day out. Oliver was out at the South Camp on a fishing trip. Paul peered into the front rooms. Belle sat at her ^{high} ~~high~~ ^{secretary} writing furiously. Sheets of paper lay on the parlor rug. A shaft of light from the sinking sun lit a patch on the parlor floor. Orville

infant

House after that, in which a little girl departed this life -- ~~and there was quite a tragic~~ ^{the} movie
^{mortality} death rate at the time, ~~it~~ had reached epidemic proportions -- she would indignantly whisper
"Plagiarism!" and take Paul's hand and hurry from the place. Once she even went to see Lawyer
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As he read these floods of books, and many more, Paul yearned to see these far places -- and then to write about them like the gifted authors ^{at last} he had read. It seemed to him the ideal life: to see, to experience; and then to tell. ^{All one needed was a pencil and a Big Chief writing tablet...} James Oliver Curwood was his latest literary idol. Paul shivered with his heroes as they mused out ^{of} the frozen north, their frosty dragon breaths trailing after them as they shouted to their faithful dogs -- racing, ever racing to get across the big Mackenzie before the spring breakup... The closest Paul had yet got to achieving the ^{burning} thrill of ~~personal~~ literary ^{expression} was a story he had written the year before in fifth grade. ^{After considerable pencil biting} ~~This effort~~ ^{this effort} he had ^{finally} ~~casually~~ entitled, "Lost All Night In a Swamp With a Bear." Following that there had seemed but little to add, except possibly "gr-r-r," but Miss Welch had liked it and ^{had} even read it aloud to the class. After all, it was a start...

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^{who} reminded Paul of a picture of the man who shot Lincoln which he had seen in Leslie's Magazine Yearbook. Paul never warmed up very much to Orville. ^{And} ^{he} had ^{finally} been insulted by him.

Paul had been swimming all afternoon out at Cooper Lake. He was late for supper and he was hungry. ^{He ran in on the side porch into the dining-room.} There was no supper on the table. It was Thursday, the hired girl's day out. Oliver was out at the South Camp on a fishing trip. ^{"Mom must be having one of her sick spells," Paul thought.} Paul peered into the front rooms. Belle sat ^{in the parlor} at her high secretary ⁱⁿ writing furiously. Sheets of paper lay ^{on} the parlor rug. ^A shaft of light from the sinking sun lit a patch on the parlor floor. Orville had maneuvered himself into this glow of dusty light, holding the precious script in his hands. He cleared his throat. Belle stopped writing and removed her nose glasses. She sat looking dreamily out the side window at McEnroe's woodpile. Orville's hands were trembling, he began to speak, his voice was low

and vibrant, like Reverend Hayward's at the Presbyterian Church. ^{glanced,} ^{On and on he read, Paul was} ^{held, fascinated, caught in a frenzied clutches. Orville paused and shifted with the sun. He had come to the point:} "Old Doctor Simpson removes his stethoscope and gently pulls the white sheet over little Ella's ^{white} ^{still,} face. He turns to Ella's weeping mother, throws out one hand and bows his head.)

"(Caption) 'Mrs. Worthington -- this is the end -- little Ella's suffering is finally -- --"

At this point Paul shouted, "Ma, I'm hungry -- please give me something to eat!" As a matter of fact Paul had quite lost his appetite, but some irresistible impulse had compelled him to speak.

Orville wheeled on Paul -- Orville never executed mere turns -- and looked at him, slowly, scornfully, up and down. "Listen, kiddo," he said, "-- go peddle your papers!" Then he turned abruptly on his heel. Paul waited for a curtain to drop. Instead Belle had dropped everything and rushed ^{fract and} out to the kitchen. She had given Paul a fine supper, one of her magical suppers, ^{topped off by tea and grobe marmalade,} with not a single one of her health recipes in it. ^{As he ate,} lazily Paul ^{disloyally} reflected that perhaps Belle might be a better cook than she was a writer.

The death of little Ella had had to wait... In fact, as far as Hollywood seemed concerned, this particular Ella seemed destined to live to a ripe old age. In despair over repeated rejections Orville had finally gone back on the road. ^{Hollywood was the home of the artistically dead.} Belle was convinced that the moving picture people had stolen their brainchild. Every time she went to a picture in McNulty's Opera

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1st.
Jan 28, 1944

DRAFT

Chap 4.

for direction

Paul walked ~~to~~ west on Hematite street, with the leather-cased field glasses carelessly slung over his shoulder, ~~to~~ hanging from a leather strap. Oliver used them mostly for deer hunting. Paul ~~kept his~~ walked ~~straight~~ ahead, ~~and kept sighting the sun, and looking for signs of danger ahead.~~ ~~erectly,~~ and looked neither to the left or right. He was -
Bob's son - he was one of the early explorers of the U.P. ^{the young geologist,}
Yes, he was Douglass Houghton, looking for ore deposits.
He walked along with a easy, shuffling gait, ^{keeping his} ^{wagons - wise} feet close together, ^{and pointed} ^{and straggled ahead,} even a little pigeon-toed. The Indians always walked that way.

Two blocks west of his house he came to the ~~western limits~~ ^{was} ^{east boundary} ^{beginning} of the large Blueberg Mine property. The towering shaft house, ~~in~~ which housed and ore from underground, ^{stood on a hill and} rose high above the neighborhood, dwarfing the surrounding houses. ~~His~~ Paul nodded wisely. These were evidently old Indian mine workings. He must remember to make field notes of this phenomenon...

At the top of the hill stood a little ^{frame} house, ^{one of} ^{his} literally in the shadow of the great shaft house. ^{His} playmates, ^{Timothy} ^{Redmond,} ^{his father was a cigarmaker,} ^{lived there,} ^{thought} ^{Paul} ^{thought} This must be the ^{only} home of an ^{only} pioneer. Paul thought. I ~~must see if I can~~ will stop and ask my obligations - and perhaps quench my thirst. And yes - ^{After all,} Maybe one of the male members ^{might} ^{be} ^{permeated} ^{to} ^{in the woods all} ^{around} ^{alone.} guide me, Douglass Houghton didn't ^{hope} ^{struggle} ^{around} alone.

I'm a stranger in this house. I'm not even their child... They found me one morning when I was a baby -- lying on the back porch... But they won't tell me -- they're keeping it from me. I might as well run away... I don't belong here -- --"

"Why don't you run and ^{skip and} play, son?"

It was Belle; she had come out and was standing on the back porch smiling at him. "Go bounce your ball off the roof. Don't sit there dreaming to yourself." ^{She was forever trying to make a little fun out of him.}

Paul sat watching his mother. She was smiling at him, making ^{bright} eager little nods. She was wearing a house dress -- it was cleaning day -- and had neglected to put on the false corset thing she ^{had to wear usually wore} always wore after her first operation. ^{when her breast had been removed.} The left side of her chest was flat like a man's. Paul looked away. He saw an ant rapidly carrying a dead fly towards the clothesreel.

"I was just thinking, Mom," Paul slowly said. "I was just thinking that I don't want to go berry picking." Paul watched his thin legs as they kicked back and forth. "I was just thinking it was a lot more fun staying at home."

Paul looked at his mother. Belle stood smiling ^{brightly and nodding} at him, with her head slightly tilted. A long dimple showed in her right cheek. "I've got the same dimple in my cheek," Paul thought. ^{"Everybody says I look like Mom."} "I'm really her son. They didn't find me on the back porch."

"Listen, son, your father's out at camp -- he won't know," Belle said. "Do you want to take his field glasses and go out on Pilot Knob?"

Paul leapt off the clothesreel and ran towards his mother. "Oh, Mama, can I really take Oliver's field glasses?" Oliver's imported, German-made ^{binoculars} glasses were among his most cherished possessions, ^{- like all of his fishing and hunting equipment -} and high on the long list of the Biegler boys' taboos. ^{He and Mama were conspirators.} Mama must be in a fine mood today. The old man's field glasses! Who the hell wanted to go picking blueberries, anyway?

Mrs. Redmond came to the door. She was a plump, ~~motherly~~, ^{may-seighted, motherly} little woman who wore thick, gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Is the head of the house in, ma'am?" Paul asked, ^{casually} shifting his benoculars to the front.

"Hello, Polly. ^{Why} Jerry's down ^{at} the cigar shop. If there's anything I ^{can} do..."

Paul had to be very patient with these backwoods people.

"Are there any other male members of your household at home?"

Mrs. Redmond peered at him closely through her thick spectacles. ~~Then~~ she smiled at Paul. ~~She~~ had ~~three~~ ^{two} children of her own. She wasn't quite sure just what the game was, but she would try to play it - after all, she had three children of her own.

"Well, perhaps, sir - if you will tell me - she began.

"I'm looking for someone to guide me to Pilot Knot, Madam. I'll make it well worth his while," ~~said~~ ^{said} Paul.

"~~My son Timothy~~

~~This good~~

Paul saw that the ^{simple} good-hearted pioneer woman was crushed. "I'm ^{so} sorry," she said.

"My son is helping his father harvest the

tobacco. ^{Paul knew that} This meant Jimminy was helping his old man strip tobacco ~~from~~ leaves down at the ^{musty cigar} shop on Pearl street. The Indians around here are great smokers, you know," she added

^{Paul bowed his head.} "I'm sorry ~~to~~ have disturbed you, Madam," he ^{with quiet dignity} said. "I shall proceed on my way alone."

At Little Mrs. Redmond was getting into the spirit of the thing. ~~Of~~ She stepped out in the ~~street~~ ^{stomached} and motioned to Paul to follow her. ~~She~~ ^{She} ~~stood~~ ^{stood} on the sidewalk, ~~and~~ ^{and} pointed north.

"You see that there lake ^{point} at the end of this road?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well, ^{sir,} that's Lake Bemcroft - named for an old Indian chief. You wouldn't guess it - few do - but that's a typical Chippewa Indian name - like Sussex or Dublin or Yorkshire."

"Why, Mrs. Red - why Madam, that is indeed a ^a surprise," Paul said ~~in a~~ ^{in a} ~~fattered~~ ^{fattered}.

"Yes, ^{isn't it.} ~~it is.~~ And do you see that big rocky bluff on the other side of it?" she went on, ^{pointing}.

"Yes, Ma'am," Paul said in a small voice.

"Well that's your Pilot Knob - so get on with you." She was smiling as she patted him on the

Paul tiptoed out to the kitchen, and slipped out the back door, letting the screen door gently close. His ears were hot, his cheeks were flaming. He walked over and sat on the clothes-reel platform, dangling his legs, back and forth. His corduroy trousers rubbed at the knees. His thoughts were racing. "They don't want me. They don't like me. Nobody likes me. I'm a stranger in this house. I'm not even their child... They found me one morning when I was a baby -- lying on the back porch... But they won't tell me -- they're keeping it from me. I might as well run away... I don't belong here -- --"

"Why don't you run and skip and play, son?"

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shoulder. ^{Did get my cleaning to finish.}
~~facts.~~ "Get on with you, Polley. You're a
course, dreamer than my Jimmy, and that's bad
enough." "he said."

Paul ginned my ^{disposition} ^{shapely} ^{eyes} ^{tear} ^{him} ^{to} ^{look} ^{at} ^{me} ^{with} ^{my} ^{father's} ^{full} ^{glasses}
"Thompson, Mrs. Redmond, Tell Jimmy I was
looking for him. I'll try to come up and see him
tonight. My father's in the woods, you see."

~~Paul started to walk down Lake Street, then~~
Paul ^{started} to walk down Lake Street, ~~then~~ ^{he}
walked rapidly, then he ^{broke into a} ~~began to~~ run. ~~As he~~ ^{As he} ~~turned~~ ^{turned} into the ^{mine} road around the Lake, ^{running rapidly,} he looked
over his shoulder. Mrs. Redmond was still ~~looking~~ ^{standing on the sidewalk looking at him.} ^{and turned toward her home.}
~~at him.~~ She waved her hand at him. Paul
waved at her, ~~and~~ ^{out of view by} as he passed ^{side of the} by the ~~number~~ ^{brick} ^{mine} ^{dry,} where the ^{miners} changed to
and from their ^{ore} reddened mine clothes and
bathed their ^{ore} reddened bodies.



* * *

Yet these dreams of virile manhood and literary fame were fleeting and seemed far off. They could wait. Most of all Paul wanted to grow up and be able to play with his brothers Link and Nicky and their jolly companions. They always did such wonderful things: Building shacks in the woods for the "gang"; making wet-cell batteries to run their telegraph sets; selling magazines to their parents' friends to win a new bat and catcher's glove or a magic lantern; giving carnivals and circuses; gathering and selling empty whiskey bottles to the saloons -- four cents for quarts, two cents for pints... But grow as he might (and Paul was nearly as tall as Nicky, who was fifteen), his brothers always kept ahead of him. And they didn't seem to want him around. Nicky was the worst. Link was rarely gruff with Paul, and sometimes tolerantly let him lag along when the gang went swimming. But Nicky, two years younger than Link, was jealous of his seniority over Paul. Nicky used all sorts of ruses to get rid of Paul. Paul had lately guessed that the gang did not really want him. "That's it," Paul thought, "they don't want me." It was always the same.

School was to open in just a few weeks. Link and Nicky and the Cooley boys and Dick Crabbe were going out to Fire Center near the Big Dead river to tent for a week and pick blueberries. Paul wanted to go. Belle had finally said he could if it was all right with Oliver. It was all right with Oliver -- "I'll be glad to get the lazy whelps out of my sight!" -- but Paul didn't go berrying at Fire Center.

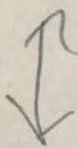
"Listen, Mom," Paul had come in and overheard Nicky pleading with Belle. They were in the sitting room. Belle was sitting in her rocker by the window. Paul quietly breathed through his mouth and stood by the dining-room stove and listened. "Listen, Mom, please don't make us take Polly along. Please!" Nick was saying. "He'll spoil it all. Mrs. Cooley don't make us lug Edgerton all over. Dick Crabbe's Ma don't make us nursemaids for Donny. Why don't he play with the kids his own age?"

"The word is 'doesn't'," Belle said. Paul could hear her rocker creaking.

"Anyway, Mom," Nicky ran on hopefully, "there's bears out there -- big, black bears!"

Paul quietly leaned and peered and saw Belle purse her lips to keep from smiling. "Well, Nicholas, if that's the case maybe it's too dangerous to let any of you go -- don't you think?"

"No, no, Mom -- they ain't that bad -- the bears, I mean," Nicky said. "It's just -- you know he's scared of the dark -- it's just that Polly will get lonesome at night and bawl. And he'll -- he'll pee all over the bedding -- oh, can't you see, Mom!"



Pilot Knob was a ~~sharp~~ steep, ~~iron~~
bald, ~~low-grade~~ bluff, composed largely of
low-grade iron-bearing rocks. It was the highest
point in Clippans and Paul could see ^{for} miles
in ~~all~~ ^{any} directions as he stood looking through
~~his~~ ^{Olivier's} field glasses. ~~How~~ Despite his
temporary rebuff, he was Douglas
Houghton again — cold, calm, and
collected — ^{once again} a dispassionate man of
science ^{making} ~~taking~~ careful mental notes.

There were no monuments to mark his passage. All that he left behind was a few bleached bones and some scattered arrowheads.
shouting painted warriors in a thousand canoes, the feats of incredible bravery and dark treachery; of fire, famine, and bitter cold. For a few the love of homeland could not surpass the love of whisky. The rest, the vast majority, finally found that the silent arrow could not still the barking sting of the white man's musket....

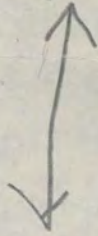
The peninsula Indian was defeated. Indeed, he was nearly exterminated. *gentle* The gloss of history -- "historical perspective" is the phrase -- cast its *soft* patina over these proceedings, and finally forgave the Indian his sin in fighting for his home and for his freedom. The conquest of *this portion of* the northern Middle-West was remembered merely as a series of skirmishes against *a few pot-shot against a few ungrateful heathens --* a few ungrateful heathens, a handful of reluctant barbarians -- a minor footnote to the grand larceny of a continent. *There were no monuments to mark their passage. All that left were a few bleached bones and some scattered arrowheads.*

All this time Nature smiled and fluttered a lidless eye. Her secret of buried treasure was still intact.

Paul ^{studied} ~~watched~~ the ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~train~~ ^{train} towers of the ~~Shephthons~~ ^{Shephthons} of the Blumberg mine ^{south of} which lay ~~sprinkled~~ ^{sprinkled} out south of him. Between the ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~to~~ ^{to} stood the ~~ore~~ ^{ore} crusher, ~~while~~ ^{while} ~~one~~ ^{one} connected to each shaft house by a narrow trestled railway. As one ~~load~~ ^{dump car of} ~~of ore~~ ^{ore} emerged from one shaft house, ~~with it to~~ ^{with it to} ~~drifting~~ ^{drifting} ~~to its~~ ^{to its} ~~lot~~ ^{lot} with fresh wet ore, ~~the~~ ^{the} another ore car ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~just~~ ^{just} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~leaving~~ ^{leaving} the crusher on the other side, ^{to get a new load.} ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~went~~ ^{went} on, hour after hour, day after day. There was one now, looking strangely like a toy...

Paul could see the roof of the Ridge Street school which stood on the top of Blumberg Hill. He knew his house lay at the bottom of the hill, ^{eastward} ~~behind~~ ^{behind} the school. ~~the~~ Far, far south he could even make out the scaffold of ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ski~~ ^{ski} ~~hill~~ ^{hill} where they held the ski jumps each Washington's Birthday. Turning north and east he could see ~~see~~ ^{see} little but woods and hills and trees, beyond which lay ^a bright bank of clouds marking Lake Superior. West ^{through which flowed} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} was the wild valley, ~~divided~~ ^{divided} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~many~~ ^{many} ~~little~~ ^{little}

Everything looked as though ^{and} neatly divided into little ~~planned~~
squares by the fences of the Finnish farmers.
Paul could even see their cribbed, ventilated
haybarns, just as they built them in Finland.
And everywhere he looked, it seemed, where the
tall smokestacks and shafts of the iron mines...



~~The town lay in a broad, undulant valley
between serpentine crannies of ancient iron bluffs.
Paul was standing on one of them. Some of these
bluffs~~

The sprawling upper peninsula of Michigan is a historical museum, a geological freak and a political waif. During the ancient, rumbling growing pains of a continent, uncounted years ago, Nature, in a cynical, almost gleeful mood, craftily buried huge deposits of iron and copper ore and many other minerals deep into the rocky bosom of the Peninsula. When the last ^{ice sheet} glacier reluctantly relaxed its iron grip on the Peninsula, and convulsively withdrew to the North, Nature, with an innocent smirk, hid her handiwork under a lush growth of conifers: white-pines, Norways, balsams, spruces, jack-pines, and marked this huge glacial retreat with thousands of lakes and hills and plunging waterways. As a final, tail-lashing farewell, the last of the glaciers ^{gouged out} spanned an inland sea, the largest in the world; one which ever since has been pounding and prying at the northern boundary of this secret treasure chest. Men came to call this sea Lake _____, then, finally, Lake Superior.

For centuries only the Indians -- mostly of the Chippewa tribe -- passed along this way, hugging the south shore of Lake Superior in its rare moods of quiet in their large bark canoes, or padding silently beneath the sighing cathedral roofs of shaded forest trails, on ancient carpets of pine needles. There were swamps to be skirted, rapids to be ridden, falls to be portaged; fishing, trapping, hunting; camps to be built and torn down; children to be born, dead to be buried; all this as the Indians made their leisurely way, unmolested, to and from the lower Great Lakes and the swampy headwaters of the Mississippi, beyond which lay the wide buffalo plains. There were no monuments to mark their passage, and time was the period between dawn and dark, between birth and death.

So far were they that for many years the coming of Columbus and the white man was a forest legend, the campfire gossip of toothless old men, the rumor of an occasional tribal vagabond, all as fugitive and meaningless as the evening whisper of a rustling pine. But finally the white men did come, and the old men were right: Strange, restless, bearded men called Frenchmen and Englishmen, from far across the eastern sea, bringing the Indians God and whisky, bright baubles and disease, gunpowder and treaties; taking their game and fish and furs, their camp-sites and their women. Like mad, bearded giants, consumed by some inner ^{lust} wisdom, these strangers came, always pressing, crowding, pushing ever westward.

The ^{fierce} resistance of these peninsula Indians was a ^{stirring} fierce and now-forgotten forest saga, long since embalmed in the murky pages of history. Forgotten are the wild night raids, the

~~Pauls home~~

~~The town lay in a broad valley between serpentine chains of ancient iron bluffs, virtually bald save for ^{some} low bushes and ^{some} stunted second-growth and patches of gnarled, wind-scarred pines. Some of these hills erupted in the town itself. Paul's home~~

~~It was not a pretty place.~~

The town lay in a broad, ^{undulant} valley between serpentine chains of ancient iron bluffs. Some of these bluffs were covered with ^{thick} maple groves which flamed into color each fall, but most of them ^{were} virtually bald save for low bushes and occasional patches of gnarled, wind-scarred pines. So irregular was the topography ^{of the town} that some of these hills ^{Paul was now standing on Pilot Knob, one of the tallest hills of the town} erupted ~~in~~ in the town itself, giving it Badger Hill and ~~late Bancroft Hill~~ and Grammar School Hill. ^{asked for this} Paul's home lay at the foot of Blueberry Hill, ^{with a light acceptance, Paul once} a phenomenon which ^{was} charitably ascribed to the ^{concern} of the ^{of the} town's ^{planner's} fathers for their children's coasting and skiing pleasure. Later he got the subject in better perspective. ^{As time went on and Paul gained perspective as he} ^{some} ~~lost~~ ^{up as he once wrote in} illusions, he saw that the town had grown "like a crazy patchwork quilt," ^{if there is too obvious, it} or, more colorfully, had grown up like ^{of} "Evidently" ^{was} ^{to} a better ^{lost} As time went on and Paul gained perspective ~~as he~~ ^{lost} at the ^{up} ~~replaced~~ ^{perhaps} ^{daring} some illusions, he saw that the sacrifice of some ^{up} ~~illusions~~ ^{perhaps} ^{daring} grew like a crazy quilt. "Thinking that the originality and color of this figure might be too numbing to his teacher he had added" — or "grew up like Popsy." This had ^{garnered} ~~earned~~ ^{he brought him a farmer} ^{climbed the program} ^{convinced him he would} ^{that one} ^{day} ^{writer...}

of the town
concern
planner's
of the town's
As time went on and Paul gained perspective as he
up as he once wrote in
if there is too obvious, it
was to a better
lost
perhaps
daring

The summer that the war broke out Paul nearly
drowned. It had all happened so swiftly...

Paul and Sumner Jallen and Bud Redmond and
Fritz Buelow ~~had~~ had walked out to Cooper Lake to
for a swim. They had just gotten their "convict" haircuts at
~~the~~ Gaboury's barber
Fortunate ~~to~~ shop

saloonkeepers and tradesmen,
Scotch, they rarely worked down in the mines, but
contented themselves with beginning railroad men or
diamond-drill runners, ^{clanking} ~~drumming~~ ^{whirring} ~~whirring~~ ^{which could be heard all over town}
firemen in the mine boilers, or
~~steam shovel runners~~ ^{of the huge steam shovels which} ~~who~~ ^{hoisted} the raw ore from
the ^{dripping red} mine stockpiles into the waiting ore cars.

~~As formerly the Irish became~~

Virtually all of the town was undermined
by the stops and drifts of the burrowing miners,
but these were so far down in the earth that the
mining company engineers ^{had long ago} assured the town people
there was no danger of ^a ~~collapse~~. Since the
"mining crowd" lived placidly all about the town
the ^{town} people gradually forgot ~~that~~ about it. Even the
dull giant thuds of blasting, ^{like the rolling of distant thunder,} heard each day,
shuddering for underground, ^{gradually} ~~came to~~ ^{became} so
common a part of the days as to excite no notice -
unless too many dishes ^{rattled and} fell ~~spinning~~ in the pantry.

The course of European
 The part of the stream of
 The course of European migration to the
 America could be roughly reconstructed
 in the successive "locations" in the town. All of
 the mines had ^{their} own "locations," tiny villages within
 the town, which ^{had} sprung up around each new mine
 as it ^{had been} built. Frenchtown location lay
 clustered near the old, abandoned Angeline
 against the ^{south} range of hills. The log
 houses of these early settlers still ^{sheltered} the
 families of their descendants, most of whom
 were miners.

Near this old mine ^{been built by his grandfather}
 Paul could see the spot where his ^{before the first town, before a mine}
 Grandfather Nicholas' first brewery had stood;
 that had ^{been} ~~been~~ ^{It had} ~~been~~ ^{been}
 the wooden one ^{the first brewery had been}
 destroyed by fire in the summer of '72.
 The ^{new} brick brewery had not been built till
 '81. ^{there had been a panic or something, Belle said.} It now housed
 the horses and carriages of Burke's livery stable.

History of the Pacific has just completed his long but sorrowful

mine by the town.

CHAPTER 3.

2 DRAFT

At the time the war flamed over Europe there were but four of the six Biegler boys at home. The two oldest boys, Paul's half-brothers Oliver and Emmett, were ^{working in distant} ~~in~~ Butte, ~~in~~ ^{his half brothers} distant Montana. Paul must have been about six or seven when they had left Chippewa. As time went on they became, like his Detroit relatives, little more than names to him -- serious-faced young strangers (each marked with the typical Biegler cowlick, as were all of the boys) who stood gazing so mutely at Paul from the family group picture which hung ^{on the wall} ~~obscurely~~ next to Belle's writing desk, "The secretary," in the front parlor.

This photograph had been taken at Childs' Art Gallery shortly before Belle had her ^{and last} second operation -- this time for the removal of a tumor. It was while she was away in Chicago for this operation that the two boys had fled, run away. Belle kept the family picture in the little used parlor so that Oliver would not destroy it in one of his fits of temper. ~~Yet~~ ^{if she had not actually hidden} ~~if she had hidden it~~; she knew he would have raged at that, too. It ^{was one of the many things about the} required a nice but wearing calculation. After ^{the boys - young men then -} they had run away the names of young Oliver and Emmett were never ^{They might have been dead.} allowed to be mentioned when Oliver was about the house. They ~~boys~~ were gone. All they had left behind was Emmett's name, which he had scratched with Oliver's diamond stickpin on the glass of the kitchen door. ^{"Welcome to the home of} Emmett Biegler, age 12, Chippewa, Michigan." ^{At the time} Emmett was roundly thrashed by Oliver for this gesture of errant sentiment.

When Belle had married Oliver she had developed a deep affection for the three quiet, motherless boys. She not only washed and baked and ironed and mended for them, and nursed them when they were sick; she saw to it that they regularly attended their mother's church, the Catholic church; she helped them with their catechism and with their lessons at the Convent school and later in the high school. But most of all she acted as a buffer between them and Oliver's frequent rages. ~~Oliver never subscribed to the doctrine of sparing the rod~~

All during Paul's boyhood there hung over the Biegler home a constant pall, a dark cloud -- Oliver Biegler's temper. No one could predict when the storm would break, how long it would last, or how destructive its fury might be before it spent itself. There was but one sure storm signal: When the little blood blister on Oliver's lower lip would begin to pout and grow purple, it was time for all good mariners at 205 West Hematite Street to scurry for cover. ~~Oliver never subscribed to the doctrine of sparing the rod. His "rod" was usually his big right hand. For rituals~~
Paul would grow chill with terror at Oliver's outbursts. And his very insides would shudder convulsively as he watched his mother at these times. Belle's features would seem to

~~At the time the storm broke he was a boy of ten and he was~~

(NO 9)

Insert A

Don't be late for ^{your} meals! Don't leave ~~your~~ sleds or ~~your~~ coasters wagons
~~near~~ about the yard - put them ^{carefully away} in the ~~shop~~ woodshed or under the back stoop!
 Don't leave coats and hats lying about.
 Don't disturb the old man when he ^{is} taking his nap after lunch! Don't breathe!
 Don't! ☹ But all these ~~rules~~ ^{and careful avoidance} were of no avail; like ~~some~~ the
 picture of the glacier in Paul ^{school} ~~Schoolhouse~~, Olmick's temper would
 periodically ^{erupt and} foam over, and that boy was fortunate who was not
 around...

take on a waxen, ^{pallor, a} mask-like expression, to grow sharper, sort of pinched and frozen, as she tried to placate her ranting husband. Her efforts were always in vain. "Oliver, please, please, Oliver, the children -- think of the dear, innocent children!" Belle's calm, her very stillness, seemed only to goad Oliver to further heights of ecstatic fury. The initial cause of the outburst would be abruptly forgotten, lost. Belle would now become the red banner that had come ^{forth} to torture him.

"Don't 'Oliver' me!" he would roar, turning on her, his face working and livid with rage. Belle would face him with her clear unblinking gray eyes. She was ^{all of a} ~~a good~~ foot shorter than he. "O woman, take your hateful false Dutch face out of my sight, I say!" he would howl. Then he would roll his eyes up to the ceiling, the nearest Paul ever saw him approach an attitude of prayer. "Why in the name of merciful God was she -- she! -- ever blown into my arms during that fatal Christly storm!" This bitter allusion to their first meeting always made Belle wince, her bloodless lips would tremble ^{in his rage craftily} ever so slightly, and Paul's heart would turn to solid stone. ^{Paul} ~~He~~ ^{and he sensed with dismay that his father also knew -} knew how deep was her hurt, this trampling of her cherished romantic dream.

"This madman is my father, this madman is my father, this madman is..." Paul would murmur to himself, over and over, like a litany, as Oliver would lash himself into a purple ^{and} frenzy over some trivial domestic mishap. ^{A whole complex series of household taboos had grown up in the Biegler home to appease} Perhaps the soup was too cold, or too hot and had scalded ^{Oliver's} sensitive tongue; or the woodbox was empty, the taxes were due; or the boys had ^{used} one of his many ^{shotguns} (reason enough), and had, "O merciful God!" neglected to clean it. Or perhaps -- as was most usual -- one of his "worthless whelps" had done something wrong at the farm.

The Biegler farm was several miles out of town, beyond Chippewa River. This broad river had once carried Indians to Lake Superior but ^{now} ~~not~~ ^{exclusively} it ^{conducted} the town's sewage to that restless sea. The farm lay in a broad mucky valley at the foot of the second range of rocky bluffs north of town. Oliver had purchased the land from one of the mining companies when he was a young man, and ^{Paul suspected} it pleased ^{his father} him to ^{regard} conceive himself ^{as} to be a gentleman farmer. ^{Oliver} He had cleared and drained but a relatively small part of the land, which he planted ^{each year} in hay and ^{potatoes and} oats and truck vegetables. He cut the ice for the saloon off of Cranberry pond; the firewood ^{and the house} for the house came off the uncleared land. In her darkest hours ^{oft-repeated plea} Belle would always say: "You must give him credit -- your father is ^{always} a good provider, boys." ^{This would be greeted with cynical snorts.} Belle was ever generous in extending credit to Oliver. ^{which she thought he might} With pathetic eagerness she seized upon anything to put him in a better light with his sons.

"This night - give the drink to the 'Mam'!"

In the course of the years Oliver had acquired quite a complete farm, as farms went ^{The long, bitter winters, the short growing seasons, discouraged all but the most hardy farmers.} in and around Chippewa. ^{Oliver} He always had several Jersey milk cows, from whose yellow cream Belle made rich butter and heavenly orange sherbet. Paul had served his apprenticeship turning the big ^{ice- and salt-packed} ~~sherbet~~ freezer on the back stoop.

Oliver kept at least one work team and a team of fast-stepping driving horses and a single ^{horse} ~~nag~~ for short camping trips. Then there ^{was} ~~were~~ the inevitable herd of nondescript ^{drooping} horses and ~~colts~~ ^{nags and plugs} which Oliver maintained solely, as far as Belle and the boys could see, so that he might trade them for still other nags.

Paul had never forgotten the time ^{he} ~~had~~ stood by the Miner's Bank waiting for his father to come home from the saloon for lunch. Oliver stood on the curb deep in a conversation with old one-eyed LeMay, ^{trumpeting in his ear} extolling the virtues of some spavined nag he was trying to sell the crafty old Frenchman. ^{At this unfortunate moment} Just then Matti Kauppila, a Finn farmer who lived out by the Big Dead river, ^{came} ~~lurched~~ down the busy Main Street in a buck-board drawn by a shaggy beast called Charlie. The poor horse was obviously suffering from the "heaves," the horseman's ^{picturesque} ~~polite~~ name for consumption. Even Paul could see that. Matti had got the horse in a trade with Oliver the week before.

Matti ^{spied} ~~spotted~~ Oliver talking to old LeMay. He pulled up the tottering horse -- "Whoa, Charlie!" -- and pointed a gnarled, work-soiled finger ^{accusingly} at Oliver.

"Oleever ^{he shouted,} -- dat horse you sell for me las' veek -- he's to be dat hevy horse!" The benighted animal stood there in front of Oliver and old LeMay, swaying and wheezing horribly. But Oliver knew old LeMay's ^{hearing and} eyesight ^{were} ~~was~~ not what ^{they} ~~it~~ used to be.

"Oh, hello Matti," Oliver said pleasantly, smiling and nodding and stepping off the curb. Oliver brought one big hand down smartly on the beast's sagging rump, saying, "Yes, Matti -- he's a nice, big heavy horse. I'm glad you like him so well -- Say, what's your hurry? Well solong, Matti..."

Whenever Paul would waken in the night to the sound of galloping hooves, and hear his father's muffled curses as he lit the breathing gas lamp in his bedroom to route the older boys, he knew that the neighbors were resentfully awake, whispering, "That Oliver Biegler's horses have broken loose and come to town again. There ought to be a law!" As regularly as Oliver's fits of

circle did you grow last winter Oliver? The capital might not be Oliver in the adverb. Oliver would give the strength

Indignantly a kind, cold-blue stare, and that would be the end of that conversation.

temper, the horses would break out and race wildly into town, past the house, to Oliver's town barn. They always followed the same route. Oliver's barn stood in the block east of the house, next to the Taleen House. The horses would be led there by oat-craving Fred or Chief, one or the other of the big white work horses. Milling and neighing and biting each other, ^{all the horses} they would gather in the barnyard, between the barn at the rear and Oliver's "warehouse" ^{two-story} which faced on Canada Street. ^{The warehouse had been built by Paul's grandfather for beer storage. It now housed Oliver's} By and by one or two of the older boys would come down ^{and to} light a lantern. Oblivious to Gust Taleen's ^{awakened and} cursing boarders, they would sleepily round up one of the leaders ^{with a pail of oats. Then they would ride Fred or Chief bareback and} and ~~then~~ thunder all of them back to the farm and lock them in the big farm barn until the broken fence could be found and mended the next day.

When his older boys were ^{smaller,} little, Oliver used to keep a hired man or two on the farm to do the chores. As young Oliver and Emmett and Greg graduated into their teens, they also found that they had graduated into hired men on the farm -- hired, that is, but never paid. Oliver even tried to take them out of school. "When I was a boy of twelve ^{was through school and} I could load a beer car alone in one day!" This was a familiar refrain, ^{this harkening back to the days when} ~~the~~ Grandpa Nicholas ^{Biegler} had run a brewery. ^{Belle,} In her quiet way, ~~Belle~~ fiercely fought Oliver's efforts to take them out of school.

The second year young Oliver had worked on the farm, he was just fifteen. He was a ^{silent boy; a} short, broad, thick-wristed boy, with ^{only} busy black hair, ^{Irish but} which had the usual Biegler cowlick. Even then he was as strong as the average grown man. His playmates had already nicknamed him ^(Roge for short) "Rajah" for Barnum's successor to Jumbo. "Ladies and gentlemen: Raja^h -- ^{the} the biggest elephant in the world -- four inches taller than Jumbo!" Except for his age and lack of whiskers Paul concluded that young Oliver was the exact duplicate of Paul's ^{short, barrel-bodied} ~~mild~~ German grandfather, ^{mild} Nicholas, whose large velvet-framed picture hung so squarely and uncompromisingly ^{from} on the sitting-room wall. ^{His brother and playmates called him "Roge" for short.}

This second summer on the farm for young ^{Roge} Oliver was one of the high points in his father's epic rages. The farm was so low ^{and swampy} that it had to be ditched to drain it. One summer day one of the driving horses had gone to the main ditch to get a drink. Maude, a spanking, ^{high-spirited} bay. Her trim forelegs had sunk in the treacherous peat, and the doomed animal had evidently leapt to free herself and had only managed to land in the deepest hole in the ditch. Young Oliver, ^{Roge,} "Rajah," was alone on the farm, milking the cows. ^{Roge} ~~He~~ had run out of the barn when he had heard the frantic screams of the ^{drowning} animal. He raced across the lumpy damp fields but when he got up to the ditch only the tail of the stricken animal, like Ophelia's hair, could be seen floating on top of the turgid water.

The barnyard and light a lantern. Oblivious to Gust Taleen's cursing boarders, they would sleepily round up one of the leaders and then thunder all of them back to the farm and lock them in the big farm barn until the broken fence could be found and mended the next day.

Rage

Paul must have been so young that he was in his crib when ~~"George"~~ reported the loss of Maude to Oliver at the hushed supper table. Paul was awakened ^{and lay cowering, listening to the} by frightful noises and shouts, and his mother's mingled screams, "You've killed him! O, you've killed him!" Oliver had beaten the boy into unconsciousness and had thrown him down the cellar stairs. Later that night Belle had come and tearfully gathered Paul into her arms and taken him, and all the ^{boys,} children, to the Taleen House, run by Gustav and Sophia Taleen, the parents of Paul's boyhood playmate, Gunnar Taleen. There she and the boys had remained for a week. Belle went to see a lawyer about a divorce. He was drawing the necessary papers...

denouncing

Oliver was full of contrition and self-abasement. He haunted the Taleen House, sending sheaves and sprays of flowers to Belle, and bringing extravagant gifts for all the boys. Paul got a crying teddy bear as his share of the loot. ^{He thought Belle should do this more often.} Paul had a ^{shadowy} ~~vague~~ picture of his father, on his knees before Belle, in a strange high bedroom, denouncing himself as roundly as he usually denounced others; pleading, promising, cajoling. Belle sat in a creaking rocking-chair. "Think of the children, the poor children," ^{Oliver} he had mistakenly said. Waxen-faced, Belle had turned on him a look of infinite scorn. "I am, Oliver ^{Blueberry Hill} -- my God, I'm doing just that..."

the creaking stillness

But Belle had gone back, ^{the time Belle had carried him up the hill to the Donovan House to look at} and there was ^{white and} a period of strange calm in the Biegler house. ^{It reminded Paul of Kate Donovan's lying so quiet on a high couch, surrounded by candles and flowers.} Paul almost missed the shouted curses and wild tumult. Then by and by it had all started again, and the old frame house resumed the uneven tenor of its ways -- rang once again with ^{the familiar} mingled shouts and ^{mingled} cries and wild curses. "O merciful God! O false-faced woman!"

* * *

Belle was in Chicago again recovering from her second operation. "I have been blessed with another fine doctor," she had written, "a poet with a medical degree -- young Doctor Max Thorek." This time Grandma Fraleigh was unable to come up from Detroit, and the boys, being older, had been left to the indifferent attentions of Amanda, the ^{large} huge Swedish hired girl.

Paul had ~~started~~ ^{was now regularly} attending the Ridge Street school and had written Belle in his childish rounded scrawl:

"Dear Mama:

I am a good little boy. I am glad you are well again. Come home soon. Don't forget my button shoes and the popgun -- the kind with a cork in it. There was a big fite and Roge and Emmett have gone away. Hurry home. I am a good little boy.

Your son,
Paul.

~~He~~ I love you, Mama. Don't forget the button shoes and the popgun."

Belle had sent a frantic telegram to Oliver. What had happened? "I kicked the ungrateful whelps out," he had replied. *His account was not strictly accurate.*

It was supper time. Outside it was dark, a windy fall night. Oliver and five of the boys were seated around the long diningroom table. *There was one empty place -- the chair of* All but Frederic, the quiet one; he was late, ~~was missing~~. Paul sat in his junior high chair, as usual on his father's left, next to the chimney-sighing dining-room stove. *Paul could smell clove on his father's breathe. With her bounding grace, big* Amanda had served the boiled dinner, and Oliver and

the boys were eating in stony silence. Devoutly all of the boys wished that Frederic would stay away until Oliver had finished supper and returned to the saloon. Then there was the familiar click of the kitchen door, the rattle of the loose *the which* ^{on the rack} ~~pan~~ ^{panels} of clothing carefully hung ^{for wear} over, and Frederic slipped into his seat at the table, his gray eyes fixed on his ^{empty} plate.

With terrible calm Oliver turned and glanced up at the old Seth Thomas clock. His lower lip began to pout, ~~and~~ the blister on it ^{turned} ~~grew~~ a mottled dark purple. The boys had given up any pretense of eating, ^{Biegler-wise} their food gagged them. They simply sat and waited. Amanda had quietly locked herself in her bedroom off the kitchen. Paul heard the inside door lock softly click. The boys waited for Oliver to speak. Or was ^{this} ~~there~~ to be one of those awful silent scenes?

Oliver put down his knife and fork so that they slanted off the edge of his plate. With his big hands he pushed his chair back and circled ~~around~~ the table. He stood over a ^{subject} numbed Frederic. Then Oliver raised his hand and struck Frederic flush on the face with the

~~back~~
back of his hand. Frederic reeled from the blow, then recovered and looked up swiftly, briefly, at Paul. ^{There had always been an inarticulate bond between them,} Frederic's cheek had turned a greenish-white pallor where he had been struck. Oliver raised his hand to strike the boy again. Frederic flinched, ^{hunched himself} waiting for the blow. ^{Pauls closed his wet eyes.} It did not come. *The blow did not fall.*

^{Roge,}
"Don't do that, Pa." It was ^{over} young Oliver, speaking in his low, nasal voice. He was ^{over} twenty, now, a grown man. He had his own mug and shaved regularly.

"Who's going to stop me!" Oliver turned on Roge with a deadly calm.

^{moved}
"I am." Roge had risen and quickly ~~stood~~ before his father. "I am, Pa," he repeated.

Oliver's mouth twitched loosely with incredulous rage. He raised ^{the} his great ^{beam of his} right arm to clear this rebellious vision from his maddened sight. Young Oliver's ~~short right arm~~ reached out ^{his short right arm,} and his thick blunt fist gathered in the lapels of Oliver's coat, ^{and twisted} high ^{trusting} at the throat. Slowly, implacably he ^{slowly} pushed and lifted his father back against the stair wall, next to the stove, holding him out with one knotted, straining arm. ^{The other boys turned and watched them as in a dream.} Oliver's long arms flailed wildly at his son, his eyes rolled up in his head, ^{glaring} insanely, he grated his teeth, he gurgled and foamed ^{he muttered} horrible, guttural curses.

there was the miracle, the immutable fact:
But young Oliver held his father against the wall. "Cool off, Pa," he said in his low voice, ^{occasionally} relaxing his grip so that Oliver could ^{take a rasping} breathe. "Calm down, Pa. Freddy didn't do nothing." Thus spake Rajah, "the biggest elephant in the world -- four inches taller than Jumbo!" All of the boys knew at that time, in that frozen instant, that young Oliver could easily have killed their father.

^{with hissing}
The scene, in all its nightmare reality, was being irrevocably scarred upon his memory.
Paul sat in his high chair chilled with goose pimples, gripped in an icy trance. His mind and heart surged with a ^{shuttling rush of} million wild thoughts and emotions... His father, the strongest man in the world, had been vanquished! ^{The tiger and the bear!} Good for you, Roge old boy -- give it to him, give it to him! Why don't you knock his bloody block off, Roge? Why don't you? Now's your chance, boy! Have you forgotten all the times he used to beat you? Have you? Don't you remember when he threw you down the cellar stairs? ^{You can't forget! You can't, you can't, you can't forget!} Give it to him! Don't -- you're killing him! Good! I'll wear my new button shoes at his funeral -- I'm glad ^{poor} Mama isn't here -- I wish I had my new popgun -- O God, I never thought anyone could do the old man!

^{scribbled}
The next day Amanda had found a note on Emmett's and young Oliver's undisturbed bed:

"Goodbye, kids. We're heading West. Give our love to Mom -- she was sure swell to us.

Emmett
Roge."

Might
Center & single space the note. gov.

^{been blessed with another} ^{recovery from} ^{young doctor}
 "I have a fine ~~young~~ doctor," she had written, "a ^{medical degree -} ~~fact~~ with a ^{Max Thorek}"
 Belle was in Chicago again ^{for} her second operation. This time Grandma Fraleigh was unable to come up from Detroit, and the ~~children~~ boys, being older, had been left to the indifferent attentions of Amanda, the ^{large} Swedish hired girl.

Paul had started ^{attending the Ridge Street school} school and had written Belle in his ^{childish} rounded scrawl:

"Dear Mama:
 I am a good little boy. I am glad you are well again. Come home soon. Don't forget my button shoes and the popgun ^{the handle} - with a cork in it. There was a big fite and ~~the~~ Roge and Emmett have gone away. Hurry home. I am a good little boy.
 Your son,
 Paul.

I love you, Mama.
 P.S. Don't forget the button shoes and the popgun."

Belle had sent a frantic telegram to Oliver. What had happened? "I kicked the ungrateful whelps out," ~~the~~ Oliver, he had replied.

~~This was not an accurate report~~ ^{Outside it was dark and} ^{windy fall night.}
 It was supper time. ^{All but} Oliver and five of the boys were seated around the long diningroom table. Frederic, the quiet one; ^{he was late,} ^{was missing,}
 Paul sat in his gimcrack high chair, ^{as usual} on his father's left, next to the ^{chimney-sighing} dining room stove. Amanda had served the boiled dinner, and ~~the~~ Oliver and the boys were eating in stony silence. ~~At~~ ^{Devoutly} all of the boys wished that

Frederic would stay away until Oliver had finished ^{supper} and returned to the saloon. ~~There was the~~ Then there was the familiar creak of the ~~back~~ kitchen door, the rattle of the loose pane, and Frederic slipped into his seat at the table, his ^{gray} eyes fixed on his plate.

^{with terrible calm} Oliver turned and glared ^{up} at the old clock. ^{Seth Thomas} ~~Get off~~ His lower lip ~~had~~ began to quiver, and the blister ^{on it} grew purple. The boys had ^{their food gaged them} given up any pretence of eating. They ^{simply} sat and waited. Amanda had ^{quietly} locked herself in her bedroom off the kitchen. Paul heard the ^{inside} door lock ^{softly} click. The boys waited for Oliver to speak. Or was ~~there~~ he one of those awful silent scums?

Oliver put down his knife and fork ^{as they} ~~slantingly~~ off the edge of his plate. With his big hands he pushed his chair ^{back} ~~away from the table~~ and coiled around the table, ^{he} stood over ^{object} ~~him~~ Frederic. Then ^{Oliver} he raised his hand and struck Frederic ^{flush} on ~~the~~ face with the back of his hand. Frederic reeled from the blow, ~~and~~ then ^{recovered and} looked up ^{swiftly} at Paul, ^{his} ~~his~~ cheek ^{had} turned a greenish-white ^{pallor} ~~from~~ the where he had been struck. Oliver raised his hand to strike the boy again. Frederic flinched, waiting for the blow. It did not come.

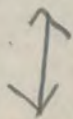
"Don't do that, Pa." It was young Oliver ^{speaking} in his low, nasal voice. He was twenty, ^{now} a grown man. ~~He had his own~~ ^{my and} ~~shaved~~ regularly. "Who's going to stop me!" Oliver turned ^{on} ~~with~~ ^{Roge} a deadly calm.

"I am." Roge had risen and ~~stood~~ quickly stood before his father. "I am, Pa," he repeated. ^{maddened} Oliver's mouth twitched ^{loosely} with incredulous rage. He raised his ^{great right} arm to clear this rebellious vision from his sight. Young Oliver's short right arm ^{reached} shot out and

his ^{trick} ~~great~~ ^{blunt} ~~hand~~ ^{first} gathered in the lapels of Oliver's coat at the throat. Slowly, implacably he pushed ^{and lifted} his father back against the stair wall, next to the stove, holding him ^{out} with one ^{knotted} straining arm. Oliver ^{long arms} flailed wildly at his son, his eyes rolled ^{insanely} up in his head, he ^{gnashed} his teeth, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ^{he} gurgled and foamed horrible ^{guttural} curses.

But young Oliver held his father against the wall. "Cool off, Pa," he said in his low voice, relaxing his grip so that Oliver could ^{Pa}. "Calm down, Freddy didn't do nothing, ^{There spoke} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~biggest~~ ^{the} ~~elephant~~ ^{the} ~~in the world~~ ^{in the world} - four inches taller than Jimbs!" All of the boy's new ^{heart} ~~that~~ ^{face} ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ ~~that~~ ^{from} ~~constant~~ ^{constant}, that young Oliver ^{could} ~~have~~ ^{in his} ~~killed~~ ^{chance} ~~his~~ ^{chilled} father, ^{gripped in an icy trance}. Paul sat ^{high} frozen with goosebumps, ^{singed with} his mind and heart ~~with~~ a million wild thoughts and emotions. The father, the strongest man in the world, had been vanquished! Good for you, Roge old boy - give it to him, give it to him! Why don't you knock his ^{bloody} ~~bloody~~ ^{block off} face in Roge? Why don't you? Now's your chance, boy! Have you forgotten all the times he used to beat you? ^{Have you?} Don't you remember when he threw you down the cellar stairs? Give it to him! Don't ^{give} ~~kill~~ him! Good! I'll wear my new button shoes at his funeral - I'm glad Mama isn't here - I wish I had my new pop-gun - O God, I never thought anyone could do the old man...

The next day Amanda had found a note on Roge Emmett's and young Oliver's undisturbed bed: "Goodbye, kids. We're heading West. Give our love to ~~R~~ Mom - she was sure swell to us. Emmett Roge."



2 in diff

At the time the war flamed over Europe there were but four of the six Biegler boys at home. The two oldest boys, Paul's half-brothers Oliver and Emmett, were working in Butte, in distant Montana. Paul ^{must have been about seven} was scarcely out of his high chair when they had left Chippewa. As time went on they became little more than names to him, ^{like his Detroit relatives} like his Detroit relatives — serious-faced young strangers, ^{marked with} each ^{at Paul} wearing the typical Biegler cowlick, ^{as dense} which all of the boys had, and who stood gazing so mutely ^{obscurely} from the family group picture which hung next to Belle's writing desk, "the secretary," in the front parlor.

This photograph had been taken at Child's Art Gallery shortly before Belle had her second operation -- this time for the removal of a tumor. It was while she was away in Chicago for this operation that the two boys had fled, run away. Belle kept the family picture in the little used parlor so that Oliver would not destroy it in one of his fits of temper. Yet if she had hidden it, ^{she knew} he would have raged at that, ^{too} It required a nice but wearing calculation. ^{After they had run away} The ^{of young Oliver and Emmett} two boys' names were never allowed to be mentioned when Oliver was about the house. ^{The boys were gone. All they had left} ^{behind} was Emmett's name, ^{which he had scratched with Oliver's diamond stud pin on the floor} which he had scratched with Oliver's diamond stud pin on the floor. When Belle had married Oliver she had developed a deep affection for the three quiet, motherless boys. She not only washed and baked and ironed and mended for them, and nursed them when they were sick; she saw to it that they regularly attended their mother's church, the Catholic church; she helped them with their catechism and with their lessons at the Convent school and later in the high school. But most of all she acted as a buffer between them and Oliver's frequent ~~wild~~ rages.

All during Paul's boyhood there hung over the Biegler home a constant pall, a dark cloud -- Oliver Biegler's temper. No one could predict when the storm would break, how long it would last, or how destructive its fury might be before it spent itself. There was but one sure storm signal: When the little blood blister on Oliver's lower lip would ^{begin to} pout and grow purple, it was time for all good mariners at 205 West Hematite Street to scurry for cover.

Paul would grow chill with terror at Oliver's ~~maniacal~~ outbursts. And his very insides would shudder convulsively as he watched his mother at these times. Belle's features would seem to take on a waxen, mask-like expression, to grow sharper, sort of pinched and frozen, as she tried to placate her ^{ranting} ~~demented~~ husband. Her efforts were always in vain. "Oliver, please, please, Oliver, ^{the children} think of the dear, innocent children!"

Belle's calm, her very stillness, ^{only} ~~only~~ seemed to goad Oliver to further heights of ecstatic fury. The initial cause of the outburst would be abruptly forgotten, lost. Belle would now become the red banner that had come to torture him.

of the Biegler boys "I never Biegler, age 13, Biegler, Michigan." I never saw normally

Insert A

Paul ^{had} never forgett^{ed} ~~one~~ of the time he had stood by the
Minnis' Bank waiting for his father to come home, ^{from the saloon for lunch.} ^{(stood on the curb} ^{Oliver)} ^{crafty,} ^{and got}
deep in a conversation with ^{old one-eyed} Le May, an old Frenchman, extolling
the virtues of some spavined nag he was trying to sell ^{the old Frenchman.}

Just then Matti Kauppila, a Finnish farmer who lived out by
the Big Dead river, lurched down ^{the bank} Main Street in a buck-board
drawn by a shaggy beast, ^{called Charlie,} ^{and} ^{which} ^{was} ^{the} ^{poor} ^{horse} ^{was}
obviously suffering from the
"heaves"; ^{Even Paul could see that.} ^{Matti} ^{had} ^{got}
the horse in a trade with Oliver ^{the week before.}

Matti spotted Oliver ^{pulling up} talking to old Le May. He ^{stopped}
the ^{trotting} horse - "Whoa, 'Sardie!" - ^{and} ^{looked} ^{across} ^{frantically} ^{at} ^{Oliver.}
^{pointing} ^{gnarled,} ^{work-soiled} ^{fingers} ^{across} ^{frantically} ^{at} ^{Oliver.}

"Oleever - dat horse you sell for me las' week -
his to be dat ~~best~~ heevy horse!" The benighted
animal stood there in front of Oliver and ^{old} Le May, ^{swaying}
and wheezing ^{horribly,} ^{But} Oliver knew old Le May's
eyesight was not what it used to be. ^{In} ^{trusting} ^{to} ^{him}
~~all manner of little bits of information were helpful~~

"Oh, hello Matti," ^{Oliver} ^{said} ^{pleasantly,} ^{the} ^{smiling}
^{and} ^{nodding,} ^{and} ^{stepped} ^{off} ^{the} ^{curb,} ^{and} ^{brought} ^{one} ^{big} ^{hand}
down ^{on} ^{the} ^{beast's} ^{sagging} ^{rump,} ^{saying,} ["] ^{Well,} ^{Matti} -
his a nice ^{big} heavy horse. I'm glad you like him
so well. Say, what's your hurry? ^{Matti:} Well
solong, Matti..."



"Don't 'Oliver' me!" he would roar, turning on her, his face working and livid with rage. Belle would face him with her clear unblinking gray eyes. She was a good foot shorter than he. "O woman, take your hateful false Dutch face out of my sight, I say!" he would howl. Then he would roll his eyes up to the ceiling, the nearest Paul ever saw him approach an attitude of prayer.

"Why in the name of merciful God was she -- she! -- ever blown into my arms during that fatal Christly storm!" This bitter allusion to their first meeting always made Belle wince, her bloodless frozen lips would tremble ever so slightly, and Paul's heart would turn to solid stone. He knew how deep was her hurt, the trampling of her cherished romantic dreams. "This madman is my father, this madman is my father, this madman is..." Paul would murmur

to himself, over and over, like a litany, as Oliver would lash himself into a purple frenzy over some trivial domestic mishap. Perhaps the soup was too cold, or too hot and had scalded his tongue, or the taxes were due, or the boys had used one of his many shotguns (reason enough), and had, "O merciful God!" neglected to clean it. Or perhaps -- as was most usual -- one of his "worthless boys" had done something wrong at the farm.

The Biegler farm ^{was} several miles out of town, beyond Chippewa River. ^{which} conducted the town's sewage to the sea ^{in a broad mucky valley at the foot of the second range of hills} north of town. Oliver had purchased the ^{land} from one of the mining companies when he was a young man, and it pleased him to ^{regard} himself ^{as} a gentleman farmer. He had cleared and drained but a relatively small part of the land, which he planted in hay and oats, and truck vegetables. He cut the ice for the saloon off of Cranberry pond; the firewood for the house

came off the uncleared land. In her darkest hours Belle would always say: "Your father is a good provider, boys." ^{Belle was over generous in extending credit to Oliver credit. She seized upon anything to put him in a better light with his sons.} (END OF 4)

In the course of the years Oliver had acquired quite a complete farm, as farms went in and around Chippewa. He always had several Jersey milk cows, from whose yellow cream Belle made rich butter and heavenly orange sherbet. ^{Paul had turned his apprenticeship turning the big sherbet freezer on the farm.} He kept at least one work team and a team of fast-stepping driving horses and a single nag for ^{short} camping trips. Then there were the inevitable ^{herd of nondescript "trading" horses and colts, which Oliver maintained solidly, as far as the boys could see, so that he might trade them for other things.}

Whenever Paul would waken in the night to the sound of galloping hooves, and hear his father's muffled curses as he lit the ^{breathina} gas lamp in his bedroom to route the older boys, he knew that the neighbors were resentfully awake, whispering, "Oliver Biegler's horses have broken loose and come to town again. There ought to be a law!"

As regularly as Oliver's fits of temper, the horses would break out and race wildly into town to Oliver's town barn. ^{They always followed the same route, out east of the home.} This barn stood in the other block, next to the Taleen House. The horses would be led there by oat-craving Fred or Chief, one or the other of the big white work

fatal

bloodless

how deep was her hurt, the trampling of her cherished romantic dreams.

or the woodbox was empty

whelps

which conducted the town's sewage to the sea in a broad mucky valley at the foot of the second range of hills

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Belle would always say: "Your father is a good provider, boys." Belle was over generous in extending credit to Oliver credit. She seized upon anything to put him in a better light with his sons.

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breathina

They always followed the same route, out east of the home.

had carried Indians to Lake Superior but now it leisurely

Paul had turned his apprenticeship turning the big sherbet freezer on the farm.

still standing. (Insert A)

horses. Milling and neighing, ^{and biting each other,} they would gather in the barnyard, between the barn at the rear and Oliver's "warehouse" ^{"which faced on Canada"} on the street, ^{By and by} until one or two of the older boys ^{would come} came down and, ^{light a lantern.} Oblivious to Gust Taleen's cursing boarders, ^{then} would sleepily round up one of the leaders and ^{then thunder} race all of them back to the farm and lock them in the ^{big farm} barn until the broken fence could be found and ~~fixed~~ ^{mended} the next day.

When his older boys were little, Oliver used to keep a hired man or two on the farm to do the chores. As young Oliver and Emmett and Greg ^{graduated} came into their teens, they also found that they had graduated into hired men on the farm -- hired, that is, but never paid. In her quiet way, Belle ^{firmly} fought Oliver's efforts to take them out of school. ^{Admitted to take them out of school.} She finally ^{gave up the struggle} gave up the struggle.

The ~~first~~ ^{second year} summer young Oliver went ^{had} to work on the farm, he was just fifteen. He was a short, broad, thick-wristed boy, with bushy black hair, ^{which had the unusual Biggles} a cowlick, of course, and ^{he was} was even then as strong as the average grown man. His playmates had already nicknamed him "Rajah" for Barnum's successor to Jumbo, ^{"Ladies and Gentlemen: 'Rajah' -} "the biggest elephant in the world." ^{- farer much taller than Jumbo!} Except for his age and lack of whiskers ^{that young Oliver was} he was, Paul concluded, the exact duplicate of Paul's grandfather, Nicholas, whose ^{mild German} velvet-framed ^{large} picture hung so squarely and uncompromisingly on the sitting-room wall.

^{This second} That ~~first~~ summer on the farm ^{for young Oliver} was to be one of the high points in ^{his father's epic} Oliver's wild rages. One of the driving horses drowned in the main ditch. The farm was so low that it had to be ditched, to drain it, ^{One summer day one of the driving horses} and one of the boys ^{main} had gone to the ditch to get a drink. ^{Mande, a spanking boy, he} Its forelegs had sunk in the treacherous peat, and the doomed animal had evidently leapt to free ^{himself} himself and ^{had only managed to} landed in the deepest hole in the ditch. Young Oliver, "Rajah," was alone on the farm, milking the cows. He had run out of the barn when he had heard the frantic screams of the drowning animal. He raced across the lumpy ^{dumb} fields but when he got up to the ditch only the tail of the stricken animal, ^{like Ophelia's hair,} could be seen floating on top of the ^{turgid} water.

Paul must have been so young that he was in his crib when "Rawge" reported the loss of the ^{Paul} horse to Oliver at the ^{hushed} supper table. He was awakened by frightful noises and shouts, and his mother's mingled screams, "You've killed him! O, you've killed him!" Oliver had beaten the boy into unconsciousness and had thrown him down the cellar stairs. ^{Later that night} Then Belle had come and tearfully gathered Paul into her arms and taken him, and all the children, to the Taleen House, run by Gustav and Sophia Taleen, the parents of Paul's boyhood playmate, Gunnar Taleen.

There she and the boys had remained for a week. Belle had ^{went} gone to see a lawyer about a divorce. ^{He was drawing the papers...} He was drawing the papers...

"Mande" gave a boy of twelve I could lead a bear can alone in one day. "Grandpa" had a habit of a burning. This was a familiar refrain.

Oliver ^{was} full of contrition and self-abasement, ^{He} ^(shaves and sprays of Belle) ^{slender} ^{flowers} ^{and bringing extravagant} ~~had~~ haunted the Taleen House, Paul had a
vague picture of his father, on his knees before Belle, in a strange ^{high} bedroom, denouncing himself
as roundly as he usually denounced others; pleading, promising, cajoling. ^{Belle sat in a creaking rocking chair.} "Think of the children,
the poor children," he ^{had} ~~once~~ mistakenly said. ^{women-faces} Belle had ^{turned on} ~~looked~~ at him with ^{a look a} infinite scorn, ~~and~~
~~replied~~, "I am, Oliver -- ^{My God,} I'm doing just that..."

But Belle had gone back, and there was a period of strange calm in the Biegler house, ~~then~~
Paul almost missed the shouted curses and wild tumult. ^{mingled} ~~But~~, by ^{then} and by ^{wild} ~~they~~ had started again,
and the old frame house ^{rang once again with} ~~resumed~~ the uneven tenor of its ways -- "O merciful God! O false-faced
woman!"

* * *

gifts from the boys. Paul got a crying Teddy bear as his share of the loot.

but there was ~~one~~ one sure storm signal: when the little blood blister ~~on~~ on Oliver's lower lip would fount and grow purple, it was time for ^{all} little mammals to seek cover.

of the six
At the time the war in Europe had broken out there were ~~but~~ four boys at home. ~~The~~ The two oldest boys, Paul's half-brothers Oliver and Emmett, were ^{working} ~~out~~ in Butte, ^{Montana} ~~Montana~~ Paul was so young when they ~~but~~ left ^{that} he scarcely ^{got to know} ~~know~~ them.

They rarely wrote, even at Christmas, and ^{usually only} ~~then~~ ^{brother Gregory or brief, self-conscious note to} ~~then~~ ^{usually only} ~~generally~~ to their ^{step} ~~mother~~, ~~Patte~~, ~~Patte~~

When Belle had married Oliver, and ~~gone~~ she had developed a deep affection for ^{his} ~~the~~ three motherless ^{boys} ~~sons~~ and had ~~tried in every way~~ ~~not only did~~ ~~she wash~~ and baked and ~~worked~~ for them; she saw ^{to it} that they went to their mother's church, ^{the} ~~the~~ Catholic church, and she helped them with their lessons at the ^{she tried to be a mother} ~~Convent~~ school. But most of all she acted as a buffer between them and ^{their father's} ~~Oliver's~~ frequent ^{wild} ~~rages~~.

Over the Bigler home there ^{hung} ~~was~~ a constant storm cloud - Oliver Bigler's temper. No one could predict when the storm would break, how long it would last, or how destructive it might be before it ^{terror} ~~spent~~ itself.

Paul would grow chill with ~~horror~~ ^{at these times. Her face would become mask-like} ~~at~~ Oliver's outbursts as he watched his father's heart would ache as he watched his mother ^{try to please} ~~obedient~~ and ~~wonder~~ ^{she tried} ~~"This madman's mad-man is my father,"~~ Paul would murmur to himself, over and over, like a litany, as Oliver would lash himself into a purple fury over some ~~inconsequential~~ trivial domestic ~~trivial~~ incident. Perhaps ~~the~~ the soup was too hot or too cold; perhaps one of the boys had used ~~the~~ one of

Belle, thin, delicate, Bell wrote them regularly and sent them the "Ben One" ^{approved} ~~approved~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{himself} ~~himself~~ ^(see p. 17) ~~(see p. 17)~~

his ^{many} shotguns and forgotten to clean it; Or perhaps
something had gone wrong at the farm.

The Bigles farm was a

1st
Jan 21, 1944

in draft, please
Chapter 3.

Each wearing the typical Beigler smocks, which all
of the boys had, and

At the time the war flamed over Europe there were
but four of the six ^{Beigler} boys at home. The two oldest
boys, Paul's half-brothers Oliver and Emmett, were
working in Butte, in distant Montana. Paul was

scarcely out of his high chair when they ^{had} left
As time went on they became
Chippewas. ~~They were~~ little more than names to him;
^{young} serious-faced strangers, who stood ^{gazing so mutely from} in the family
group picture which hung next to Belle's writing
desk, "the secretary", in the ^{front} parlor. ^{at Child's Art Gallery}

This ^{photograph} ~~picture~~ had been taken ^{at Child's Art Gallery} shortly before Belle
had her second operation - ^{this time for the removal of} for a tumor, ~~this time~~

It was while she was away ^{in Chicago} for this operation, ~~is~~ that
the ^{two} boys had fled, run away. Belle kept the ^{family} picture

in the ^{little used} parlor so that Oliver would not destroy it in
one of his fits of temper. ^{Yet if she had hidden it, he would have raged at that. It required a mind} ^{but bearing calculation} ^{names were never} ^{mentioned}
when Oliver was about the house. ^{allowed to be}

When Belle had married Oliver she had
developed a deep affection for the ^{three} quiet, motherless
boys. She not only washed and baked and ironed and
mended for them, ^{and nursed them when they were sick;} she saw to it that they regularly
attended their mother's church, the Catholic Church;
she helped them with their catechism and ^{with} their lessons
at the Convent School, ^{and later in the high school,} but most of all she acted as
a buffer between them and Oliver's frequent wild rage

Life - Mrs. Belmont relations -

All drumming Paul's bayhood thru being
Over the Beecher home ~~that being~~ a constant
pall, a dark cloud - Oliver Beecher's temper. No one
could predict when the storm would break, how
long it would last, or how destructive its ^{force} might
be before it spent itself. There was but one sure
storm signal: When the little blood blister on
Oliver's lower lip would point and grow purple, it
was time for all ^{good} mariners at 205 West Hematite
Street to ~~scurry~~ scurry for cover. But most of the
time they were caught and had to be

Paul would grow chill with terror ~~as he~~
at Oliver's ^{maniacal} outbursts. And ~~his~~ ^{Paul's} ^{very} insides would
shudder convulsively as he watched his mother at
these times. Belle's ^{features} ~~face~~ would seem to grow sharper, ^{like lightning}
sort of pinched and frozen, as she tried to placate ^{take on a waken, mask-}
her demented husband. Her efforts were always in
vain. "Oliver, please, please, Oliver - the children,
think of the ^{dear, innocent,} children!"

Belle's calm, her very stillness, only seemed to
goad Oliver to further height of ^{abruptly} ~~static~~ fury. The
initial cause of the outburst would be forgotten, ^{lost.}
~~lost.~~ Belle would ^{now} become the red banner that ^{huge comets} tortured him.

"Don't ^{working and} Oliver me!" he would roar, turning on
her, ^{his face livid with rage.} "Woman, take your hateful false Dutch
face out of my sight, I say!" he would howl ^{approach}

Then he would ~~say~~. ^{soft his eyes up to the ceiling, the nearest Paul ever saw him} "Why in the name of merciful God was
attitude of prayer. she ^{you} - ^{she} ^{you}! - ever blown into my arms during that

Christy storm!" This bitter allusion to their first meeting always made Belle wince, her frozen lips would tremble ever so slightly, and Paul's heart would turn to solid stone.

"This madman is my father, this madman is my father, this madman is..." Paul would murmur to himself, over and over, like a litany, as Oliver would lash himself into a purple ~~frenzy~~ ^{frenzy} ~~over~~ ^{over} some trivial domestic ~~incident~~ ^{incident} mishap. Perhaps the soup was too cold, or too hot and had ~~scalded~~ ^{scalded} his tongue, or the taxes were due, or the boys had used one of his ^{many} shotguns (reason enough), and had, "O merciful God!" neglected to clean it. Or perhaps - as was most ~~often~~ usual - one of his worthless boys had done something wrong at the farm.

The Bigler farms lay ^{several miles out} ~~about two~~ north of ~~the~~ town, beyond Chuppiwa River, ^(which conducted the town's sewage to the sea) ~~and~~ a broad muddy valley at the foot of the second range of hills north of town. Oliver had purchased the land ~~from~~ ^{from} one of the mining companies when he was a young man, and it pleased him to regard himself as a gentleman farmer. He had cleared and drained but a ^{relatively} small part of ~~it~~ ^{the land}, which he planted in hay and oats, and truck vegetables. He cut the ice for the saloon off of

Cranberry pond; the firewood ~~from~~ for the house
came off the uncleared ~~portion~~ land. In her darkest hours
Belle would always say: "Your father is a good provider, boys."

In the course of the years Oliver had acquired
quite a complete farm, as farms went in and
around Clippewa. He ~~had~~ always had several
Jersey milk cows, from which Belle whose
^{yellow} rich cream Belle made ~~the~~ ^{rich butter and heavenly} unforgettable
orange sherbet, ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~always~~ ^{kept} at least
one work team and a team of fast ^{-stepping} driving
horses and a single nag for short camping trips.

Then there ^{were always} ~~the~~ ^{inimitable} "trading" horses and
colts. It ^{was} whenever Paul would waken in the night
to the sound of galloping hooves, and hear his
father's ^{muffled} curses as he lit the gas lamp in his bedroom ^{to}
^{route the older boys,} he knew that the neighbors were ^{awakened} recently ^{whispering,}
"Oliver Bigler's horses have broken loose and come
to town again. There ought to be a law!" ~~to~~

As regularly as Oliver's fits of temper, the horses would
break out ^{and} ^{wildly} race into town to ^{the} Oliver's town barn ^{betting}
Fred or Chief, one of the big white work horses, ^{or the other} ^{They} ^{milling and neighing}
would gather in the barnyard, between the barn at the
rear and ^{Oliver's} warehouse on the street, ^{milling and}
^{neighing,} until ~~Oliver~~ ^{one or two of the}
older boys came ^{down} ^{oblivious to} ^{Just} ^{Talcott's} ^{crossing} ^{boarders,} ^{upon}
of the leaders and ^{they} ^{took} ^{them} ^{back} ^{to} ^{the} ^{farm} ^{and}
locked them in the barn until the ^{by} ^{some} ^{found} ^{and} ^{fixed} ^{the}
fence could be ^{no} ^{next} ^{day,}

The horse would be led thru by cat-crowning
afternoon in second side

When his older boys were little Oliver used to keep a hired man or two on the farm to do the chores, ~~but~~ As young Oliver and Emmett and Greg came into their teens, they also found that they had graduated into hired men ^{on} the farm - hired, ^{that is,} but never paid. In ^{his quiet way,} Belle fought Oliver's efforts to take them out of school. #

The first summer ~~when~~ young Oliver went to work on the farm, he was just fifteen. He was ~~also~~ short, broad, ^{thick-wristed} boy, with bushy black hair, with a comb, of course, and ^{was even then} already as strong as the average grown man. His playmates had already nicknamed him "Rajah" for Barnum's successor to Jumbo, 'the biggest elephant in the world.' Except for his age and lack of whiskers he was, Paul concluded, the exact duplicate of Paul's grandfather, Nicholas, ~~whose~~ ^{squarely and} velvet-framed picture hung so uncompromisingly on the sitting room wall.

That first summer on the farm was to be one of the high points in Oliver's wild rages. One of the driving horses drowned in the main ditch. The farm was so low that it had to be ditched, ^{to drain it,} and one of the boys had gone to the ditch to get a drink. Its forelegs had sunk in the treacherous peat, and the doomed

animal had ^{evidently} leapt to free himself and landed in the deepest hole in the ditch.

Young Rajah's young driver, "Rajah," was alone on the farm, milking the cows. ~~When~~ ^{when} he had ~~come~~ ^{run} out of the barn, ^{where} he had heard the frantic screams ~~screaming~~ of the drowning animal. He raced across the lumpy fields but when he got up to the ditch only the ^{tail of the stricken} animal's tail ~~was~~ ^{could be seen} floating on top of the water.

~~The night at the supper table he reported the tragedy to Oliver~~

Paul must have been so young that he was in his crib when "Ravage" reported the loss of the horse to Oliver at the ~~supper~~ supper table. He was awaking awakened by frightful noise and shouts, ~~in which~~ and his mother's mingled screams, "Yowie killed him! O, yowie killed him!" Oliver had beaten the boy into unconsciousness and had thrown him down the cellar stairs. Then Belle had come and tearfully gathered Paul into her arms and taken him, and all the children, to the Jaleen House, run by Gustav and Sophia Jaleen, the parents of Paul's boyhood playmate, ^{Gemma Jaleen.}

Then she and the ~~other~~ boys had remained for a week. Belle had gone to see ~~Frank~~

~~Frank Belden~~ a lawyer about a divorce.

Oliver, full of contrition, ^{and self-abasement,} had haunted the Talbot House, Paul had a vague picture of his father, on his knees before Belle, in a strange bedroom, denouncing himself as roundly as he usually denounced others; pleading, promising, cajoling. "Think of the children, the poor children," he once mistakenly said. Belle had looked at him with infinite scorn and replied, "I am, Oliver - I'm doing just that..."

But Belle had gone back, and there was a period of strange calm in the Biegler house - Paul almost missed the shouting, curses and wild tumult. But, ^{by and by,} they had started again, and the old frame house resumed the uneven tenor of its ways. "O merciful God! O false-faced woman!"



CHAPTER 4.

Paul the Explorer walked west on Hematite Street, carrying Oliver's frayed leather-cased hanging field glasses carelessly slung over his shoulder, from a thin leather strap. Oliver used the glasses mostly for deer hunting. Paul held himself straight as he walked, and kept sighting the sun for direction, ^{ever on the alert} looking for signs of danger, ^{This was} all in a manner that was becoming to one of the early explorers of the U. P. For he was really Douglass Houghton, the young geologist, ^{searching} looking for ore deposits. It was ^{the summer of} 1841 and great numbers of passenger pigeons ^{whirled} flew overhead. Anyway, there were seven. Poor birds, little did they know that they were doomed to early extinction. ^{Alas!} Paul and Audubon knew, but they didn't... Paul walked along with an ^{odd,} shuffling gait, keeping his feet close together, and pointed straight ahead, even a little pigeon-toed. ^{For} The woods-wise Indians always walked that way. *You did not tire so quickly.*

Two blocks west of his house Paul came to the east boundary of the large Blueberry Mine property. It was the largest iron mine in Chippewa. ^{and had two shaft entrances} The towering shafthouse, which enclosed the skips and cages which transported the men and ore from far underground, stood on a hill and rose high above the neighborhood, dwarfing the surrounding houses. ^{Paul heard} A great rumbling sound of falling ore being dumped into crusher cars, ^{from the ore chutes} came to Paul. ^{He} Paul nodded wisely. ^{These were evidently} some of the old Indian mine workings he had heard about. ^{and the noise} Some Indians must be still pettering about, ^{Tame ones, no doubt.} He must remember to make field notes of this phenomenon... ^{Paul considered} ^{and hoped}

At the top of the hill, on the corner of Ridge and Lake Streets, stood a little frame house literally in the shadow of the great shafthouse. One of his playmates, ^{Bernard} Stevie Redmond, lived there. His father was a cigarmaker and treasurer of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. ^{Dennis,} Paul studied ^{Stevie's} house. This must be the crude log home of an early pioneer, he thought. I will stop and ask my directions and perchance quench my thirst. Ah yes -- maybe one of the male members can be persuaded to guide me. After all, a man of Douglass Houghton's ability didn't mope around in the woods all alone. ^{also the esteemed -} ^{Bernie had told Paul so.}

Mrs. Redmond came to the ^{front} door, holding a broom which had a dusting cloth tied around the straw. She was a plump, near-sighted, motherly little woman who wore thick, gold-rimmed spectacles. ^{Paul could see a small statue of the Virgin Mary standing} ^{behind her} on a small shelf.

"Is the head of the house in, Ma'am?" Paul asked, casually shifting Oliver's binoculars to the front.

"Hello, Pelly. Why Jerry's down at the cigar shop. If there's anything I can do..."

Paul had to be very patient with these backwoods people. "Are there any other male members of your household at home?"

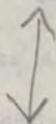
contain them. It was not long before the members of a new white tribe, the Americans, came to add to the Indian's woes. Like maddened giants, consumed by some fatal inner lust, these strangers came, always pressing, crowding, pushing ever westward.

The British fought the French and Indians; the French fought the British and Indians; the Americans fought all three. Craftily these mad strangers pitted Indian against Indian, sowing dissension, tribal hatred and bloodlust. The American Indian was being brought the "new order" of his time.

The fierce resistance of these peninsula Indians was a stirring and now-forgotten forest saga, long since embalmed in the murky pages of history. Forgotten were the wild night raids, the shouting painted warriors in a thousand canoes, the feats of incredible bravery and dark treachery; the nights and days of fire, famine, and bitter cold. For a few Indians the love of homeland could not surpass the love of whisky. The rest, the vast majority, finally found that the silent arrow could not still the barking sting of the white man's musket...

The peninsula Indian was defeated. Indeed, he was nearly exterminated. There were no monuments to mark his passage. All he left behind was a few bleached bones and scattered arrowheads for ^{the} tourists to paw over. The gloss of history -- "historical perspective" is the phrase -- cast its soft patina over these proceedings, and finally forgave the Indian his sin in fighting for his home and for his freedom. The conquest of this portion of the northern Middle-West was remembered merely as a series of skirmishes against a handful of reluctant barbarians, a pot-shot at a few ungrateful heathens -- a minor footnote to the grand larceny of a continent.

All this time Nature smiled and fluttered a lidless eye. Save for the ancient copper workings of the Indians -- she did not worry about them -- her secret of buried treasure was still intact.



Mrs. Redmond peered at him anxiously through her thick spectacles. Then she smiled at Paul. She wasn't quite sure just what the game was, but she would try to play it -- after all, she had three children of her own...

now perhaps
"Well, perhaps, ~~or~~ if you will tell me --," she began.

"I'm looking for someone to guide me to Pilot Knob, Madam. I'll make it well worth his while," said Paul.

Paul saw that this simple, good-hearted pioneer woman was crushed. "I'm so sorry," she said. "My son is assisting his father to harvest the tobacco." Paul knew this meant that Stevie was helping his ^{old} man strip tobacco leaves down at the musty cigar shop on Pearl Street. "The Indians around here are great smokers, you know," she added. "Great smokers!" ~~she added.~~

Paul bowed his head. "I'm sorry if I have disturbed you, Madam," he said with quiet dignity. "I shall proceed on my way alone." He turned to go.

Little Mrs. Redmond was getting into the spirit of the thing. She stepped out in the stormshed, still carrying her broom, and motioned to Paul to follow her. Out on the sidewalk she stood and pointed her broom handle north.

"You see that ~~there~~ lake down at the end of this road there?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well sir, that's Lake Bancroft -- named for an old Indian chief," Mrs. Redmond said.

"You wouldn't of guessed it -- few do -- but that's a typical Chippewa Indian name -- like Sussex or Yorkshire -- or even Dublin."

"Why, Mrs. Red -- why Madam, that is indeed a -- a surprise," Paul ^{said} faltered.

"Yes, isn't it? And do you see that there high rocky bluff just on the other side of it?" she went on, pointing.

"Yes, Ma'am," Paul said in a small voice.

"Well that's your Pilot Knob -- so get along with you." She was smiling as she patted him on the shoulder. "Get on with you, Polly. I've got my cleaning to finish. You're a worse pixey than my ^{Bernie} ~~Stevie~~ -- and he's bad enough, the Lord knows."

"Thank you, Mrs. Redmond," Paul said, ^{smiling} His smile was ^{a trifle wan} not too hearty. "Please tell ^{Bernie} Stevie I was looking for him -- tell him I had my father's field glasses. I'll try to get out and come up and see him tonight -- my father's in the woods, you see."

Paul started to walk down Lake Street. He walked rapidly, then he broke into a run. As he turned into the mine road around the Lake, running rapidly, he looked over his shoulder. The

The Upper Peninsula was finally conquered; a beaten waif; a foundling on the doorstep of a growing young nation. All about it territories and states were being carved out of the Northwest Territory, of which it had become a part. None of these sought to annex the U. P. In appearance and geology it most resembled the Laurentian Uplands of Canada, but was separated from Canada by Lake Superior. Nobody wanted the ^{lonely} rugged, inhospitable U. P.

Michigan became a territory in 1805 -- but shunned the ~~lonely~~ U. P. At length Wisconsin Territory took the U. P. under its reluctant wing in 1836, like a dubious hen adopting an ugly duckling. In the meantime Michigan Territory's admission to statehood was delayed when she became embroiled in a bitter controversy with the new state of Ohio over the latter's northern boundary. Feeling ran so high over this disputed land -- the so-called Toledo strip -- that border patrols were organized, shooting occurred, and a minor war seemed imminent.

When that phrase still possessed a quaint charm, Congress viewed these proceedings with alarm. It decided it must take a "firm stand." So Congress stepped in and flatly told Michigan she would not be admitted to statehood unless she would surrender her claims to the Ohio strip. ~~So there.~~ Michigan still stoutly refused to concede Ohio's claims. Congress was equal to the occasion. For that august body had already adopted as its motto: When in doubt,

~~Compromise!~~ (Small "c")

The politicians in Congress huffed and puffed and blew through their whiskers -- and offered Michigan the U. P. as a compromise. Michigan was cut to the quick. The Upper Peninsula! That howling wilderness of snow and cold! Why, it wasn't even physically attached to Michigan -- look at the Straits of Mackinac which separated the two! Anyway, gentlemen, our fine neighbor, Wisconsin, already owns the U. P. Perish the sordid thought.

But, alas! Congress discovered that Wisconsin was delighted to abandon its foundling on Michigan's doorstep. Michigan ruefully ^{concluded} decided that it wanted statehood more than the coveted Ohio strip, ~~so~~ when Michigan was finally admitted to the Union in 1837 she found ~~literally~~ literally as a political afterthought -- that she ^{possessed} had a three-hundred-odd-mile-long appendage attached to the northern tip of her mitten -- the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

The lusty young state of Michigan determined to make the best of a bad bargain. She would look and see what was on this damned Peninsula. What was there to these ancient rumors of copper and iron deposits? In 1841 a young state geologist called Douglas Houghton ^{was sent} went

hospitable old pioneer woman was still standing on the path looking at him, holding her musket. A kindly soul, the stuff from which ^{a great} America was being made... She waved her hand at him and turned toward her lonely wilderness home. Paul waved at her, still running, as he darted out of view by the side of the big brick mine dry, where the miners changed to and from their ore reddened mine clothes and bathed their ore-reddened bodies. Looking, Paul almost ran into a walking miner carrying his shiny "Lisk" dinner pail. "Looking out vare you ^{be} running," the big miner said, smiling at Paul. Paul reflected that if he didn't know his Indians so well he would have sworn this one had a Finnish accent.

Pilot Knob was a steep ^{bald} bluff, ^{with a sheer cliff ^{drop of} the lake side,} composed largely of low-grade iron-bearing rock. It was one of the highest points in Chippewa and Paul could see for miles in any direction as he stood looking through Oliver's field glasses. Despite his temporary rebuff, he was Douglass Houghton again -- cool, calm, and collected -- once again a dispassionate man of science making careful mental notes.

Paul studied the ^{tall} towers of the ^{twin} ~~two~~ shafthouses of the Blueberry mine ^{and surrounding buildings} which ^{rose like some ancient} lay sprawled out south of him. Between the two stood the tall ore crusher, connected to each shafthouse by a narrow trestled railway. As one loaded dump-car of ore emerged from one shafthouse, ^{dripping raw} dripping with fresh wet ore, ^{the bottom of} another ore car would just be leaving the crusher ^{from} on the other side to get a new load. This went on, hour after hour, day after day. There ^{were the little cars} was ~~one~~ now, looking strangely like ^{Paul} ~~a toy~~ train set ^{which he used to play with under the clothe-trunk...}

Paul could see the roof of the Ridge Street school which stood on the top of Blueberry Hill. He knew his house lay at the bottom of the hill, ^{among the tall trees} somewhere behind ^{below} the school. Far, far south ^{and east} he could even make out the scaffold of Suicide Hill where they held the ski jumps each Washington's Birthday. ^{A portion of Iron Cliff Annie passed the ski jump. Oliver had proposed to Belle in Iron Cliff drive...} Turning north and east he could see little but woods and hills and trees, beyond which lay a bright bank of ^{dumplings} clouds marking Lake Superior. West ^{of Paul lay} was the wide valley through which flowed ^{the} Chippewa River. Everything looked so trim and neat, divided into little squares by the fences of the Finnish farmers. Paul could even see their cribbed, ventilated haybarns, ^{and log "saunas" or steambaths} just as they built them in Finland. And everywhere he looked, it seemed, were the tall smoke-stacks and shafthouses of the iron mines... ^{and red stock piles}

NO SPACE

The town lay in a broad, undulant valley between serpentine chains of ancient iron bluffs. Some of these bluffs were covered with thick maple groves which flamed into color each fall, but

worth, following the old Indian trails, and during the next three years ^{he} discovered large deposits of copper in the Lake Superior region. In 1844 a surveyor called William Burt observed his compass making frantic gyrations as he and his party stood on a lofty peninsula hill near what later became Negaunee. *Surveyor Burt nodded at his companions. Only the*

presence of iron could account for that phenomenon.
After countless brooding centuries, the first of the Peninsula's rich copper and iron deposits had been found. More discoveries followed in quick succession. Michigan's fathers broached a cask of rum and congratulated themselves on their ^{wisdom, their} acute vision. That ancient *in dreams,* ^{mingled with} derells, the Upper Peninsula, had at last found her dream prince!

Nature compressed her thin lips, smiled wryly, then shrugged and turned away. After all she had kept her secret a long, long time. How many million years was it? Ho hum. If worst came to worst, she could always conjure ^{up} a new ice sheet or two. But first she really must go West and investigate the intriguing possibilities of these dust storms. That was a new wrinkle. The Peninsula could wait a bit. ^{Nature} She could bide her time....

most of them were virtually bald save for low bushes and occasional patches of gnarled, wind-scarred pines. So irregular was the topography ^{of the country} that some of these hills erupted in the town itself, giving it Badger Hill and Grammar School Hill, ^{and Blueberry Hill,} among others. Paul was now standing on Pilot Knob, one of the tallest bluffs of all. In truth, the town was ^{just} one hill after the other, ^{surrounded by still more hills.} Paul's home lay at the foot of Blueberry Hill. With boyish acceptance, Paul had once charitably ascribed this phenomenon to the concern of the town's planners for their children's coasting and skiing pleasure. ^{had} As he wrote in a fifth grade theme: "Chippewa grew up like a crazy quilt." Thinking, perhaps, that the daring originality and color of this figure ^{distinguished} might be too ^{confusing} to his teacher he had added " -- or 'grew up like Topsy.'" ^{That} had garnered him an "A" and clinched his growing conviction that one day he would become a famous writer...

The course of part of the stream of European migration to America could be roughly reconstructed in the successive locations in the town. All of the mines had their own "locations," tiny villages within the town, which had sprung up around each new mine as it had been built. Frenchtown Location lay clustered near the old, abandoned Angeline mine against the south range of hills. The log houses of these early settlers still sheltered the families of their descendants, most of whom were miners.

Near this old mine Paul could see the spot where his Grandfather Nicholas' first brewery had stood; the wooden one that had been built by his grandfather before Oliver had been born, even long before the Civil War, shortly after Grandpa Biegler had completed ^{and his young bride then} his long trek across the Peninsula by ox team. This first brewery had been destroyed by fire in the summer of '72.

The new brick brewery had not been built till '81, ^{in the meantime} there had been a panic or something, Belle ^{had} said. Paul could not see the new brewery, ^{but he knew it was by the old firehall, whose bell tower} it ^{now} housed the horses and carriages of Burke's livery stable. ^{The last brewery now}

Swedetown Location lay clustered around the Blueberry Mine, part of which lay at the foot of the hill upon which Paul stood. ^{Then} The coming of the Nelson Mine ^{gave} brought Chippewa Cornish-town Location. ^{advent of the} Then in the late 80's and early 90's the Trembath Mine on the eastern outskirts ^{brought} became Finn Town, and the Laughlin Mine on the west ^{flowered into} became "Little Italy" or "Dago" Town. ^{When you} asked a boy where he lived he did not say Chippewa, but "Swedetown" or wherever it was. The Irish had early settled in the town, coming in large numbers, but, like the relatively ^{few} German and Scotch saloonkeepers and tradesmen, they rarely worked down in the mine but contented themselves with becoming railroad men or diamond-drill runners, or firemen in the mine boilers, or operators of the huge clanking steam shovels ^{whose angry dragon snortings} which could be heard all over the town as they hoisted the raw iron ore from the mine stock piles into the waiting ore cars. ^{string of} Oddly

enough, some of these Irish even became ^{the town's} politicians and ^{a maze of} politicians.

Virtually all of the town was undermined by the stopes and drifts made by the burrowing miners. ^{The mine workings} These were so far down in the earth that the mining-company engineers had long ago

assured the townspeople that there was no danger of a cave-in. Since the "mining crowd" seemed to live placidly ^{enough} all about ^{over} the town, the townspeople gradually forgot about the possibility ^{of danger.}

Even the dull giant thuds of blasting heard each day, shuddering far underground, gradually became so common a part of the daily round as to excite no notice -- unless too many dishes ^{they became much more,} rattled and fell in the pantry. ^{Some of} Then the braver and more articulate of the townspeople might

write a letter to the editor of The Iron Ore, or, ^{The liver-hearted} if the dishes had been broken, even to ^{might write} H. Hall Keith, ^{stem-mangled} the superintendent of all of Chippewa's ^{biggest} iron mines, who lived in ^{a large house} the

big wooded estate at the south edge of town. Paul had often ^{and watched} stood in ^{a beautiful} stoned silence as the great man ^{the Beagle house to the Blueberry Mine} whirled by ^{driving} his ^{own} carriage. ^{H. Hall Keith} He looked with his pointed beard, ^{looked like the}

picture of King George IV, ^{of} King of England, ^{of} the reigning ^{of} head of the House of Windsor.

the reigning ^{of} head of the House of Windsor.

entirely (and unpronounceable) planners, being practical or diggers, conferring romantic and
The towns had not gone in for long, guttural -
sounding Indian names, ~~as~~ ^{on everything} as had so many other
^{Michigan} ~~towns~~ towns. There were no ^{picture postcards of} Michimullimackinac
Hotels or Ossingowan ^{ma} ^{windy} Lakes ^{tourists could mail from Chippewa;} first plain
Corn Galen House or ^{mud lake or} Commercial Hotel or ^{at that time no} ~~Hotel~~ ^{at that time no} ~~Hotel~~ ^{at that time no}
~~Lake Bancroft.~~ ~~This pleased but~~ ~~no~~ ^{at that time no} efforts were
made to lure tourists to the place; there was no
Mining Chamber of Commerce or Chippewa First
League; ~~the~~ ~~the~~ the towns magical ^{get} soothing
properties over hay-fever had not been discovered.
The only ^{travellers} ~~people~~ that came to Chippewa were mining
people, ^{occasional} relatives, ^{or single-minded} ~~and~~ hunters and fishermen.

Paul reflected that ^{sort of permanent}
The town was ^{only} a ~~permanent~~ mining camp, rich and seemingly
~~star~~ inexhaustible, but none the less a mining camp. What
would there be there without the mines? Olvie's saloon
depended on the mines, Bernie Redmond's old man
made cigars for the miners - why most of Paul's
schoolmates were the ~~stutter~~ ^{sons} of miners, and
^{themselves one day} would, ^{probably} grow up to be miners, ~~themselves one~~
Did every boy do what his father did? Would he
someday wear ^{starched white} ~~an~~ apron and work behind Olvie's long bar?
Would --

"Hello. Could I have a look through your binoculars?"

Paul lowered ^{Olvie's} ~~the~~ glasses and turned. A plump,
red-headed ^{dressed in a cowboy suit.} boy stood ~~before~~ smiling at Paul. "My
name's Fritz Bellows. I'm new in town. What's yours?"

Paul saw that Fritz had a ^{broken} tooth ~~in~~ in front, and
that he smiled all the time, an engaging, wide smile ^{that}
made his pale blue eyes ~~scowl~~ wrinkle at the
corners. He did not seem to have any eye-lashes.

"My name is Paul Bigler. Yes, you can
look through the glasses," Paul said. "But be awfully
careful - they belong to my father."

Fritz took the glasses from Paul and expertly adjusted
them to his sight. Paul ~~stare~~ watched Fritz as he
scanned the town.

"Is that a real revolver you're carrying?" Paul said.

Fritz lowered the glasses. "Sure. It's a thirty-two and
loaded. Would you like to try it?"

"Sure," Paul said, eagerly. He had never shot a gun

before in his life. "Whatt' we shoot at?"

"See that tin can ^{behind you?} ~~over there?~~ Shoot that." All you got to do is pull the trigger.

9 "Yes, I know," Paul ^{said} turned and saw a small tin can, ^{lying on a rock} about twenty paces away. His back was towards Fritz. He raised the revolver in the direction of the can. He wanted to block his ears. He closed ~~the~~ ^{his} eyes and pressed the trigger. "Spang!"

"Why that's swell, Pally," Fritz shouted. "You made a bullseye. Say, you can shoot! Want to try it again?"

Paul shook his head. His ears were ringing. He gingerly handed the revolver to Fritz. "No thanks. Anyway, it's nearly my supper time." I don't want to waste your bullets, Paul said. "Nice little gun you've got there," he carelessly added.

Just then the mine whistles ^{began} ~~started~~ their evening call, and Fritz and Paul stood together on Palot Knob listening to the great waves of sound, ^{followed finally} ~~and~~ ^{by} the forlorn echoes.

~~Then~~ ^{the} ^{forlorn} ^{echoes}. Then it was still. Fritz looked at Paul. "Say, those whistles get me, ^{Pally} I've never heard whistles like that before, ^{in all my life}. They give me a lump in my throat?"

~~But~~ Paul turned quickly to Fritz. "Do they, ^{Do they really?}" he said.

"They sure do," said Fritz.

"They do me to, ^{Fritz} let's go - it's supper time." Paul said.

"All right, Pally. Let's go," Fritz said.

On the way to walk ^{home} to town Paul Fritz told Paul that his father was the new ^{jeweler} ~~optometrist~~ that had come to town. Daddy had married a town girl, Fritz's mother, but they had never lived ~~in~~ in Chippewa. You see, when Daddy married Mamma he was an actor, an actor ~~with~~ ^{one Mully's Opera House} who had come to ~~Chippewa~~ with "The Mikado". Daddy had an important part in that show and could sing the whole thing through, ^{the show had kind of gone broke in Chippewa, but it was his Daddy's father} every one of the parts. ~~He~~ ^{He} also played the mandolin and guitar. Fritz was learning to play the mandolin. Can your Daddy play the mandolin?

Paul stopped ^{walking} and Fritz stopped. Paul shook his head. "No, Fritz, my old man can't play anything - he's a saloonkeeper. He keeps a saloon."

"Why that's swell, Polly," Fritz said. "Just think all the ^{ice-cold} pop you want, ^{free} And fights - I suppose your Dad sees lots of fights?"

~~Paul was growing to like this Fritz Bellows.~~

"Yes. Sometimes he gets in them," Paul said. "You see, he's one of the the - he's one of the strongest men in the whole world. And there's a music box in the saloon."

"Holy Smokes! Have you ever got it swell, I wish my - I wish my old man ran a saloon and was strong like that."

Paul's Mamma Tell about it to Betty when she comes

~~It was getting dusk.~~
Paul and Fritz had got to the corner of the
Ridge Street school. "This is going to be my new school,
do you go here?"

"Yes," Paul said. "I'm going into the sixth grade."

"That's great, Polly. So am I - ^{we're} we're in the same room."

It was growing dusk. "Well, I've got to be going
down this way," Paul said.

"Where are you live?"

"Down here on Hematite"

Then it was still. Fritz looked at Paul. "Say, those whistles get me, Polly. I've never heard whistles like that before in all my life. They give me a lump in my throat."

Paul turned quickly to Fritz. "Do they? Do they really?" he said.

"They sure do," said Fritz.

"They do me too, Fritz... Let's go -- it's supper time," Paul said.

"All right, Polly. Let's go," Fritz said.

On the walk home Fritz told Paul that his father was the new jeweler that had come to town. ~~His grand father was August Judgen who owned the big store in Chippewa,~~ Daddy had married a town girl, Fritz's mother, but they had never lived in Chippewa. You see, when Daddy married Mama he was an actor, an actor who had come to McNulty's Opera House with "The Mikado." Daddy had an important part in that show and could sing the whole thing through, every one of the parts. The show had kind of gone broke in Chippewa, but it wasn't Daddy's fault. He'd heard Mama ^{remind} tell ~~about it~~ ^{about it} to Daddy when they ~~were~~ quarrelled. ^{It seemed everybody's parents quarrelled once in a while. Besides being an actor too} ~~His father also played the mandolin and guitar. Fritz was learning to play the mandolin. Can your Daddy play the mandolin?~~

Insert A
Paul stopped walking and then Fritz stopped. ^{They were standing in front of the deserted mine dry.} Paul shook his head. "No, Fritz, my old man can't play anything -- he's a saloonkeeper. He keeps a saloon."

"Why that's swell, Polly," Fritz said. "Just think -- all the ice-cold pop you want. Free. And fights -- I suppose your Dad sees lots of fights?"

"Yes. Sometimes he gets in them," Paul said. "You see, he's the -- he's one of the strongest men in the whole world. And there's a ^{swell} music box in the saloon."

"Holy smokes! Have you ever got it ^{mid.} ^{swell}. I wish my -- I wish my old man ran a saloon and was strong like that. ^{big and} ^{My dad is pretty strong, but he's got asthma. That's one of the reasons we moved here,}"

Paul and Fritz had got to the corner of the Ridge Street school. "This is going to be my new school. Do you go here?"

"Yes," Paul said. "I'm going into the sixth grade."

"That's great, Polly. So am I -- why, we're in the same room."

It was growing dusk. "Well, I've got to be going down this way," Paul said.

"Where do you live?"

"Down here on Hematite Street," Paul said.

~~So does my grandfather - August Judgen.~~
~~Living he lives on the corner of~~

Insert A

"Yes, that's so," Paul judiciously agreed. He was glad to learn that ~~his~~ Belle and Oliver were not alone.

Fritz told Paul that his grandfather was old August Jaeger who owned the big store in town. Yes, that was the same Jaeger that lived on Hematite street. Oh, so Grandpa lived on the other corner on the same block as Paul - they were the only Jaegers in town. Fritz guessed that Grandpa Jaeger didn't approve much of Duddy. He thought Duddy was too happy go lucky. Besides being an actor, ~~his father also~~ Duddy also played the mandolin and guitar.

Fritz was learning to play the mandolin. Can your father play anything?

"Oh yes, you told me that, well - I hope we see you again, Pally," Fritz said.

"Come on over," ^{Paul said.} "Any time, Say - I wanted to ask you Fritz - how did you bust your tooth?"

"A billiard ball, ^{My brother Harold did it with a billiard ball.} we've got a pool table home. Mama says I've got to grow more before they fix it - my tooth, I mean."

"You've really got a pool table? At home?" Paul said.

"Sure. Come on over and we'll play, Pally."

"You bet I will."

"Say - I wanted to ask you - you said your daddy was one of the strongest men in the world. Do you know someone stronger?"

Paul was silent.

"Do you?" Fritz repeated.

"Yes," Paul answered, "My oldest brother is stronger. His name is ^{like my father. But} ~~we~~ call him Roge. He's stronger than my old man. Roge is the strongest man in the world."

"Is that so."

"Well, so - long, Pally," Fritz said.

"So long, Fritz. Come ^{on over} and see me," Paul said.

~~Then it was still. Fritz looked at Paul. "Say, those whistles get me, Polly. I've never heard whistles like that before in all my life. They give me a lump in my throat."~~

~~Paul turned quickly to Fritz.~~

1 draft

^{most of the time} Yet these dreams of virile manhood and literary fame were fleeting and seemed far off.

Most of all Paul wanted to grow up and be able to play with his brother Freddy and Nick and their jolly companions. They did such wonderful things: Building shacks ^{in the woods} with ~~words~~ for the "gang"; making wet-cell batteries to run their telegraphs; selling magazines to ^{to their parents' friends} get a magic lantern; giving carnivals and circuses; gathering and selling empty whiskey bottles to the saloons... But grow as he might (and Paul was nearly as tall as Nicky, who was fifteen), his brothers ^{always kept} seemed to keep ahead of him. Nicky was the worst. Freddy was rarely gruff with Paul, and sometimes let him tag along when the gang went swimming. But Nick, ^{over Paul's head} being two years younger than Freddy, was jealous of his security, ^{sternly} intolerant of Paul's pleas. They did not really want him. ^{Paul thought} That was it, ^{he} "they don't want me." ^{It was always the same.}

^{School was to open in just a few weeks.} Freddy and Nick and the Cooley boys and Dick Crabbe were going out to Fire Center to tent for a week and pick blueberries. Paul wanted to go. Belle had finally said he could if it was all right with Oliver. It was all right with Oliver -- "I'll be glad to get the lazy ~~little~~ whelps out of my sight!" -- but Paul didn't go ^{belonging to} tenting at Fire Center.

"Listen, Mom," Paul had ^{come in quietly} overheard Nicky pleading with Belle. They were in the sitting room. Paul breathed through his mouth and ^{stood in the dining-room and} quietly listened. "Please don't make us take Polly along. Please!" Nick was saying. He'll spoil it all. Mrs. Cooley don't make us lug Edgerton all over. Dick Crabbe's Ma don't make us nursemaids for Donny. Why don't he play with the kids his own age?"

"The word is 'doesn't'," Belle said.

"Anyway, Mom," Nicky ran on hopefully, "there's bears out there -- big, black bears!"

Paul peered ^{quietly} and saw Belle purse her lips to keep from smiling. "Well, ^{Michelle's} ~~son~~, maybe it's too dangerous to let any of you go -- don't you think?"

"No, no, Mom -- they ain't that bad -- the bears, I mean," said Nicky ^{and}. "It's ~~it's~~ just that Polly will get lonesome at night and bawl -- and he'll -- he'll pee all over the bed ⁱⁿ -- oh, can't you see, Mom!"

Paul tiptoed out to the kitchen, and out the back door. His ears were hot, his cheeks were flaming. He ^{walked} went over and sat on the clothesreel platform, dangling his legs, back and forth. ^{His thoughts were racing.} "They don't want me. They don't like me. Nobody likes me. I'm a stranger in this house. I'm not even their child. They found me one morning ^{when I was a baby --} lying on the back porch. ^{But} They won't tell me -- they're keeping it from me. ^{I might as well run away.} I don't belong here -- --"

"Why don't you run and play, son?"

It was Belle; she had come out and was standing on the back porch smiling at him. "Go bounce your ball off the roof. Don't sit there ^{dreaming to} ~~moping by~~ yourself."

Paul sat watching his mother. She was smiling at him, making ^{eager} little nods. She was wearing a house dress -- it was cleaning day -- and had neglected to put on the false corset thing she always wore after her first operation. The left side of her chest was flat like a man's. ^{looked away:} Paul ~~saw~~ ^{He saw} ~~his legs~~ ^{an} ~~the clothesreel.~~ ^{watched a ball of an} ^{spider} ~~the clothesreel.~~ ^{carrying a dead fly} ^{towards}

"I was just thinking, Mom," Paul ^{slowly} said: "I was just thinking that I don't want to go berry picking." Paul watched his thin legs as they kicked back and forth. "I was just thinking it was a lot more fun staying at home."

Paul looked at his mother. Belle stood smiling at him, with her head slightly tilted. ^a The long dimple showed in her right cheek. "I've got the same dimple in my cheek," Paul thought. "I'm really her son. They didn't find me on the back porch."

"Listen, son, your father's out at camp -- he won't know, ^{Belle said.} "Do you want to take his field glasses and go out on Pilot Knob?" ~~Belle said.~~

Paul leapt off the clothesreel and ran towards his mother. "Oh, Mama, can I really take Oliver's field glasses?" Oliver's imported, German-made glasses were among his most cherished possessions, and high on the long list of the Biegler boys' taboos. Mama must be in a fine mood today. The old man's field glasses! Who the hell wanted to go picking blueberries anyway?