

Preface

The upper peninsula of Michigan is a sprawling, wedge-shaped body of land, nearly four hundred miles long, bounded on the north by ^{the world's largest inland sea,} Lake Superior, and on the south by Wisconsin and Lake Michigan. The Peninsula is a wild, harsh and broken land, ^{fantastically} scarred and gouged by ancient glaciers, and dotted and wrinkled by hundreds of swamps and lakes and rivers and endless waterways. Poetic inhabitants and the more imaginative tourists insist that the Peninsula is shaped like a great bow and arrow; a claim which dovetails rather nicely with its rich Indian lore. "Look at the map!" they insist. "Can't you see that the rugged Lake Superior shoreline forms the straining bow and the Keweenaw Peninsula the arrow?" Grosser mortals are apt to stare at the map in anguish and stupidly rub their eyes. "Can't you ~~just~~ see the arrow tip pointing north across Lake Superior into the very heart of Canada?" their inquisitors insist. Ah, yes. So may it be. Verily, the Peninsula is shaped like a bow and arrow... As for the Indians ^{themselves,} they were subdued by being ignored, and finally retreated ^{with their lore} to their reservations ^{there} to nurse their newly-acquired ^{paralysis} and alcoholism unmolested...

Large deposits of copper and iron ore were discovered on the Peninsula before the Civil War, and some fumbling, ill-fated attempts were made at mining before then; but it was not until after the war that determined bands of men, bearing corporate charters and generous land grants, swarmed over the Peninsula, grimly blasting holes and digging drifts wherever they saw the faintest outcrops of ore. A few of these early mining groups made fortunes, of course, but most of them acquired nothing more than ~~an~~ unmarked graves or, surviving, acute cases of frostbite accompanied by insolvency. Many also acquired miner's consumption--a disease which, in modern times, is more charitably dignified by the name of silicosis. Only its symptoms remain unchanged.

As most of these poorly-conceived early mining enterprises tottered and fell by the wayside, clinging to their charters and land grants, still larger corporations magically appeared on the scene, mostly from the Eastern seaboard. Since they possessed more capital and frequently more vision, they quickly acquired all the mineral rights and other assets of their pioneer predecessors--lock, stock and barrel. These new miners began to dig ore in earnest. Following in their wake came the lumber barons, eager to demolish the great stands of virgin white pine. Both groups have ever since ^{absolutely} ~~savagely~~ hacked and dug and blasted at the heart of the Peninsula--but even today it ~~still~~ remains one of the great ^{mining} ~~mineral~~ and ^{ing} ~~lumber~~ areas of the nation.

These shrewd eastern capitalists and mining promoters quickly saw that the Peninsula was a treasure house of natural wealth: rich deposits of copper and iron ore were there for the taking; the great forests of white pine helped beckon the required railroads, which in turn could haul the mined ore to the two great lakes, Superior or Michigan; and the ~~xxx~~ lakes themselves provided cheap and readily accessible highways to the smelters and foundrys on the lower lake ports, in turn so conveniently located near the eastern coal fields. It was all as neat as a pin... Congress helped to solve the labor problem by imposing what it loosely termed new immigration laws; laws which sternly provided that henceforth the eager migrants from other lands, before embarking for America, must possess the fare and be able to walk up and down the gangplank. None ~~other~~ had better apply... But resourceful employers all over the country--not only in the Peninsula--quickly solved the problem: they found ways to advance the immigrant his fare, upon proper security, of course; and while some immigrants were often too seasick to hobble down the gangplank when they arrived, rarely were any turned back save those who might be openly toting a smoking bomb or loudly threatening the life of the current President...

~~But~~ By the late '70's and early '80's mining ^{and lumbering were highly} ~~was a~~ profitable and firmly established major industry ^{ries} in the Peninsula, and those ubiquitous people who delight in drawing such comparisons soon discovered that each year there was more

gross tonnage passing ~~thru~~ through the newly-built canal at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, than touched ~~any~~ at any other port in the world. "Even New York!" they crowed. At long last the Peninsula was yielding its ancient treasure...

Among the immigrants who early came to America and settled in the Peninsula was Nicholas Biegler--lately a deserter from the Imperial German Army--and his wife, Marthe. They settled in the iron-mining town of Chippewa, where Nicholas opened a brewery. The beer was good; the miners were thirsty; and the brewery prospered. By and by Nicholas and Marthe Beigler had a son called Oliver. Oliver Beigler grew up to be a tall, restless and permanently angry man. He finally acquired a saloon, which also prospered, whereupon he married the new public school music teacher. Her name was Belle Donaldson and she came from Detroit. Her father was an immigrant Scot who occasionally sold seeds when he was sober and her mother came from a Dutch family long settled in the state of New York. Oliver and Belle Beigler had four sons, the youngest of whom was called Paul...

suspended
 The saloon stood on the west side of Main Street in Chippewa, Michigan. The entrance door was in the middle, and ~~there were potted ferns suspended~~ *on either side of the door* ^{supported} by sticks, standing in the tall windows ~~on either side of the door~~ *in front of the cloth curtains*. Just inside the door there was a broad standing mirror, framed in ornate mahogany and serving to screen the iniquities within. On this mirror, in gold leaf, was printed the following:

Oliver Biegler -- Saloon
 Fine Wines and Choice Liquors
 Beer -- Free Lunch

North of the saloon, on the corner next to the town square, stood the brick Miners' State Bank. There were fourteen saloons on the town's Main Street, and many more on the other streets. Today all of them were busy. For it was pay day at the town's iron mines, and hundreds of miners were downtown cashing their checks, paying bills, buying new boots and socks and heavy miner's underwear -- and most of them, ~~much~~ *to the dismay of the* ^{local} temperance workers, "sneakin' a few dollars on the ol' woman for a bloody drink or two!"

Oliver Biegler stood at the front end of his bar, up near the cigar counter, playing smear for drinks with three miners. He was a tall, big-boned man, slightly over fifty. Occasionally he glanced up from his game, looking the length of the smoky bar at his three perspiring bartenders -- the two regular bartenders, French-Canadian Charlie LeRoy and Cornishman Will Tregembo -- and the relief bartender, who helped out on pay days and Saturday nights, George Douglass. The big Swiss music box, against the opposite wall, was working overtime, obedient to nickels, the shuddering metal discs creaking up and down between each selection. Some travelling saloon artist had filled the entire wall, opposite the bar, with his alcoholic ~~visions~~ *visions*: ~~a gloomy, dank, malarial woods scene~~ *at night, dripping glooms* of no forest which ~~grew in northern Michigan, and~~ ^{even} relieved only by a troubled moon which peered from racing, troubled ^{ous} clouds.

The long, high room rang with the clink and buzz of drinking men. The worn mahogany bar ran nearly half the depth of the building. At the far end of the bar stood the free lunch counter, covered by cheese cloth against the droning flies. This was flanked by the massive ice-box. Beyond that was the partitioned, green-tabled poker room. At the back of the saloon was a small kitchen and the "Sunday door," leading out into the alley at the rear.

Behind Oliver, against the bar wall, stood the square iron safe, with the dish of colored fruit painted on its door, which was slightly ajar. It was a warm afternoon in ^{early} ~~late~~.

August.

~~June~~. Oliver had been cashing checks all day. He kept them in a smooth, worn "Green Seal" cigar box, in the safe. Each check cashed meant that he had to take at least one drink. The cuffs of his shirt were turned up once on his big wrists. Oliver's face was somewhat flushed; he was gently drunk.

Charlie LeRoy edged up along the bar and whispered to Oliver. He mopped his dark Indian face with his soiled bar apron. "Polly's here, Oliver -- says Mrs. B. wants you to come home ^{and not to forget the package --} it's the kid's birthday -- havin' a little doing. Go 'head, Oliver -- I can handle alone during the supper hour." Oliver's bartenders had a great deal of respect for Oliver's wife, Belle. "That Mrs. B. -- she's a real lady, I tell you." They always said this to each other with a sort of quiet belligerence, as though someone had challenged the proposition.

Oliver slowly nodded at Charlie and glanced down the bar at his youngest son, Paul. Oliver smiled, tossed down a drink, and turned to finish his game of cards.

Paul had come in the alley door. He stood by the free lunch counter drinking a bottle of cream soda one of the bartenders had given him. His gray eyes rested on Old Man Dwyson and "Gineral" Gaynor playing a timeless game of cribbage at one of the card tables next to the tall coal stove ^{by the opposite wall. "Fifteen - two, fifteen - four," they droned. (liquids)} Paul drank slowly, out of the bottle, savoring the ~~soda's~~ cool sweetness, enjoying the tingling sensation in his nose as he regurgitated. All the while he listened intently to the music box. To Paul its tinkling trills were compounded of the music of the spheres. The laboring machine was playing "The ~~Empress~~ ^{Eve} Waltz" -- one of his favorites ^{by a composer whose name he} Paul swayed his head ever so slightly, closing his eyes. He drank in the delicious, stale, boozy smell of the place, a combination of beer, mustard, cold ham, ^{old chesse} brine of pickled herring, ^{spilt} whiskey, tobacco smoke, over-loaded spittoons, and sweating men. It was heavenly, rivalled only by the tantalizing smell of Tilford's Drug Store...

Oliver finished his card game in a crescendo of shouts and knuckle-rapping plays. "One more, Oliver. Jus' one more!" He grinned and shook his head. He turned and closed the safe door, spun the dial, took his battered Panama hat from the top of the safe, and nodded to Paul.

Outside on Main Street Paul had to run to keep up with his father's long strides. He glanced up at his father. "Mom wants you to bring home the paper -- and a ^a package from Jack-^{Joachim's} son's hardware, Pa."

The large frame Biegler house stood on a corner at the bottom of Blueberry Hill, just a block north of the Northwestern tracks, which ran through the center of the town. As Paul and Oliver approached the crossing, Paul clutching his birthday present, old Dan Kane hobbled out of his shanty on his wooden leg. He resolutely held his warning flag aloft in his one good arm, glaring at Paul and his father, as a long, slow, iron ore drag cut him from ^{their} view. The train had two locomotives in front and pusher behind, as it hissed and cursed its ^{weight} way ^{of raw hematite ore} towards distant Escanaba and the ore docks, there to be loaded into the waiting ore boats. Paul stood there ^{beside} with his father, listening to the rhythmic rattle and din of the fleeing car trucks.

Old Dan ^{Kane} was one of the many fantastically injured industrial cripples in which the town abounded. He had got his on the railroad. One leg on one side; an arm on the other; a neat trick. Dan had an Irish brogue as rich as mulligan stew. He had the face of an old pirate, and he always shouted his most idle comment. He and Paul were good friends. Sometimes it pleased old Dan to fancy himself a wounded Civil War veteran, and he held Paul enthralled as he recounted, always in great and colorful detail, the desperate campaign in which he was so gallantly wounded. ^{Paul could hear the very rumble of artillery.} Each engagement was different but was always concluded, with a wink and a nudge, with a shouted "We routed the divils!"

One day he told Paul he had got his injuries when he had yelled "To hell with Ireland! Down with the Pope!" in a Dublin whorehouse. "They almost assassinated me," he declared. Paul laughed uncertainly and ran home to ask Belle, his mother, what a whorehouse was. "Where did you hear that, son?" Belle asked, brushing back the hair on her high broad forehead in white Presbyterian horror. Paul told her Dan's story. She pursed her lips into a horrible grimace in her efforts to keep a sober face, but laughter welled up in her plump body in gusts and gales, and she had finally sat on the floor and Paul ran to get her a glass of water and her bottle of favorite red Vericolate pills. "Don't listen to that immoral old blatherskite!" she finally chortled. "What's 'immoral,' Mama? What's 'blatherskite'?" Paul asked, and Belle was away again. Paul had fled the house and reported back to ^{Old} Dan. Dan grinned, muttered 'Protestant pups' under his breath, dug in his long leather purse, winked at Paul, and had given him a dime. Another time -- --

Oliver ^{prodded} nudged Paul in the ribs. "Are you going to stand there dreaming all day, son? The train is by."

"Hello, Oliver!" Dan shouted. "Who's that foine young bye ye got wit ye?"

Oliver winked ^{broadly} at Dan. "Hello, Dan. He's my new bartender -- just up from Green Bay. Yup. It's his birthday today. He's -- he's -- how old are you, son? Eleven? He's eleven years old today, Dan."

Dan's mirth was uncontrollable. He slapped his good leg with his flag and reeled and almost fell. "That shure is a good one, all right all right! Oliver Biegler!" he shouted. Dan beseeched the neighbors to bear witness. "Bejaysus, he's got so many byes he can't keep thrack of them!"

Oliver and Paul turned into the Biegler back yard. Oliver expertly flipped a clove into his mouth and stalked into the house with the afternoon newspaper, "The Iron Ore," for Belle. Paul ran around to the fenced side yard with his birthday present. Gunnar Taleen was there waiting for him. Gunnar helped Paul claw open the bundle. There in a box lay a brand new baseball and bat and a black leather pitcher's glove.

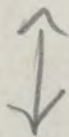
"Bats!" Paul shouted, asserting the youthful prerogatives of ownership. "I borrow to pitch," blond Gunnar sensibly concluded. Paul lined up at home plate at the front of the yard, under the ^{drooping} box elder tree. He spat in his hands. Gunnar faced him halfway down the yard, scowling professionally as he elaborately wound up. Gunnar pitched. Paul swung. There was a ^{clear} dull wooden 'bonk' as the bat struck the ball. With a fatal premonition they watched in frozen horror as the ball sped in suspended, dream-like flight towards the house, under the open porch, and into the sitting-room window. The crash and rain of glass attracted Mrs. McGoorty who was taking down her washing across the street. Paul, in the clarity of his horror, saw her cross herself. She knew Oliver Biegler's temper. From long experience, all of the neighbors did.

Paul noticed that Gunnar had ^{developed pallor as he turned and fled the premises.} turned a greenish-white. He ^{Paul} saw that he himself was still holding his new bat out in front of him, at the end of its swing. Then he observed his father standing on the side porch, looking at him. Paul winced and waited for the tumult to start. His father was speaking. In a low voice. It was a miracle.

" -- she's laying on the sitting-room floor in a dead faint. An' not a drop of liquor in the house. Run up and get Doc Gourdeau. Run! Oh, for Christ's sake..."

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

^{Micky} Ronny had opened the bottle of port and craftily inserted his thumb in the neck. He pretended to toss off a manly ^{portion} draft. He then passed the bottle to little Paul, who still wore ^{They had sat on the floor near Belle's wooden bed.} his yellow curls. Paul needed both hands to tilt the ^{big} bottle to his mouth -- whereupon, not to be outdone, he ^{and night} downed his first drink, a mighty draft. It also developed that it was his first ^{unconscious} drink. For four days friends and neighbors had come to view the tiny sot, lying on his mother's bed. They ^{suggested} had all manner of "cures" for Belle to try. ^{She was nearly frantic with remorse and fright.} But Doc Gourdeau had shrugged his French shoulders and shaken his head. ^{"Doan worry, from dat} "Mis' Biglair -- dey always wake up."



Old Doctor Gourdeau had asthma, and he was puffing and wheezing dreadfully as he and Paul hurried into the Biegler sitting room. Belle was sitting by the broken window calmly reading the Iron Ore. The curtain^s billowed gently in the evening breeze. Paul was glad to observe that Oliver was nowhere in sight. One of his brothers and his half-brother Gregory were eating in the dining-room.

"Good evening, Doctor." Belle smiled pleasantly. "I'm sorry we had to bother you. I guess I must have fainted."

Doctor Gourdeau clutched at his moustache and earnestly shook his ^{big, shaggy} head. He had delivered Belle of her three sons -- and the little girl, the one that had died, who was born before Paul, her last child.

"W'as mattair, Mis' Beeglair," he said ^{angrily} in his hoarse, froggy bass, "'isteria, no? Was dat 'usband of yours boddering you again?"

With a little sigh, she Belle watched the plump doctor standing there *clenching and unclenching his fists*. Belle's gray eyes rolled up in her head, and her body began to shake. She snorted and vaguely waved one plump hand toward the broken window. Paul could see things were coming to no good. It always frightened him when Belle got one of her laughing spells. "Doctor," he said, "I batted a ball through the window glass. I -- I guess I knocked Mama out or frightened her." Paul turned to his mother. "What happened, Mama? Please tell us."

"War," Belle muttered helplessly, rocking in her chair as the newspaper fell from her lap. "Th-thought we were being sh-shot at."

The fallen newspaper lay open on the carpet. Paul and Doc Gourdeau stared at its headlines.

"FRANCE, ENGLAND, RUSSIA AND GERMANY AT WAR!"

Old Doctor Gourdeau continued to stare at the newspaper. Paul looked at him. As he looked, the doctor seemed to shrink and sag and to curiously age. He held out towards Belle his dry physician's hands, cupped and close to his body, one shoulder slightly hunched. She had stopped laughing and was watching him intently, her face white and drawn.

"God, God, God," he said wearily, closing his wet eyes. "De earth^s -- it is burning once again." He turned and slowly went past the stares of Paul's brothers through the dining-room, out the side door, the screen door slammed, trudging along the wooden porch past the broken window and out of sight.

Paul was eleven years old on August 5, 1914.

* * *

As he was running by the Ridge Street school, Paul was suddenly caught and held in his tracks. With a throaty, preliminary jungle cough, the steam whistle at the Blueberry Mine had begun its evening Angelus. Then, as Paul stood there, another mine whistle growled its answer to this challenge, then another and another and still another, gathering volume, gradually swelling and filling the town with their mighty symphonic roar. Paul was always deeply stirred by the vast calliope chords of the mine whistles. Through this great wail of sound there always ran a surging, vibrant pulse, a throbbing overtone, which prevailed until the last whistle had hurled its echo at the lonely, bald iron hills which surrounded the town. Paul exhaled sharply, and darted on towards Doctor Gourdeau's house.

7. mail

CHAPTER 2.

Even at this age Paul was perplexed, as he was always to be, by the part that raw chance played in his life, in the lives of his parents, his brothers and friends and, as he gradually came to see it, in the lives of every person who ever lived upon the earth. Why, why, why? he would ask himself. Why ^{am} I here? Where am I bound? Where are all of us going? What strange destiny drew my mother and father together in this boisterous mining town in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan? He pondered these things and found no answer.

Sometimes he would haltingly confide his troubled questionings to Belle, but she spoke sharply to him and told him a boy so young should not entertain such thoughts. "It isn't healthy to dwell upon yourself so much, son. Run out and play. Bounce your ball off the roof." Belle had a fixed notion that ^{in physical} action was ^{lay} a panacea for all ills of the spirit. She had had to ^{seek its solace} use it often enough herself. Paul gradually grew secretive and kept his own counsel. But the strange thoughts still persisted.

Paul knew, from Belle's constant repetition, the surface story of how his mother and father had met; the manner of their courtship and marriage; of how his father, Oliver, had brought Belle to live in his big ^{frame} house with her three step-sons, Paul's half-brothers; young Oliver, ^{Emmett} Gregory and red-headed ^{Gregory} Emmett. They were the children of Oliver and his first wife, the sweet Irish girl who had died of "the consumption."

Ever since he could remember, back when Belle would give him his daily bath down ^{stairs} in the dining-room, in a large porcelain washbowl, by the ^{soapy} warmth of ^{the} its surging wood stove, she had told him stories of her family, his father's family -- of his Uncle Karl, Oliver's brother, who was in a sanitarium for those who were sick in their minds. "That means," Paul slowly puzzled out, "that my uncle Karl is crazy, he's in the nuthouse." ^{Somehow} this intelligence made him feel ^{vaguely and of a sort, of a sort} proud, vaguely different from and superior to his little playmates who could not lay valid claim to uncles languishing in insane asylums. ^{and gleeful, somehow}

Paul had a shadowy, babyhood recollection of his uncle Karl -- a tall, slender, brooding man, younger than Oliver, with dark wavy hair, who would come and look intently down at Paul in his crib, with large staring blue eyes; who sometimes suddenly laughed in a high frightening falsetto, ^{laugh} and made ^{graceful} wand-like gestures in the air with his arms. Paul did not know, then, that at these times Karl was ^{smoothly} leading a symphony orchestra.

The last memory Paul had of Uncle Karl was a bizarre scene on a boat. When Paul grew older, he asked Belle to confirm his recollection, but she ^{childish} said he must have been dreaming, he was just a toddling baby, nothing ^{as fantastic as} like that had ever happened. ^{laughed uncertainty and} Paul knew she was lying to him -- "for your own good" -- and that it ^{had really} ~~did~~ happened.

~~It seemed that~~ Oliver and Belle had taken Uncle Karl on a voyage on the Great Lakes for his "nervousness." They had taken Paul along. ^{Grandma Fraleigh had come up to Chippewa from Detroit to take care of the other boys while they were gone. This part was all very hazy in Paul's memory.} ^{Boat, water, this was about all he could remember.}

^{But there was one} This part was clear, with a deadly stereopticon brilliance: The boat was docked at a wharf. Paul and his parents were in their stateroom looking out of the portholes. The sidewalk was held up by tall wooden piles, ^{and} there was a strange, fishy smell and the sound of lapping water. ^{Strangely, Oddly,} There was ~~even~~ water under the sidewalk. ^{How strange} A large turtle was slowly swimming under the sidewalk, ^{with raised, reptilian head.} Small boys were diving off the wharf into the water to recover coins tossed by the boat's passengers. They would climb, dripping, up on a ladder and ^{shout and} then dive again. ^{there was shouting and sounds of wooden scuffing. A} Suddenly a grown man had leaped off the boat into the water. He was all dressed up and even wore a hat. There was a furious splashing...

^{urgently} "Oliver!" Belle had cried. "It's Karl -- he's in the water!" Oliver had said "Christ God" ^{in a low voice, and had} and run out of the stateroom, ^{slamming the door.} and Belle had tried to get Paul away from the porthole, but he had clung there, howling, and would not leave until Oliver and some sailors had fished the dripping, shouting man out of the water. The diving boys and the turtle had gone away, ^{and} the people had stopped throwing coins. Paul never saw his Uncle Karl again...

"Soap yourself, Paul," Belle would command, as she gave him his bath, wringing out the washcloth and pushing her graying hair back on her forehead with a damp hand. "It's 9:30 and I've got a piano lesson to give at ten." Shortly after Paul had been born, Belle had started giving piano and vocal lessons in the little music room just off the sitting room, on the old ebony Bechstein upright. Paul learned every piece in Czerny by heart -- and he never played a note. Even from upstairs he could detect some hapless child's error, and visualize Belle's impatient admonition and the occasional rapping of uninspired knuckles. "One and two

son. You should play more. You read too much. I'm going to do with such a pleasure.

and one and two," he would hear her droning and chanting hour on end to the disconsolate throng of aspiring little Rachmaninoffs and Paderewskis who filed in and out of the Biegler house with their black leather music rolls, haunting his boyhood with daily sounds of discord and a million sour notes.

"Tell me, Mom, how you and Oliver came to get married," he asked Belle one rainy day. All of the boys called their father Oliver or "the old man" when he was not around -- a practice which Belle vainly tried to halt. Paul must have been six or seven, which meant he had quite recovered from his epic wine jag. Belle was in the kitchen ironing the last big washing while the Finnish hired girl was down in the cellar laundry, banging the wooden tubs about and muttering over the next washing. Paul sat on the high wood-box, next to the kitchen range, watching his mother iron. He loved the starched, burnt-cloth odor of ironing.

"Tell me, Mom," he repeated, "how did you and Oliver meet?"

Belle smiled at him, ^{coloring slightly. Her skin was usually white, almost waxy. She never used any powder or makeup.} "Oh, I've told you that already, youngster -- a dozen times. Now you run along and play."

"No you haven't, Mama," Paul lied steadily. "Not all, you haven't. There was a snowstorm -- I remember that," Paul started, urging her on. "Let's see -- you were lost in a snowstorm, wasn't that it? And Oliver found you." This was violently incorrect and Paul knew it.

Belle got a hot iron off the kitchen range, tested it with a moist finger, ^{- post -} and started on one of Oliver's shirts. They were so large that Paul always aspired to use one of them as a tent.

"I had just finished my course at the Detroit Conservatory of Music" -- Belle began, smiling to herself, almost talking to herself -- "and your Grandpa Fraleigh" -- Belle's father -- "had just come in off the road and told me that they wanted a music teacher for the public schools, 'way up in the northern peninsula of Michigan in a place called Chippewa -- --"

"Chippewa!" Paul cried. "Why -- why that's where we live, Mama!" It was part of the formula; he said it every time, just at this juncture, *like a veteran trumper.*

"That's right, son," Belle ran on, as Paul settled back in the kitchen chair and smiled to himself. "Grandpa had just got back home from Chippewa, and Mr. Scribner had told Grandpa about it himself." Mr. Scribner was ~~then~~ the superintendent of schools ^{of at} Chippewa. "Grandpa was the out-of-town representative of the Ferris people, you know," Belle ran on. ^{Paul always resented Belle's efforts to make her father's employment sound genteel. Somehow it should have} "Grandpa was an underpaid travelling salesman for a tight-fisted seed company, more like it," Paul thought to himself, being something of a small realist at seven.

"So I sat down and wrote Mr. Scribner about myself -- and guess what happened?" Belle went on.

"They didn't take you," Paul quickly said. This was a variation of the theme, and was clearly not cricket, and Belle looked at him closely.

"They did too take me," Belle said, pursing her lips and folding the shirt and spanking it smartly with the hot iron. "Out of seventeen ^{applicants} applications, mind you, they accepted your mother." Paul wondered, as he had wondered scores of times, where he would have been if they hadn't; if his grandfather Fraleigh, "the out-of-town representative," had not run into a schoolman called Scribner. If -- --

"The beautiful maple leaves were tinted and falling when I arrived in Chippewa," Belle went on. The cycle of the northern seasons had always affected Belle deeply, and she rhapsodized a bit, falling into the easy conventional literary cliches of her girlhood. "The hills and woods were a veritable riot of color." Belle paused over her ironing, and her gray eyes grew unseeing. "Yes, the place was wildly beautiful, a strange, rugged, harsh land. I loved it at once -- and always have. It was like" -- she paused again -- "it was as though I were coming home..."

Paul drew in his breath sharply and hugged up his knees on the woodbox. She has never said that before, he thought. That was a beautiful thing she just said -- why, it's true, it's true!

"What happened after that, Mama?" Paul softly said.

"Oh yes, son." She was working on one of Oliver's nightshirts now. His dress shirts could contain only a side-show, but his nightgowns could house the entire main attraction, Paul thought.

"Well, I got a lovely front room at dear old Mrs. Donovan's -- and I started my new music work. That's all there was to it, son."

Belle glanced at the crazily ticking kitchen clock. One of those damned piano kids are coming, Paul thought. I just know they are. "No, Mama -- that isn't all there is to it. You haven't met Oliver yet," Paul said to his mother.

"Well, sir," Belle went on rapidly, "with my first November here came the first big blizzard I had ever seen. It was so big -- why, son, you know the kind of snowstorms we get up here," she concluded lamely.

"Yes, Mama, I know," Paul said.

"I was coming home from school. It was during the noon-hour. The blinding snow was streaming out of the northwest. I was holding an umbrella out in front of me, like this." Belle motioned and laughed. "You know, son, no one up here ever uses an umbrella in a snowstorm -- I was that green. I was on my way to Mrs. Donovan's, passing the backyard of our house -- where we live now -- and I bumped right into a tall man coming out of the backyard." Belle was talking rapidly now. "I stumbled. He caught me in his arms. He held me tightly. It was snowing. We looked at each other. He said he was sorry. He let me go." Belle paused and sighed.

"When I got to Mrs. Donovan's, I asked her who lived there -- where we live now -- and the dear old lady crossed herself and told me it was a widower with three little sons. She told me his name. Now who do you think it was?" Belle asked.

"Oliver Biegler -- my old man," Paul responded loyally, curiously regarding his ^{mother,} who had become strangely beautiful and young again as she stood bending over her ironing.

By the time he was eleven, Paul had heard the story ^{of Belle's romance} many times, and had grown somewhat weary of it. Sometimes he became irked with Belle, thinking to himself: Why on earth did ^{Mama} ever marry such a crabby, vile-tempered man as Oliver? Why couldn't my father have been a gentle, considerate, generous man? ^{One who played games with his children, like other fathers?} Paul had another thought too, one that colored his entire boyhood: Why couldn't my father have been almost anything but a saloon-keeper?

Paul knew ^{with quiet dismay,} that his playmates' parents must have discussed his low estate at home, because when he would have one of the fierce, fleeting childish quarrels with one of them, the worst they could seem to think to say was: "You're nothing but a dirty saloon-keeper's son!" Or: "Polly's old man keeps a saloon! Red-nose Polly, red-nose Polly!" ^{Some of his school-mates were even forbidden to play with him.} No one ever thought

to shout at his playmates: You're a ^{dirty} miner's son -- or a ^{vile minister's} ~~grocer's~~ son -- or even a street-cleaner's son. Saloon-keepers were the lowest of the low.

Even the very school books of the time taught Paul that there was ^{little} no hope for him. Anyone that dabbled in alcohol inevitably became a mental and moral ~~degenerate~~, ^{a social pariah as well as} and his spawn was doomed to be naught but gobbling idiots and lurching, shambling imbeciles. ^{Why, it was printed right there in the book.} Some of the ^{school} books would even show ^{startling} pictures of yards and yards of ^{human} intestines, ^{every inch} a glowing, healthy red. These were the guts of the righteous, unsullied by the demon rum. On the next page would be an illustration of a sorry gray mess, looking something like a ^{platter} of ^{deflated liver} neglected ~~salami~~ sausages. These were the dreary bowels of the boozers. Paul smarted over these experiences as though he had been struck with a lash. He never told Belle about them. His older brother Frederic had done so once, ~~and he~~ ^{Paul} had witnessed ^{the sorry scene ...} it...

So insistently was the conviction of his inevitable mediocrity borne upon him, that Paul felt that he annually became a sort of embarrassing curiosity to his teachers and classmates each time he ^{permanently} managed to move from one grade to the other. The fact that he found his school work easy, and that he was always among the leaders of his class gave him little comfort. He supposed that he and his brothers were merely the exceptions to prove the rule. ^{At times} Paul felt ~~something~~ like a Kallikak who had made good.

Paul, then, knew all too well how his parents had met and married. But he still did not know why. Why, why, why? Belle loved to sit and talk with her boys, and time on end, as she talked, ^{Paul} he pondered the fickle destiny that ^{had} mated the son of an immigrant German brewer -- his grandfather Biegler -- with the daughter of a New York Dutchman -- his grandfather Fraleigh -- whose family had settled on the Hudson River ^{long} before the American revolution. And why did this German brewer meet and marry the tall, imperious German woman, Katrina Zien, whom he had met on the ship, coming to America in 1845? What sly play of fate had brought the budding young seed salesman to meet and marry a young Scotch girl, Margaret Broun, and bring her from New York out to Detroit? Was he ^{West} hurrying so that he could be in Chippewa in time to hear of a teaching job for a daughter yet unborn? No, Paul decided, that would be at once too comforting a thought and too monstrously egotistic.

When Belle first came to Chippewa, she "had an understanding" with Will Lamoree, a rising young Detroit photographer. ^{In her affection he seemed to be} ~~He was~~ the most successful of her ^{cluster of} deserted Detroit swains. Paul had seen his picture in Belle's album -- a hirsute, be-moustached, wing-collared young man ^{standing in an attitude of heroic self-abnegation} striking a heroic pose, who looked exactly like all of the pictures of all of the ^{There seemed to have been a separate race of album-men.} men in all of the albums he had ever seen. ^{young} Paul would wince when Belle would say, "That's the young man that might have been your father, son." Sometimes she would musingly say: "Will was very much in love with me. ^{He was so sweet -} I -- I wonder what it would have been like if I had married him?" Paul ^{often} wondered too.

Belle Biegler was the family historian, recorder, recollector, and arbiter in all things intellectual. She was the court of last resort on all questions pertaining to grammar and usage. She really had an amazing recollection. Her mind was a patchwork of things remembered. And she could parse a sentence so that it bristled like a battleship on war maneuvers. It was more than Paul could ever learn to do. In the language department the boys early found that Oliver rated A in emphasis but was deplorable in ^{pronunciation} spelling ^{and} syntax and ~~construction~~. "Ask Mom, she know."

Belle, as was her way, had saved all of Oliver's few love letters. She had carefully stowed them away in a shoe box tied with traditional blue. Then she couldn't find them. "Tsk, tsk, tsk -- now where did I put those letters?" It took the combined efforts of Paul and two older boys to unearth them -- under a mattress in his discarded crib in the dusty attic. Nestling with them they had found a cracked old hot-water bottle. Love must not cool, Paul thought. When the family spirits were at a low ebb (and Oliver was safely out at camp), Belle would occasionally read some of the love letters at the dinner table. They never failed to start a wild Bieglerian hooting. ^Q Oliver had once taken a ^{six-week} bookkeeping course in Milwaukee, the intellectual advantages of which he never tired of expounding. Oliver's beautifully written double-entry love letters were gems of cloying copybook sentiment, tiny hymns to unsullied womanhood, as warm and pulsating as a notice of overdue box rent. Belle had even found ~~the book~~ in the tall bookcase in the music-room ^{the book} out of which he had copied them. "Professor Cuyler's 'Letters For All Occasions.'" A pretty tome it was, with shameless little cupids swimming naked ^{all over} on the cover. In all of ^{these letters} them Woman was a shrine, the lofty keeper of the stork, to which evil ~~Mam~~ tremulously addressed his abject petitions.

Belle would sit at her end of the table, near the pantry door, endlessly smoothing the tablecloth, brushing away imaginary bread crumbs, ^{adjusting her nose-glasses,} drinking her steaming Bulgarian tea -- one of the endless assortment of dreary health brews and formulas which she consumed with a touching, child-like faith -- and reading Oliver's old love letters. Most of the time she would laugh heartily, but sometimes her gray eyes would grow misty. Again, she would read from Professor Cuyler's book -- excerpts of letters which she really thought Oliver should have sent her. One of Oliver's classics ran as follows:

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

But "Dear Angle" had married her Oliver. He had proposed to her on a Sunday drive around beautiful wooded Iron Cliffs Drive. "He looked so big and strong, driving his fast horses," Belle told her children. She had forsaken Will Lamoree and her orderly little regiment of suitors in Detroit. The advice of all her new Chippewa friends had gone unheeded. "I tell you, Belle, he's nothing but the keeper of a low dive. He cheats at cards, he chases fast women -- and he beats them, too. And he -- he's not even your own religion!" *Oliver was nominally a Roman Catholic.*

Kate Donovan, who ran the Donovan House where Belle lived in Chippewa, was chief among Belle's self-appointed saviors. She was a wispy, good-hearted, hank-haired little widow of sixty, with the thin, busy wet lips which seem peculiar to certain Irishwomen. When Kate was excited, she had a slight brogue, which was to say that she always spoke with a slight brogue. "Don't marry that man, Belle! No good can come out of it. Those there Bieglers is all crazy. He's a pup, he is! (Kate's pups always rhymed with 'hoop'.)

"I tell you he kilt his first wife, that he did. A fine Irish girl she was. Three sons in four years! God help ye, lass." Belle had pursed her lips and quietly nodded.

Belle married Oliver on Midsummer's Day in St. Xavier's church. The ceremony was blessed by Father Keul, and Oliver took his music-teacher to his big frame house on Hematite Street and told his three young sons, "Here is your new mother." They ^{had stood and (Red-headed Gregory} stared at her. ^{Paul burst out crying.} The following March Belle presented Oliver with their first son, Frederic. In less than two years Nicholas was born. Then had followed Katherine, the little girl ^{with a} who had died of "convulsions" while

teething. Then Belle had gone to Chicago where Doctor Murphy removed her left breast; a cancer of the breast, he said it was. On her return Doctor Gourdeau insisted that she have a separate bedroom and not to have, under any circumstances, another child. When Paul came along, Doctor Gourdeau was beside himself with rage.

"Dat ^{ulking}brute -- dat 'uge ^{Pole}German beast -- ^{I tol' you}'e should 'ave wan beeg t'rashin'!" he said, flashing his dark ^{French}eyes.

It was a sentiment which Paul was to warmly share with him many times.

Final

The summer that Paul was eleven he was as usual shocked and surprised to discover that he had been admitted into sixth grade, into the room of Miss Eddy, the principal of Ridge Street School. "I passed, Mom, I passed!" he shouted, waving his "promotion card" that fine June day. But he was even more gratified at this evidence of advancing manhood. Paul was anxious to grow up for three reasons: He wanted to be able to play with his older brothers; he wanted to be a big, strong man like Oliver; and he wanted to be a great writer like James Oliver Curwood.

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

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

Paul had romped through Horatio Alger until he thought that some special destiny lay ahead for his little schoolmates who wore a certain kind of clothes -- clothes that were "thread-bare but clean and neatly patched." Poverty became the ^{golden spring} ~~sole source~~ from which all ambition ^{flowed...} ~~sprang...~~ His shabby schoolmates, Paul concluded, were all hellbent for marrying the boss's daughter and getting elected to Congress -- a prospect which even then left Paul quite cold. Then had come the saga of Tom Swift and his adventures with miscellaneous giants, fantastic inventions and infernal machines, which ran into many volumes. Nor did the groaning library shelves devoted to the checkered boyhood of the Rover Boys escape him -- Dick, Tom and Sam ^{Rover} Serious-minded Dick was the oldest, and timelessly in love -- in a pure, Eagle Scout sort of way -- with a curiously

sexless creature named Dora Stanhope. The brothers Rover and little Dora were constantly being badgered ^{and} harried by the diabolical machinations of a bully called Dan Baxter, ably assisted by a "toady" whose name had finally escaped Paul. There were so many...

Paul waded through the opium dreams of Jules Verne and a gelded version of "The Arabian Nights." Then came the thralldom of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer! Belle couldn't even get Paul to his meals during that magic time. More lately he had discovered, much to Belle's approval, the Great Out-of-doors, ^{— "Run out and play, son — don't read so much." —} and by turns Paul became Hopalong Cassidy, who could whirl and shoot the eye out of a gopher at seventy paces; a big game hunter on the South African veldt; then the slugging hero of "The Spoilers." He soon became a vicarious authority on all manner of cattle brands, breeds of Alaskan sled dogs, and the manifold forms of successful placer mining. Tarzan had not yet emitted his first curdling jungle shriek to a startled and expectant world.

As he read these floods of books, and many more, Paul yearned to see these far places -- and then to write about them like the gifted authors he had read. It seemed to him the ideal life: to see; to experience; and then to tell. ^{It was easy.} All one needed was a stub pencil and a Big Chief writing tablet... James Oliver Curwood was his latest literary idol. Paul shivered with ^{Curwood's stalwart} heroes as they mused out of the frozen North, their frosty dragon breaths trailing after them as they shouted to their faithful dogs -- racing, ever racing to get across the big Mackenzie before the spring breakup... The closest Paul had yet got to achieving the burning thrill of literary expression was a story he had written the year before in fifth grade. After considerable pencil biting he had finally entitled this effort, "Lost All Night In a Swamp With a Bear." Following that there had seemed but little to add, except possibly "gr-r-r," but Miss Welch had liked it and had even read it aloud to the class. After all, it was a start...

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

"Orville" was Orville Trembath -- "my collaborator," Belle called him -- the son of spry, deaf little Mrs. Trembath, one of Belle's old friends and neighbors, and ^{Mrs. Trembath dyed her hair and} who wore the only ear trumpet Paul had ever seen. ^{Her son} Orville was an actor. He had been "in stock" and was home "resting between engagements." He was a pallid, languid young man, with dark ^{patches} rings under his eyes, who reminded Paul of a picture of the man who shot ^{Lincoln} Lincoln which he had seen in Leslie's Magazine Yearbook. Paul never warmed up very much to Orville. And he had finally been insulted by him.

Paul had been swimming all afternoon out at ^{distant} Cooper Lake. He was late for supper and ^{His brothers were even later than he.} he was hungry. ^{Paul} He ran in on the side porch into the dining-room. There was no supper on the table. It was Thursday, the hired girl's ^{afternoon} day out. ^{Of course they all knew that} Oliver was out at the South Camp on another ^{of his endless fishing trips.} fishing trip. ^{It was quiet in the big house and smelled of freshly baked cookies.} "Mom must be having one of her sick spells," Paul thought. He ^{peered} anxiously into the front rooms. ^{Here was Belle and Orville.} Belle sat at her high secretary in the parlor writing furiously. Sheets of paper lay scattered on the parlor rug. A slanting shaft of light from the sinking sun poured upon the parlor floor. Orville had maneuvered himself into this glow of dusty light, holding the precious script in his hands. He cleared his throat. Belle stopped writing and removed her nose glasses. She sat looking dreamily out the side window at ^{Lindstrom's} woodpile. Orville's hands were trembling, he began to speak, his voice was low and vibrant, like Reverend Hayward's at the Presbyterian Church. On and on he read. Paul was held, fascinated, caught in a fiend's clutch. ^{This was literature.} Orville paused, glanced ^{down,} and shifted with the sun. He had come to the part:

"(Old Doctor Simpson removes his stethoscope and gently pulls the white sheet over little Ella's still, white face. He turns to Ella's weeping mother, throws out one hand and bows his head.)"

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

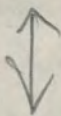
At this point Paul shouted, ^{awful} "Ma, I'm hungry -- please give me something to eat!" As a matter of fact Paul had quite lost his appetite, but some irresistible impulse had compelled him to speak.

Orville wheeled on Paul -- Orville never executed mere turns -- and looked at him, slowly, scornfully, up and down. There was a pregnant pause. "Listen, kiddo," he finally said, " -- go peddle your papers!" Then he turned abruptly on his heel. Paul waited for a curtain to drop. Instead Belle had dropped everything and rushed out to the kitchen. ^{Paul saw that her fingers were stained with ink. She had a} She had given Paul a fine supper, one of her magical suppers, topped off by ^{fresh cookies and her own} toast and tea and grape marmalade, with

Paul was infatuated by the first of literature.

not a single one of her health recipes in it. As he lazily ate, Paul reflected disloyally that perhaps Belle might be a better cook than she was a writer.

The death of little Ella had had to wait... In fact, as far as Hollywood seemed concerned, this particular Ella seemed destined to live to a ripe old age. In despair over repeated rejections Orville had finally gone back on the road. Hollywood was the home of the ^{Hollywood!} ^{morally warped, intellectually} ^{blighted,} ^{the} ^{crafty} ^{full of envy and low cunning,} ^{her} ^{brain-} artistically dead. Belle was convinced that the moving picture people had stolen ~~their~~ ^{her} child. ^{after that} Every time she went to a picture in McNulty's Opera House ~~after that~~, in which a small child departed this life -- and the ~~infant~~ ^{infant} mortality rate in the movies of the time had reached epidemic proportions -- she would indignantly whisper "Plagiarism!" and take Paul's reluctant ^{small} hand and hurry from the place. Once she even went to see Lawyer Belden about it...



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

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

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

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

"Anyway, Mom," Nicky ran on hopefully, ^{shrewdly trading on her wisdom for "her baby"} "there's bears out there -- big, black bears!"

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

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

Paul tiptoed out to the kitchen, and slipped out the back door, letting the screen door gently close. His ears were hot, his cheeks were flaming. He walked over and sat on the clothes-reel platform, dangling his legs, back and forth. His corduroy trousers ^{made a noise as they} rubbed at the knees. ^{his heart he was filled with bitterness,} His thoughts were racing, [^] "They don't want me. They don't like me. Nobody likes me. I'm a stranger in this house. I'm not even their child... They found me one morning when I was a baby -- lying on the back porch... ^{Maybe my father was a famous author passing through Chippewa on his way back to Alaska.} But they won't tell me -- they're keeping it from me. I might as well run away... ^{Nobody wants me...} I don't belong here -- --"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER 4.

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

Two blocks west of his house Paul came to the east boundary of the large Blueberry Mine property. It was the largest iron mine in Chippewa. Everything about the mine shone a dull red from the ore. ^{Even the leaves of the scraggly poplars seemed stained with ore. This was before landscaping} The nearest towering shafthouse, which enclosed the skips and cages which transported the men and ore from far underground, stood near the west end of Blueberry Hill and ^{loomed} ~~rose~~ high above the neighborhood, dwarfing the surrounding houses. Its twin tower ~~stood~~ ^{rose} west of it, nearly a quarter of a mile away. These were evidently some of the old Indian mine workings he had heard about, Paul thought. He heard a great rumbling sound from the shafthouse of falling fresh ore being dumped from the ore chutes into the crusher cars. He nodded wisely. ^{old} Some Indians must be still pottering about, Paul concluded. He must remember to make field notes of this phenomenon...

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

Mrs. Redmond came to the kitchen door, holding a broom which had a dusting cloth tied around the straw. She was a plump, near-sighted, motherly little woman who wore thick, gold-

rinned spectacles. Behind her Paul could see a small statute of the Virgin Mary and an alarm clock standing on the kitchen shelf.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well sir, that's Lake Bancroft -- named after an old Indian chief," Mrs. Redmond said. "You wouldn't of guessed it -- few do -- but that's a typical Chippewa Indian name -- like Sussex or Yorkshire -- or even Dublin."

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

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

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

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

"Thank you, Mrs. Redmond," Paul said, smiling. His smile was a trifle wan. "Please tell Bernie I was looking for him -- tell him I had got hold of my father's field glasses. I'll try to get out and come up and see him tonight -- my father's ^{out at camp,} ~~in the woods,~~ you see."

Paul started to walk down Lake Street. He walked rapidly, then he broke into a run. As he turned, running, into the mine road which ran around the lake, he looked over his shoulder. The hospitable old pioneer woman was still standing on the path looking at him, holding her trusty musket. A kindly soul she was, Paul thought, ^{the} the stuff from which a great America was being ^{forged} ~~made~~... She waved her hand at him and turned toward her lonely wilderness home. Paul waved at her, still running, as he darted out of view by the side of the long one-story brick mine dry, where the miners changed to and from their ore reddened mine clothes and bathed their ore-reddened bodies. Looking, Paul almost ran into a walking miner carrying his shiny "Lisk" dinner pail. "Looking out vare you be running," the big miner said, smiling at Paul. As he ran on Paul reflected that if he didn't know his Indians so well he would have sworn this one had a Finnish accent.

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

Paul studied the towers of the twin shafthouses of the Blueberry mine which rose like ^{narrow} ~~mountain~~ ancient ^{pyramids} ~~phallic symbols~~ on the hill south of him. Between the two ^{shafthouses} stood the tall ore crusher, connected to each shafthouse by a narrow trestled railway. As one loaded dump-car of raw ore emerged from the bottom of ^{the} ~~one~~ shafthouse ^{on} into the trestle, another ore car would just be leaving the crusher from the other side to get a new load from the opposite shafthouse. ^{The two cars were connected by steel cables.} This went on, hour after hour, day after day. "First ^{one} ~~the~~ ant went and got ^a ~~one~~ grain of sand, and then ^{another} ~~the~~ ant went and got another grain of sand..." had run the endless story in the fairy tale. There were the little cars now, looking strangely like the train set Paul used to play with under the clothesreel...

Paul could see the slate roof of the Ridge Street school which stood on the top of Blueberry Hill. As he looked Paul could fleetingly smell the ^{familiar school odor of varnished the geraniums on the windowsills} varnish of the desks, ~~and~~ the red powdered stuff the janitor ^{Carl Bloomgren} used to sweep the floors with after school. Paul knew his house lay at the bottom of the hill, among the tall trees somewhere below the school. Belle would be ^{working with the hired girl,} there, finishing her cleaning. Far, far south and east Paul could even make out the tall ski scaffold on Suicide Hill where they held the ski jumps each Washington's Birthday. A portion of Iron Cliffs drive ^{skirted} passed the ski ^{hill.} jump. Oliver had asked Belle to marry him as they drove around the Iron Cliffs drive... Turning north and east Paul could see little but woods and hills and trees, beyond which lay a bright ^{mountain} bank of dumpling clouds marking Lake Superior. West of Paul ^{sprawled} lay the wide ^{farming} valley through which flowed the Chippewa River. Everything looked so trim and neat, divided into little squares by the fences of the Finnish farmers. Paul could even see their cribbed, ventilated haybarns and log "saunas" or steambaths, just as they built them in Finland. And everywhere he looked, it seemed, were the tall smokestacks and shafthouses and red stock piles of the iron mines...

The town lay in a broad, undulant valley between serpentine chains of ancient iron bluffs. Some of these bluffs were covered with thick maple groves which flamed into color each fall, but most of the hills near town were virtually bald save for low bushes and occasional patches of gnarled, wind-scarred pines. So irregular was the topography of the country that some of these hills erupted in the town itself, giving it Badger Hill and Grammar School Hill and Blueberry Hill, among many others. Paul was now standing on Pilot Knob, one of the tallest bluffs of all. He could see the clock on the Grammar school tower. It was nearing six o'clock. ^H In truth, the town was just one hill after the other, in turn surrounded by still more hills. With boyish acceptance, Paul had once charitably ascribed this pleasant circumstance to the concern of the town's planners for their children's coasting and skiing fun. That was before he had heard Oliver's dilations on "that goddam greedy Wall Street Scotchman," meaning, of course, Andrew Carnegie, the Steel King. ^{instead} It seems ^{ed that} the town had simply grown around the iron mines. It was all ^{up haphazardly} sheer ^{of the ore had been found} an accident. ^{As Paul wrote in a fifth grade theme:} "Chippewa grew up like a crazy quilt." Thinking, perhaps, that the daring originality and color of this figure might be too confusing to his teacher he had added " -- or 'grew up like Topsy.'" This distinguished bit of whimsey had garnered ^{Paul a grade of 99} him an "A" and clinched his growing conviction that one day he would become a famous writer...

The course of part of the stream of European migration to America could be roughly recon-

Insert A

By and by the town, with its mixed population, came to support quite a few churches. Even then Paul did not understand nor concern himself too much with the niceties of the various religious dogmas. But he did know there was no shortage of churches... There were several Scandinavian churches; two or three more Finnish churches; separate shrines for the Congregationalists and Baptists, who seemed to be composed largely of religious strays and individualists; an English Methodist church for the Cornishmen; the vine-covered Presbyterian church to which Belle firmly sent Paul, ^{to Sunday school,} and which was also ^a sort of stray sanctuary; and the "swell" Episcopal church, which the ["] mining crowd attended for their devotionals. Even the good Catholics had two churches, the Irish and Italians attending the "Irish" church, and the French worshipping in a big frame church all by themselves. Each church had a bell, and on Sundays, when the mine whistles were quiet, the town would be filled with ^{wild music} the ~~same~~ [^] of clanging, tumbling bells. *"O come all ye faithful..."*

structed in the successive settlements in the town. All of the mines had their own "locations," tiny villages within the town which had sprung up around each new mine as it had been built. Frenchtown Location lay clustered near the old, abandoned Angeline mine against the south range of hills. It was the first settlement in Chippewa. The log houses of these early settlers still sheltered the families of their descendants, most of whom were miners.

Near the old Angeline mine Paul could see the spot where his Grandfather Nicholas' first brewery had stood; the wooden one that had been built by his grandfather before Oliver had been born, even long before the Civil War, shortly after Grandpa Biegler and his young bride had completed their long trek across the Peninsula by ox team. This first brewery had been destroyed by fire in the summer of '72. The new brick brewery had not been built till '81. In the meantime there had been a panic or something, Belle had said. Belle ^{knew more → about the} ~~seemed to know more town's~~ history than Oliver did. ^{Belle seemed to know everything.} Paul could not see the new brewery, but he knew it was ^{there} by the old firehall, whose bell tower he could see. The last brewery now housed the horses and shiny carriages of Burke's livery stable.

^{Cornish} Swedetown Location lay clustered around the Blueberry mine, ^{and it reached} part of ~~which lay~~ at the foot of the hill upon which Paul stood. Then the coming of the Nelson Mine gave Chippewa Cornish-town Location. In the late 80's and early 90's the advent of the Trembath mine on the eastern outskirts brought Finn Town, and the Laughlin mine on the west ^{finally} flowered into "Little Italy" or "Dago Town." When you asked a boy where he lived he did not say Chippewa, but "Swedetown" ^{the various} or whatever location it was. ^{The rest of the town represented a gradual pinching junction between} Paul lived in a sort of twilight zone, but his house was closest to Swedetown. ^{For some obscure reason, the residents of one of these} ^{longly} Paul's street ^{was} composed of Irish and Germans.

The Irish had early settled in the town, coming in large numbers, but, like the relatively few German and Scotch saloonkeepers and tradesmen, they rarely worked down in the mine but contented themselves with becoming railroad men or diamond-drill runners, or firemen in the mine boilers, or operators of the huge clanking steam shovels whose angry dragon snortings could be heard all over the town as they hoisted the raw iron ore from the mine stock piles into the string of waiting ore cars. ^{As Paul thought of it, it occurred to him that some} Some of these Irish even became the town's politicians and policemen.

(See Insert A) ↓ (Space after Insert)

^{Chippewa} Virtually all of ~~the town~~ was undermined by a maze of stopes and drifts made by the burrowing miners. The actual mine diggings were so far down in the earth that the mining-company engineers had long ago assured the townspeople that there was no danger of a cave-in. Since the "mining crowd" ^{in "company" houses} seemed to live placidly enough all over the town, the townspeople gradually for-

Like Paul, ^{had} never thought of it because they had never got about the possibility of danger. Most of them had never lived anywhere else. Even the dull giant ^{thuds} ^{regularly} ^{and reverberations} of blasting heard each day, shuddering far underground, gradually became so common a part of the daily round as to excite ^{special} no notice -- unless too many dishes rattled and fell in the pantry. If the dishes were broken, as they occasionally were, some of the braver and more articulate of the townspeople might write ^{an irate} a taxpayer's letter to the editor of The "Iron Ore." ^{"Dear Mister Editor: The other day my Aunt Minnie's China bowl was broken..."} The lion-hearted might even write to H. Hall Keith, the stern-visaged superintendent of Chippewa's biggest iron mines, who lived in a large house on the big wooded estate at the south edge of town. Paul had often stood in awed silence as the great man whirled by the Biegler house to the Blueberry mine office driven in his fine rubber-tired carriage. With his pointed beard, H. Hall Keith looked like the pictures of the reigning head of the House of Windsor. Even more so, Paul thought. ^{in his more charitable moods, loudly} Oliver called him "Carnegie's graspin' tool!"

The town's planners, being practical ore diggers, had not gone in for conferring difficult, romantic and guttural-sounding Indian names on everything, as had so many other Michigan towns. There were ^{available} no picture postcards of ^{grand} Michimillimackinac Hotels or ^{romantic} Ossingowanamacachoo Lakes which tourists could mail from Chippewa; just plain Taleen House or Mud Lake or Commercial Hotel or Lake Bancroft. In fact there were no tourists. At ^{the} that time no efforts were made to lure ^{American} restless people to the place; there was no cheering Chamber of Commerce or Chippewa First League; the town's ~~magical~~ soothing properties for hay-fever had not yet been ^{properly appreciated} discovered. The only travellers that came to Chippewa were mining people, occasional relatives of the townspeople, or single-minded hunters and fishermen. The U. P. had one of the largest deer herds in the country. ^{Oliver fished so much that Paul sometimes flared: "Oliver was going to develop gill slits."} And fishing...

Paul reflected that the town was only a sort of permanent mining camp -- rich and seemingly inexhaustible, but nonetheless a mining camp. What would there be there without the mines? ^{the lonely} Nothing but woods and Lake Superior. Oliver's saloon depended on the miners, Bernie Redmond's old man made cigars for the miners -- why most of Paul's schoolmates were the sons of miners, and would themselves one day probably grow up to be miners. ^{was it true?} Did every boy do what his father did? Would he someday wear a starched white apron and work behind Oliver's long bar? Would ---

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

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

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

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

^{with elaborate care} Fritz ~~carefully~~ took the glasses from Paul and adjusted them to his ^{vision.} sight. Paul watched Fritz as he scanned the town. Fritz wore a leather holster, from which a nickel and black handle protruded.

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

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

"Sure," Paul said, eagerly. He had never shot a gun before in his life. Belle wouldn't hear of it. "What'll we shoot at?"

"See that tin can behind you? Shoot that. Here you are. All you got to do is pull the trigger."

"Yes, I know," Paul said. Paul turned and saw a small can lying on a rock about twenty paces away. His back was towards Fritz. Squinting his eyes like Hopalong Cassidy, he raised the revolver in the ^{general} direction of the can. He wanted to block his ears. "What'll I do now?" he thought. He closed his eyes and pressed the trigger. "Spang!" ^{Paul blinked his eyes.} Like the ^{fragile and} inexperienced ladies in the Sunday supplements, who always seemed to be ^{unerringly} ^{drilling} ~~shooting at~~ their husband and lovers, ^{Paul} he had made a bull's-eye. ~~He blinked his~~

^{she} "Why that's swell, Polly," Fritz shouted. ^{Right on the button!} "You ~~made a bull's-eye.~~ Say, you can shoot! Want to try it again?"

Paul shook his head. ^{He swallowed.} His ears were ringing. His nose wrinkled from the smell of ^{burnt} powder. He gingerly handed the revolver back to Fritz. "No thanks. I don't want to waste your bullets. Anyway, it's nearly my supper time," Paul said. "Nice little gun you've got there," he carelessly added.

Just then the mine whistles began their ^{sounding} evening call, and Fritz and Paul stood together on Pilot Knob silently listening to the great ^{symphonic} waves of sound which surged over the town, followed finally by the haunting forlorn echoes. Then it was still. ^{It was always thus. The two boys looked at} Fritz ~~looked at Paul.~~ "Say, those whistles sure get me, Polly. I've never heard whistles like that before in all my life. They give me a lump in my throat. ~~And~~ And goose pimples, too."

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

"They sure do," said Fritz.

"They do me too, Fritz. I often wondered if... ^{I guess that's right.} Let's go -- it's supper time," Paul said.

And then Fritz spoke first.

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

On the walk home Fritz told Paul that his father was the new jeweler that had come to town. Daddy had married a town girl, Fritz's mother, but they had never lived in Chippewa. You see, when Daddy married Mama he was an actor, an actor who had come to McNulty's Opera House with "The Mikado." That was a light opera by -- well -- by a couple of fellows. Daddy had an important part in that show and could sing the whole thing through, every one of the parts. It was a very funny opera, but Mama never liked Daddy to sing it. The show had kind of gone broke in Chippewa, but it wasn't Daddy's fault. He'd heard Mama remind Daddy about it when they quarreled. Sometimes she accused Daddy of marrying her because the show went broke. It seemed everybody's parents quarreled once in a while.

"Yes, that's so," Paul judicially agreed. He was ^{relieved} glad to learn that Belle and Oliver were not alone. Still and all, he thought, he'd bet that few father's could rival Oliver in a ^{downright} family row. In the first place, few of them could shout as loud.

Fritz told Paul that his grandfather was old August Jaeger who owned the big store in town. Yes, that was the same Jaeger that lived on Hematite street. Oh, so Grandpa ^{and Grandma} lived on the other corner on the same block as Paul -- ^{it must be them because} they were the only Jaegers in town. ^{Yes, his Uncle Richard was the one that played the piano.} Fritz guessed that Grandpa Jaeger didn't approve much of Daddy. He thought Daddy was too happy-go-lucky. He claimed Daddy never stuck at one thing long enough. Besides being an actor Daddy had also been a salesman, an optometrist, and had even taught elocution. And other things, too. He could do ^{almost} anything. Daddy also played the mandolin and guitar. Fritz was learning to play the mandolin. "Can your father play anything?" ^{Fritz said.}

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

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

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

"Holy smokes! Have you ever got it nice. I wish my -- I wish my old man ran a saloon and was big and strong like that. My dad is pretty strong, but he's got asthma. That's one of the reasons we moved here. Daddy wasn't very anxious to come here. He said the place was nothing but a dirty mine-stained dump. ^{But} I guess ^{maybe} it's because the opera went broke here. I like it here. I don't know many kids yet. I sure like those I've met..."

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

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

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

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

"Where do you live?"

"Down here on Hematite Street," Paul said.

"Oh yes, you told me that. Well, I live over on north Main. Yup. Well -- I hope I'll see you again, Polly," Fritz said.

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

"A billiard ball. My little brother Harold did it with a billiard ball. You ought to see my little brother Harold. If you think my hair is red... He threw it at me. We've got a pool table home. Mama says I've got to grow more before they fix it -- my tooth, I mean."

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

"Sure. Come on over and we'll play on it, Polly," Fritz said.

"You bet I will," Paul said.

"Say -- there's just one thing I wanted to ask you -- you said your daddy was one of the strongest men in the world. Do you know someone stronger?" *Fritz said.*

Paul was silent.

"Do you?" Fritz repeated. "I was just wondering."

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

gee, you're lucky.
"Is that so. Well, so-long, Polly," Fritz said.

"So-long, Fritz. Come on over and see me," Paul said. "I'll show you my old man's boats and stuff. *maybe* I can even show you *his* ~~the~~ saloon."

"So-long, Polly. I'm glad I saw you today."

1-24-44

FINAL

CHAPTER 5

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

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

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

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

Paul would grow chill with terror at Oliver's outbursts. And his very insides would shudder convulsively as he watched his mother at these times. Belle's features would seem to take on a

waxen pallor, a mask-like expression, to grow sharper, sort of pinched and frozen, as she tried to placate her ranting husband. Her efforts were always in vain. "Oliver, please, please, Oliver, the children -- think of the dear, innocent children!" Belle's ^{earnest} calm, her very stillness, seemed only to goad Oliver to further heights of ecstatic fury. The initial cause of the outburst would be abruptly forgotten, lost. Belle would not ^w become the red banner that had come to torture him.

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

"This madman is my father, this madman is my father, this madman is..." Paul would murmur to himself, over and over, like a litany, as Oliver would lash himself into a purple frenzy over some trivial domestic mishap. A whole complex series of household taboos had grown up in the Biegler home to ^{avoid} avail and appease Oliver's wrath. ^{to few of them were} Perhaps the soup was too cold, or too hot and had scalded Oliver's sensitive tongue; or the woodbox was empty, the taxes were due; or the boys had used one of his many shotguns (reason enough), and had neglected to clean it. Or perhaps, as was most usual, one of his "worthless whelps" had done something wrong at the farm. Don't be late for your meals! Don't leave your sleds or coaster wagons about the yard -- put them carefully away in the woodshed or under the back stoop! Don't leave ^{your} coats and ^{caps} hats lying about ^{the house!} Don't disturb the old man when he is taking his nap after lunch! Don't breathe! Don't! But all these ruses and careful avoidances were of no avail; like the picture of the geyser in Paul's school geography, Oliver's temper would periodically erupt and foam over, nothing could ^{ever} seem to stop ^{it} him, and that boy was fortunate who was not around...

The Biegler farm was several miles out of town, beyond Chippewa River. This broad river had once carried Indians to Lake Superior but now it exclusively conducted the town's sewage to

that restless sea. The farm lay in a broad mucky valley at the foot of the second range of rocky bluffs north of town. Oliver had purchased the land from one of the mining companies when he was a young man, and Paul suspected it pleased his father to regard himself as a gentleman farmer. Oliver had cleared and drained but a relatively small part of the land, which he planted each year in hay and oats and potatoes and truck vegetables. He cut the ice for the saloon and the house off of Cranberry pond; the firewood for the house came off the uncleared land. In her darkest hours Belle would always say: "You must give him ^{boys} credit -- your father is always a good provider," ~~boys~~. This oft-repeated plea would be greeted with cynical snorts. "That's right -- give the devil his due, Mom!" Belle was ever generous in extending credit to Oliver. With pathetic eagerness she seized upon anything which she thought might put him in a better light with his sons.

In the course of the years Oliver had acquired quite a complete farm, as farms went in and around Chippewa. The long, bitter winters, the short growing seasons, discouraged all but the most hardy farmers. "How many ^{bushels of} icicles did you grow ^{on the farm} last winter, Oliver?" ^{some brave soul} ~~a local cynic~~ might ask Oliver, in the saloon. Oliver would give the foolhardy wag a brief, cold-blue stare, and that would be the end of that ^{brief exchange of conversational points.} ~~conversation.~~ Oliver always had several Jersey milk cows, from whose yellow cream Belle made rich butter and heavenly orange sherbet. Paul had served his apprenticeship turning the big ice- and salt-packed freezer on the back stoop. Oliver kept at least one work team and a team of fast-stepping driving horses and a single horse for shorter ^{which was used for the daily trips to and from the farm and} camping trips. ^(Even the old horse itself seemed to join in the general sigh of relief that what up when Oliver went to the woods.) ~~Oliver's~~ Then there was the inevitable herd of drooping, nondescript nags and plugs which Oliver maintained solely, as far as Belle and the boys could see, so that he might trade them, for still other nags.

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

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

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

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

Whenever Paul would awaken in the night to the sound of galloping hooves, and hear his father's muffled curses as he lit the breathing gas lamp in his bedroom to route the older boys, he knew that the neighbors were resentfully awake, whispering, "That Oliver Biegler's horses have broken loose and come to town again. There ought to be a law!" As regularly as Oliver's fits of temper, the horses would break out and race wildly into town, past the house, *and on* to Oliver's town barn. They always followed the same route. Oliver's barn stood in the block east of the house, next to the Taleen House. The horses would be led there by oat-craving Fred or Chief, one or the other of the big white work horses. *9* Milling and neighing and biting each other, all the horses would gather in the barnyard, between the barn at the rear and Oliver's "warehouse" which faced on Canada Street. The two-story warehouse had been built by Paul's grandfather for beer storage. It now housed Oliver's fringed, rubber-tired carriage and buggy and cutters and sleighs, and his boats and canoes and tools -- even an old racing sulky... By and by one or two of the older boys would come down to the barnyard and light a lantern. Oblivious to Gust Taleen's awakened and cursing boarders, they would sleepily round up one of the leaders with a pail of oats. Then they would *leap upon* ~~ride~~ Fred or Chief, bareback, and thunder all of them back to the farm and lock them in the big farm barn until the broken fence could be found and mended the next day.

When his older boys were smaller, Oliver used to keep a hired man or two on the farm to do the chores. *But* as young Oliver and Emmett and Greg graduated into their teens, they also found that they had graduated into hired men on the farm -- hired, that is, but never paid.

Oliver even tried to take them out of school. "When I was a boy of twelve I was through school and could load a beer car alone in one day!" This was a familiar refrain, this harking back to the days when Grandpa Nicholas Biegler had run ^{the} ~~a~~ brewery. Belle, in her quiet way, fiercely fought Oliver's efforts to take ^{the boy} ~~them~~ out of school. *regularly*
the men seemed to have worked twenty-five

The second year young Oliver had worked on the farm, he was just fifteen. He was a silent ~~boy~~ a short, broad, thick-wristed boy, with curly, bushy black Irish hair, but which had the usual Biegler cowlick. Even then he was as strong as the average grown man. His playmates had already nicknamed him "Rajah" for Barnum's successor to Jumbo. "Ladees and gentlemen: Rajah -- the biggest elephant in the world -- four inches taller than Jumbo!" Except for his age and lack of whiskers Paul concluded that young Oliver was the exact duplicate of Paul's short, barrel-bodied German grandfather, mild Nicholas, whose large velvet-framed picture hung so squarely and uncompromisingly from the sitting-room wall. His brothers and playmates called him "Roge" for short. *None a day in that deep Paul concluded.*

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

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

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

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

Belle was in Chicago again recovering from her second operation. "I have been blessed with another fine doctor," she had written, "a poet with a medical degree -- young Doctor Max Thorek." This time Grandma Fraleigh was unable to come up from Detroit, and the boys, being older, had been left to the indifferent attentions of Amanda, the ^{as well as} large Swedish hired girl. *Amanda had her hands full, trying to take care of the big house, and the amorous attentions* Paul was now regularly attending the Ridge Street school and had written Belle in his childish rounded scrawl:

"Dear Mama:

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

Your son,
Paul.

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

of a big mirror called Abel.

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

It was supper time. Outside it was dark, a windy fall night. Oliver and five of the boys were seated around the long dining-room table. There was one empty place -- the chair of Frederic, the quiet one; he was late. Paul sat in his junior high chair, as usual on his father's left, next to the chimney-sighing dining-room stove. Paul could smell cloves on his father's breath. With her bounding grace, ^{red-faced} big Amanda had ^{brought in} served the boiled dinner, and Oliver and the boys were eating in stony silence. Devoutly all of the boys wished that Frederic would stay away until Oliver had finished supper and returned to the saloon. Then there was the familiar click of the kitchen door, the rattle of the loose pane, the whish of clothing carefully hung on the rack over the woodbox, and Frederic slipped into his seat at the table, his gray eyes fixed on his empty plate.

With terrible calm Oliver turned and glanced up at the old Seth Thomas clock. His lower lip began to pout, the blister on it turned a mottled dark purple. The boys had given up any pretense of eating. Their food gagged them. They simply sat and waited. Biegler-wise Amanda had quietly locked herself in her bedroom off the kitchen. ^{"Ay will marry Abel nex' week!"} Paul heard the inside door lock of ^{her bedroom} softly click. ^{The tenebrous had whipped his perception to an uncanny height - acuteness.} The boys waited for Oliver to speak. Or was this to be one of those awful silent scenes? ^{Paul sat in an agony of awareness of impending disaster! Here - it was coming...}

Oliver ^{had} put down his knife and fork so that they slanted off the edge of his plate. With his big hands he pushed his chair back and circled the table. He stood over abject, numbed Frederic. ^{Paul held his breath, his throat was dry and constricted, he wanted to swallow.} Then Oliver raised his hand and struck Frederic flush on the face with the back of his hand. Frederic reeled from the blow, then recovered and looked up swiftly, briefly, at Paul. ^{Their eyes flickered in mute misery -} There had always been an inarticulate bond between them. Frederic's cheek had turned a ^{patchy} greenish-white pallor where he had been struck. Oliver raised his hand to strike the boy again. Frederic hunched himself, waiting for the blow. Paul closed his wet eyes. The blow did not fall.

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

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

"I am." Roge had risen and moved quickly before his father. "I am, Pa," he repeated.

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

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

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

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

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

Emmett
Roge."

Final.

CHAPTER 6.

The day that Paul had been once again rebuffed by his brothers, when they had not wanted him to go berrying with them, was also the day that he had met Fritz Bellows on Pilot Knob. In some way, which even Paul could not understand, it had marked a turning point in his boyhood. He could not ^{recall} remember that he had made any solemn resolutions or sworn any rebellious oaths. In fact, he could not remember that he had given the occasion any particular thought. There seemed only that some vague instinct had been awakened which told him that he should become more self-sufficient, that he must not depend so much on other people, on his brothers, even on Belle...

Anyway, wasn't Belle always telling him he must "stand up for himself" ever since the time three years before when Danny Gaynor had called Paul a "dirty saloonkeeper's son", and sent him home crying with a black eye? Belle had raised a terrible rumpus, and had twice gone and seen Mrs. Gaynor. Paul was filled with shame... The following summer Danny had again beaten up Paul, but that time he had told Belle he had fallen off Jaeger's barn while playing "chase." Paul had never fought back. What was the use? Danny's father worked at the firehall and had been an ex-boxer. He had given all his son's boxing lessons, standing them on a chair to beat the firemen's punching bag. What was the use?

Paul had slept in Belle's big wooden bed with her until he was nearly eight. After that he had occupied a small cot in her bedroom. It was a pleasant room, full of heavy varnished furniture, the largest bedroom in the house, and looked out on the tall Lombardy poplar trees which lined the side yard. But Paul wanted to get out of his mother's room. It had grown hateful to him. He did not know exactly why. He loved Mama as much as ever. He only knew that it had become terribly important that he move his bed. He could not seem to be able to bring himself to speak to Belle about it.

It was November. School had reopened in September and Paul was comfortably situated in the A class of sixth grade. This was in Miss Eddy's room on the second floor, just over first grade. Fritz Bellows sat two seats ahead of Paul in the same row. Elizabeth Gluyas, a lame Cornish girl, sat between them. She was a quiet, dark-eyed girl, who wore large bow ribbons in her braided hair. She also passed notes between Paul and Fritz. Bernie Redmond, the cigar-maker's son, was also in the sixth grade, but he attended the Convent school across the tracks by the new firehall. Bernie had not yet met Paul's new friend, Fritz. Paul hoped they would like each other. Miss Eddy was writing in Palmer method on the front blackboard. "Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase..." They were learning the fruits of rectitude. Paul already knew the bawdy parody.

Benjamin Blagden, the father of Chipmunk, one of the placards had read.

It was beginning to look like an annual event. finally and given him a black eye
and the two women had wound up crying in each other's arms.
Little Mrs. Gaynor had five boys of her own.
kept his hand in by
sick
He had simply stood still in a spell of horror while Danny pummelled him until he grew tired.
the Gaynor boys
of
other youngsters at the carnival
Paul had watched them train. Danny had travelled about the Peninsula, fighting at various tournaments.

Paul had had such and such a white dream.
small picture of Benjamin, Belle and Paul on Belle's dresser.

German taken had moved up to the Grammar school, in seventh grade,
and German
Ben Adhem
Paul already knew
It had been long in the front

Paul passed a note to Elizabeth for Fritz. He saw Elizabeth ^{flashed} timidly touch Fritz's ^{small ears got red with excitement as she} back ^{with her index finger} and then saw Fritz casually ^{ed} itch his back and ^{took} take the ~~note, message~~.

"Dear Fritz (the note read):

Where do you sleep at home? With your brothers? How long with your mother? Please give full information and oblige. This is extra secret.

Your friend,
X x X"

The elaborate series ^{working out an elaborate} of X's was to confuse and confound Miss Eddy and whatever other un-^{yet} initiates whose hands might profane their communications. ^{Paul and Fritz were to develop a code, but they had not completed it.} Paul waited for Fritz's answer. Here it was coming, in another series of itchy backs.

"Dear Polly --

^{Harold sleeps in a cot.}
With my brother Kenny as long as I can remember. Mother and Dad have twin beds. How about you?

Your friend,
O o O"

After school Paul avoided Fritz and ran home. Belle was at the piano giving a ^{all} music lesson to an unhappy child who seemed to lack even a rudimentary sense of rhythm. ^{Sometimes Paul thought he was growing to hate music.} Paul hurried ^{He} from the sitting room. He went to the cellar and filled the scuttles with hard coal for the two coal stoves, the one in the front hall upstairs, between Oliver's and Belle's bedrooms, and the one in the sitting room. They were tall ^{round} Michigan Garlands, ^{with bright metal crowns on top,} and each had a little kettle of water which rested on a shelf on the back by the damper, and there were small squares of isinglass in the coal door and in the small grate doors on the sides. Paul filled the kitchen woodbox and emptied the ashes from the kitchen range. The dining-room stove had not yet been lighted. For this service Belle gave Paul fifteen cents a week: ^{following the endless "Perils of Pauline" at} five cents for the matinee on Saturdays at McNulty's Opera House; ^{so that one would not grow weary during the perils;} five cents for candy at Sjolander's; ^{Paul} and the extra five cents, ^{he} ^{sup-} ^{posed,} ^{something} for charities and riotous living during the following week. ^{Sunday school money was strong}

^{in the nature of a divine dividend.} Belle finished her piano lesson and came out to the kitchen. Paul could hear the hired girl scrubbing the bathroom floor upstairs. A heat register in the kitchen ceiling opened onto the bathroom floor. "Hello, son," she said. "Why aren't you out playing?" Belle added water to a stew kettle on the stove. ^{It was what she always said. Paul did not answer.} Belle's glasses had become steamed and she stood wiping them with her handkerchief. Paul sat on the edge of the woodbox. ^{he thought,} Now was the time...

"Listen, Mom -- " Paul began. He found he could not continue. There was a choking feeling in his throat. Then he began to cry, he couldn't help it, and the more he tried to stop the more he cried. Belle quickly put her glasses on the warming oven of the stove and came over to Paul and sat beside him on the woodbox. She held him close to her, resting his head against her side -- her good side. "There, there, son. It's all right. Whatever it is, it's all right."

Paul stopped crying except for occasional convulsive sobs. He pulled away from his mother and went to the kitchen door. He stood scowling in the open door, looking at Belle. "What is it, son?" Belle said. "Whatever it is, it's all right," she repeated.

"Mom," Paul said, and his voice did not sound like his own. "Listen, Mom -- Fritz Bellows sleeps with his brother Kenny. Oh, Mom, he -- he can't remember ever sleeping in his mother's room!"

Belle reached to her nose for her glasses, ~~uncertainly~~ ^{an uncertain}, but not finding them she made a little circle with her hand in front of her face. Her gesture was one of utter helplessness. ^{Her gray eyes stared at Paul.} Somehow she reminded Paul of a little girl. Numbed with shame, ^{Paul} ~~he~~ wished he had not spoken. "I love you, Mama," ^{he} Paul blurted, and then he turned and ran outdoors.

That night when Paul went to bed he found his cot in the corner of the boy's back bedroom. There was a clean flannel nightgown lying ^{folded} on the pillow. Nicky and Link occupied the double bed. They were not home yet. After Paul was in bed, lying awake and still in the dark ^{room}, Belle came in to his bedroom. She leaned over and kissed him. She brushed his cowlick back from his forehead with her hand. "Goodnight, my little man," she whispered, patting his head, and then she went away.

The first winter of the War was a time of great snow in Chippewa. There was always plenty of snow in winter, but this was unusual. Articles appeared in The Iron Ore and the town's gray-beards consulted their diaries for parallels from the past. ^{"I'mid the winter, that... they would say. So far the winter of '79 was out in front."} There was so much snow that by Christmas the boys had finally despaired of keeping the ice clear on Lake Bancroft for skating. The big horse-drawn gang plows had been out on the streets several times before Christmas. But snow or not there were many other things to do. There was skiing and coasting and best of all, there was bobsledding on north Pine street, on the north slope of Blueberry Hill. Paul could not remember when he had had so much fun in the wintertime.

That Christmas had been unusually good to Paul. Who cared if Santa Claus was an exploded myth if you could get a brand new "Flexible-Flyer" sled, a new Mackinaw coat, a red knitted tassel cap and new "Gold Seal" rubber snow boots? ^{And a new gasket pocket knife from Grandma Fraleigh?} Anyway, Santa had never given Paul a new sled before. ^{It} ~~This~~ was the first new sled he had ever owned. Not that it represented any concession on Oliver's part. Up to that time Paul had used an old sled which had been Oliver's when he was a boy. It was a heavy, low wooden sled with grooves in the pointed wooden ^{sides} runners in which were fitted ^{with} round iron ^{runners} rods. It was a fast sled. Its name was "Bruno" but Paul and his brothers, from whom Paul had inherited "Bruno," had all dubbed it the "pig-stabber." "Bruno" had finally earned a long rest.

Oliver was forever making things for the boys or buying ^{over trading} secondhand articles such as used bicycles, ice skates, coaster wagons, skis and the like. It seemed to Paul ^{even then} that it was not so much penury on Oliver's part as much as his desire to have an excuse for tearing the things apart and putting them together again. And also, of course, to teach ^{his boys} them the "value of a dollar." Oliver was an excellent carpenter and mechanic, and he had a complete tool shop which he kept under heavy lock and key in the barn at the rear of the Biegler house. This tool shop had once been located in the warehouse on Canada Street, ^{down by the tracks.} Oliver had moved it the summer before to make room for a young blond fellow called Elmer Lessard, who had opened a new establishment called a "Garage" in the old warehouse. On any Sunday when Oliver was not out in the woods he would spend the day tinkering out in his tool shop, making or repairing something for the house or farm or the saloon -- or remodelling some bit of junk he had traded or bought and which might be made to do for the boys.

Belle knew how much the boys smarted over having to use these made-over playthings. Sometimes she would try to reason with Oliver, but that would only provoke a scene. "I'll ^{learn} teach the lazy whelps to ^{know} learn the value of a dollar!" he would howl. Oliver ^{the Roger Babson of his day,} was forever conducting impromptu shouted lectures on the value of a dollar. "Anyway, the stuff they're makin' nowadays is no bloody good! Everybody's after the almighty dollar... Money, money, money!" he would rant. "Now when I was a boy..." and away he would go on a colorful and profane exposition of the ^{tender} ~~heaps of~~ love and expert craftsmanship that ^{had gone} ~~went~~ into all of the merchandise that was made when he was a boy. Then he would extol the sled "Bruno" as exemplifying all these deathless qualities, often dramatically producing the sled and thrusting it at Belle for her white-faced inspection. ^{buttered} "Lookit that, woman! ^{Love went into that job! Love, I say!} Love, I say!" Naturally, ^{this} ~~this~~ would lead him inevitably to the subject of the gnawing horrors of Wall Street -- the seat of all modern skullduggery -- "an' that goddam graspin' Andrew Carnegie!"

So, as with Paul's new "Flexible-Flyer," Belle would quietly write Grandma Fraleigh in Detroit and tell her what the boys wanted and send ^{Grandma} her some of her music-lesson money. Then either Uncle Alec or Uncle Stephen would ship them ^{north} by express as ostensible gifts from the bountiful Detroit relatives, along with their usual gifts, ^{if it was Christmas.} All Oliver could do was fume and mutter that Belle's relatives were "spoilin' the bloody boys so's they'll never learn the value of a dollar!" Paul reflected that the whole thing ran in circles, like a squirrel in a cage...

That winter ~~during the Christmas vacation~~ Paul and Fritz and Bernie Redmond and Gunnar Taleen built a bobsled over in Bellows' basement with the help of Fritz's dad, J. Barry Bellows, the jeweler and ex-actor. He was a fine, jolly little man with graying reddish hair, and brilliant brown eyes, unlike Fritz's, and he would try to help them and pound his fingers with a hammer and then laugh, or else just sit ^{in front of the furnace door} and watch the boys and tell them stories or sing snatches from Gilbert and Sullivan, accompanying himself on the guitar. ^{"O the flowers that bloom in the Spring, true love..."} Paul's heart was filled with envy to see a father like Fritz's... >

It took the boys eight days to finish the bob, ^{working after school and on nights they could get out,} and finally ^{they} install^{ed} the shiny new bell on the front (no bob was complete without a clanging warning bell) and proudly paint^{ed} the name along the top, "The Chippewa Flash." Then that last afternoon before the paint was fairly dry they tenderly carried the new bob from the ^{Bellows'} cellar and started for the Pine Street bob slide.

"Good luck boys!" J. Barry Bellows shouted after them.

NO SPACE

The boys "shacked" a ride on the delivery sled of Danny McQuiggan, one of Jaeger's teamsters, who was passing by on the late afternoon rounds. Danny, upon seeing that ^{Fritz,} one of old Jaeger's grandsons, was in the group, ^{whipped up} galloped ^{and galloped} the horses ^{waiting} past the homes of anxious housewives. Paul sat up in front on the dashboard with Danny on the ^{lumpy} cushion -- "dry-asses" the teamsters called them -- made from hay thrust into a burlap feed sack. After all, four of them did not need to tow the bob. ^{"Hello, Polly. What do you hear from ~~Roge~~?"} Danny said. ^{your brothers Emmett and} Paul shook his head. As the racing sleigh ^{oil} slewed around the corner near the top of Pine street hill, Paul could hear the kerosene sloshing in the ^{the boys and their bob} kerosene tank under them. The spigot was sealed with a potato. Danny delivered ^{oil} them in a cloud of vapor and chiming sleighbells at the top of the hill. "Gee there, Fred, Dick!" Danny shouted, as he wheeled his steaming horses about and slid away. ^{Elmer Tessard's ^{new} Garage had not yet caught up with Danny...}

It was growing dark, but the iced run gleamed in the carbon street lamp as far as they could see. Lucky Gunnar had pulled the long straw to pilot the first ride. They squared the bob around ⁱⁿ front of the take-off. Gunnar adjusted his feet on the front sled guides and wrapped the rope around his mittens. Fritz jumped on behind Gunnar, then Bernie, ^{and Gunnar shouted "Ready!"} and then Paul pushed her away and leaped on ^{the bob.} "Clang, clang, clang!" went the bell, Fritz proudly working the bell cord. "Every man his position knew, ^{this stout and battered motley crew."}

The bob plunged down the steep hill, the runners rumbling on the ice, gathering speed, as the shouting boys shot past the intersection of Bluff street, then Ely street, then Empire, and finally straightened out on the final ^{bouncing} rush into Morgan's Swamp. They let the bob go as far as it would, and were filled with exultation to discover that it had travelled nearly as far as some of the long, heavy twelve- and fifteen-seater bobs owned by the older boys. It was heavenly -- their own bob, made by their own hands. As ^{they} the boys ^{chattering back} ran up the hill Paul began to sense some of the pride Oliver must feel in making his own things.

As the boys reached the top of the hill for the next ride they saw ^{that} another bob was getting ready to ^{take off.} leave. It was owned by Danny Gaynor and his brothers. Short, stocky Danny was there with his brother Stevie and some of the "firehall gang" that lived around the Convent school. When Paul saw Danny he hung back to let him get away. But Danny had spied Paul by the street light. He was not going to let this opportunity pass. ^{his arch enemy} After all, the whole summer had slipped by without his thrashing Paul. ^{Paul has been in on evidence.} Danny turned to Gunnar. Gunnar didn't like Danny any more than Paul did, but was also deeply respectful of his prowess as a fighter.

"Well 'Swede'," Danny said to Gunnar, "since when did you start chumming around with a baby-killing Hun like Biegler here?" He motioned at Paul with his thumb without looking at him.

Danny was a master at disdain. Paul stood chilled in his tracks. His feeling was one of yawning dismay. Something new had come to torment him, ^{It was} one of the little unreported casualties of the War. He was ^{now} not only a dirty saloon-keeper's son but a Hun as well. At that moment he knew how all the trammelled peoples in the world must feel... ~~It was not good...~~

Then Paul saw Fritz looking at him, his ^{pale} blue eyes wide with blank ^{intent + pale white} astonishment. "So this is my cowardly new friend," he was sure Fritz was thinking. ^{It was written on his face,} "Polly," Fritz said in a low, awed voice. "Polly," he repeated. Paul's misery was complete. ^{"Hun!" Danny said.}

Paul felt something give way in him, as though some vital organ in his body was being wrenched from him. He became so weak that as he staggered up to Danny he almost fell. ^{Danny could have pushed him over with his hand.} There was fear ^{in him, but there was also something}, but ~~this was much deeper than fear alone.~~ ^{Paul} He had always loathed any offensive physical touching, as he was to ~~be~~ all of his life. All he could see was Danny, leering, smiling, squint-eyed Danny. Paul wanted to retch. ^{"Hun!"} ~~"Hun!"~~ ^{repeated.} said Danny. It was Danny's tactical mistake. Paul's strength surged back in a wild rush and he was upon Danny, flailing him with his thin ^{knotted} fists, hitting and hitting his hateful face. ^{Paul} Then Danny was miraculously lying upon the icy street and Paul was upon him and his hands were tight about Danny's throat, ^{was a whirlwind of blows.} and his mind was as cold as the ice he kneeled on. Warm blood was running from Danny's nose on to Paul's hands...

Fritz went out of his ^{course} way and walked home with Paul, dragging the new bob. On the way Paul washed the blood from his hands in the snow. They did not speak. When they got to Paul's corner, under the guttering carbon street lamp, they stood there silently regarding each other. Fritz seemed to be pondering something. He finally spoke. "Polly, you hit him and choked him when he was down. You shouldn't have done that, Polly," Fritz said. "You know that."

"Yes, I know," Paul said.

"You won't do that again, will you?" Fritz said, anxiously.

"I don't know," Paul said. "You know Fritz," he slowly said, "I -- I think I might have killed him if the others hadn't been there to pull me off."

"You were afraid of him, weren't you, Polly?" Fritz said.

"Yes," Paul said. "I've been afraid of him for a long time. You don't know, Fritz, you don't know..."

"But you're not any more, are you, Polly?"

"No, I'm not afraid any more, Fritz," Paul said.

"Goodnight, Polly -- you're a swell pal."

"Goodnight, Fritz, you're a swell pal too."

The music whistles were blowing in circles.
Paul ^{paused on} ~~went into~~ the kitchen ^{porch} whistling "I Wanta Go Back to Michigan" very softly. ~~Paul~~
went into the kitchen and
washed at the ~~kitchen~~ sink and combed his cowlick at the ~~kitchen~~ mirror. He grinned at himself
in the mirror. "The baby-killer of Blueberry ^{Hill} street," he whispered to himself, *distorting his mouth in one of the ripples of the pond.* He went into
the dining-room and slipped into his ^{corner} seat ^{between} next to Oliver ^{and Belle} at the supper table. Nobody noticed a
thing. Paul did not tell Belle or anyone about his fight. She only found out two days later
when Danny's mother, Mrs. Gaynor, paid ^{Belle} her a belated return call. *The two women had a good cry.*
As for Paul ^{he} had never ^{had so much fun} enjoyed himself so much in the wintertime.

Oliver's love of the woods was a sort of quiet madness tacitly recognized by Belle and all the boys but rarely openly discussed by the M, Paul was gradually coming to see that this plunging, impatient man was never really happy unless he was miles from town, far from the sounds of the trains and minewhistles, away from his family, away from his saloon -- ^{always} away, away, away...

That summer Oliver began taking Paul to the woods with him, especially to the South Camp. During these trips Paul scarcely knew his father for the same man. Dan McGinnis, one of Oliver's woods cronies, usually accompanied them, and the fashion in which these two carried on and laughed and played grotesque Paul Bunyan jokes on each other reminded Paul of himself and his own playmates. Nor could Paul forget the way his father would throw back his head and show his firm ^{tobacco-stained} yellow teeth in a grim smile as he would work a tugging trout into shore over at Blair's Pond. ^{He talked to his fish, cooing them, flatteringly them, slowly killing them...}

"Come on me speckled darlin' -- no, no, out of dose dere veeds," ^{he} Oliver would tenderly croon, in a comical mixture of the various local dialects. Oliver's eyes would wrinkle at the corners and his flyrod would be bent into a palsied hoop. "Vat iss diss? 'Ere, naow, com' to yer bloody Pa, me son! There!" And the tired trout would be finally lying in Oliver's sagging net. Paul would stand watching in open-mouthed wonder. "'Vat iss diss' ^{wavy} indeed," he thought. Then after ^{they had taken enough fish} a ~~bit~~ Paul would follow his father and Dan back to camp, through ^{the high grass of} the soggy beaver meadows, across the fallen log on the creek and up the hill to the square camp made of white pine logs which stood on the birch-covered ridge.

Oliver had three camps: two hunting camps north of Chippewa, in the region of Silver Lake and the Big Dead River, and ^{then} the South Camp, ^{far out beyond the Green Hills,} which ^{he} haunted ^{looming} during the summer fishing season. ^{While} there were plenty of deer around the ^{camp} South Camp, ^{but} Oliver had not hunted there since Paul was a baby, the fall that Oliver had actually heard the faint rifle shot of ^{some} a witless stranger who had dared to wander near the fringe of his hunting domain. "Hell, Tom," he had said to old Tom Eckman, one of his hunting partners, "Hell, Tom, it's gettin' so's a man can't step outa the bloody camp without he falls over a couple or two ^{deer} trespassin' ^{hunters!}" ^(one word)

Each November Oliver and his ^{woods} cronies made mighty preparations for the deer hunt up North, which involved ^{assembling} ~~endless~~ blankets and snowshoes, ^{socks and mittens,} food and rifles, ^{missH: (omit} ~~clove-consuming conferences~~ ^{portion HERE)} at the saloon with Tom Eckman and the McGinnis twins, Dan and Dave, ^{not to mention whiskey and beer and the "fixin' for the whiskey sours. There were} ^{He spent hours in (missH) now put in} lists and lists, and then lists of ^{making endless}

lists... Finally ^{"the day" would arrive, and} ~~one day~~ Oliver would stoop and kiss Belle, as she stood on the back porch, ^{and} the others would ^{respectfully touch} ~~tip~~ their caps to her and say "Goodbye, Mrs. Biegler," ~~and~~ ^{then} Fred and Chief, the big white team, would draw the laden ^{team} jumper out of the back yard. Oliver would be gone for weeks -- much to the boys' delight -- and then one night, always in the black dark, Paul would hear the ^{dull frosty} sleigh bells and the clomp of the horses behind the ^{house,} ~~home.~~ ^{mighty} The hunters were home from the hill!

Paul would race for the kitchen and run out on the porch and watch the tired and mumbling bearded men in the ^{vapored} lantern light ^{as they tossed} ~~tossing~~ the deer off the sleigh like ^{corduroy} ~~logs,~~ ^{The frozen} ~~their~~ bodies of the deer ^{waggishly} ~~frozen~~ in the attitude of their final leap, their bloody tongues protruding from their mouths, their slotted eyes a shrivelled, sunken blue. ^{On these occasions Paul, reflected that,} Belle would have ^{wags and chops and} ~~mincemeat~~ enough to last through the winter -- ^{poor} ~~all from these~~ ^{deer, so beautiful, so slender, so very dead...} ~~The heads of those with good racks of horns would be added to those that already thronged~~ ^{the racks of the kitchen.}

¶ ^{Some} ~~About~~ this time, too, Paul realized with dismay that his father and Belle led no sort of social life together. After a busy day of running the big house and giving music lessons, Belle generally spent her nights alone, darning and mending or ironing, or helping the boys with their lessons, or rocking in her chair by the window in the sitting-room, chatting with her neighbors, Mrs. Trembath or Mrs. Coffey or Gunnar's mother, hard-working Mrs. Taleen. When Belle went to the Presbyterian church it was alone or with Paul. It was the same way with her visits to the movies or the occasional roadshows which came to McNulty's Opera House. It seemed that on these occasions Oliver always found he had to work at the saloon. "Someone around this bloody house's got to have a sense of dooty!" he would wail, drooping his head under the sudden oppressive weight of his cares. Oliver, however, was fascinated by Lyman H. Howe's movie travelogues, with sound effects, as was Paul. Regardless of "dooty" Oliver never missed their annual visits to Chippewa. He would put on his best salt-and-pepper suit and sit in an aisle seat, because of his long legs, watching in hunched absorption as the parade of pygmies and elephants and strange exotic sights flickered across the screen.

Then during the intermission he would remain fixed in his seat, cramped and enthralled, while Lyman H. Howe's pianist came out and bowed and then played a series of ~~rippling~~ ^{glissandos and rippling} brilliant, florid passages on Maestro McNulty's battered upright; selections fairly dripping with arpeggios, ~~and glissandos~~, and usually taken from Liszt or some fiery Italian. Oliver would lean across Paul, smelling of cloves, and sibilantly whisper to Belle, "Genius!" Belle would smile and nod and whisper, "Yes, Oliver." For once Paul was in accord with Oliver. Any man was indubitably a genius who could wrench music from Mr. McNulty's piano.

Belle ^{still} occasionally tried inviting other married couples over to spend the evening, but had gradually abandoned the practice in ^{silent} horror after one or two grim experiences. Oliver, resigned and stoic in the salt-and-pepper suit and starched collar and diamond stickpin, his thinning cowlick pushed back on his ^{fore} head, would sit through the evening like a caged lion, his powerful hands clenching and unclenching his knees, responding in grunted abstracted monosyllables to the timid overtures of some unhappy husband of one of Belle's friends. Or worse yet, Oliver would sometimes be drawn into sudden conversation by some chance word and would launch into a thunderous, eye-rolling monologue on the iniquities of his two pets: Wall Street and Andrew Carnegie, or -- since the War had started -- on a scheming and villainous Great Britain.

Oliver never discussed his views with any man; he simply announced them. Where he got them Paul never really knew because he rarely discovered Oliver reading anything other than The Iron Ore or Grover's definitive work on the "Diseases of Horses" which stood in the high bookcase in the music room. Yet he seemed to know all about Carnegie and the ^{iniquitous} steel tariff, Eugene Debs and labor injunctions, Henry George and the single tax, and all the rest. Belle and the guests would sit in a stunned silence, nodding their heads in automatic agreement as Oliver hurled his sweeping charges of graft and corruption, of dark cabals and foul alliances, both foreign and domestic, national and international... He rarely stooped to buttress these indictments with facts or sources; wagging his finger, he merely shouted the dire conclusions. "You mark my words -- John Bull and Wall Street will have us in this bloody war yet!" Paul could hear these thunderous forbodings distinctly from his cot upstairs. "Don't, Oliver," Belle would plead with him after the startled guests had fled. "Please don't get on those sore subjects when we have people over. Please, Oliver -- I don't ask much of you..."

The very next time Belle "had people over" gave Oliver his chance to demonstrate how meekly mindful he was of Belle's plea. Before the visitors fairly had their wraps off Oliver began dilating on the uncontroversible merits of the sitting-room coal stove; this time to Mr. Trembath, the bookkeeper at Jaeger's. Oliver glanced at Belle. He would show her he could bandy small talk with the best of them... There certainly wasn't a belligerent coal in this topic. Belle waited, smiling ^cundertainly, nodding brightly, anxiously pursing her lips. Little Mr. Trembath and his wife, ^g who had no earthly need for her ear trumpet, ^{as this signature} sat in spellbound, gulping silence as Oliver heaped ringing tributes on the stove. As he warmed to his subject, so intense became Oliver's desire to convince his neighbors that all modern stoves were trashy junk compared with this venerable tall queen, that he had stalked out to his shop

in the woodshed and come back with an armful of soiled tools and had sprawled on the floor, salt-and-pepper suit and all, and virtually dismantled the lighted stove before their horrified eyes. Then, to Belle's utter and final shame, he had wound up trying to sell the stove to Mr. Trembath. "Mind you, I'm doin' you a favor, neighbor! You'll never get a better bloody buy, Trembath!" he shouted, waving a wrench in the air, " -- not if you scour the hull damn Peninsula! I'm tellin' you, man..."

That was the end. The Trembaths hurried home, without the stove, and in the future Belle resigned herself to "having just the ladies over," which was quite all right with Oliver. "Hell, woman," he ^{rant} would rant, "them grubbin' husbands of your lady friends! All they can think to talk about is their goddam stocks and bonds and money -- how they made money here, or lost money there, or how they're goin' to make more money next week or next year. There's no goddam fun in their miserable shrivelled souls! How can you put up with it, woman! Answer me, I say! Don't stand there -- O merciful God, answer me!"

"Yes, Oliver," Belle ^{said} would say. "Yes, Oliver." That was the way it always was. "Yes, Oliver."

It was not that Oliver hated people or was unsocial. In fact, as Paul pondered as he grew older, it seemed to him it was because the man was so tremendously alive and full of wild vitality that he could not bear to waste a moment of his time on the gentle, noncommittal sparring that commonly passed for the social amenities. That summer Paul overheard a snatch of conversation between Oliver and Dan McGinnis out at the South Camp. Oliver and Dan were having "just one more" whiskey sour. "Christ, Dan," Oliver laughed, "when I spend my time talkin' to a woman I want to be figurin' how I can get her into bed!"

Paul thought, even then, that this casual ribald remark held one of the keys to the man's character. His father seemed to live only for the high moments of life -- for the curbing of the runaway horse, the final shot at the mortally plunging buck, the hooking and landing of a fighting trout, the subduing of a high-spirited woman... The conventional concepts of Family and ~~Home~~ Home, of Work and Duty, were simply not meant for the man. They were without his ken, and their manifestations all about him drove him frantic with a lashing impatience. He could not abide even the thought of the restraints they would impose on him. In the woods he could be free... The man's unconventionality was not mere ignorance, Paul gradually realized, but was, with all its raw crudeness, a deliberate and inevitable expression of his philosophy of life.

If Oliver found his only true happiness in the woods, Paul thought, then surely Belle found hers in her home ^{and her family} especially on those rare occasions when she and her husband and all her boys were together. These usually occurred during those periods of uneasy domestic truce which Belle called "our Sunday-evening musicales" but which quiet brother Lincoln irreverently referred to as "The Cremation of Sam McBeethoven!" Belle clung to the notion that no household was completely a home unless both parents spent time in it, together contributing to the cultural development of their children. Such had been her girlhood in Detroit and, so help her, so would it be for her boys in Chippewa -- even if one of the parties to this proposed cultural revelation was a man called Oliver Biegler. "It gives a home a feeling of security," Paul once heard his mother say to Mrs. Taleen.

So when, after the Sunday night supper, Belle would hum to herself as she popped up a bowlful of buttery popcorn in the wire basket over the kitchen range, or cooked a platter full of fudge to cool on the little shelf on the back stoop, the boys would know they were in for another musical evening. Then, in some mysterious fashion which Paul could never fathom, Belle would brave imminent destruction and lurch and tug her snoring husband off of the sitting-room sofa and into the music-room piano. She would sit at the piano and play from memory the melodies of her girlhood, old Scotch airs, the songs of Stephen Foster, while the great rumple-haired man stood behind her ^{silently} swaying and sleepily blinking his eyes. When she thought Oliver was sufficiently awake, she would swing into one of the old German songs, usually ^{the beautiful} "Still wie die Nacht" as a start, singing the air in German in her clear sweet soprano. Then she would glance over her shoulder at Oliver, still singing, nodding her head for him to join her, which he would invariably do, slowly blundering into the song with his hoarse rumbling bass, Belle pausing for him to catch up or hurrying to overtake him. "Still wie die Nacht..."

Meanwhile the boys, the recipients of this musical feast, would sit clustered around the breathing gas lamp which stood on the sitting-room table, ^{glancing} pretending to ^{glance at each other} read, ^{sluicing} popcorn into their grinning mouths and -- when Oliver wandered too far in the "Nacht" -- surreptitiously holding their noses with one hand and pulling the air with the other.

Paul would join his brothers in these subtle criticisms of the Biegler musical appreciation hours, holding his nose with the rest of them. Yet rarely did one of these Sunday evenings draw to a close that his heart was not clutched with a feeling of ineffable sadness, a sense of wry and unutterable gloom, as he watched his mother in her feverishly gay efforts to bring "security"

and "culture" into the home of herself and her boys...

How can there be security? Paul would ponder, staring sightlessly at his book. ~~He wondered~~ ^{How} ^{could} such an illusion ~~could~~ be fostered in a home where one did not know, from one moment to the next, when the head of it might not suddenly become transformed into a raging lion, and stamp cursing from the house or else turn snarling on one or all of its occupants? For some inarticulate reason, buried deep in his tangled childhood memories, Paul was to look back on these Sunday evenings together as among the saddest of his entire boyhood. Popcorn and fudge was not quite enough...

That summer it was Belle who finally got Oliver to take Paul to the woods with him. Paul knew it was part of her relentless campaign to make a little Tarzan out of him. But he did not care. Even Paul had to admit that Belle had always tried hard enough "to put some flesh on your poor little bones." For as long as he could remember he had waged a constant losing battle to avoid Belle's nostrums and vile health brews. ^{New assortment} ~~The list~~ was endless.

High on the list there was Vinol, which contained a magical new property which every human system craved, called "iron." Paul was so glugged with it he sometimes wondered if he would not be struck by lightning. ^{Iron attracted lightning, did it not?} Under Belle's watchful eye he had consumed casks of the stuff. Again there was cod liver oil, which was still worse than Vinol, and then Scott's Emulsion, which brought on waves of nausea when Paul merely visualized the schools of rigid dead fish, one of which adorned the oily label of each of the endless bottles he had emptied. Then of course there were prunes, mashed, boiled and -- well no, never quite fried -- and goose-grease on his chest in the winter, overlaid with a square piece of flannel cut from an abandoned Bieglerian nightgown. In the Spring, O glorious season, he was ^{tolerantly} given his choice of weapons; either a dose of castor oil or ^{a draft of} Rocky Mountain tea or ^{home-made} sulphur and molasses -- a wearing decision to have to make. Alphabetic vitamins had not yet appeared to enchant and revive a drooping world which appeared to Paul to be reeling along an abyss of incipient anemia and galloping consumption. Going to the woods, even with Oliver, was preferable to these endless bouts with Belle's deadly decoctions...

Oliver and Dan McGinnis left from the back yard in the old buckboard drawn by a high raw-boned gelding called "Carnegie." Paul had kissed his mother goodbye a half-dozen times, and was sitting on a bale of hay on the back. A lantern was clamped on the dashboard and a

battered water pail dangled from the rear axle. "Are you sure you have your long underwear with you in case the weather changes?" Belle asked Paul once again, standing on the back porch, shading her eyes. "Ye-e-es Mom," Paul answered, somehow shamed by this anxious maternal concern for a hardy woodsman. "Giddap, 'Thousand Dollars,'" Oliver said, raising a big tanned hand in farewell, and away they clattered out on the street, south across the tracks, out of sight of Belle's waving handkerchief, past the alley behind the saloon, and out South Pine street, beyond the old Angeline mine, up the steep ^{Frenchman's} ~~Saginaw~~ Hill, past the last of the Finnish farms, finally turning off on a two-rut sandy road which Oliver called the "head of the plains."

They stopped at the bridge over the sweeping oily flow of the Escanaba River, where Paul launched his Tarzan-hood by dipping out two pails of water for perspiring Carnegie. He noticed that the brook trout were ^{quietly} rising in the river, just below the bridge, but he said nothing to Oliver and Dan. He knew they'd never get to camp. During this interlude Oliver and Dan improved their time by stuffing and lighting their pipes with "Peerless," and hoisting two drinks apiece out of a pint bottle. Paul was enchanted at the genteel manner in which Dan combed out his moustaches, after his drink, the right hand neatly caring for the left side, the left hand for the right... Then began the long climb up the sandy hill out of the river valley, ~~and~~ Paul half closed his eyes and listened to the sand sifting off the metal rims and wooden spokes, concluding that the sound more nearly approximated that made by the sea shells on Belle's what-not which stood in a corner of the parlor -- —

"Look, Dan!" Oliver said. "A fine running shot!" Paul wheeled to the front and watched a running buck and two does, flags up, leaping across an open stretch, finally bounding into a cover of jackpines and out of sight. To Paul the white-tail deer were ^{innocent and} the most graceful of all ^{of Nature's forms of life, including man's} animals, and he wondered, as he was always to wonder, what high courage could prompt his father or any man to ^{crumple} still their bounding flight.

At birch-surrounded Brewery Hill Spring the ritual of water, Peerless and bottle was rapidly assuming the force of immutable tradition to Paul; then a few more miles and they entered the dense woods, putting up two coveys of partridge, then they crossed the ~~flooded~~ ^{log} ~~bridge~~ ^{over the creek, partially flooded} ~~caused~~ by the backwater of a beaver dam, then a little way and ^{there was} a fleeting glimpse at Biegler Lake -- Oliver's lake -- through the tall spruces. Then they came out into a small clearing on the ridge on which stood a log camp and a log barn. "Whoa Carnegie, you ol' buzzard," Oliver said, throwing the reins out on the ground. This was the South Camp. Paul heard the hot click of grasshoppers and crickets in the sun-lit clearing. A groundhog ran ^{frantically} from the side

of the little outhouse to its burrow on the edge of the woods. "I'll fix him tonight, Oliver," Dan said. "In the meantime I suggest we have ourselves a little snort."

As Oliver and Dan unharnessed and ministered to the tired horse, Paul went down the hill to the creek for water. ^{Shadowy} Trout darted away as he dipped the first pail. When he got back up the hill with the full water pails he stood panting outside of the camp. The sun was sinking in the northwest. Oliver and Dan were inside ^{the camp} having "just another one." Oliver was talking to Dan. "Christ, Dan," he was saying, "when I spend my time talkin' to a woman I want to be figurin' how I can get her into bed.,,"

of Oliver's canker? Yet there were lots of good-natured saloonkeepers in town. Paul and the other boys had sold crates of salvaged 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.

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 the Chippewa Ore Company, which operated the large Blueberry mine. That summer the company had made Greg a foreman of one of the ^{electrical} 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 their double bed in the ~~back~~ ^{cal} calsomined back bedroom. Paul's cot was stored in the dusty attic. Paul missed the companionship of 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 Eileen. "What'll we sing tonight, kid?" Greg would say. Paul sat on the edge of Greg's bed and sang in a piping tenor as Greg carried the air. "Now some people say that a darky won't steal..." ^{Greg would begin.} They went through all the verses, piling up the damning evidence to negative this charitable assumption, Greg getting into his blue serge suit, prying his necktie into his hard collar, currying 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 Geraldine Farrar; of Lillian Russell and Pearl White; 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 mint candies and Yucatan or square-shaped 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. He pretended he was just sort of helping Belle to keep the room clean. Sometimes Paul suspected that Greg did not always go out with Eileen when he said he was. Once Paul found a nearly empty pint of

whiskey and some toy balloons in a small box which read ^{"Said"} "For the prevention of disease only."

Another time Paul found an envelope containing an exciting series of photographs of ~~naked~~
women ^{without any clothes,} including one of a man and a woman in a most curious attitude...

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

Greg had finally adjusted his tie, carefully inserted his stickpin, brushed a flake of dandruff off his shoulder -- "Listen Polly, do you know the best way to stop falling dandruff? I'll give you a nickel if you can tell me." Greg rattled the loose coins in his trousers. Paul pursed his lips and wrinkled his brow. Greg was ready to go. This was always the pay-off. Greg was at the bedroom door. "Wear a blue serge coat!" Paul blurted, poised on the bed to catch the nickel which Greg tossed to him.

"Way down yonder in the cor-r-r-n-n field..."

Before he had left the old house Greg had installed electric lights throughout, dangling magic bulbs that glowed instantly when one snapped the buttons on the wall marked "On" and "Off." Gone were the gas lights and the tall old kerosene lamp which stood for so many years on the chiffonier in the back hall to light Oliver into his bedroom when he came home from the saloon late at night and creaked heavily up the back stairs. Discarded was the long-handled lighter that had a paraffin wick and a notched metal end so that the gas lights could be turned on and off without standing on a chair.

That fall Oliver installed a secondhand furnace; an asbestos-clad hot water furnace bristling with doors and dials, whose long fingers probed into every room of the house. Belle raised Paul's allowance to a quarter a week for taking care of it, although it was much easier than ministering to the old coal stoves. Paul eased his conscience by putting it down to war profiteering, a gently growing social phenomenon of the time. The two tall Michigan Garland coal stoves -- "The finest bloody stoves in America, I tell you!" -- were finally sold to old Moses Schwartzberger for junk, and in November Oliver carted the dining-room woodstove, under which a generation of mittens and socks had been dried, up to the Silver Lake hunting camp and oblivion...

But the advent of a furnace and electric lights were as nothing compared to the purchase Oliver had made just after school opened that fall. Oliver -- the lover of horses, who'd always said automobiles were a "goddam crazy fad" -- Oliver had bought a Model T Ford touring car! It was secondhand, of course, and belonged to Ed Schwemin, the local distributor of Schlitz beer. "Whistling" Ed Schwemin had got it new the summer the War broke out. Then he

found he could not ^{barn to} drive it. So it had stood in his barn until Elmer Lessard had opened his new garage in Oliver's warehouse. Elmer had given blonde Emma, Ed's buxom daughter, two lessons on how to drive the thing. That was enough for capable Emma. All summer long Emma had been careening around the ^{hilly} streets of Chippewa in Ed's Ford, leaving a string of startled citizens and rearing horses in her wake. She lived on Ridge Street, the street north of Paul's house. Paul's brothers called Emma their "Great Big Beautiful Doll" after the song.

The day Oliver bought the car ^{flaxen-haired} Emma came racing up Hematite Street, honking the bulbous rubber horn at Paul and Fritz, who were playing in the street. When Emma saw Paul she applied the brakes and almost stood the car upon its brass-nosed radiator. "Want to come for a spin, Polly?" she smiled at him, ^{showing her even, milky-white teeth. there?} "You and your friend?" She was a good-natured big girl, who always seemed to be blushing. Oliver and Emma's father were good friends. Oliver bought beer from Whistling Ed and occasionally took him to the woods when Ed's tall wife would let him go.

Paul and Fritz huddled on the edge of the cool leather seat in the back. They clutched the robe rack on the rear of the front seat, grinning at each other, as Emma whirled around Jaeger's corner, down across the tracks, past the firehall, out South Pine Street and onto the curving hematite red dirt road that led past Old Frenchtown. "With a squealing of brakes like a stallion in May, She scattered the peasantry out of the way..."

On a sunny afternoon in September 1915 several small boys and some miners' wives in their backyards taking down clothing in Frenchtown Location were interested to remark the progress of a woman and two boys in a Ford automobile as they watched it leave the road at the abrupt turn into the Trembath mine, careen through a barbed-wire fence, sway crazily across an open field with a portion of the fence, and finally plunge over the yawning crater of an abandoned mine pit.

This was in the days before the people of Chippewa and all America had grown surfeited with the ^vicious pageantry of automobiles careening off highways, ramps and bridges; climbing trees and lamp posts; running against or in front of fast trains; plunging into, through and sometimes out of houses, outbuildings and various public and private structures. So quite a crowd gathered around the rim of the ^{startling German defeat of the} mine pit. The next evening even the Iron Ore recorded the event on the front page, rivalling the new ^{news of the Russian invasion → Galicia and the} German offensive in France.

^{Zepplin raid over England.}
"Miss Emma Schwemin, aged nineteen, daughter of Edward Schwemin, local merchant, and Paul Biegler and Frederic Bellows, both aged twelve, miraculously escaped death and serious injury yesterday when Miss

Emma lost control of her father's new Ford touring automobile and plunged down a two-hundred-foot embankment into an abandoned mine pit in Frenchtown Location. Miss Emma was taken to 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 badly damaged and was reported purchased by Oliver Biegler, local merchant, for an undisclosed price.

figures

Belle kept Paul in bed all the next day. She had given up her piano lessons and spent the day hovering over Paul, wavering between anger and solicitude. It appeared that castor oil was a new specific for plunges into mine pits. Towards supper time she brought the newspaper up to his darkened room along with a steaming bowl of barley broth. Paul heard her quick steps on the back stairs. He lay back and closed his eyes and held his thin body rigidly still. Belle came into the room and stood watching him. Paul cautiously raised one slotted eyelid. Belle stood anxiously peering down at him with her gray eyes. She hastily put down the soup bowl 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, blinking his eyes, "-- huh? -- supper time already?" "That stupid, criminal girl," Belle said, referring to Emma. "I never 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, you -- you adventurer!"

Oliver had bought ~~Whistling~~ ^{Schwemmin} Ed's wrecked car. Oliver and ^{Whistling Ed} Mr. Schwemin had arrived at the mine pit together in Doctor Gourdeau's lather-flecked buggy. ^{Miss Emma's} The great big beautiful doll, Emma, lay crying on a man's coat, holding her thumb, her blonde hair awry, her great breasts heaving with her sobs. "Papa -- papa," she kept saying. ^{"Oh papa - papa - papa..."} Some perspiring men were just leading Paul and Fritz out of the pit, from which they had just finished carrying Emma. Whistling Ed looked down at his weeping daughter. 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," Oliver said, walking to the edge of the pit, squinting through narrowed eyes, figuring out the best way to hoist his new car to the surface.

Oliver's elegant carriage, the rubber tired vehicle with the long 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 ^{stormy} affections it was promptly replaced by the Ford. The boys were glad to be rid of the carriage and its hateful memories of bleak and wasted Saturdays spent dressing the harnesses, washing and polishing the carriage, greasing the axles, filling the lamps with kerosene and burnishing the reflectors. Then there was the grim ceremony of the Sunday drives.

On summer Sunday afternoons following dinner Oliver would go down to the barn and harness the lively bays, yellow fly netting and all, and drive around to the front of the house under the shade of the rows of tall elms he had planted when he was a young man. If Belle and the boys were not ready and waiting for him he would lean over the side of the sagging carriage 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 genuflect before they boarded their father's pride and joy. Then Oliver would touch the quivering rumps of the ^{boys} with the tall whip, and ^{whirl} ~~drive~~ all of them around the Iron Cliffs Drive or the Cooper and Deer Lake drive, or sometimes out to August Schmidt's farm.

Old Schmidt had known Oliver's parents, and he and Oliver would sit and ^{smoke and drink beer} reminisce for hours in ^{Oliver's} ~~their~~ halting, rusty German while the boys played in the big barn or tested the progress of old August's apple orchard. Sometimes Belle would play and sing old German airs on the parlor organ. When the sun began to wane and the ^{night} ~~hawks~~ began to swoop they would return home, in stiff and rigid silence. The boys would gleefully wheel the carriage up the ramp into the dusky barn and reverently cover it in its shroud for another gala Sunday, while Oliver unharnessed and fed the bays and bedded them down for the night. That night, if the boys were really unlucky, Belle might initiate another of her Sunday evening musicales...

Elmer Lessard and two of his mechanics helped Oliver tug the stricken Ford out of the mine pit. Brother Link was helping Elmer in the garage that summer but he was not allowed to assist in raising the Ford, much to his relief, because Oliver always maintained that none of his boys "had enough brains to come in out of the rain." Elmer sent to Detroit for parts, and in the interim gave Oliver driving lessons in another Ford. Then one Sunday afternoon before Halloween Oliver was sitting out in front of the house in the rehabilitated Model T, hunched ^{wearing, of all things, a pair of goggles, owlshly} over the tiny wheel, leaning and roaring to Belle and the boys to hurry -- "in the name of a patient and merciful God!" ^{when Belle came out and} ^{right out on the street,} and Paul ^{had to run} ^{back} and get her Vericolate pills. ^{Q This was Sunday.} ^{and get her Vericolate pills.}

Yes, Sunday, the day of the spirit, was to Paul the dreariest day of the week, the time of spiritual drought, when dull ritual and empty form took the place of fun and joy and living.

He could never forget these dragging, colorless Sundays: Sunday school on Sunday mornings in the damp basement of the Presbyterian church with its stale cupboard smell of a thousand forgotten church suppers; the nasal, wet-lipped evangelistic whine of old Mr. Veale, the Sunday school superintendent, so implacably firm in the conviction of his own salvation, so fanatic in his zeal to confer it on others; the shiny tinny-sounding upright mahogany piano, always out of tune, which accompanied the children's tiny chants, ^{— "Jesus loves me, this I know..." —} the twin bulletin boards on the peeling cal-somined walls which recorded last week's attendance and collection, and the 'oh's' and 'ah's' the children were supposed to emit, always with intemperate enthusiasm, when this week's gate receipts were larger; the interminable lessons concerning long-dead people of a far land who had queer, difficult Hebrew names, and who were ^{shamelessly} forever 'begatting' one another; the weekly copy of the "Forward" which the children were supposed to read with wild relish and report on the following Sunday.

Sunday: The time of going to church with Belle and sitting for an endless dreary hour or more listening to Mr. Hayward, the minister, shouting and droning through his sermon like a tired actor, discharging his neatly prepared syllogisms of unassailable theology, in winter to the accompaniment of clanking steam pipes and hissing radiators, in summer to the noisy chirpings and mating cries and rich throat warblings of the sparrows and robins in the lacy vines and rustling trees just outside the tilted open stained glass windows.

The minister always began his sermons with a matter-of-fact quotation of Biblical verse. Paul was never fooled by this. Then Mr. Hayward would pause and stare at the congregation. He would hold this staring thyroid pause so long that Paul would wildly fear that the man had taken a fit, a fainting spell, or had fallen into a sudden cataleptic trance. Then, when Paul had abandoned all prospect of the man's going forward, and waited hopefully for Mr. Veale to pad up and take him away, Mr. Hayward would repeat the verse, this time in an entirely changed accent and in a lowered, sepulchral tone of voice. It was a deceit which always made Paul flush with shame. In this false, assumed, unnatural ^{which sometimes rose to a petulant quaver,} accent and voice he would proceed through the entire sermon, while Paul slowly counted the light bulbs in the three sprouting brass chandeliers -- they always came to thirty-seven -- retallied the ~~number of~~ pipes in the organ, the number of bald heads present, his consciousness occasionally swimming up to the sermon when he thought that surely all the sin in the world must now be cleansed, all doubt finally resolved. "Now he's going to quit," Paul would think to himself. " -- this time he's surely

Invent 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. Generally there was a tired little wife who hovered ^{and smiled} in the background, patiently herding their children, who were dressed in the habits of the distant place from which they had come. The missionary would invariably have lantern slides showing "our missionary headquarters in ^{Canton} Penang" or some exotic place, and the throngs of converts: graceful Indians, wound in yards of cloth, thin ^{staring} Chinese, and doll-like, hobbling, innocent-faced little Japanese ^{— all so quaint and harmless —} who had flocked to enlist under the banner of the Lord. To Paul there was magic in these pictures. The showing of the slides would be embellished with a running comment of antiseptic humor by the missionary. "That's little Fang and his mother going to Sunday School! How would you like to come to church on your mama's back? Heh, heh, heh..." Paul would glance at Belle and try to picture her totting him up Blueberry Hill, his skinny legs dragging on the ground. Then the shutter would finally click, the church chandeliers give out their coppery glow. There would be a special prayer, then, followed by a special offering -- taken up by the missionary's scampering children -- to carry on the work of those who brought His word to the benighted ^{lost and} of far ^{and} distant lands. Paul was once more back in Chippewa ^{there} ...

Yes, Sunday, the day of the spirit, was to Paul the dreariest day of the week, the time of spiritual drought, when dull ritual and empty form took the place of fun and joy and living. He could never forget these dragging, colorless Sundays: Sunday school on Sunday mornings in the damp basement of the Presbyterian church with its stale cupboard smell of a thousand forgotten church suppers; the nasal, wet-lipped, evangelistic whine of old Mr. Veale, the Sunday school superintendent, so implacably firm in the conviction of his own salvation, so fanatic in his ~~unshakable~~ zeal to confer it on others; the shiny tinny-sounding upright mahogany piano, always out of tune, which accompanied the children's tiny chants; the twin bulletin boards on the peeling calsomined walls which recorded last week's attendance and collection, and the 'oh's' and 'ah's' the children were supposed to emit, always with ~~wild~~ ^{intemperate} enthusiasm, when this week's gate receipts were larger; the interminable lessons concerning long-dead people of a far land who had queer, difficult Hebrew names, and who were ~~always~~ ^{forever} 'begatting' one another; the weekly copy of the "Forward" which the children were supposed to read ~~and~~ ^{with wild} relish and report on the following ~~week~~ ^{Sunday}.

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going to stop -- here's a peachy place for him to end!" -- but the near town clock would heavily bong ^{the moon horn} ~~twelve~~ and Mr. Hayward would drone on ^{and 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 fifty-three when she croaked -- and then Belle would be miraculously plucking him to his feet for the final hymn. Mr. Hayward then gave the benediction to the bowed congregation and would hurriedly creak on elaborate ^{like a stage footpad,} tiptoe to the back of the church, Paul peeking/in head-hanging fascination. During ^{his} ~~this~~ ^{down the patched red-carpeted aisle} adagio the choir put a brief musical seal upon ^{the ministers'} ~~his~~ words. Then Mrs. Vivian would boom out wild ^U 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. The released congregation suddenly resumed life once again, ^{just as though nothing had happened,} and shook hands and chatted with one another and gradually ^{sifted} ~~filtered~~ out past poor tired Mr. Hayward, haggard and spent from his spiritual labors, shaking his limp 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 ^{Blueberry Hill -} ~~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 whistle and leap high into the air...

^{Insert} → ^(Insert A)
There was a dry and dusty poverty about these Sundays that filled Paul with dismay and stirred in his young heart a growing 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 were professionals, he felt, who had helped to annotate the Lord and all his works, and who quietly created the impression that they had an "in" with Him, that they had known Him man and ^{that He was a sort of spiritual Santa Claus who would remember the good little boys and girls on Yes,} 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 ^C 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 would have hurt her.

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 ^{harvest clarity of 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 Chuck Woodlock -- he of the cleft palate -- for at Halloween in union there was strength; strength to topple a reluctant fence or outhouse; strength to scare off marauding ~~rival~~ gangs from "enemy" locations. Each gang was supposed to confine its mischief to its own neighborhood and at the same time protect it from the depredations of ^{rival} 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 disturbed and gleaming waters of Lake Bancroft. ^{There was the fleeting satisfaction of a job well done.} "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 the numb October sidewalks. "Oi'll folley ye to hell" came faintly from behind them. Paul laughed and breathed deeply ~~deeply~~ the sharp, acris smell of burning leaves. The grass in the yards and along the curbings lay bent and rimed with frost.

The boys paused for breath at the Ridge Street School and tried 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... ^{The boys} They then ran down to Hematite Street and gathered in the shadows under the tall elms in front of Paul's house. 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. ^{From the street lights seeping through bare branches,} The other 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 ^{a little while} ~~several minutes~~ old Paddy

the Peeler came hobbling after them, on a new scent, still brandishing his nightstick, still hurling 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 Kane's 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 firemen tossed 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. ^{Paul felt a pang of envy over Fritz's ingenuity.} A pail over Dan's chimney became as imperative as breathing. Gunnar ran home to the back of the Taleen house just a half block away, and came 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 in attitudes of scientific detachment the results of their experiment in combustion. They were not long in coming. Almost at once a curling oily black and white smoke came ^{rolling} 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. ^{As they stood there} ~~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. 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 -- or perhaps on the dirty floor ⁶ with his wooden leg askew. Monk Mooney began to cross himself and sniffle. "They'll send me to pr-prison for this for the r-r-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. They looked like bloomers to Paul. Close on her bare heels, but without benefit

of even a nose covering, trotted Terrence Slattery, a brawling young Irish ^{lout} who worked at the roundhouse beyond the Firehall ^{and who sometimes ~~helped~~ ^{relieved} Dan at the crossing. Paul was touched by Terrence's fidelity to duty. Like a torch Terrence 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 ~~clat~~ metallic thud just as 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!" *On earth it was Halloween...*}

In ten minutes Paul had circled a dozen blocks and crossed several darkened backyards into his own. ^{He stood on the back porch} ^{looking up at the myriad whirling stars.} ^{He then} catching his breath ^{on the back porch} he slipped in the kitchen door -- "'Evening, Mrs. McGoorty" -- and up the backstairs ^{to his room} 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 ^{mine - stained red} ~~soiled red~~ towels rolled under one arm, their ^{shiny} "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 the high-fenced storage yard of the Blueberry Mine at the west end of Hematite Street. The sprawling yard was a museum of ^{fascinating and ponderous mining machinery;} ^{steam shovels} rusting engines and boilers, ^{and greasy} ^{ponderous} ^{base of the} ~~trains, scrapers~~ and pipes and motors, and other mining machinery. The "no trespassing" sign of the mining company served the boys nicely as the third base in their baseball games. Over this thoughtfully provided corporate playground loomed the towering headframe of the mine entrance down into the underground. Paul often watched the hematite-bronzed miners crowd into the cage, the large 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 iron} mines, ^{which dominated the town,} and Bernie Redmond a swift, ^{and unauthorised} ride to the bottom of the mine and back. It was like a descent into hell, a terrifying ride into blackness, ^{a damp and dripping} of ringing bells and aching eardrums, a huge, ^{clanking} and hurtling past the ^{creaking} timbers that guided the cage, a swift winking of lights as they rushed past the various levels. *Paul had never wanted to go underground again.*

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 had learned that the business of mining iron ore was largely a practical problem of both employing and defeating 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 passageways 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 insecure skyscraper where the ^{dwellers,} 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, ^a usually over ~~one~~ hundred feet apart, were called levels: first, second, third, and so on, ^{where} that the long, winding corridors into the ore bodies were called drifts, upon which ran the clanking tramscars, travelling into the ore chutes at the bottom of ^{the} steep raises or smaller ore shafts.

Paul knew that far above each level the miners burrowed and tunnelled deep into the ore ^{gouging out subterranean chambers,} bodies, ^{Some of these great rooms, in the hard ore mines, could easily accommodate} dumping the ~~ore~~ ore which they ^{the miners} blasted and scraped out of these hot rooms, the sublevels, ^{they} down into the log-cribbed raises, ^{and that} and that the tramcars were loaded from chutes at the bottom of these raises, ^{these cars in turn} that the tramcars ~~then~~ ^{then} rumbled out to the main shaft, dumping the ore ~~in turn~~ into huge 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. *at the level's lower end all.*

That fall Paul and Fritz ~~had been~~ ^{were} playing in the ^{Blueberry mine} stockyard after school. ^{It was a Friday afternoon,} Suddenly there was a series of low, short, coughing blasts from the ~~Blueberry~~ mine whistle. Fritz looked at Paul. Men were running into the shafthouse above them. ^{The snorts of the whistle continued.} "What's that, Polly?" 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." ^{Curious} Fritz wanted to run up to the shafthouse and see. "Come on, Polly -- let's go and look."

Paul shook his head. He could still vividly remember the time two summers before when he and Chuck Woodlock had been playing in the same yard, and the whistle had sounded in the same way. He and Chuck had scrambled up the rocks to the shafthouse just as the grim-faced men had carried out two curiously misshapen mounds of flesh on the stretchers, still clad in miners' clothes, the faces ^{a loose and} ~~frozen~~ and dirty gray even through the redness of the hematite. ^{The eyes of} ~~one~~ of the dead men ~~still~~ ^{were still} ~~had his eyes~~ ^{not} open, like ^{those of the frozen} ~~the~~ dead deer Oliver brought home from the woods each fall...

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

The Iron Ore carried the account the following afternoon. These reports of mine deaths were as common and as stereotyped as the "card of thanks" which invariably followed from the bereaved family.

"Jacob Silanpaa, age fifty-four, was instantly killed yesterday in the Blueberry Mine by a fall of rock. Christ Koski, Silanpaa's working partner, said that the deceased had been barring down a large piece of rock, preparatory to drilling for a blast. The rock suddenly fell, pinning the deceased under it. Death was instantaneous. 'I ran and told Captain Hampton about the accident and then went to the surface to get the basket,' Koski said.

^{Monday at 2:00} "Sillanpaa 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 Ollikainen officiating." ^{Paul had come to realize that}

~~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 burrowing and clawing, in its crushing huge foulness, an obscurely heroic task, fit only for the slow and prosaic and fumbling labors of these trapped giants in the earth...

~~WINTER~~

After my other afternoon I kept that time was in fact a Friday afternoon of about the next day.

Snowless November came, a month of raw and cold, leaving the naked northern earth a frozen, lumpy tundra; a month which sent Oliver and his cronies on their deerhunt in the long green wagon which could be converted into a sleigh. Paul lay in his bed at night and listened to the wind whining and mewling down the kitchen chimney which passed through his room, a wild and wailing wind which sometimes ^{fell to} suddenly whispered and muttered ^{ing} like a demented woman, a wind which felt and insanely pried 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 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 ^{whose long underwear showed under their flapping skirts,} skating cross-armed around and around the lake until the Grammar School clock warned of supper-time. With Oliver in the woods it did not make much difference if one were a few minutes late. The boys even rigged up a crude and flimzy burlap sail with which they flapped across the gleaming ice. Then one day shortly before Thanksgiving, the first storm hurled out of the north, ^{reluctantly, retreating after two days of lashing blizzard,} burying the lake and the town under a deep blanket of snow.

Oliver and his hunting party were caught in the blizzard, hurrying for town, and had to put in at Matti Kauppila's farm for ^{three} ~~two~~ days until the county plows fought their way out to the Big Dead River. The Biegler boys were grateful for this unlooked for manna from heaven which kept "The Kaiser" in the woods a little longer. Shortly after the War had started, quiet 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. Especially did he want to see England get beaten. "I'm tellin' you," he would proclaim at the dinner table, resting his two fists on the tablecloth, still holding his knife and fork ^{slanting} off his plate -- "I'm tellin' you -- there'll be no peace in this bloody world until that sly ^{an'} graspin' John Bull gets put in his place! When Berlin ('Berleen' 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 vein-swollen rhetoric. "Why don't we stay home and mind our own 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 in our own backyard!" Belle would sit pursing her

lips and nodding her head. "Don't let it excite you so, Oliver," she would say. "It's nothing you and I can help -- --"

"Carnegie and Wall Street -- that's why!" Oliver would shout her down. "Greed and the almighty dollar! Money, money, money -- all under the goddam lawyers' cloak of 'freedom of the seas!'" He would glare around the table at the silent boys, then take up his tableware, and savagely attack ^{ing} his food as though a vulnerable part of John Bull ^{himself} lay steaming and ready on his plate. Paul knew that Belle's sympathies lay with the Allies, for much the same reasons ^{race-tangled and emotional} that Oliver's lay with Germany, though she never dared breathe it to her husband. But she did not want war. She hoped that ^{President} Wilson would be re-elected because he had promised to keep the country out of war. Her reasons were simple. Link had finished high school and was over eighteen, Nicky was sixteen -- and there was even Paul, her baby...

Paul was mystified by the whole thing. He did not know what they were fighting for over there, anyway. He vaguely 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 successes reported in the Iron Ore. It was strange. Paul had thought that nearly all Germans were nearsighted, doddering old men, who wore thick glasses, who loved beer and music and shuffled about in a thin mist of falling dandruff ^{- a} simple, kindly people who made ingenious new toys... He had thought of them as ^{quiet family} men like old August Schmidt or happy, whistling individuals like Ed Schwemin or absent-minded ^{scholarly} old Gustav Fohrman, who ran the dusty music store, with dangling violins and mandolins in the window, which stood nextdoor to the Chinese laundry on Main Street.

After one of Oliver's "war spells" the boys would gather upstairs or down by the furnace. "Boy -- the Kaiser was really loaded for bear tonight, wasn't he?" Link might say. "Yup, I'll bet the island was sure shaking some tonight," grinning Nicky would answer. Often, at the height of his spleen, Oliver would refer to England simply as "the island." "I'm tellin' you -- Berleen'll shake the goddam island!"

That January Oliver got in ^{a wild and extravagant} an argument over the war with a Cornish miner, down at the saloon, and finally threw him out on ^{Man} the street. Lanky Will Tregembo, Oliver's Cornish bartender, had taken off his bar apron and stamped on it and shouted at Oliver that ^{"E} he was through working for a goddam pro-German!" It had taken Charlie LeRoy and half the saloon to keep Oliver and Will apart. After that very few Cornishmen went into Oliver's saloon. ^{The tremors of Oliver's island-shaking had been finally felt in Chippewa. After that} Oliver's war diatribes at home were ^{rapidly grew} getting worse instead of better. ^{Paul lay in bed at night and haltingly prayed for the war to end. He remembered old Doctor Gourdeau's words.} But war or no war, in February came Chippewa's annual ski tournament.

"Please God, put out the fires that are burning the earth..."

and climbed the remarkable iron bluff which William Burt had crossed the previous year. The party stood on a mountain of solid iron ore. "Here!" old ^{Seick} Kobogun said in Indian. Chief ^{Seick} Kobogun returned to his ~~three~~ wives and the remnants of his tribe at L'Anse, bearing his gifts, and the white men founded the Jackson Mine, the earliest of the Peninsula's fabulous iron mines.

So after countless brooding centuries, the first of the Peninsula's rich copper and iron deposits had been found. More discoveries followed in quick succession. Michigan's fathers broached a cask of rum and congratulated themselves on their wisdom, their acute vision. That ancient Cinderella of the North, the Upper Peninsula, had at last been found by her dream prince!

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

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. Down below across the wideness of the valley were the rows of cutters and sleighs, ^{and the obscure sun} the horses silent and steaming under their blankets. And over all it was cold and clear, ^{through} ~~and the sun~~ ^{and obscure} 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 raises 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, ^ggurling: '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 a rushing space, 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 ^{glanced at each other but} did not answer. They were not used to this sort of talk. Somehow it embarrassed them. But Paul knew what Fritz meant. It always chilled him to watch the incredible beauty and grace of the riders. This lovely soaring seemed more like 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 *steaming* Cornish pasty.

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. ^{Both} The bugle ^{once} sounded again, ^{and} then came the ^{megaphoned} announcement of the winner by the president of the Ski Club, Swan Peterson. Paul thought ~~his~~ ^{there was} voice ^{in his voice.} had a note of sadness. "Ladies and yentlemen! Da vinner 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-ooop an' las' yar's shampion -- Anselm Bjork!" ^{with} Paul ^{to himself.} smiled. *Mister Bjork indeed!*

"Go piddle up a hemp rope!" Gunnar said, grinning from ear to ear. At least one Swede had won. ^{a gay day. The boys} Then the boys walked the two miles back to town. It was a big day, ^{coconut} They had a chicken supper and ice cream and cake in the dining-room of the Taleen House, with a table all to themselves ^{by a drooping fern} 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' bathroom upstairs to her room. "Boy oh boy oh boy," he said, describing undulant curves in the air with his hands. Paul ^{regarded} surveyed the girl with new interest...

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 passing sleighs and cutters on the snow-packed streets. As the snow receded the manure from the horses and the winter's accumulation of coal dust from 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 at 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. The city workers would dig ditches in the high snow banks along the curbing to drain the melting snow. The boys would then spend every daylight hour after school racing wooden matches and tiny boats down these flowing drains, betting ^{round} black "jawbreaker" candies from Sjolander's on the exciting results.

Spring never really came to Chippewa until the suckers started to run in Chippewa River, and the screaming sea gulls would come winging in from Lake Superior to flap and fight over the fish the boys caught with their hands, above the sewerage outlet, and tossed up into the mucky fields behind them. After the fish had lain there a few days, Paul was sure the sea gulls must have smelled them from Iron Bay, the county seat, located on Lake Superior some sixteen miles east of Chippewa. Regardless of calendars, when the suckers ran and the boys could find a damp patch of bare earth on which to play marbles -- that was Spring.

Spring for Paul was the time of wheeling ^{gun-metal} crows ^{erzing and carving} and honking geese, of ^{of} ~~the~~ rich-throated ^{warblings and quarrellings} ~~warblers~~ of the robins; a time of raking ^{the yard} lawns around peeping crocuses, taking down storm windows, fighting Belle's "spring tonics," ^{Spring was a time of} ~~or~~ playing hockey with Fritz or Bernie or Gunnar or all three and tramping out to the farm and playing in the winter-emptied haymow in the big barn or climbing the rocky bluff behind the farm and searching along ^{mossy damp} the ground for the ^{modest,} delicate flowers of the trailing arbutus -- the Mayflowers -- the tender, delicate flowers of such elusive, subtle fragrance that no perfume in the world could ^{over} ~~possibly~~ imitate it.

Spring was the morning of a new world...

2 final

These 2 pages to follow each other

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

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

The lusty young state of Michigan determined to make the best of a bad bargain. She would look and see what was on this damned Peninsula. What was there to these ancient rumors of copper and iron deposits? In 1841 a young state geologist called Douglass Houghton was sent North, following the old Indian trails, and during the next three years he discovered large deposits of copper in the Lake Superior region. In 1844 a surveyor called William Burt observed his compass making frantic gyrations as he and his party stood on a lofty peninsula hill near what later became Negaunee. Surveyor Burt nodded at his companions. Only the presence of iron could account for that phenomenon.

The following year another group of explorers came to the Lake Superior district to locate an iron mine on Burt's magnetic hill. After frantic search the party could find neither the hill nor the iron. A runner was then sent to L'Anse to get Marji Gesick, chief of the Chippewas living there. This old Indian, ~~sometimes called Chief Kobogum~~, was reputed to know every foot of the territory. ^{Chief Gesick} Kobogum returned with the runner and, after a preliminary powwow and exchange of gifts at the explorers' camp at the mouth of the River du Mort on Lake Superior, ^{he} Kobogum led them inland to Teal Lake. Thence he turned south

3 final ~~Elmer Lissard~~ ~~Elmer Lissard~~

Chapter 10

Oliver's warehouse on Canada Street 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 continue to pay his rent. Oliver enjoyed the heady feeling of being a landlord. And it gave him an opportunity to use the jealous knowledge of higher education he had gained in Milwaukee years before: his course in double-entry bookkeeping. Oliver kept an elaborate set of books, recording the minutest transactions in his beautiful copperplate handwriting. "To Martin Hallgren -- one second hand slay for farm.....\$4.75."

The old two-story frame building had been built by Paul's grandfather Biegler years before as a storage place for his beer. It had a damp and moldy stone-walled basement with a stone floor. The ground floor had a large work room in front, and in the rear there was a series of flimsily partitioned rooms, more like coops. The front work room was lighted by a rippling expanse of pigeon-stained windows covering the entire front from the ceiling to the floor and broken only by tall narrow double-doors in the middle. There was a sliding side door in the alleyway and wide double-doors in the rear opening out into the barnyard and Oliver's horsebarn. The upstairs was a storage room, which Oliver never rented with the rest of the building, and which he kept fanatically barred and locked from prying tenants. This loft was a place of creaking pine rafters and fluttering pigeons. The three floors were joined by a partitioned great-wheeled elevator which ran through the center of the building and was operated by hand with an endless rope.

This jealously guarded upstairs was packed to the rafters with a most curious assortment of articles. There were piles of used lumber: planks and laths and flooring with the nails still in them; old carpets and mattresses and bed-springs; cigar boxes of rusty nails and screws and washers and locks, each duly labelled by Oliver in blue crayon; old furniture and heaping barrels of dusty dishes and pewter from the home of Oliver's parents; battered and bulging trunks full of letters and old clothing; a box full of Uncle Karl's photograph equipment; an old clamped and leather-bound German Bible which weighed almost as much as Paul. There were odds and ends from the brewery and obsolete saloon fixtures: tables, beer pumps, chairs, chandeliers...

From the rafters dangled a dozen or more large Alaskan kerosene lamps which formerly adorned the brewery and saloon, and pails of hardened paint left by a former tenant. There was a

— Oliver could ~~conceal~~ ^{conceal} its bell with one arm —
rusty weight-lifting machine from the saloon, and also a kerosene-lighted early slot machine of
picture views of "Paris at Night". ~~Paul's~~ ^{Paul's} brothers had long since pilfered the pictures of
the fine plump ladies, ^{There was a row of} old wooden wall telephones a yard ^{each} long, a pile of tombstones, ^{high} and ^{both} also left
by ~~the~~ ^{former} tenants. ~~The~~ ^{The} list was endless. There was even a dust-covered racing sulky with
hard-rubber tires, a memento of the days when Oliver used to race at the County Fair. Over all
of this ~~lay~~ ^{silent museum lay} a thick covering of ~~dust~~ ^{mingled with} and pigeon droppings. This ~~then~~ ^{was the building} was ~~Oliver's~~
~~warehouse~~ ^{Oliver} for which ~~he~~ ^{he} endlessly strove to find a paying tenant...

"This here place is centrally located," Oliver would say to some hapless prospective ten-
ant, as they prowled about the warehouse, roping themselves up and down the elevator, poking
about the smelly damp

Next page, no spare pleads.

of hypnosis entered in these transactions. This ^{ceremony} ritual of the ninety-nine-year lease was virtually ^{an} annual affair. ^Q The old warehouse mutely bore the evidences of the host of tenants who had briefly roosted there. Wistfully hopeful plumbers, ^{blacksmiths,} fuel dealers, ^{feed merchants,} ~~blacksmiths,~~ horse traders -- once even a travelling evangelist had paused there. Their numbers ^{was} were legion. ^{local telephone company and a} The place still stank from the rotten apples abandoned by a disconsolate fruit merchant who had ^{man with a large brood of children,} finally fled Chippewa with his blonde bookkeeper. ^{Since he was already married, the authorities had been obliged to bring him back.} The walls were bedizened with great gobs of paint left by a partnership of bankrupt decorators. They had also left a ^{of the warehouse} sign painted on the wall inviting their landlord to go to hell. ^{large -> farewell} Oliver, in a wild rage, had in turn painted this over in a mottled robin's egg blue. The upstairs floor groaned with the weight of the brown-stone tombstones left by a defunct monument company. One of these drab red stones, a little marker with a child's head carved on it, read simply "Paul." In bed at night Paul indulged in dark speculations on the reasons why Oliver kept it...

NO SPACE

at Circuit Court and joyfully testified against the unhappy man. Paul wondered if the blonde bookkeeper might not

have had something to do with it. Oliver was ^{over} ~~obsessed~~ a solicitor's landlord...

When the desperate tenants would finally abandon the warehouse, jumping 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, so filled with black despair, that ~~when~~ they usually left all manner of their belongings behind them -- like ^{dozed war} refugees fleeing before ^{an} 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 another beautiful landlord and tenant relationship was drawing to a 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 strategems, as the 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 left that morning to spend the day at camp. "But he belongs to be gettin' back now most anytime before dark," ^{he would add.} This last ^{bit of} intelligence was vital to ^{create} spread ^{hasty} confusion ^{and the need for haste.} in the ranks. After planting these sinister seeds the barfly would leave. ^{Nice} This departure would invariably be followed by a wild and hurried final exit from the premises, the frantic tenant usually trying to remove all of his possessions in one groaning drayload on ^{Cornishman} Benny Gobb's dray.

In the meantime Oliver would be waiting down at the saloon, pacing up and down, ^{peering out the alley door,} getting periodic bulletins on the course of the retreat from his boozy accomplice. Almost before the harried tenant had rounded the corner of Tilford's Drug Store on Main and Canada Streets, Oliver would descend on the place, invoking some mysterious provision of his lease, putting new second-hand locks on all the doors, and gleefully appropriating everything that had been left behind.

Paul felt certain that Oliver enjoyed gathering in this miscellaneous swag infinitely more than he ever did receiving his regular rent payments. Oliver would stride about the littered and deserted place, poking into boxes, peering in drawers and cubbyholes, grunting and aching over each new surprise. "My, my -- a nice new cribbage board and a deck of cards! An' poker chips! No wonder ^{that there} 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. Oliver had gloated over them like a ghoul. 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 paper, then pale green, then pink. All though the lower grades in school Paul

"Orville" was Orville Trembath -- "my collaborator," Belle called him -- the son of spry, deaf little Mrs. Trembath, one of Belle's old friends and neighbors, and who wore the only ear trumpet Paul had ever seen. Orville was an actor. He had been "in stock" and was home "resting between engagements." He was a pallid, languid young man, with dark rings under his eyes, who reminded Paul of a picture of the man who shot Lincoln which he had seen in Leslie's Magazine Yearbook. Paul never warmed up very much to Orville. And he had finally been insulted by him.

Paul had been swimming all afternoon out at Cooper Lake. He was late for supper and he was hungry. He ran in on the side porch into the dining-room. There was no supper on the table. It was Thursday, the hired girl's ^{afternoon} day out. Oliver was out at the South Camp on another fishing trip. "Mom must be having one of her sick spells," Paul thought. He peered anxiously into the front rooms. Belle sat at her high secretary in the parlor writing furiously. Sheets of paper lay scattered on the parlor rug. A slanting shaft of light from the sinking sun poured upon the parlor floor. Orville had maneuvered himself into this glow of dusty light, holding the precious script in his hands. He cleared his throat. Belle stopped writing and removed her nose glasses. She sat looking dreamily out the side window at McEnroe's woodpile. Orville's hands were trembling, he began to speak, his voice was low and vibrant, like Reverend Hayward's at the Presbyterian Church. On and on he read. Paul was held, fascinated, caught in a fiend's clutch. Orville paused, glanced, and shifted with the sun. He had come to the part:

"(Old Doctor Simpson removes his stethoscope and gently pulls the white sheet over little Ella's still, white face. He turns to Ella's weeping mother, throws out one hand and bows his head.)

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

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

Orville wheeled on Paul -- Orville never executed mere turns -- and looked at him, slowly, scornfully, up and down. There was a pregnant pause. "Listen, kiddo," he finally said, " -- go peddle your papers!" Then he turned abruptly on his heel. Paul waited for a curtain to drop. Instead Belle had dropped everything and rushed out to the kitchen. She had given Paul a fine supper, one of her magical suppers, topped off by toast and tea and grape marmalade, with

had been obliged to use the backs of these hateful order blanks in place of tablets. Oliver had put an inventory value on each pad and doled them out to Paul, six at a time, scrupulously crediting the transaction to this ancient rent account in his double-entry books. Oliver was not going to be hoisted on the petard of ^{own} ~~how~~ lease, despite the fact that the poor flown monument men were probably long since sleeping under their last tombstone. There were still a few of the pads left -- but ^{one afternoon} just the fall before in seventh grade Paul had ^{late} finally ^{and nearly time to come,} foresworn using them ever again. ^{It was a study period,}

It had come about this way: Paul had been drawing pictures on ^{was sitting at his desk in school,} his pads, as he often did, ^{on the blanks} and ^{one of} then he fell to idly filling out one of the tombstone order blanks to fit his school teacher, ^{He} sweet, tired Miss Lindquist, of whom he was very fond. He had subconsciously chosen her, simply ^{this time it was a picture of the South Camp} because she was standing up there in front of him. ^{It helped to pass the time and was more fun than studying.} "NAME: 'Karen Lindquist'; DATE OF DEATH: 'October 2nd'; DATE OF BIRTH: 'The Lord knows, being her ^{childhood} contemporary, but He won't tell'; TYPE OF MONUMENT: 'Consult my old man, the used-monument magnate of Chippewa'; SIZE OF MONUMENT: 'One that will be sure to hold the old girl down'; INSCRIPTION: 'Here lies a maiden lass, She never had a ^{pi-} ~~---~~ ' "

So much Paul had written, absorbed in his idle composition, oblivious that Miss Lindquist had silently padded around the room and stood behind him, reading the glowing 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 two desks. She stared down at Paul with bright horrified eyes, as though he were a reptile, a feeling about himself which he quickly shared with her. She tottered and seemed about to collapse.

"Oh, Miss Lindquist -- --" Paul began, rising and reaching out to assist her. He wildly feared that the tombstone order might not be in vain. "Don't touch me!" Miss Lindquist shrieked, shrinking away from him as from a leper. "You -- you monstrous youth... Oh, how ^{found} could you do this to me... And -- and such a sweet good m-mother, too..." The stricken woman ^{had} was finally ^{find} ~~find~~ relief in tears. Paul's misery was boundless. The dismissal bell sounded in the corridor, and Miss Lindquist vaguely waved the bewildered children out of the room. Paul hung back, burning with shame, and then ^{lass} hurried from the room. Fritz was waiting for him in the hall, his pale blue eyes round and staring with curiosity. "Hully gee, Polly, what did you do? -- goose her with your jack-knife?"

Paul fought a hysterical impulse to shout and whinny and leap and swear -- and even to go back in the room and do just what Fritz had feared he might have done. This was the end -- why

The summer that Paul was eleven he was as usual shocked and surprised to discover that he had been admitted into sixth grade, into the room of Miss Eddy, the principal of Ridge Street School. "I passed, Mom, I passed!" he shouted, waving his "promotion card" that fine June day. But he was even more gratified at this evidence of advancing manhood. Paul was anxious to grow up for three reasons: He wanted to be able to play with his older brothers; he wanted to be a big, strong man like Oliver; and he wanted to be a great writer like James Oliver Curwood.

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

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

Paul had romped through Horatio Alger until he thought that some special destiny lay ahead for his little schoolmates who wore a certain kind of clothes -- clothes that were "thread-bare but clean and neatly patched." Poverty became the sole source from which all ambition sprang... His shabby schoolmates, Paul concluded, were all hellbent for marrying the boss's daughter and getting elected to Congress -- a prospect which even then left Paul quite cold. Then had come the saga of Tom Swift and his adventures with miscellaneous giants, fantastic inventions and infernal machines, which ran into many volumes. Nor did the groaning library shelves devoted to the checkered boyhood of the Rover Boys escape him -- Dick, Tom and Sam. Serious-minded Dick was the oldest, and timelessly in love -- in a pure, Eagle Scout sort of way -- with a curiously

hold back now... He thrust the fateful ^{tombstone} order 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, pursing his lips tightly, seeking to control himself. Little gusts and blurts of laughter constricted his bowels and welled up his throat and beat against his pressed lips. Paul feared he was going to get one of Belle's ^{helpless} laughing spells, and this very fear seemed to add ^{a sort of} to the macabre comedy ^{to} the situation.

Miss Lindquist slowly came out of her room, wearing her wraps and dabbing her red eyes with a ^{knotted} wet handkerchief. Fritz silently faded down the hallway. ^{Paul's teacher} She stood in the dusky corridor, ^{dully} staring ^{duller} at Paul, sniffing, fighting back her tears. ^{A wisp of damp gray hair hung down her forehead.} All the laughter drained from Paul in an instant. Miss Lindquist looked so lost and forlorn that he wanted to throw his arms about her and cry with her. In a flash of perception he saw her as one of the brave procession of unselfish women, the ^{school} teachers of the world: loveless, lonely, misunderstood; sensitive, patient, intelligent; often blamed for faults which in ^a the educational system and not in them; constantly paying the price of spinsterhood ^{not despite but} because of their ^a pride and superior endowments; patiently guiding and developing the children of lesser women who happened to be more adroit after dark; lavishing on the ^{of these other women} ungrateful brats their starved and thwarted affections... All ^{of} these things ^{swept over Paul in a wave of understanding.} were sensed by Paul. He had never ^{before in his life} felt such sympathy and humility ^{and} and abject shame ^{before in his life...}

^{sh} "Miss Lindquist," Paul heard himself saying in a croaking voice that didn't sound like his own, "from the bottom of my heart I am sorry for what I did... Please believe me that it was ^{I - I didn't realize...} entirely thoughtless..." ^{stopped, the words clogging in his throat.} 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 ^{blindly} turned and ran out of the school, Fritz falling in beside him. ^{Paul did not stop running.} The two boys ran all the way downtown to the cigar shop. ^{Paul wanted to laugh and he wanted to cry.} On the way ^{to Bernice's shop} Paul pledged Fritz to secrecy. ^{black} The next day Miss Lindquist acted as though nothing had ever happened. She even ^{nodded and} smiled ^{brightly} at Paul when she saw him ^{come in the next morning} walk ⁱⁿ with his new writing tablet.

not a single one of her health recipes in it. As he lazily ate, Paul reflected disloyally that perhaps Belle might be a better cook than she was a writer.

The death of little Ella had had to wait... In fact, as far as Hollywood seemed concerned, this particular Ella seemed destined to live to a ripe old age. In despair over repeated rejections Orville had finally gone back on the road. Hollywood was the home of the mute, the artistically dead. Belle was convinced that the moving picture people had stolen their brain-child. ^{After that} Every time she went to a picture in McNulty's Opera House, ~~after that~~ in which a small child departed this life -- and the infant mortality rate in the movies of the time had reached epidemic proportions -- she would indignantly whisper "Plagiarism!" and take Paul's reluctant hand and hurry from the place. Once she even went to see Lawyer Belden about it...

2 final please (3-17-44)

CHAPTER 11.

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

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. This mask of grease always gave his teeth-flashing "Hello, Polly" a curiously Pullman-porter sort of warmth. Even late at night from his bedroom Paul could hear Elmer still ^{Paul} working ^{by} the anvil-like hammer and ^{clink} ~~clash of metal~~ from the garage. ~~He~~ ^{On other nights} ~~and~~ ^{Elmer} ~~could~~ see the shifting reflection of his acetylene lamp ^{moth-swarming} out in the barnyard, by the light of which ~~he~~ ^{Elmer} was ~~late~~ building, of all things, an airplane.

Oliver's ~~new~~ ^{latest} tenant 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 warehouse} and walked around the place. He saw Dan Kane out at the crossing and went over and asked the old flagman to direct him to Oliver. Old Dan pointed to the ^{alley} ~~back~~ door of Oliver's saloon. "Moind what ye sign, bye," Dan darkly warned Elmer. "There's many a 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, ^{shaking his head.} "Lead the poor lamb to slaw-ter," he said. Paul collected his dime from Dan and accompanied Elmer into the back door

of the saloon, again drinking in the wonderful ^{bring}brinnish fermented smell of the place. The usual ^{venous}~~ancient~~ red-nosed cribbage gang was at the card 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 ^{from his game.} 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, 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 ~~the~~ Dan's absurd insinuation to the ^{level}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 prowling was about to commence. "Can you step up there now?" Oliver asked, stroking his chin, getting himself in the mood for his favorite role.

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

"Why yes --" Oliver began uncertainly. ^{"I've never come up my table, though"} Paul could see that Oliver thought this was a strange tenant, indeed, who would deny him the morbid pleasure of rehearsing once again ~~his~~ ^{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 ^{a trifle}petulant. "But can't I show you ^{over} the place, young fella?"

Elmer grinned his infectious slow ^{and} 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~~ ^{toward the bar} of chairs and a rapid shuffle ^{towards the bar.} from the cribbage tables. There was a "live one" in the house... Elmer looked down at Paul and winked. "How's that, partner? 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 and asked Paul to accompany him ~~to~~ to the warehouse. Paul was delighted. Oliver and Elmer briefly clasped each other's hands. Both of them smiled slightly, ~~with~~ a sort of knowing, sheepish, guilty smile, Paul thought, *as though they had discovered things about each other that were secret from the world,* *young fella!* Paul and Elmer 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 *and smiled* at Oliver.

"When you drop up sometime you can give it to me -- Landlord," he ~~smiled and~~ casually answered.

It was only when Elmer ~~was putting~~ *rattled* the key in the lock of the front door that Paul remembered that another ancient precedent had been ~~smashed~~ *shattered*. Not only ~~hadn't~~ *had* Elmer been escorted through the warehouse -- but he hadn't signed a ninety-nine-year lease on the place! Why, there wasn't any lease at all. All Oliver had was a blond smile and a handshake. As Elmer and Paul entered the ~~messy~~ *dusty,* littered warehouse, *still vacant from the last tenancy,* Paul reflected that perhaps this was Fate -- that maybe this was the one way to lift the evil spell from the place...

Paul's guess had been right. Elmer regularly paid his rent. Oliver was consequently very fond of Elmer and frequently ~~extolled~~ *praised* his merits at the dinner table. "That young fella's a born mechanic, I tell you -- a mechanical genius, *he dilated:* "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 baby, there," he told Belle one day, referring to Paul, who ~~was~~ *indeed looked* indeed ~~sadly lacking in~~ the faintest rudiments of mechanical ~~knowledge or dexterity~~ *aptitude* -- "The other day I ast him to drive a staple in a ~~fence~~ *cedar* post out at the farm -- *just a goddam staple, mind you* -- an' he bent the bloody staple an' hit his finger -- an' he just stood there an' bawled." Oliver shook his head ~~warily~~ *warily consulted* and ~~spoke to~~ the ceiling, *missing over the fate that had spawned him such a groping child.* "When I was his age, woman, I dug and built an outhouse in one day -- mind you, all alone!" Paul 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~~ *this* be a strange world though, Oliver, if all of us were ~~mechanics?~~ *efficient*" Belle innocently asked her husband, turning her bland, smooth face and steady gray eyes on 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~~ *constantly* poking fun at this great, infallible man...

"The thing is -- you got to be deliberate," darkly continued this giant of impulse, wagging his great middle finger at the boys, ignoring Belle's thrust, driving home his ~~moral~~ *darby* moral with true and steady aim. "Before you boys start monkeyin' with anythin'" -- here Nicky daringly grinned

Paul sat enchanted listening to this lecture on ^{self-control} ~~faulty~~ at Link -- "you got to study it an' understand it, an' know which a way you're headin'. Be deliberate!" ^{from the man who would kick in a door if it failed to respond to his first lunge.}

When Oliver bought the wrecked Model T Ford from Ed Schwemin, it was Elmer who repaired ^{the car} and ^{patiently} taught Oliver to drive it. When Oliver gleefully discovered 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 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 ^{hunched} Oliver proudly ^{wedged under} ~~hunched over~~ his new over-size steering wheel, trampling on two and sometimes even all three of the ^{special rubber-covered} foot pedals with his size thirteen shoes, ^{or} pressing his hideous-sounding new Klaxon horn -- which, far from accelerating the escape of pedestrian peasants, froze them with paralytic horror in their tracks. Oliver had bedecked the poor car with patented 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 ^{vari-colored} emergency cans for gas, oil and water flowed along the left running board. The vehicle looked like ^{part of a gypsy caravan.} ~~a caravan~~. Under the tiny hood ^{these} ^{complicated} ^{attachments} was a maze of gas-saving ^{gadgets} and anti-palpitants. The chassis and under-gear was as full of ^{felt silencers and} pads and trusses and rubber slings ^{and felt silencers} ^{and} ^{from} as an old actor. Oliver had covered over all this glory in a paint he had found in ^{had read about camouflage (ye?)} a pail ^{hanging the rafters in the loft over} upstairs over the garage, ^{an old} fancy color it was, Golf Green. ^{Oliver sagely concluded} ~~He insisted~~ that this color would be less apt to startle the deer, driving to and from the South Camp. Paul thought it was a debatable point...

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

↑ ↓
usual space, then 2.

2.

Paul's brother Lincoln had finished high school. He was eighteen and worked at Elmer Lessard's garage. Elmer was very fond of Link and frequently urged Oliver to send the boy on to college. "He's more than a good grease-monkey, Oliver," Elmer would frequently tell Paul's father, "he's a sort of a mechanical dreamer...he seems to sense the ~~the~~ large plan and drift of the principles with which he works. I wish I had half his instinct." Elmer's blue eyes would get a faraway look. "That boy of yours could go far, Oliver..." Oliver would usually throw back his head and guffaw at such a wild fancy, reminding Elmer of the historic outhouse he had once dug and built from dawn to dark. "An' I was only fourteen...Hell's fire, Elmer -- ^{of mine} that boy don't know enough to come in out of the rain! College! Balls!"

NO SPACE

Brother Link had already started attending 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 cornerstone read -- and also housed one of the many local fraternal lodges. The walls were hanging and emblazoned with the lodge's exotic 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 slender, ^{dark,} small-featured, ~~dark~~ man with a bulging 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 winter-time, 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 out-done, Paul told Fritz about his own Uncle Karl, and the time he had leapt off the boat 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. ^{Richard} He rarely read 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 an abstracted 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. His was entirely different from Belle's playing. There was a sure and yet subtly modulated masculine touch about his playing, and his harmonies often possessed a tortured, strangled quality which was disturbingly moving and 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 high narrow 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 by Richard's perspiring musicians, the ^{perspiring} violinist resting ^{in one} there between numbers with a handkerchief tucked in his collar. The 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. These smaller chairs of the lodge commoners would be occupied 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¢ -- 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 eager 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 a glowing and soaped young miner might dance with his boss's daughter, and where 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.

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.

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 topcoat 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-ai-sies don't tell!"

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 of the couples and the thwarted swains would repair to Tasker's ^RRestaurant for a ^{late} lunch or sit among the imitation palms over at Acropoulous' 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 ~~daily~~ 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 say to her, reciting one of Belle's dearest girlhood beliefs, speaking in his low drawling voice, so different from the usual staccato northern "tawk" of Chippewa. 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, leaving Belle sitting there, pleased and dubious and still 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, 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...