

During the past summer there had been a number of changes made at the old frame house on Hematite Street. Paul's half brother, Greg, had married his sweetheart, Eileen Deasy, the Irish girl he had gone through school with, and they had a little house of their own on Bluff street, on the north end of town. Red-headed Greg had left high school in the eleventh grade and had started to work as an electrician for one of the mining companies. That summer the company had made him a foreman of one of the crews, so he had celebrated his good fortune by getting married.

Paul's brothers, Link and Nicky, moved into Greg's bedroom, leaving Paul ^{to occupy} and his cot as ~~the sole occupants of~~ ^{Paul's cot was stored in the dusty attic.} the calsomined back bedroom. Paul missed short, quick, laughing brother Greg. Greg had really paid more attention to Paul than ^{either} Link and Nicky did. Nearly every evening after supper Paul would follow Greg up to his room and watch him get "spruced up" for his date with ~~his~~ Eileen. Paul would sit on Greg's bed and sing ⁱⁿ a piping tenor as Greg carried the air. ^{"How} Some people say that ^{a clucky won't} darkies ~~don't~~ steal...." They would go through all the verses, piling up the damning evidence to ^{negative} ~~refute~~ ^{assumptions} this charitable ^{belief} Greg getting into his blue serge suit, prying his necktie into his hard collar, ^Y curring his swooping red cowlick with stiff military brushes. "But I caught two in my corn field!"

Paul hoped that some day he would have a room like Greg's, Pennants on the walls; "Cornell," "Michigan," "Ferris Institute," "Chippewa High School" -- beautiful pictures of Maude Adams and Lillian Russell ^{and Pearl White;} ~~from Leslie's Magazine;~~ kewpie dolls and crossed bamboo canes and ticklers from a host of forgotten carnivals; a pair of pearl-handled hunting knives and a Navajo blanket he had won on a punchboard at Gill's candy store -- --

"Diggin' up potatoes row on row..."

Greg always kept ~~little~~ mint candies and Yucatan or Bloodbury gum in his top dresser drawer or in his best suits hanging in the little clothes closet. ^{During the day} While Greg was working Paul often very casually reviewed the contents of this exciting room. ^{Sometimes Paul suspected that Greg did not always} ~~state~~ Eileen when he said he ^{Paul} found a nearly empty pint of whiskey and some toy balloons in a small box which read "For the prevention of disease ^{made} only." ^{Another time he found} an envelope containing an exciting series of photographs of ^{men} ~~and women, stark naked,~~ ^{including} ~~in~~ the most curious attitude... ^{One of a man and woman in a}

"Now if that ain't stealin' Ah doan know!"

Greg would finally adjust his tie, carefully insert his stickpin, brush a flake of dandruff off his shoulder -- "Listen Polly, do you know the best way to stop falling dandruff?"

evening
~~Say~~ even the Iron Ore recorded the event.

~~September~~

"Miss Emma Schwemin, ^{aged} 23, daughter of Edward Schwemin, local merchant, and Paul Bugler and Frederic Bellows, ^{both} aged 12, miraculously escaped death and serious injury yesterday when ^{Miss} Emma lost control of her father's new Ford touring automobile and plunged down a 200-foot embankment into an abandoned mine pit in Frenchtown Location. Miss Schwemin was ^{taken to} ~~treated at~~ the Chippewa Hospital ^{and treated} for bruises but was released this morning. The two boys were none the worse for their ^{harrowing} experience. The automobile was completely demolished and was reported purchased by Oliver Bugler, local merchant, for an undisclosed price."

CHAPTER 8.

That fall Gunnar and Fritz and Paul were reunited in the Grammar School. Gunnar was now in eighth grade; Fritz and Paul were in seventh. ^{Mrs. Lindquist was their teacher.} Bernie Redmond still attended the "Irish" school, but every afternoon the four would meet after school, usually in Fritz's basement, but sometimes at the old Pearl Street cigar factory of Bernie's dad. A weathered sign hung over the door: "Dennis J. Redmond -- Fine Havana Cigars." The place was a great hangout for the local Irish of all ages. The boys would help Bernie strip the stems from the damp tobacco leaves, and spread them on the drying racks ^{in the back room}, so Bernie could get away early and play. Paul ^{entered the world of commerce; he had} had started banding cigars for Dennis Redmond, for which he received five cents for each hundred cigars from "Dinny," Bernie's easy-going father. Paul was already nearly as fast at it as Bernie was. ^{make cigars, Dinny would sit}

Sometimes Paul would just sit and watch Dinny ^{make cigars} hunched over his square work block, his faded ^{grimace -} black derby pushed back ^{on} ^{wispy} his bald head. ^{He only wore this hat when he worked.} First Dinny would quickly cut out a double binder leaf, then reach into his stock box for the filler leaves -- this was where the "Havana" came in -- expertly shaping them in his nimble fingers and ^{then} roll them with his palm into the binder leaves. Quickly this "bunch" would be fitted into the propped wooden cigar mold, until the mold was filled with twenty-five bunches. Then Dinny would ^{suddenly} kick back his chair, which always fell ^{dattering to} on the floor, and clamp the wooden cover on the mold, and then squeeze it in the large iron press. At the same time he would remove another mold, right his chair ^{and glare about the room} -- "who in hell knocked that ^{there} chair over!" -- and ^{then} sit and roll these bunches up into finished cigars in the fine-veined, delicate wrapper leaves which came from distant Sumatra. All the time that he worked Dinny hummed and chanted a mysterious song, a song without words, without meaning, without tune, without end. ^{Yan} "Yanh, yanh, yanh...di di dum...col sor roll de ol..." This song would occasionally be punctuated with an occasional oath if a bunch broke or a wrapper tip tore while he was pasting the end of a finished cigar. ^{Yan} "Yanh, yanh, yanh..."

Paul would sit and watch and often wonder why it was that the fathers of all of his playmates were always so disgustingly good-natured. ^{Unlike Oliver, Dennis's bark was unequal to his bite. Paul's} His heart was gnawed by envy. Could his school-books be right? Was whiskey the seat of Oliver's canker? Yet there were lots of good-natured saloonkeepers in town. Paul and the other boys had sold crates of whiskey bottles to these great, chuckling, purple-veined men. When the cause was just and the necessity was grave, they had even stolen bottles from Oliver's saloon and resold them to his competitors...

It appeared that castor oil was a new specific for plunges into mini pits.

Belle ~~had~~ kept Paul in ^{his} bed all the next ~~day~~ ^{day}. ~~and~~ ^{Towards supper time she} brought the newspaper up to his ^{darkened} ~~bed~~ ^{room} with a steaming bowl of barley broth. ~~As she came~~ ^{into the room she found} ~~Paul~~ ^{Paul} heard her ^{quick} ~~noisy~~ steps on the back stairs, ~~he~~ ^{he} lay back and closed his eyes and held his breath. Belle came in ^{the room} and stood watching him. Paul cautiously raised one slotted lid. Her gray eyes were peering anxiously at him. She ^{hastily} put down the soup and held her head close to his ^{chest}. Paul held his breath. "O my God," Belle whispered, clutching at his hand. "Wah - wah - what's the matter, Mom?" Paul said, - "Is supper ~~at~~ ^{at} time already?"

"That stupid, criminal girl," Belle said, referring to Emma, "I don't ^{ever} want to see her evil German face ^{again} as long as I live!"

Paul ^{sat up in bed and} proudly read of his exploit while Belle spooned the scalding soup into him as though he were a baby. "How's Fritz?" Paul asked between mouthfuls. Fritz was going to live. "He was over here before breakfast this morning," Belle said. "I sent him packing - here, take this broth."

"Papa - papa" she kept saying.

Olwin had bought Whistling Ed's wrecked car. They had arrived at the mine pit together in Doctor Crane's ^{latter} ~~buggy~~ ^{fledged} ~~buggy~~. Emma ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{laying} ~~lying~~ on a ^{man's} ~~coat~~ ^{coat}, holding her thumb, her great breasts heaving with her sobs. Some men were ^{just} ~~leading~~ Paul and Fritz ~~up~~ ^{down} out of the pit. Whistling Ed looked ^{down} at his daughter, ~~the~~ ~~baby~~. He held out his hands and bowed his head in anguish. "I never want to see that hateful contraption again - ^{Oh} my poor baby - ^I I'll sell the goddam thing for twenty - five dollars. I'll - -"

"I'll take it, Ed," Olwin said, walking to the edge of the pit to figure out the best way to ~~arrange~~ ^{hoist} his new car to the surface.

ORDINANCE NO. 1

An ordinance to provide for the time and place of the regular meetings of the City Council.

CAPS; → The City of Ishpeming ORDAINS:

Section 1: That the City Council shall hold its regular meetings ^{once each month} on the first Wednesday following the first Monday in the month ^{at 7:30 P.M.}

^{Local time unless the same shall fall on a legal holiday in which event} Section 2: That the City Council shall hold its meetings in

the City Council chamber of the City Hall.

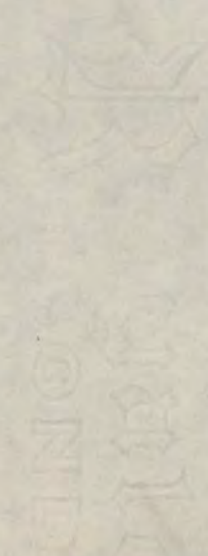
Section 3: This ordinance is declared to be an emergency ordinance, and shall take immediate effect.

Adopted February 21, 1944.

MAYOR

Attest: _____
CITY CLERK

*regular for that meeting
and meeting shall be held the following evening day.*



1. Draft, please

~~Paul's ride with Emma~~

~~The party~~

Oliver's elegant

~~The~~ ~~old~~ carriage, the elegant rubber

tired vehicle with the elliptical springs and fringed top, the one in which he had proposed to Belle, finally went the way

of the gas fixtures and the old stoves.

In his affection it was promptly replaced by the Ford.

The boys were glad to be rid of ~~it~~ and its

hateful memories of ~~conf~~ ^{wasted} Saturdays spent

^{dripping} the harnesses, ^(the carriage) greasing the axles, washing and polishing ~~it~~ ^{filling} the

lamps with ~~oil~~ ^{burning} and ^{burnishing} the reflectors

¶ On summer Sundays ^{afternoon} following ~~Oliver~~ ^{after} dinner Oliver would ~~take~~ ^{go down to the barn and} harness the

Yellow ^{fly netting and all,} bays and drive around to the front of the

house under the ^{shade of the ^{rope of} stall} elms he had planted when

he was a young man. If Belle and the boys were not ready and waiting for him

he would sit and shout for them until they arrived. ¶ Belle would sit in the back.

"Scrape your feet before you get in," Oliver

would ^{darkly} warn the boys, who did everything
but ~~reflect~~ ^{reflect} before they boarded
their father's pride and joy. Then, ~~in~~
~~they were~~ rigid silence, ^{Oliver} they would drive
them around the Iron Cliffs Drive or
the Cooper ~~Lake~~ and Deer Lake drive, or
sometimes out to ~~old~~ August Schmitt's
farm, ~~where they would sit and~~ Old
Schmidt had known Oliver's parents,
and he and Oliver would sit and
reminisce (?) for hours
~~in~~ ⁱⁿ halting German, ~~and~~ Sometimes
Belle would play and sing ~~some~~
old German airs on the parlor organ,
~~melodious~~ ^{when the sun began to wane} they would return
home, in stiff and rigid silence, ~~and~~
The boys would ^{gleefully} ~~reverently~~ wheel the
carrage up the ramp ^{carefully, dust it} into the barn, and
^{reverently} cover it in its shroud, ^{for another gala Sunday!} while Oliver
unharnessed ^{and fed} the boys and bedded them
down for the night. That night, if ^{the} ~~they~~
^{boys} were ^{really} ~~comfy~~, Belle might initiate another
of ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{her} Sunday evening musicales...

Elmer Lessard and two of his mechanics helped Oliver ~~drag~~ tug the stricken Ford out of the mine pit.

Brother Link was ~~working~~ ^{helping} ~~for~~ Elmer ^{in the garage} that ^{aspirating} ^{the Ford} ~~Summoner~~, but he was not allowed to ~~help~~ ^{assist} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{work} to his relief, because Oliver ~~never~~ ^{always} ^{maintained} that none of his boys "had enough brains to come in out of the rain." Elmer sent ^{to} ^{Detroit} ^{giving} for parts, and ^{one} ^{Sunday} ^{afternoon} ^{gave} ^{Oliver} ^{lessons}, ^{and} ^{then} before Halloween Oliver was ^{of the} ^{hinge} ^{in the} ^{rehabilitated} ^{Model}, sitting out in front, roaring for Belle and the boys to "hurry up in the name of ^a ^{patient} ^{and} ^{merciful} ^{god}!"

Feb. 20, 1949

the day of the spirit,
to Paul

Yes, Sunday ^{the day of the spirit,} was the dearest day of the week,
the time of spiritual drought, when ^{fun and joy and} ritual and ^{dull} empty form
took the place of living: ^{he} Paul could never forget
these ~~wasy~~ ^{weary} Sundays dragging, ~~colorless~~ faded
colorless Sundays: Sunday school on Sunday
in the ^{damp} basement of the
mornings at the Presbyterian church with its
stale cupboard smell of a thousand ^{forgotten} church suppers;
the nasal, wet-tipped, ^{evangelistic} ~~fanatic~~ whine of ^{unctuous} old
Mr. ^{Veale} ~~Bolton~~, the Sunday school superintendent; so
the ~~fact~~ ^{implacable} firm in ~~his~~ conviction of his own
salvation, so ~~zealous~~ and fanatic in his
unctuous zeal to ^{confer} ~~impart~~ it ^{on} to others; the shining, ^{tinny-}tinging-
sounding upright ^{mahogany} piano, ^{always} out of tune, which ^{peeling} accompanied
the children's ^{their} tiny chants; the ^{bulletin} boards ^{on the} ^{gilded} walls
recoded last week's ~~attendance~~ attendance and
^{collector} gate receipts, and the 'oh's' and 'ah's' ^{the children} ~~they~~ were
supposed to emit, when ^{always with wild enthusiasm,} this week's gate receipts
were ^{larger} ~~larger~~ than ~~last~~ the interminable lessons
concerning long-dead people ^{of a far land who had} with queer, difficult
Hebrew names, ^{and} who were always 'begatting' one
another; the weekly copy of the "Forward" which
^{the children} ~~they~~ were supposed to read and ^{relate and} report on the following week.
Paul felt patronized and

like a tired actor,

Sunday: The time of going to Church with
 Belle and ~~sitting on the~~ sitting for an endless dreary
 hour or more listening to Mr. Hayward, the minister
^{shouting and drowning through his sermon, wearing} ~~wearing~~ his neat ^{discharging} pattern of theological unassailable
 theology, in winter ^{matting, cris and}
 to the accompaniment of clanking steam ^{throat} pipes and
 hissing radiators. ^{in summer to the chirping and rich warbling of sparrows} Mr. Hayward always began his
 sermons with a ^{matter-of-fact} quotation of Biblical verse. Then
 and stop at the congregation. ^{He would hold} this ^{staring} phrase so long ^{that} Paul
^{would} ^{think} ^{that} the man had taken a fit, a ^{fainting} ^{or} spell, ^{had}
 fallen in ^{sudden} to a cataleptic trance. Then, when Paul
 had abandoned all ^{prospect} of the man's going forward,
 and waited hopefully for Mr. Veale to ~~come~~ pad up and
 take ~~lead~~ him away, Mr. Hayward would ^{repeat} the verse,
 this time in ^a lowered, sepulchral (?) tone of voice. In this
 false, assumed, unnatural ^{voice} he would proceed
^{through} ^{entire} the sermon, while Paul ^{slowly} counted the light bulbs
 in the sprouting brass chandeliers - they always come
 to thirty-seven. ^{present,} ^{his} ^{concerns} counted the pipes in the organ, the
 number of bald heads ^{occasionally} ^{swimming} ^{back}
 up to the sermon when he thought ^{that} ^{surely} all the sin ⁱⁿ the
 world must now be ^{cleared,} ^{all} ^{doubt} ^{finally} resolved - "Now he's going to
 quit - this time sure he's going to stop - there's a

and when in the winter and Paul's just outside the thick open stained glass windows.

peachy place for him to end' — but ^{near} ^{town} and the clock
~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ would ^{heavily} bong twelve and Paul would dully
wonder if Mr. Hayward ever washed his ears, ~~and~~
Paul ~~the~~ ^{might then desperately} would fall to reading the memorials on the stained

glass windows — "In memory of Minnie Grew Tucker, wife,
1854-1907" — ^{that made her fifty-three when she croaked} and then suddenly Belle would be

^{miraculously} → plucking him to his feet for the final hymn, Mr.
Hayward would ^{then give} ~~say~~ the benediction and then ^{to the bowed congregation,} ~~creak~~ on
tiptoe to the back of the church, ^{Paul peeking at him} while the choir

~~song~~ put a ^{brief} musical seal on his words. Then
Miss ~~the~~ ^{the fifth grade teacher,} would boom out, ^{much to Paul's delight,} on the organ, ^{wild music} while

the congregation suddenly resumed life once again, and
^{and chatted with one another} shook hands, and ^{gradually} filed out past poor tired Mr.

Hayward, haggard and spent from his spiritual

labors, shaking his ^{myist} hand, congratulating ^{on his sermon,} ^{laurels} ^{engouring} ^{maniac} at the top of the hill.

after ~~for~~ Mrs. Hayward and the endless brood of little Haywards.

"My, how you've grown, ^{link} link, Mr. Hayward would

say to Paul, confusing him with his brother, ^{link,} taking
his ^{small} hand and ^{gently passing} ~~putting~~ him toward the exit. "Mrs.

Bieder, it's so good to see you with us again this
Sunday. Oh, thank you. Yes. Volney Mrs. Davis —" and

Paul would suddenly be out in the open air, free

once again, fighting ^{goatish} the ^{high} impulse to shout and yell
and whistle and ~~the~~ leap ^{into} the air: "

Insert A

Sometimes the ^{usual} Sunday tedium of church would be relieved by a visiting missionary, usually a gaunt, hungry man, with blazing, visionary eyes, who had spent years in the far East. He would ~~usually~~ ^{invariably} have lantern slides, showing ~~the~~ ^{"on"} missionary headquarters ^{in Penang or some other place} and the throngs of converts; graceful Indians, thin Chinese and doll-like, innocent little Japanese who had ^{flocked to} enlisted under the banner of the Lord. These slides would be embellished with ^a running comment of antiseptic humor by the missionary. Then the shutter would ^{finally} click, the church chandelier ^{give out their coppery glow} and ~~Paul would~~ ^{followed by} There would be a special prayer, then, ^{and} a special offering to carry on the work of those who brought His word to the benighted ^{offer} distant lands. ^{once more} Paul was ^{back} in Chiffewa...

Hayward would drone on, and Paul would dully wonder if Mr. Hayward ever washed his ears. Paul might then desperately fall to reading the memorials on the stained glass windows -- "In memory of Minnie Grew Tucker, wife, 1854-1907" -- that made ^{the poor lady} her fifty-three when she croaked -- and then suddenly Belle would be miraculously plucking him to his feet for the final hymn. Mr. Hayward ^{then gave} would ~~then~~ give the benediction to the bowed congregation and ^{would} then hurriedly creak on tiptoe to the back of the church, Paul peeking at him ^{in head-hanging fascination!} hurriedly while the choir put a brief musical seal ^{upon} on his words. Then ^{Mrs. Vivian} ~~Miss~~ ^{sideways} the fifth grade teacher would boom out wild music on the organ, much to Paul's delight, ^{when it was time to go, this was the one time he wanted to stay and listen.} while the congregation suddenly resumed life once again, and shook hands and chatted with one another and gradually filed out past poor tired Mr. Hayward, haggard and spent from his spiritual labors, shaking his ^{limb} moist hand, congratulating him on his sermon, enquiring after Mrs. Hayward and the endless brood of little Haywards who lived in the little mortgaged manse at the top of the hill.

"My, how you've grown, Lincoln," Mr. Hayward would say to Paul, confusing him with his brother Link, taking his small hand and gently passing him toward the exit. "Mrs. Biegler, it's so good to see you with us again this Sunday. Oh, thank you -- yes -- why Mrs. Davis --" and Paul would suddenly be out in the clean open air, free once again, fighting the goatish impulse to shout and yell and ^{get out} whistle and leap high into the air...

There was a dry and dusty poverty about these Sundays that filled Paul with dismay and stirred in his young heart a growing ^{doubt} ~~misgiving~~ that in this dead and joyless ritual lay the way to celebrate the stirring, awful, tragic legend of Jesus, the gentle son of God. These church men were professionals, he felt, who had ^{created the impression} helped to annotate the Lord and all his works, and who ^{nearly out of existence} quietly ~~gave it out~~ that they had an "in" with Him, that they had known Him man and boy, that somehow they were practically lodge brothers, and if you paid your dues regularly and didn't miss too many meetings mind you, why, they would "fix it up" to reveal Him to you. It was all very comfy and cozy and, Paul felt even then, just a little obscene. He never expressed these views to Belle. He sensed how necessary to her was her faith, and how cruelly his ^{misgivings} ~~doubts~~ would have hurt her.

(Insert) here.

There was a dry and dusty poverty about these Sundays that filled Paul with dismay and ~~filled his~~ stirred in his ^{younger} heart, ^{many} a growing ^{mystifying} ~~doubt~~ that in this dead and joyless ritual lay the way to celebrate the stirring, ^{awful,} tragic legend of Jesus, the ^{gentle} son of God. These ^{church} men ^{who had annotated the book and all his works, could} were professionals, he felt, ^{who quietly gave it out that they} had an "in" with Him, ^{that they had known him man and boy, that} somehow they were lodge brothers, and if you paid your dues ^{regularly} and didn't miss too many meetings ^{mind you,} why, they would "fix it up" to reveal Him to you.

It was all very comfy and cozy and, Paul felt even then, just a little obscene. He never expressed these ^{views} ~~doubts~~ to Belle. He ^{sensed} ~~knew~~ how ~~blind~~ ^{to her} necessary ^{was} her faith, and how cruelly his doubts would have hurt her.

CHAPTER 9.

1 draft, please
 That Halloween was a clear, cold, moonless night of a thousand glowing stars, and the smoke from the chimneys of the houses was drawn in ghostly columns high up into the still night air. For the occasion Paul and his "gang" had banded with the Irish boys at the end of Paul's street, Toodles Cronin, Monk Mooney, Timmy Connors, ~~and several others~~ *and Chuck Woodlucks - he of the cleft palate -* for at Halloween in union there was strength; ~~the~~ strength to topple a reluctant fence or outhouse; strength to scare off marauding rival gangs from "enemy" locations. ~~For~~ Each gang was supposed to confine its mischief to its own neighborhood *and at the same time protect it from the depredations of other gangs.*

Led by Fritz, the boys had already rumbled two of his grandfather Jaeger's large delivery wagons ^{up and then} down Lake Street, and plunged them into the ~~glowing~~ ^{and gleaming} disturbed waters of Lake Bancroft.

"There comes 'Paddy the Peeler'!" Gunnar shouted. Paddy Driscoll, the old Irish nightwatchman, whose feats of high courage and deadly ^{marksmanship} were legendary with the boys of Chippewa, came lumbering rheumatically down Lake Street, waving his nightstick, shouting "Oi'll put ye behint the bars, ye vandals ye!" In the meantime the vandals gaily scampered up Euclid Street, their running footsteps resounding hollowly on ^{in the yards and along the curbs} the numb October sidewalks. "Oi'll folley ye to hell!" came faintly from behind them. ^{The grass lay bent and rimed with frost.} Paul laughed and breathed deeply the sharp, acrid smell of burning leaves.

^{The boys for breath} They paused at the Ridge Street School and vainly tried to dislocate the stout iron fence which surrounded it. Paddy hadn't even hove into sight. This was the same iron fence to which Paul had got his tongue frozen the winter he was in second grade. The janitor had had to use water to separate Paul from the fence. ^{They} ~~The boys~~ then ran down to Hematite Street and gathered in the shadows under the tall elms in front of Paul's house. ~~There they paused for breath~~ ^{while} Paul looked in through the parlor window and saw Belle and Mrs. McGoorty sitting talking in the glow of the new electric lights. Belle was nodding her head and removing her glasses. ^{other} The boys gazed longingly at the tall wooden picket fence around Paul's yard, and Timmy Connors tentatively tested it. But the fence was safe as it was not cricket to molest the property of the gang unless released from one's honor, as Fritz had just done with ^{his} Grandpa Jaeger's submerged delivery wagons.

As the boys stood in the shadows a rival gang from the direction of Swedetown location galloped ^{shouting} down Bancroft street, past Jaeger's corner, and after several minutes old Paddy the Peeler came hobbling after them, on a new scent, still brandishing his nightstick, still ^{hurling} ~~shout-~~ ~~ing~~ after them the sinister threats of cold prison bars... The boys waited until Paddy was safely

led out of their precinct, then they ran down garbage-strewn Pine Street to the railroad tracks.

This nearness to the city jail and the lights of downtown and Main Street lent a certain exhilaration to their enterprise. *They paused in the shadows behind ^{old} Dan Hanis flag shanty, ^{the windows of} which were boarded for the night.*

Fritz, who had a fertile brain for devising ^{inspired} new mischief which was contrary to the spirit and letter of the Michigan juvenile code, perceived that the round metal chimney of Dan's flag shanty was belching black smoke. This was caused by the burning chunks of soft locomotive coal in Dan's ^{pot-bellied} stove. Paul had often helped one-armed Dan gather up the coal which the fireman would ^{ed} toss off their passing engines.

"Let's put a pail over the chimney and see what happens," Fritz suggested. The novelty and evident good sense of this ^{proposition} immediately appealed to the boys. A pail over ^{Dan's} the chimney became as imperative as breathing. Gunnar ran ^{home} to the back of the Taleen house just a half block away, and ^{came} was ~~seen~~ back with an empty small lard pail. The boys boosted Monk Mooney unto the low roof. "Just like a glove," Monk whispered, as he squeezed and twisted the pail over the round metal chimney.

The boys retired up the tracks away from the street light and stood awaiting ^{with} scientific ^{in attitudes of} interest ^{detachment} the results of their experiment in combustion. They were not long in coming. Almost at once a curling ^{oil} black and white smoke came pouring from under the eaves, eddying out of the cracks of the door and boarded windows, making the little shanty look like a Finnish farmer's log steam bath on a Saturday night. Then Paul and the boys heard a series of coughs followed by a sighing groan. Then they heard nothing.

"Jiminy -- old Dan's in there -- let's beat it!" someone said. None of the boys ^{moved} ~~ran~~. Paul's impulse was to run home and get into bed and hide under the covers. "I've got to save him," Paul wildly thought. "I can't desert old Dan." He could picture Dan, his faithful old friend who had given him so many dimes, lying crumpled and dead on his leather-cushioned bench ^{perhaps} ~~of~~ on the dirty floor, with his wooden leg askew. Monk Mooney began to cross himself and sniffle. "They'll send me to ^{prison} ^{prison} for this for the rest of my -- --"

The door of the shanty flew open. There was a smoke-belching pause. Then out stumbled a woman, without any clothes, choking and coughing, modestly holding a rumpled piece of clothing over her ^{face} ~~nose~~. They looked like bloomers to Paul. Close on her bare heels, but without benefit of even a nose covering, ^{trotted} lumbered Terrence Slattery, a ^{brawling} ~~tough~~ young Irish lout who worked at the roundhouse beyond the Firehall, and who sometimes helped relieve Dan at the crossing. Paul was touched by Terrence's fidelity to duty. Like a torch ^{Terrence} ~~he~~ held aloft a quart whiskey bottle as

the two ran stumbling and coughing, the woman's hair flying, across the cindered tracks and into the dark shadows of the billboard at the rear of Weiler's Feed Store. At this juncture there was a loud rocketing report. The lard pail had blown off the chimney pipe, high into the air, landing up on Canada Street with a dull metallic thud just as ~~breathless~~ Paddy the Peeler rounded the corner by Oliver's saloon ^{breathlessly shouting,} "Oi'll put ye behint the bars -- heh, eheh -- that I will -- heh, eheh -- ye wickit spawn of the divil!"

In ten minutes Paul had circled ^{a dozen} ~~several~~ blocks, ^{and} crossed several ^{darkened} backyards into his own. Catching his breath on the back porch he slipped in the kitchen door ^{— "Evening, Mrs. McGorty" —} and up the backstairs and into his bed where, for a long time, he lay wondering and pondering the devious ways there appeared to be to celebrate the eve of All Saints' Day...

In the meantime the great ground swell of war was flooding over Europe and lapping at the very shores of America. The previous spring Italy had declared war on Austria-Hungary and a German submarine had sunk the Lusitania with the loss of over a hundred American lives. President Wilson was still exchanging a series of strong notes with Germany over this sinking, and it was evident that his expressed policy that the country remain "neutral in fact as well as in name" was fast becoming an idealistic dream.

All of the mines of Chippewa had put on a night shift to fill the slaving maws of the steel mills with iron ore for the war. The town was booming, there was work for everyone, and night and day Paul could see or hear the miners going past his house to and from the Blueberry mine, clomping along in their hobnailed boots, their soiled red towels rolled under one arm, their "Lisk" dinner buckets under the other. Business was so good Oliver had been obliged to put on an extra bartender.

Paul and his companions often played in high fenced storage yard of the Blueberry mine at the ^{west} end of Hematite Street. The sprawling yard was a museum of ~~stuck~~ resting engines and boilers and pipes and ~~complicated~~ motors and other mining machinery. The "no trespassing" sign of the mining company ^{served the boys nicely} ~~was used by them~~ ^{as} ~~third~~ ^{the} base in their baseball games. Over this ~~exclusive~~ ^{thoughtfully provided} playground loomed the towering headframe of the mine ^{at} the entrance ^{to} the ~~down into the~~ ^{underground}. Paul often watched the hematite-bronzed miners crowd into the cage, the large ~~steel~~ steel elevator which transported them swiftly underground.

From listening to the miners around the dry and from questioning Jimmy Cudahy, the skip-tender at the shaft, Paul had gained a working knowledge of the of ~~the~~ a mine. Once Jimmy had given Paul and Bernie Redmond a ^{swift} ride to the bottom of the mine ^{with} and back ~~as~~ It was like a descent into hell, a terrifying ride of ~~so~~ ^{into} blackness, of ringing bells and aching caddis, and ~~huge~~ ^{into} creaking and hurdling past the timbers that guided the cage; a ^{swift} ~~whisking~~ of lights as they rushed past the various levels.

Paul knew, as did every boy in Chippewa, that the towering steel and timbered head frame of the shaft, the entrance to the mine, was called the shafthouse; that the deep vertical hole down through the glacial drift and solid rock was the shaft itself, the passageway into the mine; and that the dripping timbered compartments in the shaft accommodated the steel skips used to haul the ore, and also the large cage, the great steel elevator which was used to transport the miners and mining material, and finally that the remaining timbered compartment was the manway, with its labyrinth of ladders and air pipes, and water pipes and electric conduits.

Paul pondered ^{had} ^{had learned} that the business of mining iron ore was largely a practical problem of both employing and ^{defeating} ^{diverting} the law of gravity, so that the crushing tons of ore would have to be lifted as little as possible; and that the mine was simply a series of underground passages ^{ways} and *burrows*, designed to get out the ore as quickly, safely -- and cheaply -- as possible.

His young imagination had come to liken an iron mine to a great city building, the kind he had read about and seen in pictures -- a massive and yet ^{curiously} ~~unusually~~ insecure skyscraper where the people, the miners, entered from the roof; where the elevators were called skips and cages; where its stairways were manways and ladderways; where the various floors, usually over one hundred feet apart, were called levels: *first, second, third, and so on*; that the long, winding corridors into the ore bodies were called drifts, upon which ran the clanking tramcars, ~~hauling~~ *bringing* the ~~drifting raw ore from the interior rooms or raises out to~~ ^{of the mine} ~~out to the skip.~~ *Travelling into the ore chutes at the bottom of steep raises or smaller ore shafts.*

Paul knew that far above each level the miners burrowed and tunneled deep into the ore bodies, dumping the raw ore which they blasted and scraped out of these hot rooms, the sublevels, down into the log-cribbed raises; and that the tramcars were loaded from chutes at the bottom of these raises; that the tramcars then rumbled out to the main shaft, dumping the ore in turn into large ore pockets from which it was

again emptied into the skips - so that the only time
the raw, dripping ore was actually lifted, from
the time it was wrenched and blasted from the
breast of the sublevel, was when it was finally carried
to surface by the whining steel cables attached to the
laden skips.

2-25-44

Chapter 9.

That Halloween the boys almost killed old Dan Kane, the flagman at the ^{railroad} crossing below Paul's house. It was a clear, cold, ^{moonless} October night ^{of a thousand glowing stars,} and the smoke from the chimneys ~~rose~~ of the houses rose in ghostly columns straight into the ~~air~~, still night air. ~~The boys had~~ ^{sharp, arid} smell of burning leaves, ~~flourished the air.~~ The boys Paul and his "gang" had banded with the Irish boys at the end of Paul's street, Juddes Cronin, Monk Mooney, Jimmy Connors and the others. Led by Fritz, the boys had already ^{rumbled} ~~plunged~~ two of his grandfather Jaeger's large delivery wagons ^{down Lake Street and plunged them} into the ^{gleaming} waters of Lake Bancroft.

"There comes 'Paddy the Peeler'!" ^{Guinnas} ~~someone~~ shouted. Paddy, ~~was~~ ^{one of} the old Irish nightwatch, whose feats of high courage and marksmanship were legendary with the boys ^{of the hippos}, came lumbering rheumatically down Lake street, waving his nightstick, shouting, "O'ill put ye behind the bars, ye vandals ye!"

In the meantime the vandals gaily scampered up Euclid street, their footsteps resounding hollowly on the ~~old~~ ^{rumble} sidewalks. Paul laughed and breathed deeply ~~of~~ the sharp, arid smell of burning leaves.

They ~~was~~ paused at the Ridge Street School and vainly tried to dislocate the ^{street} iron fence which surrounded it, the same iron fence ^{to} which Paul ~~had~~

in the shadows
 had got his tongue frozen ~~when~~ when he ~~to~~ was in second
 grade. Then they ran down to Hematele street and
~~The street was~~
 gathered under the tall elms in front of Paul's house. There
 they paused ~~to~~ for breath while Paul looked in through
 the parlor window and saw Belle and Mrs. McGorty
 sitting talking in the glow of the new electric lights.
 The boys gazed longingly at ~~the~~ the ^{pointed} ~~flat~~ wooden picket
 fence ~~which surrounded~~ around Paul's yard, and
 Jimmy Connors tentatively tested it. But the fence
 was safe, as it was not cricket to molest ^{the} property
 of the gang, unless released from ^{ones} ~~the~~ honor, as ~~if~~
 Fritz had just done with Grandpa Jaeger's water-soaked
 submerged ^{delusion} wagons,

As ~~they~~ ^{the boys} stood ~~that~~ in the shadows
 a rival gang from
 the direction of Svedetown galloped down Bancroft street, past
 Jaeger's corner, and ~~for~~ after several minutes old
 Paddy the Peeler ^{on a new scent} came hobbling after them, ^{on a new scent!} still
 brandishing his night stick, ~~his~~ still ~~uttering~~
 shouting ^{after them} the sinister threat of cold prison bars...
 The boys waited until Paddy ~~had~~ ^{was safely} fled out of their
 precinct, then they ran down garbage-strewn
 Pine Street to the railroad tracks. Fritz, who had a
 fertile brain for ^{devising new} mischief which was contrary to
 the Michigan ^{juvenile} ~~penal~~ code, perceived that the ^{rough} chimney
 of Dan's ^{habited} flag shanty was belching black smoke.

This nearness to the lights of
 downtown
 and Main Street ~~and~~
 lent an exhilaration to their
 enterprise.

NO 4 Paul ~~knows~~ ^{caused by} ~~was~~ ^{burning} ~~from~~ ^{(soft locomotive} ~~the~~ ^{Denis door} ~~chunks of~~ ^{soft} ~~coal~~ ^{as he had}

Paul had often helped one armed Dan gather up the coal which the fireman ^{would} ~~had~~ ^{toss} ~~off~~ their passing ~~locomotives~~.

"Let's put a pail over the chimney and see what happens," Fritz suggested. ^{over the chimney} ~~The~~ ^{imminent} ~~wisdom~~

^{The} ^{most} ^{evident} ^{and} ^{good} ^{sense} of this proposition immediately appealed to the boys, ^A ~~and~~

Gussnar ran to the back of the Falen house ~~house~~ and just a half block away, and was soon back with an empty ^{small} lard pail. The boys boosted Monte Morney onto the low roof. "Just like a glove," Monte whispered, as he ^{squeezed and twisted} ~~fit~~ the pail over the ^{metal} ~~round~~ chimney.

The boys retired up the trucks ^{away from the street light} and stood ^{with scientific interest} awaiting the results of their experiment in ~~the~~ combustion.

They were not long in coming. ~~Almost~~ ~~immediately~~ ~~some~~ ^{at} ~~once~~ ^{black} ^{and} ^{white} smoke came ^{pouring and eddying} ~~stealing~~ from under the eaves, ^{eddying} ~~out~~ of the cracks of the door and boarded windows, and ~~suddenly~~ making the little shanty look like a Finnish farmer's log steam bath on ^a Saturday night. Then ^{Paul and} the boys heard a ^{series of} ~~congl~~ ^{boisterous} ~~groans~~ ^{sighing}. Then they heard nothing.

~~Paul's impulse was to run~~
"Dinner - Old Dan's
~~There's someone in there - let's beat it!~~"

^{None of the boys ran.}
Someone said, "Paul's impulse was to run home and get into bed and hide under the covers. ~~But it was~~ ~~there is someone in there,~~ he thought. Maybe it's old Dan ^{"I've} ~~got~~ ^{wildly} ~~to~~ ~~save~~ ~~him,~~" Paul ~~said~~ ^{thought}. "I can't desert old Dan."

his leather-cushioned bench, or on ^{with his wooden leg askew.} ^{crumpled and}
He could picture ~~the~~ Dan, his faithful old friend, ^{who had given him so} lying dead
on the ^{dirty} ~~floor~~ ^{floor}, ^{None of the boys saw.} Monk Mooney ^{men}
began to cross himself ^{and sniffle.} "They'll send me to prison for this for the
rest of my --"

^{smoke-belching} Just then the door of the shanty ^{flew} ^{There was a pause.} ~~opened~~ open, and
Then out ^{stumbled} ^{without any clothes,} a woman, ^{She who} ^{used}
^{modestly} holding a ^{ragged} ^{piece of cloth} ^{They} ^{looked like} ^{blooms to} ^{Paul.}
^{even a} ^{rough} ^{young} Irish lout who ^{worked at the roundhouse} ^{beyond the} ^{firehall,} and who

sometimes helped relieve Dan at the ^{flag-shanty} crossing.
^{Paul was touched by Terrence's fidelity to duty.} Holding aloft, like a torch, he ^{grasped} a quart whiskey bottle as
They ^{two} ^{ran,} ^{stumbling and} ^{coughing,} ^{into the} ^{dark} ^{shadows of} ^{the} ^{billboard} ^{at the} ^{rear of} ^{Weiler's} ^{Feed}
Store. ^{Just then,} ^{there was a} ^{loud,} ^{report,} ^{and} ^{the} ^{fire} ^{had}
^{blown} ^{off the} ^{chimney,} ^{high} ^{into} ^{the} ^{air,} ^{just} ^{as}

breathless Paddy the Peeler rounded the corner by O'Leary's saloon.
"Oill put ye behind the barse, ^{heha, heha -} ^{heha-heha-} that I will, ye
wicket spawn of the devil!"

In ten minutes Paul had ^{circled several blocks, crossed} ^{several} ^{backyards} ^{into his} ^{alley.}
door and up the backstairs and into his bed ^{where} ^{for a}
long time he lay ^{wondering} and pondering ^{the} ^{devious} ^{way} ^{there}
appeared to be to celebrate the ^{eve} of All Saints' Day...
^{off} ^{farm}

↕

great ground swell.
On the meantime the ~~engulfing~~ tide of war was ^{flooding} ~~swelling~~ over Europe and reaching ~~out~~ lapping at the very shores of America.

The previous spring ^{Italy} a German submarine had sunk the Lusitania Italy had declared war on Austria-Hungary and

with the loss of over a hundred American lives. Strong ^{was still speaking} President Wilson ^{took a series of notes with} Germany ^{over this sinking} and it was evident that his expressed policy that the ~~world~~ country remain "neutral in fact as well as in name" was ^{fact} becoming an idealistic dream.

All of the miners of Chippewa had put on a night shift to fill the ~~swollen~~ ^{swollen} ~~order~~ slaving manns of the steel mills with ~~the~~ ~~swollen~~ ~~order~~ iron ore for ^{the} war. The town was booming, there was work for everyone, and night and day Paul ^{could see or hear} ~~watched~~ the miners going ^{past his house} to and from the Blueberry Mine, clomping along in their hot-mailed boots, their soiled red towels ^{rolled} under one arm, their "Lick" dinner buckets under the other.

Business was so good Oliver had ~~even~~ been obliged to put on an extra bartender.

Mould? Sp?

CHAPTER 8.

That fall Gunnar and Fritz and Paul were reunited in the Grammar School. Gunnar was now in eighth grade; Fritz and Paul were in seventh. Bernie Redmond still attended the "Irish" school, but every afternoon the four would meet after school, usually in Fritz's basement, but sometimes at the old Pearl Street cigar factory of Bernie's dad. ^{A weathered sign hung over the door: "Dennis J. Redmond - Fine Havana Cigars."} The ~~other~~ boys would help Bernie strip the stems from the damp tobacco leaves, and spread them on the drying racks, so Bernie could get away early and play. Paul had started banding cigars for Dennis Redmond, for which he received five cents for each hundred cigars from "Dinny," Bernie's easy-going father. Paul was already nearly as fast at it as Bernie was.

Sometimes Paul would just sit and watch Dinny hunched over his square work block, his faded black derby pushed back over his bald head. First Dinny would quickly cut out a ^{double} binder leaf, then reach into his stock ^{box} drawer for the filler leaves, expertly shaping them in his nimble fingers and roll them with his palm into the binder ^{leaves}. Quickly this "bunch" would be fitted into the propped wooden cigar mould, until the mould was filled with twenty-five bunches. Then Dinny would kick back his chair, which always fell on the floor, and clamp the ~~other~~ wooden cover on the mould, and then ^{squeeze} ~~put~~ it in the large iron press. At the same time he would remove another mould, right his chair, ^{"who in hell knocked that chair over!"} and sit and roll these bunches up into finished cigars in the fine-veined, delicate wrapper leaves which came from distant Sumatra. All the time that he worked Dinny hummed a mysterious song, a song ^{and charmed} without words, without tune, without end. "Yanh, yanh, yanh...di di dum...col sor roll de ol..." ^{This song would occasionally be punctuated} mingled with an occasional oath if a ^{bunch broke} leaf slipped or a wrapper tip ^{tore} broke while he was pasting the end of a ^{finished} cigar.

Paul would sit and watch and often wonder why it was that the fathers of all of his playmates were always so good-natured. His heart was gnawed by envy. Could his schoolbooks be right? Was whiskey the seat of Oliver's canker? Yet there were lots of good-natured saloonkeepers in town. Paul and the other boys had sold crates of whiskey bottles to these great, ^{chuckling,} laughing, purple-veined men. When the cause was just and the necessity was grave, they had even stolen bottles from Oliver's saloon and resold them to his competitors...

The place was a great hangout for the local youth of all ages.



That fall Paul and Fritz had been playing in the stockyard after school. Suddenly there was a series of low, short, coughing blasts from the Blueberry mine whistle. Fritz looked at Paul. Men were running into the shaft house above them. "What's that, Pally?" Fritz said.

"I never heard the whistle go like that before." "What does it mean?" Paul had grown chilled with the first whistle sound. "It's an accident, Fritz. Somebody's been hurt - or killed." Fritz wanted to run up to the shafthouse and see.

"Come on, Pally - let's go and look." Paul shook his head. He could still vividly remember the time, ^{two summers before} he and Chuck Woodlock had been playing in the same yard, and the whistle had sounded ⁱⁿ the same way. ~~The~~ ~~he~~ and Chuck had scrambled up the rocks to the shafthouse ~~as~~ just as the grim-faced men had carried out two curiously misshapen mounds of flesh on ^{the} stretchers, still clad in ~~the~~ miners' clothes, the faces frozen and dirty gray even through the redness of the hematite. One of the dead men still had his eyes open, like the dead dove Oliver brought home from the woods each fall...

"No, Fritz - don't go up there," Paul said. "Let's go down the cigar shop and see Bernie."

The Iron Ore carried the ^{account} ~~report~~ the following afternoon. These reports of mine deaths were as common ~~as~~ and as stereotyped as the ~~miners~~

2 draft please,

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Sometimes Paul would just sit and watch Dinny make cigars. Dinny would sit hunched over his square work block, his faded greenish-black derby pushed back on his ~~wispy~~ bald head. He only wore this hat when he worked. First Dinny would ~~quickly~~ cut out a double binder leaf, then reach into his stock box for the filler leaves -- this was where the "Havana" came in -- expertly shaping them in his nimble fingers and then roll them with his palm into the binder leaves. Quickly this "bunch" would be fitted into the propped wooden cigar mold, until the mold was filled with twenty-five bunches. Then Dinny would suddenly kick back his chair, which always fell clattering to the floor, and clamp the wooden cover on the mold, and then squeeze it in the large iron press. At the same time he would remove another mold, right his chair and glare ^{at his Irish compatriots} ~~about the room~~ -- "who ^{the} hell knocked that there chair over!" -- and then sit and roll these ^{pressed} bunches up into finished cigars in the fine-veined, delicate wrapper leaves which came from distant Sumatra. All the time that he worked Dinny hummed and chanted a mysterious song, a song without words, without meaning, without tune, without end. "Yanh, yanh, yanh...di di dum...col sor roll de ol..." This song would occasionally be punctuated with an occasional oath if a bunch broke or a wrapper tip tore while he was pasting the end of a finished cigar. "Yanh, yanh, yanh..."

Paul would sit and watch and often wonder why it was that the fathers of all of his playmates were always so disgustingly good-natured. Unlike Oliver, Dinny's ^{bite} ~~bark~~ was unequal to his ^{bark} ~~bite~~. Paul's heart was gnawed by envy. Could his schoolbooks be right? Was whiskey the seat of Oliver's canker? Yet there were lots of good-natured saloonkeepers in town. Paul and the

All of them were making them look like cigars

"card of thanks" which invariably followed from the bereaved family.

"Jacob Selanpaa, age 54, was instantly killed yesterday ~~in the~~ in the Blueberry mine by a fall of rocks. Christ Koski, Selanpaa's working partner, said that the deceased had been barring down a large piece of rock, ^{apparently at least a ton in weight,} preparatory to drilling for a blast, ~~when the rock, he said~~ when the rock suddenly fell pinning the deceased under it, and ~~a cloud of dust~~ death was instantaneous. "I ran and told Captain Hampton about the accident and then went to the surface to get the basket," Koski said.

Selanpaa is survived by his widow and four sons. He was a member of the Knights of Kaleva. Services will be held Thursday at the Finnish Lutheran Church, Reverend Ollibainen officiating."

~~Elmer Lessard ran the first~~

The ^{iron} mining town of Chippewa, ^{Michigan} received a
brief spurt of national fame when Emma
Fischer - big, blonde Teutonic Emma - drove
her father's new Model T Ford into ^{an open} ~~a~~ mine pit.

"Chippewa, Mich. (A.P.) ~~April~~ May 23, 1914 -

Miss Emma ^{Fischer} ~~Leslie~~, 23, daughter of ^{and injured}
~~Mr.~~ miraculously escaped death ^{today}
when ~~a~~ Ford touring she lost control
of her ~~of~~ father's new Ford touring
automobile and plunged down a
500-foot embankment into ^{an} ~~the~~ ^{ton near glass.}
abandoned mine pit. ^{when his body went through the windshield}
Paul Begler, ^{a passenger,}
aged 11, ^{escaped with cuts about the}
forehead, ^{the automobile} ~~she~~ was completely demolished.

^{historic plunge}
That ^{was} in the days ~~before~~ before ~~cars~~
~~took to daily plunges~~ the nation had
grown surfeited and groggy with stories

Paul had come to know that while iron mining
was simple in theory, in actual practice it was
grandly complex and bewildering - in its damp
hurrowing and clanking, in its crushing huge
foulness, an obscurely heroic task ~~that somehow~~
~~that~~ ~~that the miners themselves were heroes and did~~
~~not know it.~~ fit only for the slow and prosaic
and fumbling labors of these trapped giants in
the earth...

Mar. 3, 1944

1 draft please



Snowless

November came, a month of raw and naked cold, leaving the naked northern earth a ^{frozen} ~~raw and~~ lumpy tundra; a month which sent Olvir and his cronies on their deer hunt in the long gun wagon which could be converted into a sleigh & a month of dark nights when Paul ~~would~~ lay in his bed at night and listened to the wind whining and howling down the kitchen chimney which passed through his room, a wild and wailing wind, ^{which sometimes suddenly} ~~whispering~~ and muttering like a demented woman, a wind which felt and ^{inspired} ~~pruned~~ at every crevice of the old frame house and tossed and pressed the tall elms until they sobbed in creaking torment. The days were sunless, a time of glowering clouds scudding low from out of the northwest.

Lake Bancroft froze early ~~and~~ into a sheet of mirrored ^{dark} glass ice. Fritz and Paul skated ^{nearly} every afternoon. Often they skated with two sisters, Gladys and Pearl Wing, ^{Jolly Cornish girls,} skating cross-armed around and around the lake until the Grammar School clock warned of supper-time. With Olvir in the woods it did not make much difference if one were a few minutes late. ^{The boys} They even rigged up a crude and flimsy ^{burlap} sail with which they flopped across the gleaming ice. Then, ^{one night-day shortly} just before Thanksgiving, the first ^{storm} blizzard ^{hurling} ~~hurling~~ out of the north blanketing the lake and the ^{town} ~~coast~~ under a deep blanket of snow.

Olvir and his hunting party were caught in the blizzard, hurrying for town, and had to put in at Matti Kauppila's farm for two days until the county plows fought out ^{their} ~~that way~~ out to the ^{big} Dead River. The ~~bugle~~ boys were ^{grateful for} ~~glad of~~ this unlooked for ⁱⁿ ~~mana~~ (?) from heaven which

kept the "Kaiser" in the woods a little longer. Shortly after the war had started, ~~the~~ quiet ~~the~~ brother Link, in his dry, casual way, had started referring to Oliver as "The Kaiser." The name had stuck.

Oliver made no bones about wanting to see Germany win the war. ~~He proclaimed~~ Especially did he want to see England ~~John Bull~~ get beaten. "I'm tellin' you," he would proclaim at the dinner table, resting his two fists on the ~~table~~ ^{table} cloth, still holding his knife and fork slanting off his plate — "I'm tellin' you, there'll be no place in this ^{world} until that ~~shy~~ ^{grape} John Bull gets put in his place! When Berlin ('Berken' Oliver called it) gets through with Roosia then John Bull will be shown a thing or two. I'm tellin' you..."

The slow drift of the United States into the conflict ^{on the side of the Allies} drove Oliver into gales of ven-swollen ^{speeches} ^{in our own backyard!} "Why don't we stay home and mind our ^{own} ~~damn~~ goddam business." he would demand of Belle, as though the issue lay in her short lap. "Tell me, woman — why in Christ's name don't we stay ^{home}?" Belle would sit pursing her lips, ~~not~~ and nodding her head. "Don't let it excite you so, Oliver," she would say. "It's nothing you and I can help — —" — all under the ^{laugh} ^{look} of "freedom of the seas!"

A "Carnegie and Wall Street — that's why! God and the almighty dollar! Money, money, money," ^{he} ^{Oliver} would shout ^{him down}, looking around the table at his silent boys, then taking up his tableware and ^{savagely} attacking his food as though part of John Bull lay ~~steaming~~ ^{steaming} and ready on his plate. Paul knew that

for much the same reasons that Oliver's lay with Belle's sympathies lay with the Allies, though she ~~would~~ never dare breathe it to her husband. But she did not want war. She hoped ^{that} Wilson would be re-elected because he had promised to keep ^{the country} out of war. Her reasons were simple. Link was nearly ~~eighteen~~ nineteen, ^{Nicky} ~~Frank~~ was over sixteen, and perhaps even Paul, her baby.

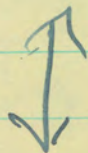
Paul was ^{physically} puzzled by the whole thing. He did not know what they were fighting for, anyway. He ^{urgently} hoped that God would make it stop soon. And he was puzzled that the Germans appeared to be ^{so} adept at waging war. Day by day there were stories of their ^{continued} ^{reported} successes in the Iron Ore. Paul had thought that ~~all~~ nearly all Germans were kindly, near-sighted, ^{elderly} old men, who wore thick glasses, and shuffled about in slippers in a thin ^{mist of falling drafts,} making ingenious new toys — men like old August Schmidt or happy, whistling men like Ed Schwemin or ^{absent-minded} ~~kindly~~ old Gustav Fohrman, who ran the music store next door to the Chinese laundry on Main street.

~~She~~ ^{Oliver's} After one of Oliver's "the Kaiser" war spells the boys would gather up staves or down by the furnace. "Boy — the Kaiser was ^{sure} loaded for bear tonight, wasn't he?" Link ^{might} ~~might~~ say. "Yup, I'll bet the ^(small i) island was ~~sure~~ shaking some tonight," Nicky would answer. Oliver, in the ^{Sometimes} at the height of his spleen Oliver would refer to England simply as "the island." That January Oliver got in an argument over the war with a Cornish miner, and down at the saloon, and finally threw him out on the street. Will Fregembo, & Fanky

Olivier's Cornish bartender, had taken off his bar apron and stamped on it and told Olivier he was "through working for a goddam ^{un-American} ~~damn~~!" It had taken Charlie Le Roy and half the saloon to ~~keep~~ keep Olivier and Will apart. After that very few Cornishmen went into Olivier's saloon. Olivier's war diatribes at home were getting worse instead of better...

Then came ~~the~~ ^{Chippewas} annual ski tournament.

But war or no war, in February came Chippewa's annual ski tournament.



The praying maples and thin birches, silent and frozen in the deepness of midwinter, reached beseeching naked arms up the wailing wall of the tall hill, fringing out to the width of the ski slide, and sober small boys and some drunken men clung to the limbs of the trees -- perhaps the better to watch the ski jump, though they could not see as well.

Urgently lining each side of the ski slide were the crowds of spectators, their dragon breaths upon the frosty February air, and down below across the wideness of the valley were the *rows of* waiting cutters and sleighs, the *silent and* ~~quietly stamping and~~ steaming under their blankets. And over all it was cold and clear, and the sun was high, its frost-thin glitter feeble upon the deep snow.

Far up the hill, rising above its steep and snowy crest, fluttered the American flag from the ski tower, the scaffold, from which the clustered, waiting skiers looked like little men, like childhood gnomes from out a Christmas book, standing so far up there against the cold blue Northern sky, quietly waiting for the signal to fling themselves on down along the steep and narrow way.

Standing far up on the starting tower the bugler raised his bugle to his lips -- "Marble Eye" Carlyon, a little Cornish miner who had lost an eye in the mine and had never done anything about it -- and when this bugler raised his bugle he pouted and then he blew, and the last notes still raced and rang and echoed across the valley even after he had taken his bugle down and replaced it with a bottle, grinning, gurgling: 'Hi can pl'y 'pon any hinstrument which 'asn't a bloody reed!'

The first rider raised his hand that he was ready, and far below, by the great jump, another more sober, far-seeing, and less colorful bugler answered, blurted, "Ready!" and the poised rider shuffled forward and dipped off and down, hurtling, rushing down, crouching low, cupping his ears from the tremendous and freezing speed, here now at once incredibly at and past the jump-off, seeming to straighten and to spring far out, leaning forward, looking lying on his skis as he soared into the air, far out into the *a widening space,* ~~air~~ at last man stole freedom from the earth, arms waving and circling like children's playful angels in the snow, still soaring out into the air, the skis now gradually, then quickly, won back to earth, now landing with clear and wooden slap far down the hill, into the bleating of the crowd, one foot forward, crouching low again and racing, crunch-whistling, far down and out across the valley, finally swirling to a circling, skirling stop before the practical, solemn small boys who liked to see their heroes near, closeup.

Fritz turned to Bernie and Gunnar and Paul. "God, it -- it's beautiful!" he said. "I never thought there was anything like this." ^{The boys did not answer. They were not used to this} ~~Paul didn't either.~~ It always chilled him to watch the incredible beauty and grace of the riders. ~~Somehow~~ ⁷ this lovely soaring seemed more like ~~real~~ poetry than anything his teachers ever taught him in school...

The bugler bugled his bugle once again, and another skier took off the tower, hurtling, rushing down the slide, sailing, too, far out into the air, but -- hah -- falling, tumbling, landing in a waving heap, losing his skis, clown-rolling down the hill, the crowd roaring and yawning its ready laughter for defeat -- 'go find your slats, you bum' -- as the snow-glutted skier limped falsely grinning down the hill to retrieve his runaway skis.

Down and down they poured with each bugle note, rider after rider, some falling but most of them standing. During the intermission Paul and the boys made their way through the milling crowd to the outdoor stand conducted this year by the earnest ladies of the Methodist church. Reckless of expense, Paul squandered his entire weekly allowance on a cup of coffee and a ~~small~~ Cornish pasty. ~~Pauline and her perils would have to do without him this week.~~

The bugle blew through the afternoon as the eager riders hurled themselves off the hill for the thrill of the crowd that gathered annually on Washington's birthday for the ski tournament of the Chippewa Ski Club. There were hundreds of miners there to proudly watch their sons and relatives, for the tournament was a local holiday and there was no work, war or no war. Most of the ^{ski} riders lived in Swedetown or Finn town. The bugle sounded again and then came the announcement of the winner by the president of the Ski Club, Swan ^{Peterson.} Johnson. Paul thought his voice ^{had a note of sadness.} ~~sounded sort of sad.~~ "Lad^es and yentlemen! Da ~~V~~inner an' noo shampion -- Uno Saari!" A great cheer went up, especially from the Finn ^{miners.} For this was the first time a Finnish rider had won the main jumping championship on Suicide Hill. For many years, even before Belle had come to Chippewa, the Swedes and Norwegians had taken all of the first places. Fritz and Bernie and Paul turned on Gunnar, chanting: "Ten t'ousand Svedes vere lost in da veeds, in da battle of Copenhagen!" Then there was another announcement ^{not so sad this time, Paul thought.} "Ladees and yentlemen! Da runner oop an' las' yar's shampion -- Anselm Bjork!"

"Go piddle up a hemp rope!" Gunnar said, grinning from ear to ear. At least one Swede had won. Then the boys walked the two miles ^{back} ~~in~~ to town. It was a big day. They had a chicken supper and ice cream and cake in the dining-room of the Taleen House, with a table all to themselves and a blushing young Finnish girl to wait on them. Waiting for their dessert Gunnar told the boys he had seen her with nothing on the Saturday night before, running from the girls'

part of Taleen But Paul knew that Fritz meant.
Somehow it embarrassed them.

bathroom upstairs to her room. "Boy oh boy oh boy," he said, describing undulant curves in the air with his hands. (NOW TO INSERT)

↓↓ Miss H: Please put this on separate sheet ↓↓

Spring was really the worst season of the year in Chippewa. During the winter the snow ^{gradually became} on the streets built up many feet above the ground ^{especially on the streets} and as the snow receded all of the manure from the horses and the winter's accumulation of coal dust from the chimneys and the mine boilers lay ^{gradually} exposed ^{like the rubble of an ancient deserted city.} all over the town in all its dirt and drabness. The poor horses would hobble along the treacherous ^{pocked} streets, sinking past their fetlocks ^{melting} at one step, or being held up by their own manure on the next. ^{and knees}

Despite the heavy snow there was an early spring that year. The first real thaw ^{usually} came in the middle of March and ^{would dig} the city workers dug ditches in the high snow banks along the curbsings to drain the melting snow. The boys spent ^{would then} every daylight hour after school racing wooden matches and tiny boats down these flowing drains, ^{betting "sawbreaker" candies on the results.} Then a sudden frost ^{would come} came, freezing the ditches, ^{usually} followed by another fall of snow.

Spring really never came to Chippewa until the suckers started to run in Chippewa River, and the screaming seagulls would come in from Lake Superior to devour ^{the fish} those the boys caught with their hands and ^{threw} up into the ^{fields}. Paul was sure the sea gulls must have smelled ^{them} the decaying fish from Iron Bay, the county seat, located on the ^{Superior} Lake some sixteen miles east of Chippewa. Regardless of the calendar, when the suckers ran and the boys could find a damp patch of bare earth on which to play marbles, then it was spring.

Spring ^{for Paul} was the time of raking lawns, taking down storm windows, fighting Belle's "spring tonics", ^{or} playing hooky with Fritz or Bernie or Gunner or all three and tramping out to the farm and playing in the now nearly empty hay-mow in the big barn or climbing the rocky bluff behind the farm and searching along the ground for the ^{little} delicate hidden flowers of the trailing arbutus - the Mayflowers - the tender, delicate flowers of such elusive, subtle fragrance that no perfume in the world could imitate it.

Insert

Spring was the worst season of the year in Chippewa. During the winter the snow gradually built up many feet above the ground, so that before Spring one looked up at the ~~to~~ sleighs and cutters on the ^{snow-packed} streets. As the snow receded ~~at~~ the manure from the horses and the winter's accumulation of coal dirt from the ~~the~~ houses and mine boilers lay gradually exposed in all its melting dirt and drabness, like the pictures of ancient excavations. The poor horses would hobble along the treacherous packed streets, sinking past their fetlocks or knees on one step, or being held up by the frozen insulation of their own manure on the next.

By March the frozen grip of winter started to convulsively relax. Then it would freeze again, the lashing March winds whipping the gleaming snow shield of the iron earth until Spring appeared to have become a forgotten legend. But lo! the real thaw would finally come. (Miss H: Now back to: "The city, workers, etc")

1-5-44

3rd

Ah, that was it! A composer of music.



The thunderous applause subsided. Only a waiting, rustling hush prevailed. The audience lights of Carnegie Hall gradually dimmed. Paul ^{raised his baton. He was} Bigler, slightly stooped and gray about the temples, ^{inwardly ravaged by his secret visions,} yet still slender and handsome in his evening clothes, ~~raised his baton.~~ Two hundred - count them, two hundred! - trained musicians watched for his signal. Then slowly his arms descended and rose as the string section - ~~not~~ ^{or perhaps} just the muted first violins - whispered and sighed the haunting, ^{aching} opening bars of his latest composition, the ^{string} tone poem "The Burning Earth". No, no, no - ^{that} he ^{was} going to ^{be his} ~~write a~~ book! ~~by that name.~~ ~~Let's see!~~ ~~Oh yes,~~ ^{Yes!} How about "Walk on the Ocean Floor"? ^{Yes!} That would make a shambling bum out of Debussy. ~~It was its world premiere.~~ ^{This was} its ^{electrolytic} world premiere... Strong men broke down and ^{of} sobbed. Beautiful women tore at their ^{hearing} bodies or quietly swooned. For tonight they ~~had heard~~ were made to understand

locked and - plans of the heart,
many, secret ~~things~~, and shame had
drifted away...

Mar 14, 44

1st.

1 draft please

Chapter —

The summer that Woodrow Wilson was renominated for President, Chippewa celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its formal incorporation. The Chippewa common council ^{generously} appropriated money for the celebration and ^a committee ^{on arrangements} was appointed to plan a gala "homecoming," complete with a carnival ^{from the outside} and ^{with elaborate} plans for ^{local} parades and floats. ^(Mount A) All that spring the town was for weeks before the celebration the ~~City~~ Chippewa Band held ^{open air} ~~weekly~~ ^{down} rehearsals, filling every ^{fair} evening, ^{downtown at the bandstand} ~~filling~~ ^{elephantine} the night air with the music of its lamented — the braggadocio of Pryor and Sousa left him cold — Paul never had liked band music, and he was grateful for the aura of peace which ^{briefly} descended upon the town on ^{the} nights that it rained.

downtown at the bandstand

for

in

as he

Little "Diddidum" Crouch, ~~was~~ ^{the} a bow-legged Cornish miner, ~~was~~ ^{the} beat the bass drum in the ^{Chippewa} band, ~~and~~ ^{also drummed} every Saturday night ~~in~~ ^{as that} the Salvation Army ~~band~~ ^{little} ~~valiantly~~ ^{band of men and women} marched down Cleveland Avenue ^{to Main Street} and took up ^{their} ~~the~~ stand at the side of the Miner's State Bank, ^{with the town square} Paul and Fritz rarely missed the ^{early} ~~Saturday night~~ ^{evening} services of the Salvation Army. "Diddidum" not only drummed for the ~~Army~~ but he preached for ^{it} ~~them~~ as well. ~~He would~~ The town would be thronged with people: miners and ~~A~~ railroaders, lumberjacks ~~in~~ ^{for} the farmers from the outskirts... "Diddidum" ^{eloquently} preached for all ^{rich and poor, drunk or sober} who would listen, ^{big} this drum turned ^{up} on its face to receive the coins of those ^{moved by} his eloquence. ~~to~~ Paul and Fritz rarely missed these early Saturday evening services of the Salvation Army, ^{wriggling} ~~working~~ their way into the inner circle around Diddidum and his drum, the better to see and hear the ^{fiery} little man as he invoked the Lord. There was none of the ^{informally} ~~dry~~ and ^{dusty} ~~logic~~ dispensed by Reverend Hayward at Paul's church. Diddidum's ~~Savior~~ ^{soon miraculously} was there ^{7:45 and} before ~~Paul~~ ^{Paul and Fritz},

Insert A

Relatively sent copies of the newspaper all over the country.

The Iron Ore carried banner headlines on the homecoming ^{the} "Parade!" ^{Boards!} "Floats!" The U. P. Fireman's tournament! A big outside street ^{street} carnival, with lovely Zelda Zane who would ascend in a balloon and come down in a parachute! ^{Come back, come back!} "Don't miss it!" While the town ^{presently} was ~~booming~~ booming, scores of young men ^{and extra miles} had left Chippewa during previous slack periods in the iron mines, attracted by the new automobile factories in Detroit: Dodge ^{Brothers} and Henry Ford with his ^{five} ~~five~~ -dollar-a-day minimum pay; others to the ^{iron} ~~copper~~ mines of the new Mesabi Range in Minnesota or ^{to} the copper mines of Montana and the far West. This homecoming was to be the biggest celebration ever undertaken in Chippewa.

raw and bleeding, "hammered to the bloody cross" before their very eyes. Hell fire and lightning of burning brimstone lit up the twilight town square. Dancing with excitement little Diddidum hopped about the circle of people, ^{not merely} inviting ^{but} some challenging sinners and saints alike to step into the circle and testify to their conversion. "O'll be the first

lam' to com' ^{apout} forward to the Lord!" he would shout, the cords in his neck ^{distended,} glaring at ~~the~~ the crowd. "O'll be the first?" This was the part, Paul and Fritz especially looked forward to. There was ^{really} no telling what kind of "lamb" ^{might} ^{come} ~~would~~ ^{step} out forward.

Just that ^{aging lumberjack} Spring "Silver Jack" Devant, an ^{aging lumberjack} had answered ~~the~~ Diddidum's call, reeling into the circle to testify, ^{and stumbling} ^{and} weeping incoherently.

"Wot 'ave you to ^{sigh} to the Lord?" Diddidum ^{suspiciously} ^{keeping one bright eye on} ^{notoriously} Silver Jack with ^{suspicion} and the other on the coin-littered loss drum. "Wot 'ave you to ^{sigh}?"

~~He~~ ^{threw out his hands and spoke.} Jacke ^{unhappy} ^{yellow} ^{silver} locks were bowed in contrition: "O Diddidum - I've come back to the fold. ^{I have} Here I've ^{wasted} spent all these years ^{far} away from Him, ^{drinking} drinkin' an' gamblin' an' whorin' -"

"Ee, damme," ^{outraged} Diddidum broke in, ^{bloddy} wheeling on ~~turning~~ to his budy assistant, "leave the ^{bloody} boogger aout fer sayin' 'owrin'!"

* * *

Mar. 6/1944

1 draft, please

Spelling and a subtlety of phrasing which was entirely lost on Paul.

This gathering place, ^{on the third story of the first MacDonald Bank} ~~was~~ also housed one of the local fraternal lodges, and hung with Chapter 10: its ^{luxuriant} draperies and ^{trappings and} plaques and disturbing evidence of ^{mysterious ritual} fraternal ^{tragedy} with faded ^{trapped} rope bunting.

Brother Link was eighteen and worked at Elmer

Lessard's garage. ~~He was one of~~ He had already started to shave ^{his hair at} and ^{go} ~~went~~ to the ^{Saturday night} dances at Mac Donald's Hall. ~~He was only two years older than~~ Mac Donald's Hall, ~~was also the lodge room of the~~ ^{also} housed the local Loyal Order of Moose, and on Saturday nights ^{the} Fritz's ^{bachlor} uncle, Richard Jaeger, would ^{huddle} ~~crash~~ up on the platform with ~~headed~~ the orchestra lead the orchestra and played the piano.

"The" "Jaeger's Jazz Band" it had been called, but lately ~~had~~ Richard had started ^{his group} to call it Jaeger's Jazz Band, ^{at night} Paul ~~was~~ often stand ^{with the students} outside of Jaeger's big house on the ^{opposite} corner ^{of his block} of ~~the~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~

listened to Richard playing on the grand piano, ~~to his~~ spine ^{would} tingling as he ^{stood} ^{outside} listening to this slender, silent man with the long fingers ^{but} ^{improvising} melodious playing all the latest pieces - "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "In My Harem," "Missouri Waltz," "When You're Away," "St. Louis Blues" - Richard knew them all.

If ~~Eric~~ ~~Paul~~ and Fritz and Paul had become friends, Paul would ~~occasionally~~ ^{Paul} ~~tear~~ ~~be~~ ~~would~~ occasionally be taken into this big house with the ^{He always cleaned their and bored and} ^{stained} glass windows and actually sit and watch Richard play the piano. Best of all Paul ~~too~~ liked it when Richard appeared to dream ^{of} over the piano, ^{which he often did at home,} working out oddly beautiful and dissonant arrangements of the current favorites, or playing broken and fragmentary ^{little} improvisations on ^{hamming} melodies which Paul had never ^{before} heard ~~before~~.

On Saturday nights, however, it was Jaeger's Jazz Band, and Richard and his ^{young} ^{mission} ~~four~~ ~~associates~~ huddled up on the ^{little} platform ^{of} at the front of Mac Donald's Hall and played for the dancing ^{of} ^{the} ^{of} brother Link and the ^{other} young bloods ^{of} Chippewa. The tall ^{ornately-carved} chairs of the reigning knights of the lodge would be occupied by Richard's perspiring ^{mission}, while the ~~other~~ chairs of the ~~the~~ lesser

"A.D. 1882" The Missionary work - Paul would be the substitution in the center.

milled about
grim inspection

fraternity, brothers ^{were backed against} ^{high} the shuttered window ^{on one side of the room} and against the
the ^{young} women and girls, ^{While the young restless steps} ^{These chairs of the commoners} would be used by
the young men huddled in knots
by the ~~front~~ far door double doors, slotted for the
guards of the on lodge nights,
inner and outer ^{who could pay:} "GENTS, 50¢ - LADIES, 25¢"
for all to enter

Richard Jaeger and his band would strike
up the music, perhaps the latest favorite, "Keep the Home
Fris Burning," and the knots of young men would break
up ^{and eddy} about the room, seeking out a partner for the dance.
There was a boisterous democracy about Mac Donald's
Hall which had ^{blonde Finnish and Scandinavian} hired girls rubbing elbows with the
daughters of their mistresses, despite the fact that "nice"
girls were not supposed to go there ^{on Saturday nights} and
believed to be "fast" if they did.

^{Sport, olive-skinned} Link loved to dance and ^{he} danced with
them all of them until the last strains of "Home Sweet
Home" died away, and tired, cynical Richard Jaeger
paid off his men and put on his derby hat and ^{perfect}
~~collared~~ form-fitting coat with the velvet ^{collar} and ^{He then} ^{walked rapidly} ^{and went}
- always alone - ^{over} to Olvin's saloon and drank several
double whiskies and then made his way, ^{still} alone, to his

darkened

home on Hematite street. The dancers would pair off and
the girls be "escorted" home or, ^{some of them,} on warm summer
nights, to the "for just a walk" to the ^{silent hills and bluffs} ^{surrounding}
the town. Some of the couples and the thwarted swains
would repair to Tasher's ^{Restaurant} ^{for a lunch}
Cafe, ~~in connection with the saloon~~ or to Paulous palm-
Acropoulos' Candy Ditcher for a ^{soda or} banana split
under the whirling drone of the large propeller fans.
The "fast crowd," the utterly dissolute, would go to Mrho
Suomikoski's Cafe, run in conjunction with the ^{Mrho's} ^{saloon,}
and ^{there} drink foaming steins of beer and even whiskey,
it was rumored, until closing time.

studded

On rare nights when they could get

Wall under the beriberid pictures of deceased lodge potentates on the other

When Oliver was not around
she often spoke to Link about it.

Belle did not mind Link's dancing but she worried ^{over} the late hours he kept. Paul was learning ^{her} ~~to~~ these ^{lectures} by heart. "Why ^{can't} you get home at a reasonable hour?" Belle would say, ^{peering} uncertainly at Link, reaching for her glasses. "The dance was over hours before you came in last night. I - I know you wouldn't do anything wrong - but I couldn't sleep a wink till you got in. ^{While I realize I'm young and full of spirit,} ~~Just~~ ^{two young} to be out all hours this way. Please come home earlier - for my sake," she would plead, making excuses for him as she spoke, anxiously waiting for him to reassure her.

A slow, wistfully ^{attractive} smile would spread over Link's ^{usually} solemn, oval-shaped face. "Don't forget the night air, Mom. 'Night air is bad for growing young people,' he would ^{in his drawling voice} quote, ^{quoting} one of her ^{girlhood} dearest beliefs. This usually made Belle ^{reluctantly} smile. ^{only once} ~~reluctantly~~. It was ^{that} Link ^{had} reminded her that since Oliver wouldn't send him to college, and insisted that he work ^{at Elmer Tessard's garage} and pay board, he should be able to stay out late once in a while. ^{That time Belle had started to cry... Anyway,} ~~That~~ was not Link's way. ~~He~~ Link, the quiet, wryly humorous one, never liked to hurt anyone's feelings. "Aw, Mom," he would ~~say~~ conclude, "a fellow's only young once. In a few years I'll be married and settled down and, ^{bringing} your grandchildren over here to take piano lessons or - and his dark face would cloud - "or maybe I'll be in War. Who knows? We're only young once" - And he ^{would} ~~would~~ get up and go ^{awkwardly} reach over and ^{casually} pat her ~~plump~~ shoulder and give her a fleeting kiss. "Don't worry, Mom - we're only young once..."

Paul ^{was not so sure. He} often wondered if Link was ever young. Link ^{had always} ~~seemed~~ ^{Paul to} to be one of those ^{persons} ~~people~~ who ^{were} ~~are~~ born old, who somehow, all of their lives, at any stage and under whatever circumstances, ^{appeared} ~~seemed~~ to possess a quiet maturity, a sort of adult reserve, which set

them apart from ^{other} ordinary young people. Link was that way. ^{Even simple Paul was a child he} ~~Paul~~ had a curious feeling that when Link was at the table, with Oliver and all of the family, that the head of the table was where Link sat. It had been so the night, years before, when Oliver had struck Link, and young Oliver had intervened. And the next day young Oliver and brother Emmett had run away...

It was not that Link was sad or moody or given to fits of depression. On the contrary, next to Belle he was the most even-tempered member of the Bugler household. Indeed, it seemed to Paul it was this very evenness, this sure control of himself, that set him apart from the other boys. He ~~never flared~~ ^{he never} ~~up and down~~ was not quick-tempered and flared up like brother Nicky. Nor was he nervous and ^{"high strung," Belle called it} ~~grimpy~~ and given to fits of ^{boyish} exclamation and ^{despair} like Paul himself.

Of ~~all of her~~ ^{three} boys Link was ~~the~~ most like Belle. He even looked like her, having the same ^{small} ~~small~~ ^{plump} ^{capable} hands and ^{small} ^{delicate} bone structure, the same short legs, the same sort of carriage ^{oddly aristocratic} which ^{to} Paul always ^{the word} thought of as "plucky," the same ^{large} quiet gray eyes, ^{the} same calm expression — "O false-faced Dutch woman!" — ^{thin} her high-bridged ^{somewhat curved and slightly} ~~curving~~ nose, ^{slightly} flaring at the nostrils... ~~Yes~~ This was quiet brother Link, who enjoyed dancing with ^{all} the ~~Finish~~ girls at Mac Donald's Hall and ^{talking} the "night air" with ^{one of} them afterwards, and who worked as a mechanic at Elmer Lessard's garage and ^{proudly} ~~held~~ his board to Oliver, and who, at eighteen, stoutly believed that he would only be young once...

5-15-44

1/1 draft on clean, please Chapter 11.

Elmer Lessard was ~~the~~ currently the incumbent lessee ^{warehouse.}

at Oliver's

Paul and Fritz frequently visited his garage ~~after~~ school ^{and that came in later} Elmer and Paul's brother Link and the other mechanics working ~~over~~ on the automobiles. As a

tenant Elmer had hung up some sort of a record. Nearly a year had passed and he was still there. ~~Not that he~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~sadly in default in his rent like all the others,~~ but

~~this circumstance seemed to cause him no concern whatever.~~

(Insert A) ^{HERE}
NEW PAGE

Elmer was ^a blonde young man in his ^{with strong white} late twenties, ^{He was quiet and husky and had strong white teeth} yet to Paul he always seemed older. ^{He had done} the first person Paul ever saw wearing ^(considerably) the type of

haircut which later ~~became~~ ^{became} known as the "Don Hindenberg" and still later as the "crew." ^{He} No body seemed

to know ~~just~~ ^{just} ~~from~~ ^{from} where Elmer hailed from. He had arrived in Chippewa one day in a ^{down} thrabbing ^{and mud-spattered} old Mitchell touring car ^{loaded with tools, and} ^{blazing} ^{plate} with an Ohio license on front and a California ^{plate} ~~license~~ behind. He had spotted the

"FOR RENT" sign in ^{the} Oliver's ^{old} warehouse standing there "so handy to the tracks,"

^{He parked his car in front of the place} and Dan Kane, the flagman, ^{to} ~~had~~ ^{directed} him to Oliver's saloon. ^{It take it,} Elmer said, Oliver was ^{understand}

after
"I'm going to messle up in depots or become what's rented
these
that place from Oliver Bay-gler, there is!"

after his lumbering car would
the
his little one

old
pointed
back boss.

Paul was helping
old coat in front of the
omit heard Oliver's name

Oliver was so much taken with ^{the} young Elmer ^{quiet} that he broke all precedent and ^{immediately offered to} let ~~him~~ ^{Elmer} have the garage on a forty-nine year lease. Elmer grinned his ^{infernal} blonde grin and signed the lease, paying Oliver

"Just give you a look at the place"

"Lead the poor lambs to slaughter," he said.

Paul was helping ^{old} Dan carry in a fresh supply of coal from the tracks, and ^{he} ~~heard~~ ^{heard} Dan's ~~to~~ sound bit of local disloyalty with ^{grave} delight. ~~"I'll take you three ^{led} ^{which appeared in the paper} ^{not wishing to miss the latest rent scene,} Paul ^{accompanied}~~

Elmer into the back door of the saloon, again drinking ^{wonderful cribbage} in the ^{sour fermented} smell of the place. ^{It was usual} ^{and red-mood} ^{amount} ^{gang} ^{was at the tables,} ^{where Paul sometimes} ^{Oliver was standing up} ^{at the} ^{front} by his safe, playing ²¹ ^{over the cigar country} ^{with} ^{tooth} ^{Con} Ludington, the Singer Sewing machine man.

"Pa," Paul eagerly said, "here's a man who wants to see about renting the warehouse." ^{It was a moment of high pride.} Oliver looked up. ~~and~~ Elmer quietly introduced himself and then proceeded to tell Oliver what old Dan had just said. Paul ^{was aghast at this betrayal} drew in his breath, waiting for the storm to break, fearing that Oliver would ^{of the place} ^{run} out and dismember Dan's two remaining limbs. But no, there was no telling what his father would ever do...

"Ho, ho, ho!" Oliver laughed ^{extravagantly} ^{uproariously}, throwing back his head, slapping his ^{incredulously} ^{staring} ^{was} ^{going} legs head from side to side. "That's a good one! - Did you hear that Ludington? - I've got men sleepin' in depots an' boxcars - Ho, ho - Oh me, oh my -" Oliver was quite taken with this frank young man. After he had "ho-hoed" ^{sufficiently} long enough to reduce Dan's ^{absurd} ^{insinuation} to ^{the realm of} ^{whimsy} ^{absurdity}, he bought Elmer a drink and then ^{softly} ^{asked} ^{Elmer} if he wanted to look

step up there
Another semi-annual
through the warehouse, Paul stirred restlessly. ~~The~~ prowls
was about to commence, "Can you ~~do~~ now?" Olwin said
"I've seen it," Elmer said, ^{smiling slightly.} "Is it for rent?"

Paul could see that Olwin thought
"Why yes -" Olwin began, "This was a strange
tenant, indeed, who would deny him the morbid
pleasure of rehearsing once again the drama of
the ninety-nine year lease. "Why yes," Olwin
repeated. "That is - all but the upstairs. I ^{kinda} store a
few odds and ends up there." Paul thought this ^{last} was a
masterpiece of understatement. Olwin ^{frowned and grew} a trifle
petulant. ^{But} "Can't I show you the place, young fella?"

^{He shook his head.} Elmer grinned his infectious slow blonde
grin that wrinkled his nose and the corners of his blue
eyes, "Give me ^{the key, Sir,} ~~a deposit~~ and I'll pay you three months
rent in advance - By the way, what is the rental?"

In an cued voice Olwin told him. Elmer drew out his
wallet and counted out the money ~~on~~ ^{over} the bar, ^{he added.}

^{instant} "And a round of drinks for the house," ^{There was an}
^{scraping} ~~struggle~~ ^{and a rapid shuffle} of chairs ^{There was a "live one" in the house...} from the cabbage tables. Elmer looked
down at Paul and winked. "How's that, pardner? ~~What's~~ And
what's yours on my new garage?"

Paul stood ^{up} on the bar rail next to Olwin's new tenant, happily drinking ^{his} cream soda with his new friend. When they were done, Elmer pocketed ^{shook hands with Olwin,} his change, and asked Paul to ^{They were nearly out the back door} accompany him up to the warehouse. Paul was delighted. " ~~Don't~~ ^{Help!} Don't you want a receipt for your rent, young fella? "

Elmer ^{careless} waved his hand at Olwin. ^{he casually answered.} "Drop up some time ^{you can} give it to me." It was only when Elmer was putting the key in the lock of the front door that

Paul remembered that an ^{then} ancient precedent had ^{not only had it Elmer's business through the warehouse} been smashed. ~~There wasn't a lease on the place~~ but he hadn't signed a ninety-nine year lease on the place! ^{trying,} There wasn't any lease at all. All Olwin had was a blonde smile and a handshake. As Elmer and Paul entered ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{moddy,} littered place, Paul reflected that perhaps this was ^{Gate—that it was the one} ~~the secret~~ way to lift the "hant" on the place.

When Olwin called after Elmer.

NEW PAGE

Insert A

Elmer ^{was an excellent mechanic and} had done well in the ^{warehouse} ~~place~~ from the start. He was one of those rare mortals whose hobby also happened to be his ^{trade} ~~work~~, whenever Paul came into the place Elmer would be in or upon or ^{under} ~~near~~ some sick automobile, or ^{bent} ~~propped~~ ^{covering of queer} over his workbench, covered with ^{grease} from head to toe, ^{this always} ~~which~~ gave his ^{teeth-flashing} ~~laughing~~ "Hello, Polly" a curiously ^{Pullman port} ~~stagnant~~ quality. Even late at night from his bedroom Paul could hear ^{Elmer working} the arril-like ^{hammer and clack} of metal ^{from the} ~~from~~ garage, and see the ^{shifting} reflection of his ^{acetylene} (acetylene?) ^{lights} ~~lights~~ out in the ^{barren} ~~barren~~ yard, ^{lamps} by the light of which he was ^{late} ~~late~~ ^{of all things,} ~~building~~ an airplane.

part (Insert B) → (START NEW PAGE HERE) Elmer,

Mist: ↓ Oliver was ^{consequently} very fond of ^{Elmer's} ~~the~~ young man, and frequently extolled ^{his} ~~the~~ merits at the dinner-table. "That ^{young fellow's} ~~is~~ a born mechanic, I tell you - a mechanical genius. There ain't nothin' he can't fix." With the ~~subtlety~~ of a He would draw for Belle odious comparisons between Elmer's ^{pure and} ~~and~~ ^{his} the manifold deficiencies of his own ^{fumbling} ~~sons~~ in the realm of ~~mechanical~~ ~~deftness~~. "Why take you ^{own} ~~baby~~, there," he ^{said one day,} ~~would say~~ ^{to her,} referring to Paul, who was indeed ^{so} ~~plucking~~ in the ^{familiar} ~~rudiments~~ of mechanical dexterity.

NO 41 "The other day I asked ^{out at the farm} ~~ask~~ him to drive a
staple ~~and~~ in a ~~stake~~ fence post - an' he bent the
bloody staple an' hit his finger. Olwin shook his head
^{and spoke to the ceiling} "When I was his age I ^{dug and} built an outhouse in
one day - ^{mind (you)} all alone!" Paul ^{silently burned} ~~boasted~~ with shame
and wished Olwin had fallen into ^{the structure} it. Belle quickly smiled and
blinked her eyes at Paul. "It would ^{it it} be a strange world, if all of us
were mechanics, [?] ~~about it~~ ^{thought, Olwin,} Belle asked ^{Olwin,}
 ^{her husband,} turning her bland, smooth face ^{and steady, gray eyes to him,} at Olwin. Paul felt
a warm ^{rush} of gratitude towards his mother, and another feeling,
increasingly frequent ^{of late,} as he grew older, that in some
subtle way she was ^{constantly} peering ^{at} him at this great,
infallible man... you got to

"The thing is to be deliberate," ^{continued} said this giant of
impulse, ^{wagging his finger at the boy,} ignoring Belle's thrust, driving home his
moral with true and steady aim. "Before you ^{bugs} start
monkeyin' with anythin' - here ^{daringly} ~~trickily~~ grinned
at Link - 'you got to ^{study it an'} understand it, an' know ~~what~~
which ^a way you're headin'. Be deliberate..."

(End of Inert A)

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NOW back to: "Elmer was a blonde young man, etc"

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When Oliver ^{bought} got the wrecked Model T ^{Ford} from Ed Schewemin, it was Elmer who ^{repaired} fixed it and taught Oliver to drive it. When Oliver found some new ^{gadget} ~~accessory~~ ^{as he humbly} ~~to hang on the auto~~ ^{through Elmer's accessory} it was Elmer who ^{catalogue} got it for him wholesale. Oliver lavished on his Model T all the love and affection which he carefully refrained from exhibiting in his home. When he bought Whistling Ed's car, he soon found he had just the framework of his ^{seat} desire, like a man who buys a fireplace before ^{he builds} his house.

indians
pressing

In less than six months the ^{old} ~~old~~ Model T looked like a painted haridan ^{as it sputtered} ~~going~~ down ^{main} the street, with Oliver ^{proudly} hunched ^{over} at the ^{new over-hill} wheel, ^{pressing} ~~pressing~~ his ^{new Klaxon} horn, ^{trampling} ~~pressing~~ two and ^{sometimes even all} three ^{of the foot} pedals ~~at a time~~ with his size thirteen shoes. He had bedecked the poor car with ^{patented projecting} mirrors and ^{an eagle flew from radiator caps;} spotlights; ^{had attached} a trunk ^{made of metal} ~~to the back~~ ^{sagged from behind} over the ^{sighing} new shock absorbers; a tourist rack enclosing emergency cans for gas, oil and water flowed ^{along} ~~off~~ the left running board. The engine was a ~~maze of gas valves~~ ^{ing gadgets} Under the ~~hood~~ ^{hood} was a maze of gas - valves and anti - palpitants. The chassis and undergear was as full of ~~fatty and~~ pads and rubber slings ^{and washers} as an old actor. Oliver had ^{covered over} ~~finished~~ all this gloom in a ~~new~~ ^{in a paint} a paint he had found ^{upstairs} on the ~~rafters~~ ^{over}

the garage - a ~~new~~ fancy ^{car} when it was, golf greens. He insisted that ~~it~~ ^{it} would be less apt to frighten the deer, driving to and from the South Camp...

If Langer Belden had crystallized Paul's growing ^{doubt and} horror ~~and~~ ^{and Fritz} over the car. Paul ^{and Fritz} were standing on Main Street one day as Oliver drove by. Langer Belden was standing ^{nearby} talking to ~~the~~ ^{old} Mr. Dyson. After ~~Oliver~~ ^{Oliver's} ~~the~~ car ^{shredded} ~~passed~~ ^{partly}, Langer Belden ^{grimly} said to ~~the~~ Mr. Dyson, "There goes Oliver Biegl's Ford - all dressed up like a whore going to a christening!"

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Miss H's

Now back to "Oliver" was very fond, etc" ^{consequently}

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CHAPTER 11.

Fritz and

Elmer Lessard was currently the incumbent lessee at Oliver's warehouse. Paul and Fritz frequently visited his garage and watched Elmer and lately Paul's brother Link and the other mechanics working on the automobiles. Most of the cars ^{they worked on} that came in were Fords or Dodges, but occasionally ^{high} an old Winton or ^{murmur} White or some other big lumbering car would ^{be stuck there, its inside} littered over the front work-room floor. As a tenant ^{of the warehouse} Elmer had hung up some sort of a record. Nearly a year had passed and he was still there...

^{Elmer} Elmer was an excellent mechanic and had done well in the warehouse from the start. ^{Elmer} He was one of those rare mortals whose hobby also happened to be his trade. Whenever Paul came into the place Elmer would be in or upon or under some sick automobile or bent over his work bench, covered with grease from head to ^{foot.} toe. This ^{mask} covering of grease always gave his teeth-flashing "Hello, Polly" a curiously Pullman-porter ^{suit of warmth.} quality. Even late at night from his bedroom Paul could hear Elmer ^{still} working -- the anvil-like hammer and clash of metal from the garage ^{and} and see the shifting reflection of his acetylene lamps out in the barnyard, by the light of which he was lately building, of all things, an airplane. ~~And he regularly paid his rent.~~

Oliver's new tenant

Elmer was a blond young man in his mid-twenties, yet to Paul he always seemed considerably older. He was quiet and husky and had strong white teeth. He was the first person Paul ever saw wearing the type of haircut which later became known as the "Von Hindenburg" and still later as the "crew" haircut. Nobody seemed to know just where Elmer hailed from. He had arrived in Chippewa one day in a throbbing and mud-spattered old Mitchell touring car, loaded down with tools, and bearing an Ohio license plate in front and a California plate behind. He had spotted the "FOR RENT" sign in Oliver's old warehouse standing there "so handy to the tracks." He parked his car in front of the place, and asked old Dan Kane, the flagman, to direct him to Oliver's ^{place.} saloon. Old Dan pointed to ^{the} Oliver's back door ^{of Oliver's saloon.}. "Moind what ye sign, bye," Dan darkly warned Elmer. "There's many foine man sleepin' in depots an' boxcars what's after rented that there place from Oliver Bay-gler, there is!"

Paul was helping old Dan carry in a fresh supply of coal from the tracks, and he heard Dan's sound bit of local disloyalty with grave delight. Dan turned to Paul. "Lead the poor lamb to slawter," he said. Paul ^{accompanied} led Elmer into the back door of the saloon, again drinking in the wonderful ^{brimish} sour fermented smell of the place. The usual ancient ^{and} red-nosed gang was at the ^{card} cribbage tables, where Paul sometimes suspected they slept at night. Oliver was standing up at the front by his safe, playing ^{Twenty-one} over the cigar counter with Con Ludington, the Singer Sewing Machine man.

"Pa," Paul eagerly said, "here's a man who wants to see about renting the warehouse." It was a moment of high pride. Oliver looked up. Elmer quietly introduced himself and then proceeded

to tell Oliver what old Dan had just said. Paul was aghast at this betrayal. He drew in his breath, waiting for the storm to break, fearing that Oliver would rush out of the place and dismember Dan's two remaining limbs. But no, there was no telling what his father would ever do...

"Ho, ho, ho!" Oliver laughed, extravagantly, uproariously, throwing back his head, slapping his ^{thigh} ~~leg~~, incredulously wagging his head from side to side. "That's a good one! -- Did you hear that Ludington? -- I've got men sleepin' in depots an' boxcars -- Ho, ho -- Oh me, oh my -- --" Oliver was quite taken with this frank young man. After he had "ho-hoed" ^{sufficiently} long enough to reduce Dan's absurd insinuation to the realm of senile whimsey, he bought Elmer a drink and then softly asked him if he wanted to look through the warehouse. Paul stirred restlessly. ^{Another grand tour,} Another semi-annual prowl was about to commence. "Can you step up there now?" Oliver ^{asked,} ~~said.~~ ^{stroking his chin,}

"I've seen it," Elmer said, smiling slightly. "Is ^{the place} ~~it~~ for rent?"

"Why yes --" Oliver began, ^{uncertainly} Paul could see that Oliver thought this was a strange tenant, indeed, who would deny him the morbid pleasure of rehearsing once again ^{his smash hit!} the drama of the ninety-nine-year lease. "Why yes," Oliver repeated. "That is -- all but the upstairs. I kinda store a few odds an' ends up there." Paul thought this last was a masterpiece of understatement. Oliver frowned and grew petulant. "But can't I show you the place, young fella?"

Elmer grinned his infectious slow blond grin that wrinkled his nose and the corners of his blue eyes. He shook his head. "Give me the key, Sir, and I'll pay you three months rent in advance -- By the way, what is the rental?" In an awed voice Oliver told him. Elmer drew out his wallet and counted out the money over the bar. "And a round of drinks for the house," he added. There was an instant scraping of chairs and a rapid shuffle from the cribbage tables. There was a "live one" in the house... Elmer looked down at Paul and ^{broadly} winked. "How's that, pardner? And what's yours on my new garage?"

Paul stood up on the bar rail next to Oliver's new tenant, happily drinking his cream soda with his new friend. When they were done, Elmer pocketed his change ~~shook hands with Oliver,~~ ^{Oliver and Elmer briefly clasped each others hands. Both of them smiled slightly - a sort of} and asked Paul to accompany him up to the warehouse. Paul was delighted. ^{They were nearly out} the back door when Oliver called after them. "Hey ^{there!} Don't you want a receipt for your rent, young fella?" Elmer carelessly waved his hand at Oliver. "When you drop up sometime you can give it to me ^{Landlord,} he casually answered. ^{Paul and Elmer}

It was only when Elmer was putting the key in the lock of the front door that Paul remembered that another ancient precedent had been smashed. Not only hadn't Elmer been ^{boasted} ~~shown~~ through the warehouse -- but he hadn't signed a ninety-nine-year lease on the place! Why, there wasn't

knows the words for long people.
 Paul and Elmer
 smiling and
 Paul thought.

any lease at all. All Oliver had was a blond smile and a handshake. As Elmer and Paul entered the moldy, littered ^{warehouse,} place, Paul reflected that perhaps this was Fate -- that ^{maybe this} ~~it~~ was the one way to lift the ~~spell~~ ^{evil spell from} ~~on~~ the place... ~~Paul's guess had been right. Elmer~~

~~regularly~~



BONNIE

Paul's guess had been right. Elmer regularly paid his rent.

Oliver was consequently very fond of Elmer and frequently extolled his merits at the dinner table. "That young fella's a born mechanic, I tell you -- a mechanical genius. There ain't

nothin' he can't fix!" He would draw for Belle odious comparisons between Elmer's pure art and the manifold deficiencies of his own fumbling sons. "Why take your ~~son~~ baby, there," he ~~said~~ ^{told Belle}

one day, referring to Paul, who was indeed sadly lacking in the faintest rudiments of mechanical

^{knowledge or}

dexterity -- "The other day I ast him to drive a staple in a fence post out at the farm -- an'

^{there}
he bent the bloody staple an' hit his finger ^{an' he just stood / an' bawled."} Oliver shook his head ^{wearily} and spoke to the ceiling.

^{woman,}
"When I was his age I dug and built an outhouse in one day -- mind you, all alone!" Paul

~~silently~~ burned with ^{silent} shame ^{over this exposure} and wished Oliver had fallen into the structure. Belle quickly smiled and blinked her eyes at Paul.

"Wouldn't it be a strange world though, Oliver, if all of us were mechanics?" Belle ^{innocently} asked her husband, turning her bland, smooth face and steady gray eyes ^{on} ~~to~~ him. Paul felt a warm rush of gratitude towards his mother, and another feeling, increasingly frequent of late, that in some subtle way she was constantly poking fun at this great, infallible man...

"The thing is -- you got to be deliberate," ^{daringly} continued this giant of impulse, wagging his ^{great middle} finger at the boys, ignoring Belle's thrust, driving home his moral with true and steady aim.

"Before you boys start monkeyin' with anythin'" -- here Nicky daringly grinned at Link -- "you got to study it an' understand it, an' know which a way you're headin'. Be deliberate..."

When Oliver bought the wrecked Model T Ford from Ed Schwemin, it was Elmer who repaired it and taught Oliver to drive it. When Oliver ^{gleefully discovered} found some new gadget to hang on the auto -- as he hungrily thumbed through Elmer's accessory catalogs -- it was Elmer who ^{promptly} got it for him wholesale. Oliver lavished on his Model T all the love and affection which he carefully refrained from exhibiting in his home. When he bought Whistling Ed's car, he soon found he had just the ~~more bare~~ framework of his real desire, like a man who buys a fireplace before he builds his house.

In less than six months the old Model T looked like a painted harridan as it sputtered down Main Street, with Oliver proudly hunched over ^{the escape of} the new over-size wheel, ^{his paralytic steering} pressing his hideous ^{- sounding} new Klaxon horn, ^{- which, far from accelerating, pedestrian peasants, froze them with horror in their tracks.} trampling on two and sometimes even all three of the foot pedals with his size ^{special} ^{rubber-capped} thirteen shoes. ^{Oliver} He had bedecked the poor car with patented projecting mirrors and spotlights; an eagle flew from the radiator cap; a huge metal trunk sagged from behind over the sighing new shock absorbers; a ^{new} tourist rack enclosing ^{special} emergency cans for gas, oil and water flowed along the left running board. ^{The vehicle looked like a caravon.} Under the tiny hood was a maze of gas-saving gadgets and anti-palpitants. The chassis and undergear was as full of ^{splashing} pads, ^{and thruses} and rubber slings and ^{felt automobile} washers as an old actor. Oliver had covered over all this glory in a paint he had found in a pail upstairs over the garage -- a fancy color it was, Golf Green. He insisted that ^{this color} it would be less apt to ^{startle} frighten the deer, driving to and from the South Camp. ^{Paul thought it was a debatable point...}

Lawyer Belden had crystallized Paul's growing ^{shame} and horror over the car. Paul and Fritz were standing on Main Street one day as Oliver drove by. Lawyer Belden was standing nearby talking to old Mr. Dyson. After Oliver's car had shuddered past, Lawyer Belden quietly ^{spoke} said to Mr. Dyson, "There goes Oliver Biegler's Ford -- all dressed up like a whore going to a christening!"

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2. ^{had finished} high school. He

Paul's brother Lincoln ^{was} eighteen and worked at Elmer Lessard's garage. Elmer was very fond of Lin and frequently urged Oliver to send the boy ^{on} to college. "He's ~~the~~ ^{good great monkey,} more than a ~~mechanic~~, Oliver," Elmer would ^{frequently} tell Paul's father, "he's a sort of a mechanical dreamer ⁱⁿ he seems to ^{see} the ^{large} plan and drift of the principles with which he works. ^{He} Elmer's blue eyes would get a faraway look. "That boy ^{of yours} could go far, Oliver..." Oliver would usually ^{through} throw back his head and guffaw at such a ^{wild} fancy, reminding Elmer of the historic anthurus he had ^{once} ^{seen} and built from dawn to dusk. ^{"An' I was only fourteen... Hello Elmer -} The boy don't know enough to come in out of the rain!" "College! Balls!"

~~3 final please~~ attending ^{2.} CHAPTER 10. 11. ^{Brother} in the ~~brotherhood~~,
Paul's brother Lincoln was eighteen and worked at Elmer Lessard's garage. Link had already started to shave and go to the Saturday night dances at MacDonald's Hall which stood on a Main Street corner two blocks south of Oliver's saloon. This hall occupied the third story of the brick MacDonald Block -- "A. D. 1882" the ~~grand~~ ^{pride} cornerstone read -- and also housed one of the many local fraternal lodges. The walls were hanging and emblazoned with ^{the lodges} that organization's ~~luxuriant~~ ^{elaborate} draperies and trappings and plaques and tantalizing evidences of exclusive and mysterious ritual. The ceiling was festooned with colored crepe bunting, which always seemed a little dusty and faded, twisted in gala strands to the ornate brass chandelier which foamed out of the ceiling in the center.

Fritz's bachelor uncle, Richard Jaeger, led the orchestra and played the piano. He was a ^{small-featured} slender, ^{bulging} dark man with a large forehead and a thin moustache. "Jaeger's Jass Band," the orchestra had been called, but lately Richard had renamed his group Jaeger's Jazz Band, a subtlety of spelling and phonetics which was lost on Paul. At night, even in wintertime, Paul would often stand in the shadows by Jaeger's big house on the opposite corner of his block and ^{watch and} listen to Richard playing the ^{big} grand piano. Richard never worked, even at Christmas time during the rush at Jaeger's big store with the clock tower. Fritz was very fond of his uncle, ^{Richard} despite the fact that he thought him a little "nuts." Not to be outdone, Paul told Fritz about his own Uncle Karl, ^{and the time he had leapt} the one who ~~dived~~ off the boat ~~for the coins~~ when Paul was a baby... Paul's spine would tingle as he stood outside of Jaeger's house listening while this slender, silent man with the long bony fingers played all the latest pieces -- "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "In My Harem," "Missouri Waltz," "When You're Away," "St. Louis Blues" -- Richard knew them all.

Since Fritz and Paul had become friends, Paul would occasionally be taken into this big, deep-carpeted house with the stained glass windows and actually sit and watch Richard play the piano. He rarely ^{read} ~~used~~ music, and never seemed backward about playing for anyone. He always appeared a little tired and bored and seemed scarcely aware that the boys were around. Best of all Paul liked it when Richard dreamed over the piano, which he often did, ^{bending his head sideways down over the keys like a piano-tuner,} working out oddly beautiful and dissonant arrangements of the current favorites, or playing fractured and fragmentary improvisations on haunting melodies which Paul had never before heard. Richard played the piano beautifully, ^{He was entirely different from Belle's playing.} ~~even better than Belle~~, Paul disloyally concluded. There was a sure ^{strangled} and yet subtly modulated masculine touch about his playing, ^(often possessed a tortured quality which was) his harmonies ~~were~~ ^{and} disturbingly different from any Paul had ever heard...

brooding pensiveness
boyish exhilaration and moodiness like Paul himself.

Of her three boys Link was most like Belle. He even looked like her, having the same small capable hands and delicate bone structure, the same short quick step, the same sort of oddly aristocratic carriage which, *for some vague reason,* to Paul always conjured up the word "plucky," *Link had the* the same large quiet gray eyes and wide high brows, Belle's same pale, calm expression -- "O false-faced Dutch woman!" -- her thin, high-bridged nose, somewhat curved and slightly flaring at the nostrils... This was quiet brother Link, who enjoyed dancing with all the girls at MacDonald's Hall and taking the "night air" with one of them afterwards, and who worked as a mechanic at Elmer Lessard's garage and proudly paid his board to Oliver, and who, at eighteen, stoutly believed that he would only be young once...

notes.
Insert A
the music is distant, that only certain notes are heard
Then even this sound would die into silence, then surge back
seemed oddly dominant, again, sometimes fleetingly near
in a rush of cascading notes, tails
oddly dominant of
carried through
fleetingly

Insert A

On summer nights when the breeze was favorable Paul would lie in bed by his open window and listen to the strains of the orchestra, wavering and receding, floating high above the burly and scuffle of Saturday night in downtown Chippewa. Then later, as the town grew quiet, Paul could even hear Richard playing his frequent solo passages on the piano. This far music at times was so distant that only certain oddly dominant notes carried through to Paul, then the sound would whisper and die into utter silence, then fleetingly surge back in a rush of cascading notes. Paul lay listening with aching avidness to the hauntingly sad and fugitive quality of these broken snatches of tinkling music, coming from too far away, rising and then fading, softly borne on the air of the still summer night... Paul could visualize Richard sitting at the battered piano in the dusty, smoky dance hall, staring into space, looking so much like the pictures of a poet called Poe, lonely and oblivious of the shuffling couples, expressing in the only way that he could the troubled quality of his secret dreams.

On Saturday nights, however, it was Jaeger's Jazz Band, and tired Richard and his musicians huddled up on the ^{high-narrow} little platform at the front of MacDonald's Hall and thumped and played for the dancing pleasure of brother Link and the other young bloods of Chippewa. The tall ornately-carved chairs of the ^{reigning} knights of the lodge would be ^{used} occupied by Richard's perspiring musicians, ^{resting there between mumbles} while the ^{violinist with a handkerchief tucked in his collar} chairs of the lesser fraternity brothers were backed against the high shuttered windows on the street side of the room and against the ^{opposite} wall under the rows of ^{draped and} bewhiskered pictures of deceased lodge potentates, ^{smaller} on the other. These chairs of the lodge commoners would be ^{occupied} used by the young women and girls, while like restless steers the young men ^{stared and} milled about the far double doors by the entrance, ^{tall wooden doors,} slotted for grim inspection by inner and outer guards on lodge nights, but now standing open for all to enter who could pay: "GENTS 75¢ 50¢ -- LADIES 25¢."

Richard Jaeger and his band would strike up the music, perhaps the latest favorite, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the knots of ^{ragged} young men would break up and eddy about the room, seeking out a partner for the dance. There was a boisterous democracy about MacDonald's Hall where ^{glowing and soaped} blonde Finnish and Scandinavian hired girls gaily rubbed elbows with the daughters of their mistresses, despite the fact that "nice" girls were not supposed to go there on Saturday nights and were somehow believed to be "fast" if they did. (Insert A, please)

On summer nights, when the breeze was right, Paul would lie in bed by his open window and listen to the ^{strains of the} orchestra's ^{downtown} wavering and receding, ^{Occasionally} strains floating ^{high} above the burly and scuffle of Saturday night in Chippewa. ^{even} Sometimes Paul could hear Richard playing alone, ^{a solo passage on the piano,} and he lay ^{Paul lay} listening with aching avidness to the hauntingly sad and fugitive quality of these broken ^{in which certain notes seemed to be dominant,} snatches of tinkling music, ^{sometimes fleetingly} coming from too far away, ^{even} rising and then fading, softly borne on the air of ^{the} a still summer night. Paul could visualize Richard sitting at the piano in the dusty, smoky dancehall, looking so much like the pictures of a poet called Poe, ^{lonely and} oblivious of the shuffling couples, expressing in the only way that he could the ^{troubled} elusive quality of his ^{secret} lonely dreams. (.)

Short olive-skinned Link loved to dance and he danced with all of the girls until the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" died away, and a tired and cynical Richard Jaeger paid off his men and put on his derby hat and form-fitting ^{top} coat with the velvet collar. Richard then walked rapidly -- always alone -- over to Oliver's saloon and drank several double whiskies with water and then made his way, still alone, to his darkened home on Hematite Street. As for Link, Paul occasionally overheard him telling Nicky of the "little pippin" he had taken home that Saturday night. "Her name was Daisy -- and da-as-is don't tell!"

See Insert A on back of P. 11

wouldn't do anything wrong" -- here ^{knowing} Nicky might wink at Paul -- "but I couldn't sleep a wink till you got in. While I realize you're young and full of high spirits, still you're too young to be out all hours this way. Please come home earlier -- for my sake," she would plead, making excuses for him as she spoke, anxiously waiting for him to reassure her.

A slow, wistfully attractive smile would spread over Link's usually solemn, oval-shaped face. "Don't forget the night air, Mom. 'Night air is bad for growing young people,'" he would say to her in his low drawling voice, so different from the usual staccato "tawk" of Chippewa, quoting one of her dearest girlhood beliefs. This usually made Belle reluctantly smile. It was only once that Link had reminded her that since Oliver wouldn't send him to college, and insisted that he work at Elmer Lessard's garage and pay board, he should be able to stay out late once in a while. That time tears had come into Belle's eyes... Anyway, that was not Link's way. Link, the quiet, wryly humorous one, never liked to hurt anyone's feelings. He had a quiet horror of dissension and bickering and gratuitous hurt. "Aw, Mom," he would conclude, "a fellow's only young once. In a few years I'll be married and settled down and be ^{or} bringing your grandchildren over here to take piano lessons or" -- and his dark face would cloud -- "or maybe I'll be in the War. Who knows? We're only young once." And he would get up and go over and awkwardly pat her shoulder and give her a fleeting kiss. "Don't worry, Mom -- we're only young once..."

Paul was not so sure. He often wondered if Link ^{had been} ~~was~~ ever young. Link had always seemed to Paul to be one of those persons who were born old, who somehow, all of their ^{childhood} ~~lives~~, at any stage and under whatever circumstances, appeared to possess a quiet maturity, a sort of adult reserve, which set them apart from other young people. Link was that way. Ever since Paul was a child he had possessed a curious feeling ~~that~~ when Link ^{came to} ~~was at~~ the table, ^{even} with Oliver and all of the family, ^{there, that} the head of the table was where Link sat. It had been so the night, years before, when Oliver had struck Link, and young Oliver had intervened. That was the time young Oliver and brother Emmett had run away...

It was not that Link was sad or moody or ^{affected by} ~~given to~~ fits of depression. On the contrary, ^{he} ~~he~~ had a quick and even rollicking sense of humor, and next to Belle he was the most even-tempered member of the Biegler household. It was more than ^{pure self-} ~~patience~~; it was a restraint, a self-control, a sort of calm ability to wait... Indeed, it seemed to Paul it was this very evenness, this sure control of himself, that set him apart from the other boys. He was not quick-tempered and he never flared up explosively like brother Nicky. Nor was he nervous and jumpy -- "high strung," Belle called it -- and given to ^{moods} ~~fits~~ of quick

After the dance the dancers would pair off and the girls be "escorted" home or some of them, on warm summer nights, "for just a walk" to the silent hills and bluffs surrounding the town. Some ^{among} of the couples and the thwarted swains would repair to Tasker's restaurant for a lunch or ^{sit under the imitation palms over at} ~~the palm-studded~~ Acropoulos' Candy Kitchen for a soda or banana split at the round marble-topped tables under the whirling drone of the large propellor fans. The "fast crowd," the utterly dissolute, would go to Urho Suomikoski's Cafe, run in conjunction with Urho's saloon, and there drink foaming steins of beer and even whiskey, Paul had heard it darkly rumored, until closing time.

Belle did not mind Link's dancing but she worried over the late hours he kept. When Oliver was not around she would speak to Link about it. Paul was learning ^{the pattern of} these inconclusive lectures by heart. "Lincoln, why can't you get home at a reasonable hour?" Belle would say, at the Sunday breakfast table, smoothing the tablecloth with her hand, peering uncertainly at Link, reaching for her glasses. "The dance was over hours before you came in last night. ^{She would hesitate.} "I -- I know you wouldn't do anything wrong" -- here knowing Nicky might wink at Paul -- "but I couldn't sleep a wink till you got in. While I realize you're young and full of high spirits, still you're too young to be out all hours this way. Please come home earlier -- for my sake," she would plead, making excuses for him as she spoke, anxiously waiting for him to reassure her.

A slow, wistfully attractive smile would spread over Link's usually solemn, oval-shaped face. "Don't forget the night air, Mom. 'Night air is bad for growing young people,'" he would ^{reciting one of Belle's dearest girlhood beliefs, speaking} say to her in his low drawling voice, so different from the ^{northern} usual staccato "tawk" of Chippewa, ^{quoting one of her dearest girlhood beliefs.} This ^{quotation} usually made Belle reluctantly smile. It was only once that Link had ^{hesitantly} reminded her that since Oliver wouldn't send him to college, and insisted that he work at Elmer Lessard's garage and pay board, he should be able to stay out late once in a while. That time tears had come into Belle's ^{gray} eyes... Anyway, that was not Link's way. Link, the quiet, wryly humorous one, never liked to hurt anyone's feelings. He had a quiet horror of dissension and bickering and gratuitous hurt. "Aw, Mom," he would conclude, "a fellow's only young once. In a few years I'll be married and settled down and be bringing your grandchildren over here to take piano lessons or" -- and his dark face would cloud -- "or maybe I'll be in the War. Who knows? We're only young once." And he would get up and go over and awkwardly pat her shoulder and give her a fleeting kiss, ^{sitting there, pleased and dubious and still} ^{leaving Belle smiling uncertainly.} "Don't worry, Mom -- we're only young once..."

Paul was not so sure. He often wondered if Link had ever been young. Link had always seemed to Paul to be one of those persons who were born old, who somehow, all of their childhood,

1 please on ~~the~~ REVERSE THIS USE

Paul's Lincoln Brother Link was eighteen and worked at Elmer Lessard's garage. ^{Link} He had already started to shave and go to the Saturday night dances at MacDonald's Hall. ^{which stood on a corner on Main Street two blocks south of Alvin's Saloon.} This gathering place, on

^{This hall occupied} the third story of the brick MacDonald Block -- "A. D. 1882" the proud cornerstone read -- ^{and} also housed one of the many local fraternal lodges ^{The walls were hanging and embossed} and hung with that organization's luxuriant draperies and trappings and plaques and tantalizing evidences of exclusive and mysterious ritual. The ceiling was festooned with ^{colored} crepe bunting, which always seemed a little dusty and faded, twisted in gala strands to the ^{ornate} old brass ~~gas~~ chandelier which foamed out of the ceiling in the center.

Fritz's bachelor uncle, Richard Jaeger, led the orchestra and played the piano. ^{He was a slender, dark man with a thin mustache.} "Jaeger's Jass Band" ^{the orchestra} it had been called, but lately Richard had ^{renamed} started to call his group Jaeger's Jazz Band, a subtlety of spelling and phonetics which was entirely lost on Paul. At night, even in

wintertime, Paul would often stand in the shadows by Jaeger's big house on the opposite corner of his block and listen to Richard playing ^{was very fond of his uncle, despite the fact that he} on the grand piano. Richard never worked even at Jaeger's store, ^{big with the clock towers.} Fritz thought his uncle was a little "nuts," ^{Not to be outdone.} and Paul told Fritz about his own Uncle Karl, ^{the one who dove for the coins when Paul was a baby...} Paul's spine would tingle as he stood outside ^{off the boat} listening while this slender, silent man with the long bony fingers played all the latest pieces -- "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "In My Harem," "Missouri Waltz," "When You're Away," "St. Louis Blues" -- Richard knew them all.

Since Fritz and Paul had become friends, Paul would occasionally be taken into this big, deep-carpeted house with the stained glass windows and actually sit and watch Richard play the piano. ^{We rarely used music, and never seemed} Richard was never backward about playing for anyone. He always appeared a little tired and bored and ^{seemed} scarcely ^{aware} seemed to know that the boys were around. Best of all Paul liked it when Richard ^{seemed} appeared to dream over the piano, which he often did, working out oddly beautiful and dissonant arrangements of the current favorites, or playing fractured and fragmentary improvisations on haunting melodies which Paul had never before heard. Richard played the piano beautifully -- even better than Belle, Paul disloyally concluded. There was a sure and yet subtly modulated masculine touch about his playing, ^{distinctly} his harmonies were different from any Paul had ever heard.

On Saturday nights, however, it was Jaeger's Jazz Band, and tired Richard and his musicians huddled up on the little platform at the front of MacDonald's Hall and thumped and played for the dancing pleasure of brother Link and the other young bloods of Chippewa. ~~On summer nights, when the breeze was right, Paul would lie in bed and listen to the orchestra's wavering and receding strains rising above the burly of Saturday night in Chippewa.~~ ^{by his open window} The tall ornately-

Insert A

at any stage and under whatever circumstances, ^{even in their play,} appeared to possess a quiet maturity, a sort of adult reserve, which set them apart from other young people. Link was that way. Ever since Paul was a child he had possessed a curious feeling when Link came to the table, even with Oliver and all of the family there, that the head of the table was where Link sat. It had been so the night, years before, when Oliver had struck Link, and young Oliver had intervened. That was the time young Oliver and brother Emmett had run away...

It was not that Link was sad or moody or affected by fits of depression. On the contrary he had a quick and even rollicking sense of humor, and next to Belle he was the most even-tempered member of the Biegler household. It was more than patience, Paul felt; it was a restraint, a ^{deliberate} self-control, a sort of calm ability to wait... Indeed, it seemed to Paul it was this very evenness, this sure control of himself, that set him apart from the other boys. He was not quick-tempered and he never flared up explosively like brother Nicky. Nor was he nervous and jumpy -- "high strung," Belle called it -- and given to moods of quick exhilaration and brooding pensiveness like Paul himself.

Of her three boys Link was most like Belle. He even looked like her, having the same small capable hands and delicate bone structure, the same short quick step, the same sort of oddly aristocratic carriage which, for some vague reason, to Paul always conjured up the word "plucky." Link had the same large quiet gray eyes and wide high brows, Belle's same ^{darkly} pale, calm expression -- "O false-faced Dutch woman!" -- her thin, high-bridged nose, somewhat curved and slightly flaring at the nostrils... This was quiet brother Link, who enjoyed dancing with all the girls at MacDonald's Hall and taking the "night air" with one of them afterwards, and who worked as a mechanic at Elmer Lessard's garage and proudly paid his board to Oliver, and who, at eighteen, stoutly believed that he would only be young once...

carved chairs of the reigning knights of the lodge would be occupied by Richard's perspiring musicians, while the chairs of the lesser fraternity brothers were backed against the high shuttered windows on ^{the street} one side of the room and against the wall under the ^{rows of} bewhiskered pictures of deceased lodge potentates on the other. These chairs of the lodge commoners would be used by the young women and girls, while like restless steers the young men milled about the far double doors ^{by the entrance} slotted for grim inspection by inner and outer guards on lodge nights, but now standing open for all to enter who could pay: "GENTS 50¢ -- LADIES 25¢."

Richard Jaeger and his band would strike up the music, perhaps the latest favorite, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the knots of young men would break up and eddy about the room, seeking out a partner for the dance. There was a boisterous democracy about MacDonald's Hall which ^{where} had blonde Finnish and Scandinavian hired girls ^{gaily rubbing} elbows with the daughters of their mistresses, despite the fact that "nice" girls were not supposed to go there on Saturday nights and were somehow believed to be "fast" if they did.

^{insert X here} Short olive-skinned Link loved to dance and he danced with all of ^{the girls} them until the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" died away, and a tired and cynical Richard Jaeger paid off his men and put on his derby hat and form-fitting coat with the velvet collar. Richard then walked rapidly -- always alone -- over to Oliver's saloon and drank several double whiskies with water and then made his way, still alone, to his darkened home on Hematite Street. As for Link... Paul occasionally ^{over} heard him telling Nicky of the "little pippin" he had taken ~~home~~ that Saturday night.

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1 draft place
3-8-44



Oliver's warhome on Canada Street, ^{occupied by} Elmer Lessard's garage, was one of those fated structures which abound in ^{the} small towns ^{of America}, in which no enterprise ever succeeded. There was a "hant" on the place, and insolvency ^{and despair} was the portion of any optimistic soul who sought to dispute it. For years Oliver had been vainly trying to get a tenant in the place who ^{could} pay ^{his} rent. Oliver enjoyed the heady feeling of being a landlord, ^{and} it gave him an opportunity to use his ^{knowledge of} double-entry bookkeeping ^{system}.

"This here place is centrally located," Oliver would say to some hapless prospect, as they prowled about the place, ^{"an' quite well close to the railroad tracks."} And indeed it was. If it were any closer to the railroad tracks it would have been ^{at these times} run over. Oliver would grow pensive, drawing the palm of ^{dubiously shaking his head,} his big hand under his chin, ^{depressing his eye,} "I kinda hate to let the place go again - I got all my ^{tools and} woods paraphernalia here." ^{Then} But ^{there would be sudden} note of firm resolution. ^{Enough of this childish indecision.} "But I'll tell you what - I'll let you have it. Here - I got a little lease all drawn up. What do you say?"

At this point Oliver would produce a lease which he had painfully typed out ^{with one finger} ~~himself~~ at his desk down at the saloon, on an ancient machine which was ^{the} residuary legacy of a former tenant ^{of the warhome}. This machine typewrote ^{stammering, repeating} each letter twice, in an engaging lavender ink. But Oliver did not ^{seem to} mind. ^{Paul thought that perhaps it} ~~it~~ struck him that the document would ~~thus~~ thereby be ^{doubly} ~~once~~ binding. "You sign on that line there," Oliver ~~he said~~ would say, pointing ~~to~~ at the lease he had copied out of Maitland's "Every Man His Own Lawyer." Oliver had a deep distrust of all attorney, and would fit Maitland against the Supreme Court any day in the ^{week}. Paul ^{would stand} stood in quiet awe, watching the master at work. He held his breath, whispering over and

over to himself, "Don't sign, don't sign, you ^{poor} bloody fool... Don't you know ~~that~~ you'll go broke... The place is bewitched... It'll mean we got to move all this ^{bloody} junk around again -- Oh, there, he's signing it... Oh Lord, there goes another one..."

~~It was unfair, it was so.~~

Oliver would triumphantly ~~sign~~ fold the case and put it away and shake hands with his new tenant. ^{Mr. Allen} "You're getting a real bargain, mister. Nice an' close to the tracks an' everything..." Paul thought it was unfair, it was no matter, that somehow ^{a dark} hypnosis entered into the transaction. ~~There had been a~~ This ritual of the lead was ^{multiple} virtually an annual affair. The old warehouse ^{bore} the ^{marks} evidences of the legions of tenants who had briefly ^{rooted} squatted there. It still stank from the rotten apples of a ^{discomolate} ~~discouraged~~ fruit merchant who had finally fled Chippewa with his ^{blonde} bookkeeper. The walls were bedimmed with great gobs of paint left by a ^{partnership of} bankrupt decorators. The upstairs groaned with the weight of the brownstone tombstones left by a defunct monument company. One of these stones, a little marker with a child's head carved on it, read simply "Paul." ^{and bed at night} Paul indulged in dark speculation on ~~the~~ the reasons why Oliver kept it.

floor

Invent A

The old two-story frame building had been built by Paul's grandfather ^{Beigler} years before as a storage place for his beer. There was a damp stone-walled ~~basement~~ basement with a stone floor. The ground floor was a series of ^{flimsily} partitioned rooms, ^{more like coops!} lighted by ^a rippling windows ^{There was a sliding side door in the alleyway and a double door in the recess} on the front from the ceiling to the floor. The upstairs was a storage room, which Oliver re-ventilated with the rest of the building, a place of creaking pine rafters and fluttering pigeons. The three floors were joined by a great-wheeled elevator, operated by ^{hand with} an endless rope. This upstairs was ^{criss-crossed with} packed to the rafters with a most curious assortment of articles. There were ^{boxes of} lumber, ^{old} furniture and ^{old} barrels of dirty dishes ^{from} the home of Oliver's parents, ^{leather} ^{battered and ungoing} ^{old} ^{trunks} ^{full} of letters and clothing, ^{an Old German bible which weighed an hundred lbs.} ^{old} beer, ^{beer} obsolete saloon fixtures, tables, chairs, pumps, chandeliers. From the rafters dangled dozens of Alaskan kerosene lamps which formerly adorned the ^{bar} saloon, and pails of hardened paint left by a former tenant. There was an old weight lifting machine from the saloon, and also a kerosene-lighted slot machine ^{picture views of} of "Paris at Night," ^{Paul's brother had got the pictures} ^{old} ^{wooden} wall telephones, a yard long, a pile of tombstones, also left by a former tenant — the list was endless. There was even ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~at~~ ^{at} dust-covered racing sulky with hard-rubber tires, a memento of the days when Oliver used to race at the County Fair. ^{an} This was Oliver's warehouse, ^{for} which he endlessly strove to find a paying tenant...

and only narrow broken by double doors. expanse of

partitioned

early

Mar. 11, 1944

1 draft, plus

When ^{would} ~~before~~ the desperate tenants finally abandon the warehouse, ^{springing} fleeing the lease, leaving ninety-eight or more years of the term dangling in midair, they were usually so deep in Oliver's debt, so eager to get hence from the damp and malodorous building, ^{and} so filled with black despair, that ^{when} they usually left all manner of their belongings behind them. ^{like refugees fleeing before the advancing enemy.} By some uncanny instinct Oliver had these wild flights timed to the day, often ^{to} the very hour.

As Oliver sensed that ~~the end of~~ ^{another} a beautiful landlord and tenant relationship was ^{drawing} ~~coming~~ to ^{close,} ~~close,~~ he would employ various diabolical ^{shifts and} ruses to hasten the evacuation. In this way more loot was apt to be left behind. One of his favorite stratagems, as the ~~at~~ zero hour approached, was to dispatch some sad-eyed barfly from the saloon up to the warehouse to casually drop the word ^{that} Oliver had ~~gone to camp~~ left that morning to spend the day at camp. "But he belongs to be ^{gettin'} back now most anytime ^{before dark}." This last intelligence was ^{crucial} vital to spread ^{hasten} confusion in the ranks. ^{After planting these seeds the} The barfly would ^{then} ~~leave~~ ^{depart}. This ^{departure} would invariably be followed by a wild and hurried final spit from the premises, the frantic tenant usually trying to remove all of his possessions in one groaning drayload on Benny Gobb's dray.

In the meantime Oliver would be waiting down at the saloon, ^{pacing up and down,} getting periodic bulletins on the ^{course of the} retreat from

accomplish. Almost
his boozey ~~presence~~ ^{presence} Before the harried tenant had
rounded the corner of Tilford's Drug Store on Main ~~Street~~
and Canada Streets, Oliver would descend on the place,
invoking some ^{mysterious} ~~crafty~~ provision of his lease, putting
~~the~~ ^{new} second-hand locks on all the doors, ^{and} gleefully
appropriating everything that had been left behind.

Paul felt certain that Oliver enjoyed ^{most} gathering
in this miscellaneous swag ^{infinitely more} than he ever did receiving
his ^{regular} rent payments. Oliver would stride about the
^{littered and} ^{desolated} place, poking in ^{his} boxes, and ~~not~~ peering in drawers
and cubby-holes, grunting and ahing over each new
surprise. "My, my - a ^{new} ^{new} cribbage board and a ^{new} deck of
cards! ^{My poker chips!} Who wonder the ^{lazy} bastard failed - sittin' around
on his fat prat all day playin' cards! Ah, look
what we have here..."

There was always this thrill of discovery, of
unexpected treasure, like the time the Chippewa Monument
works had left ^{behind} the ghastly row of ^{tombstones.} ~~monuments~~. Oliver
had gloated over them like a ghoul. ~~This~~ It was
this same establishment that had forsaken the
stuttering typewriter, along with boxes full of
unused pads of gummed order blanks for tombstones,
all in triplicate, first ^{on} white ^(poker), then pale green, then pink.
All through the ^{lower} ~~primary~~ grades in school Paul had
been obliged to use the backs of these hateful order
blanks in place of ^{regular tablets.} ~~pads~~. Oliver had put an inventory
value on each pad and doled them out to Paul, ^{six} ~~one~~

at a time, ^{scrupulously} crediting the transaction to this ancient ^{few of the pads left - but just the fall before} ~~unpaid rent~~ ^{account} ~~balance~~ in his double-entry books. Olwin was not going to be hoisted on the petard of his own lease, despite the fact that the poor, ^{flown} monument men were probably long since sleeping under their last tombstone. There were still a

It had come about this way: ^{He had} ^{subconsciously} chosen her, simply because she was standing up there in front of him. ^{before} ^{with} ^{grave} Paul had ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~fallen~~ ^{fallen} out of these one of these ^{tombstone} order blanks to fit his school teacher, ^{the} sweet, ^{lovely} ~~woman~~ ^{tried} ~~named~~ ^{NAME: Karen} ^{Lindquist} ^{Paterson}; DATE OF DEATH: 'October 2nd'; DATE OF BIRTH: 'The Lord ~~only~~ ^{her} knows, being ^{contemporary}, but He won't tell; TYPE OF MONUMENT: 'Consult my old man, the ^{magnate of Chipewa} ^{authority on the subject} ~~used - monument~~ ^{SIZE OF MONUMENT: One} that will be sure to hold the old girl down; INSCRIPTION: 'Here lies a maiden lass, she never had

So much Paul had written, absorbed in ^{idle} ^{composition}, oblivious that Miss ^{Lindquist} ~~Paterson~~ had silently ^{glowing} ^{stood} padded around the room and ^{was} ^{standing} behind him, reading ^{the specifications of her own tombstone} over his shoulder. There was a strangled moan, and Paul wheeled about to see Miss Lindquist, grown deathly pale, supporting herself ^{between} ~~by~~ ^{two} desks. She stared down at Paul with ^{bright} ~~wide~~ ^{horrid} eyes, as though ^{were} ~~he~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ a reptile, a feeling ^{about himself} which he ^{quickly} ~~repeatedly~~ shared ^{with her} ~~with her~~. She tottered and seemed about to collapse.

"Oh, Miss Lindquist - -" Paul began, rising and reaching out to assist her. He wildly feared

in similar books and had frequently forgotten mentioning her name. (as he often did) the part of the fall to which falling

that the tombstone order might not be in vain. "Don't touch me!" Miss

Lindquist shrieked, shrinking back away from him ^{as from a leper,} "You - you monstrous ^{boy}... Oh, how could you do this to me..."

And ^{and} such a sweet good ^{mother,} too... "She ^{the stricken-woman} was finally finding relief in tears. ^{Paul's grief was boundless, gounded in the corridors,} The dismissal bell ^{rang,} and Miss

Lindquist vaguely waved the bewildered children out of the room. Paul hung back, burning with shame, and then ~~left~~ hurried from ^{was waiting for} the room. Fritz ~~met~~ ^{was waiting for} him in the hall, his ~~own~~ pale

blue eyes ~~were~~ ^{and staring} round, with curiosity. "What ^{Hully} ~~whinnies~~ ^{you} Polly, what did you do? - gook her with your jack-knife?"

Paul fought a ^{hysterical} ~~wild~~ impulse to shout and whining and leap and swear - and go back in the room and do just ^{what Fritz had feared by} ~~that~~ ^{might have done} ~~it~~. He thrust the fateful order ^{at Fritz}

at Fritz. Fritz's eyes bulged as he read on. "Oh my gawd, Polly," he whispered, "she didn't read this? Oh my gawd..."

Paul ^{nodded his head, frowning} pressed his lips tightly, seeking to control himself. ~~He~~ Little ^{quicks and} blunts of laughter constricted his ^{bowels} ~~stomach~~ and welled up his ~~throat~~ ^{pressed} and beat against his ^{lips}. Paul feared he was going to get one of Belle's laughing spells, and this ^{very fear} ~~somehow~~ seemed to add to the ~~horrible~~ ^{macabre} ~~comic~~ ^{comedy} of the situation.

Miss Lindquist ^{slowly} came out ^{of her room,} ^{silently} wearing her wraps and dabbling her red eyes with a wet handkerchief. ^{Fritz faded down the hallway.} When Paul ~~saw~~ ^{glimpsed} her she stood in the dusky corridor, staring at Paul, ~~still~~ ^{stiffly} sniffling, ~~and~~ fighting back her tears. All the laughter drained

often blamed for faults which inhered in the system and not in them;

throw his arms about her and

from Paul in an instant. Miss Lindquist looked so lost and forlorn that he wanted to cry with her. In a flash of perception he saw her as one of the brave ^{profession} ~~army~~ of unselfish women, the teachers of the world; loveless, lonely, misunderstood; sensitive, patient, intelligent; ^{constantly} paying the price of spinsterhood ^{often} because of their ^{pride and} ~~superior~~ ^{happened to be} endowments; patiently ^{and guiding and developing} ~~teaching~~ the children of lesser women, ^{who} ~~lovingly~~ ^{more adroitly} ~~lovingly~~ ^{and thwarted} on their ungrateful brats their ~~stained~~ ^{stained} ~~and thwarted~~ ^{and thwarted} affectivities... All these things were ^{sensed} ~~felt~~ by Paul. ^{He} ~~I~~ had never felt such sympathy and humility and abject shame before in his life...

"Miss Lindquist," Paul heard himself saying in a ^{croaking} ~~voice~~ ^{voice} that didn't sound like his own, "I ~~am~~ from the bottom of my heart I am sorry for what I did... Please believe me that ~~what I did~~ it was ^{entirely} ~~thoughtless~~." ~~I - I might have written it about my own~~ ~~about my own mother~~... Paul ^{impulsively} ~~clutched~~ at her hand and held it. "Next to my mother, Miss Lindquist - I think you're one of the finest ladies I ever knew. Honest cross my heart, Miss Lindquist..." Then Paul turned and ran out of the school, Fritz falling in beside him. ^{The two boys} ~~They~~ ^{down town} ~~ran~~ all the way ~~to~~ ~~Bennie's~~ ~~shop~~ the cigar shop.

On the way

Paul pledged Fritz to secrecy ~~on the way down~~. The next day Miss Lindquist acted as though ^{had ever} ~~nothing~~ ~~had~~ ~~ever~~ happened. She even smiled at Paul when she saw ^{with me} ~~him~~ ^{his} ~~new~~ ^{writing} ~~tablet~~.

On summer nights when the breeze was favorable Paul would lie in bed by his open window and listen to the strains of the orchestra, warbling and reedling, floating high above. Then later, as the town grew quiet, and the Saturday night Paul could even hear Richard playing ^{his frequent} solo passages ~~over~~ the piano. This ^{far} music, ^{at times} so distant ^{to Paul,} that only certain oddly dominant notes carried through, then the sound would ~~faded~~ ^{whisper} and ~~die~~ ^{utter} into silence, then fleetingly surge back in a rush of cascading notes. Paul lay listening with aching avidness to this hauntingly sad and fugitive quality of these broken snatches of tinkling music, coming from too far away, rising and then fading, softly borne on the air of the still summer night... Paul could visualize Richard sitting at the battered piano in the dusty, smoky dance hall, staring into space, looking so much like the pictures of a poet called Poe, lonely and oblivious of the shuffling couples, expressing in the only way that he could the troubled quality of his secret dreams.

The book and sample of Saturday night in the town of Whisper

Incert X

¶ On summer nights, when the breeze was right, Paul would lie in bed by his open window and listen to the orchestra's wailing and wailing strains floating above the bawdy and scuffle of Saturday night in Chippewa. (Not put Incert A here, NO ¶)

Invent A

Sometimes ^{Paul} ~~he~~ could hear Richard playing alone, and ^{he lay.} ~~Paul~~ listening with aching avidness to the ~~haunting~~ hauntingly sad and fugitive quality of these broken snatches of ^{tinkling} ~~fragrant~~ music, coming from too far away, rising and then fading, softly borne on the northern air of a still summer night. ~~He~~ Paul ^{could visualize} ~~could picture~~ Richard sitting at the piano in the dusty, smoky dancehall, looking so much like the pictures of a ^{lonely} poet called Poe, oblivious of the shuffling couples, ^{expressing} ~~working out~~ in the only way ^{that} he could, the elusive quality of his lonely dreams...

~~Then II, back to "The Tall, armately (and finish)~~