

Sept. 14, 1946.

Outline for Novel

Paul Beigler Chap I.

The book opens as Paul Beigler, the popular young lawyer, assistant to the local ^(Chippewa) counsel for the largest iron-mining company, breaks off work early. ~~and~~ These opening sections make his popularity clear, ^{that his running for} something of his background and that of the town. (Popular with grievance ^{committee})

We see him go to Lomis, a mine's bar, and play snooker with the proprietor and 2 mine. We see him go to Hammer's Undertaking Parlor and play the organ; thence to the Mather Inn for a few martinis. There he meets ~~Julia~~ _____, the daughter of the

mine superintendent, flushed with Martinis. She playfully proposes marriage to him.

"You make me laugh - you amuse me."

He begs off to go to home to dinner in the old family house on Magnetic Street.

Chap 2

Paul

That night has a date with
Bernardine Shea, the daughter of the
train dispatcher for the Chippewa & Ishpeming
Ry.

They have been childhood sweethearts,
and for years, while Paul was going
through law school, had an understanding.
That night Paul lightly, and with the best taste,
lets Bernardine know that he does not
contemplate marriage, that he is too
poor for that, that his mother needs
him, that B. is too sweet to wait any
longer.

Chap 3, etc.

Paul marries Judy Blair & runs for
Prosecutor. ^{There is a big reception at the county club,} He is elected by a vast
majority, and there is talk of his ^{Pearl Harbor}
running for Congress. ~~The War~~ comes
and Paul wants to enlist, but the Company
gets him deferred because ~~of~~ he is needed.
This is the ^{first} period of doubt for Paul.

Bernardini has gone to Chicago to take
up nursing ~~the~~ two of her brothers
wounds for the mine.

The war ends and Paul announces
he is running for Congress. He is opposed
by a young Finnish veteran. In
the meantime there is a strike in the
mines. The strike is traced, and then
comes the negotiation and the call for

troops.

Paul overhears his senior partner planning the coup to break the strike and ~~plan to~~ smash the union. "Paul will write the grammar for troops tomorrow."

^{Rasul} Robinson, the great colored bass-bonitone comes to town. ~~Paul~~

He sings on the picket lines. The mining crowd boycotts the concert. Paul ^{nevertheless} goes and is deeply stung = Othello.

He discovers Judy in the arms of a young mining engineer. She tells him off and orders him out of the house. He writes the mining company to end the strike and is fired for his pains.

Insert A

Paul was thinking ~~that~~ ^{of} one of the things his father, Olin, used to roar at him ~~when~~ during those frequent intervals when Olin was passing out free advice, ~~was~~ "Listen, Judge" -- Paul remembered that from the time ^{he first} entered law school at Ann Arbor his father had quit calling him Paul and began calling him Judge -- "Listen, Judge, when you're dry behind the ears an' get to be a real lawyer, there'll be lotsa drinkin' to do. Mark my word -- if you ever fall in with a hard-drinkin' crowd, remember. Always drink whiskey; drink the best you can lay hold of; drink it straight & an' don't toss nothin' after it but water!"

When
All the time ^{alcoholic} Olin was delivering this deathless essay on ^{department}, he had fixed Paul with a wild, hypnotic stare, and ^{had} thumped Paul's clavicle with

his big middle finger. Paul could see him
now, with that little blood blister on his
lower lip that used to puff and swell
when he got excited; the little blood
blister that was puffed out - swollen most
of the time. But Paul guessed ^{Olivier} he had
been right - right about the drinking
in Chippewa.
Olivier had run a saloon for years,
back in the days when there were
thousands of ^{men} miners in town - -
before the Company put in ^{all} the labor-
saving gadgets - - and Paul had
never seen him drunk; never, Paul
wryly recalled, ^{with a} thought, ^{really} like the hangover like the one
Paul had ^{that} ^{morning}; like the hangover
he still had.

Paul sighed and again stared
at the typewritten sheets before him. The
words reached Paul's eyes in fitful,
pulsing blurs, not unlike the flickering
of the early movies.

Dr. Dishno

Van Johnson

Draft

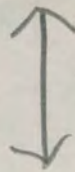
"Murrage would keep" Walter
Holbrook.

End = B. pats Paul's head.

Mark Roberts - Engineer

JDR's death

Space



It was 11:35 on a Sunday morning, November 21st, 1920. ~~Link was lying in~~ ~~Link was lying in~~ ~~bed,~~ ~~downstairs~~ ~~in the music room.~~ Olivia's bed had been brought down the Wednesday before and set up in the music room. Link was lying in bed in the music room. Olivia's ^{big walnut} bed had been brought down ^{stairs} the Wednesday before when ^{Doctor Gourdean} ~~the doctor~~ had said ^{that} Link's ^{attack} ^{of malaria} had developed ^{into} pleura-pneumonia. Olivia was still ^{up} ^{at} deer-camp. There was a night nurse and a day nurse, but Belle had not slept a wink since Wednesday. The house stank of ^{a new disinfectant called} lysol, ~~a hideous~~ ~~smell~~ of Paul tiptoed ~~in~~ from the kitchen into the sitting-room coal stove. It was a tall ^{black} Michigan Garland base-burner, with wreaths of ^{cost} iron flowers around the top and a series of little izing-glass doors around the middle. It was Sunday, ~~and~~ the day to empty the ashes. Paul carefully

Noel Pinkheart

Rex Adair

Julian Payne

Polkinghorn

Fortune, Fime, Skellings,

Paul has Fred find....

He takes on Bertha---

Union hall

Flash back



Chippewa, Michigan

Monday

On days devoted to the hangover

One of the things my old dad, Oliver Biegler, used to roar at me during those frequent intervals when he was passing out free advice, was: "Listen, Judge" -- from the minute I entered law school he quit calling me Paul and began calling me Judge -- "Listen, Judge, when you're dry behind the ears and get to be a real lawyer, there'll be lotsa drinkin' to do. Now mind -- -- if you ever fall in with a hard-drinkin' crowd, remember: Always drink whiskey; drink it straight; and don't pour nothin' after it but water!" All the time Oliver was delivering this deathless essay on alcoholic deportment, he fixed me with a wild, hypnotic stare and thumped my clavicle with his big middle finger. I can see him now, with that blood blister on his lower lip that used to puff and swell when he got excited. It was puffed out most of the time... But I guess he was right about drinking. He ran a saloon for years and certainly drank barrels of his own wares in his days, but I never saw him really drunk -- or even with a hangover like I had today. Like I've still got...

It's a funny thing, as much as all of us Biegler boys hated the old man's guts, and longed so often to beat him up, especially when he was raising hell with Mom -- now that he's dead, now that his great, restless, lustful frame is still forever, little things he used to shout at us keep coming back, and I'm damned if they somehow don't make sense.

All day long I've wished I'd followed Oliver's advice on drinking.

Chapter 1.

On those days which he devoted to the celebration of that unofficial American holiday, the hangover, Paul Biegler frequently thought of his father, Oliver Biegler. Paul was thinking of him now, sitting in the rear office of the quarters occupied by the law offices of ~~Gress~~ and Avery, ^{and Holbrook,} staring down at the ^{typed statements} transcript of the ^{witnesses} testimony in the workmen's compensation case of Mattila versus The Iron Cliffs Ore Company.

Paul was thinking ^{particularly} of one of the things his father, Oliver, used to roar at him during those frequent intervals when Oliver was passing out free advice. "Listen, Judge" -- -- Paul remembered that from the time he had first entered law school at Ann Arbor his father had quit calling him Paul and began calling him Judge -- -- "Listen, Judge, when you're dry behind the ears an' get to be a real lawyer, there'll be lotsa drinkin' to do. Mark my words -- -- if you ever fall in with a hard-drinkin' crowd, remember: Always drink whiskey; drink the best you can lay hold of; drink it straight -- -- an' don't toss nothin' after it but water!"

^{While} When Oliver was delivering this deathless essay on alcoholic deportment, he had fixed Paul with a wild, hypnotic stare, ^{towering over his youngest son, all the while thumping} and had thumped Paul's clavicle with his big middle finger. Paul could see him now, with that little blood blister on his lower lip that used to puff and swell when he got excited; the little blood blister that was swollen most of the time. But Paul guessed Oliver had been right -- right about the drinking, ^{anyway.} Oliver had run a saloon in Chippewa for years, back in the days when there were thousands of iron mines in town -- -- before the Company put in all the labor-saving gadgets -- -- and Paul had never seen him really drunk; nor never, Paul wryly recalled, ^{in possession of} with a hangover like the one Paul had that very morning; like the hangover he still had.

Paul sighed and again stared at the typewritten sheets before him. The words reached Paul's eyes in fitful, pulsing blurs, not unlike the flickering of the early movies.

"Q: Where were you working on the day of the alleged accident, Mr. Mattila?"

(Why, that was Paul asking the questions!)

"A: Who me? Oh, yes -- me an' my partner -- dat's be Hero Waisanen -- we be working up in sub-level of ninth level for Delaware mine, -- ~~like I just~~ now tell for my lawyer.

Q: And what ~~did you say~~ happened? " (That was pretty shrewd going for a young lawyer ^{preparing} ~~trying~~ his first "comp" case, Paul thought.)

"A: Vell, me and Hero was prying down dirt after dat blast when -- Boomp! -- all sudden dat big chunk ore come down an' he hit me on top of head an' on neck -- --" Paul remembered how Toivo, at this point in his testimony, threw out his big ore-stained ^{hands} and looked at Paul with ^a ~~searching~~ ^{baffled expression in his} puzzled blue eyes -- -- "an' now Toivo he cannot vork no more, an' he got vife an' four -- no five -- childrens, an' big field of potatoes to dig before snow come."

Paul again sighed and looked from his desk down across the town square. There, in the center, was the public drinking fountain in the square, the ^{pale} fall sunlight glittering on the bubbling water. Paul passed his tongue across his dry lips. There was the statue of the Chippewa Indian chief, on top of the fountain, ^{the old chief as though he were} shading his eyes, ^{seeming to be} peering into the dark recesses of Al Bjorkman's saloon across the street, although the designers of the statue ^{stoutly} ~~had~~ maintained that ^{he} ~~the old Chief~~ was looking towards Lake Superior. "His attitude is symbolic of his search for the lost members of his tribe who faded and fell away before the advance of the ore-digging white man," the bronze plate on the fountain ~~read.~~ ^{informed the beholder. This ~~plate had been treated by a~~ ^{W.P.A. art project, during the depression. Paul had worked on it, and he knew.}}

③
1 draft

Chippewa, Michigan.

Monday

my old dad,

One of the things ~~my~~ ^{my old dad,} Oliver Bugler, ~~my~~
~~old dad who ran a miners' saloon for years~~
~~in this town of Chippewa~~ ^{mean} — one of the things
~~he used to roar at me during those frequent~~
~~intervals when he was passing out free advice,~~
~~was: "Listen, Paul. When you get outa law school~~
~~and get to be a real~~ "Listen, Judge" — from the
~~minute I entered law school he quit calling me~~
~~Paul and~~ ^{began calling} ~~me~~ Judge — "Listen Judge, when
~~you get to be a real lawyer there'll be lotsa~~
~~drinkin' to do. Now mind -- if you ever~~
~~fall in with a hard-drinkin' crowd, remember:~~
~~Always drink whiskey; drink it straight; and~~
~~don't pour nothin' after it but~~ ^{alcoholic} ~~water.~~ "All the
~~time~~ ^{Oliver} ~~was deliverin' this deathly~~ ^{essay on deportment} ~~the~~
~~Oliver would fixed me with a wild, hypnotic~~
~~stare and thumped my clavicle with his~~ ^{lower} ~~big~~ ^{finger} ~~middle~~ ^{finger}
~~finger. But I guess he was right~~ ^{can see from} ^{with that blood} ^{whister on his lip} ^{that} ^{he}
~~certainly drank barrels of~~ ^{his own wares} ~~it~~ ^{and I never}
~~saw him~~ ^{really} ~~drunk~~ ^{or} ^{with a hangover like I had}
~~today. Like Doc still got...~~

Bugler It's a funny thing, as much as all of
 us boys hated the old man's guts, and longed
 so often to beat him up, especially when he was raising
 hell with Mom, now that his dead, ~~and~~
 now that his great, ^{restless} lustful frame is still
 forever, little things he used to shout at us
 keep coming back, and ain't damna if they
 somehow don't add up. ^{still} make sense.

All day long I've wished I'd followed
 Oliver's advice on drinking.

Oliver would fixed me with a wild, hypnotic stare and thumped my clavicle with his lower big finger middle finger. But I guess he was right. He certainly drank barrels of it his own wares and I never saw him really drunk or with a hangover like I had today. Like Doc still got...

(2)

roars at me, during those frequent intervals when he was passing out free advice.

when you get to be a lawyer, you'll be hit by a 'drinking' to do. Now mind - Monday.

Oliver, my dad, who ran a saloon for years in Chippewa this town of Chippewa, used to say, "Paul, if you ever fall in with a hard-drinking crowd, always drink whiskey; drink it straight; and don't mix it with anything but water!" As old laddy Ryan used to say: "Oliver, you're a hard man - but a smart one." It's hard to write the Irish dialect brogue. How would it be? "Ollivars, you're a hard man - - but a smart wan."

Baygler,

All day I've been wishing I followed a what a ~~supper~~ ^{supper} Oliver's advice. Oh my! And Mr. Bellows would shoot me three compensatory cases to prepare for trial hearing. The same old crap. "My name is Joris Carisamen. I was born in Finland. I worked for the Company 27 years. Underground miner. I got wife and four - no five children. My partner Arvo was prying down dirt after a blast when a big chunk of ore he come and - -" Yes, the same old crap. Had to go over to the hospital and take Joris's statement. He was all trussed up with pulleys and cables

David with his long neck. And I guess he was right.

Mother Goose Rebores
No. 1.
Hickory dickory clock
The artist works a smother

~~H D D~~ with mirth
He painted ~~all day~~ ^{thus was the birth of a}
And this is the way of a
"Moose Descending the Clock"

There was ^{conscience} laughter & mirth
Attending the birth of a

Now that the atom ^{bomb} appears to be a child's
toy compared with the toxic poisoning and death
rays the Great Children are ^{after careful deliberation} finding I have
decided to spend my remaining days on this
planet ungoosing the Mother Goose rhymes.

I devote my first effort on this project.
~~I suggest you assign~~ I suppose these
deathless verses should be illustrated.

Another Goose Reborn

7 7 7 7

It's always the same old way

7 7 Ho Heem
~~From for fu fie~~

Why dont they ever add Fay?

M5

Brandt & Brandt (Jr)

~~Story~~

Ann Watkins

Chapter 1.

words on the typed pages reach Paul's eyes in fitful, pulsing blurs, like the flickering of the early movies.

On those days which he devoted to the celebration of that unofficial American holiday, the hangover, Paul Bigler frequently thought of his father, Oliver Bigler. Paul was thinking of him now, sitting in the rear office of the quarters occupied by the law offices of Cress and Avery, staring down at the transcript of the testimony in the ^{workmen's compensation} case of Mattila versus The Iron Clipp Ore Company.

"Q: Where ^{were} you working on the day of the ^{alleged} accident?"

"A: I be working ^(Why, that was Paul asking the question.)

"Q: I be working ^{whome?} ^{yes} me on my partner - dat be Hero Waisanen - we be working ^{up in} sub-level of ninth level for Delaware mine - like

"Q: And what did you say happened? ^(That was pretty shrewd, pretty sharp going for a young lawyer, Paul thought, trying his first "covey" case, Paul thought.)

"A: Well, me and there was prying down dirt after dat blast when - Boomp! - all sudden dat big chunk ore come down an' he hit me on top of head an' ^{on} neck - -"

^{at this point in his testimony,} Paul remembered how Jairo, threw out his big ~~to~~ ore-stained, and looked at Paul with searching, puzzled blue eyes - - "an' now Jairo he cannot work no more, an' he got

Insert A.

I just tell for my lawyer. ^{now}

wife an' four - no five - children,
an' big field of potatoes to dig before
snow come."

Paul ^{again} sighed and looked from
his desk down across the town square.
There ^{in the century,} was the ~~Indian~~ public drinking fountain
in the square, the fall sunlight glittering on the
bubbling water. Paul passed his tongue
across his dry lips. There was the statue of
the Chippewa Indian ^{chief,} on top of the fountain,
shading his eyes, seeming to be peering into ~~the~~
the dark recesses of Al Bjorkman's saloon across
the street, although the designers of the statue had
maintained that ~~it~~ the old Chief was looking
towards Lake Superior. "His attitude is symbolic
of his search for the lost members of his tribe,
who had faded and ~~fall~~ ^{fell} away before the
advance of the ore-digging white man," the
bronze plate on the fountain read.

Walter Holbrook

The outstanding characteristic of Walter

Walter Holbrook was one of the few men who helped to shape the "policy" ^{and the} "public relations" of the Iron Cliffs Ore Company, who was not a graduate of M. I. T. ^{Not only was he part of the company "big shot" graduates of M. I. T., but they were members of a club of application ~~was~~ of course he had graduated from Harvard College and Harvard Law School, which ^{this definitely} probably helped to remove some of the stigma, and, than again anyway, everybody knew that of course, as anyone knows one could not study law at M. I. T. - ^{and the company had to have lawyers there, it} It was felt, both at the Company's head office in Wilmington, and ^{at} the Mine properties in Michigan, that Walter Holbrook had possessed the "M. I. T. spirit." Nobody could precisely define or describe the M. I. T. spirit}

Walter's case was unusual ~~but~~ ^{his parents and} ~~the~~ ^{his} ~~company~~ ^{family} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~unusual~~ ^{unusual} man.

Paul Bugler
He sat ^{at a} wide desk
in the back room of
Walter Holbrook's law office and stared out
at Chief Booge - in - the - Face standing there
on the drinking fountain in the town
square. The statue cast - iron statue
on the fountain was not really called
Chief Booge - in - the - Face, but it did
not matter. Everyone in Chippewa
called him ^{by that name,} ~~Chief Booge in the face,~~
from Mr. Spitzer, the local boss
of the mining company, down to

* * *

to Walter Holbrook
What happened, after that had in
time grown ^{even more} ~~as~~ legendary ~~around the~~ ^{law} offices
of Lewis and Shoreham ^{than} as the story of old
Tattersall Lewis and his queen of the opera.
~~It was a kind of saga of the legal profession,~~
~~one not notable for sagas.~~ The story of ~~Walter~~
Holbrook in ~~What~~ young Walter Holbrook had
done out in the raw mining camp of Chippewa,
Michigan ~~then~~ became, in the cloistered
Wilmington offices of Lewis and Shoreham,
a sort of saga of the practice of law, a
profession not notable for ^{its} sagas.

Harry Youngs and his young
assistant had

"There goes Alvin Biegl's boy," Paul heard
a group of men

Walter Holbrook

Walter Holbrook was one of the few men who helped to shape the policy and ~~what had~~
~~come to be known as the~~ "public relations" pattern of the Iron Cliffs Ore Company who was
 not a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Not only were practically all of
 the Company bigwigs graduates of M. I. T., but, oddly enough, they were also members of the
 same fraternity at M. I. T. There was ^{nothing about this} ~~nothing~~ in the corporate charter ^{or by-laws (requiring this)} of the Company ~~or~~
^{requiring this;} in its by-laws that ~~required this union of educational and fraternal background in the~~
 official family; it was -- ^{something} well, it was just so, that's all. ^{were to} It had become a kind of
 unwritten ~~Company~~ tradition. ^{like the Lowells (had governor of Boston)} It was felt that this combination ^{of educational and fraternal} gave one the "Iron Cliffs
 spirit."

background somewhere

Yes, Walter Holbrook was a glittering exception. ^{had} he ^{was} never ^{at least} attended M. I. T.

If Walter Holbrook's case was unusual, his friends and business associates were
 quick to point out that Walter himself was unusual. They would also remind one that ^{at least} Walter's
 father had gone to M. I. T. and belonged to the same fraternity there -- before the tragic
 accident which took his life on a summer field trip in New Jersey when Walter was a little
 boy. Of course it had helped, too, that Walter had been graduated from both Harvard College
 and Harvard Law School. After all, Harvard had been in Cambridge quite a few years before
 M. I. T. -- two hundred and fifteen, to be exact. Yes, this definitely helped to remove
 some of the stigma. And, as anyone knew, one could not study law at M. I. T. -- and the
 Company had to have lawyers, didn't it? It was felt, too, both at the Company's head
 office in Wilmington and out at the mine properties in Michigan that Walter Holbrook ^{possessed} had the
 "Iron Cliffs spirit." This spirit was something like personality or sex appeal; nobody
 could precisely define the Iron Cliffs spirit, but it was there, and Walter Holbrook ^{had it.} possessed
 it in abundance.

The manner in which Walter Holbrook came to reside in Chippewa was as unusual as the
 rest of the man's career. One day he had been an obscure law clerk in the office of the
 Company's lawyers in Wilmington, running errands and looking law in the vast and dusty recesses
 of the firm's law library. Then lo! he had been summoned by Mr. Lewis himself. That wasn't
 Worth Lewis, the son, but old Tattersall Lewis himself, ^{lawyer} the legal giant who had organized the
 law firm of Lewis and Shoreham, ^{chief counsel for the Iron Cliffs Ore Company} and who also held quite a sizable bloc of stock in the ~~Iron~~
~~Cliffs Ore~~ Company. ^{by a droll coincidence,}

Walter Holbrook could never forget that interview. "Mr. Lewis is ready," the clerk had said. That was all. Walter felt his feet advancing on the deep pile rug of Mr. Lewis' office; a rich dark green rug, he remembered. There ^{was} ~~sat~~ old Tattersall Lewis, ^{whiskers and all,} flanked by ^{rows and rows of law books: Walter recognized} the Delaware reports and the U. S. Supreme Court reports, ^{Mr. Lewis was sitting} behind a desk which seemed to Walter to be every bit as long and shiny as the bar in the Wilmington Club. The desk was bare save for a model of an old New England sailing ship ^{an inkwell,} and a quill pen, of all things, ^{protruding} ~~sticking in~~ ^{from} a container filled with little metal balls the size of birdshot. Walter ^{stood} ~~studied~~ ^{going} the birdshot.

"Humph," Mr. Lewis said.

"Good morning, Mr. Lewis," Walter said.

Someone had once told old Tattersall Lewis that he looked like King Edward of England. It was a sort of a legend around the office that this someone had been a beautiful opera singer to whom Mr. Lewis had been paying court. ^{That was after the death of his third wife.} Walter reflected that wealthy men ^{in the machine age} ~~still~~ courted with private cars and steam yachts... At any rate, so touched was old Tattersall by the notion that he resembled British royalty that he had devoted the rest of his life to nursing the resemblance. ^{In his late seventies he had} He ~~had even~~ taken up the hunting of grouse on the misty Scottish moors, but this had only served to aggravate his asthma. Walter ~~found~~ ^{a full-blown} found himself picturing old Tattersall Lewis paying asthmatic court to ^{him} ~~an~~ operatic soprano--and with all those whiskers, too.

"How long have you been here?" Mr. Lewis said. Because of his asthma Mr. Lewis made a little nasal snort after each sentence. It gave a sort of emphatic punctuation to all he said.

"Two years and three months--and sixteen days," Walter Holbrook answered.

"Humph," Mr. Lewis said.

Walter didn't really expect Mr. Lewis to remember him. After all, Walter had only met the old gentleman but once--the day he had started at the office, in fact, ^{in fact} and had never seen him since. Of late years Mr. Lewis had spent most of his time on an island off the coast of Georgia. ^{have been} Walter wondered if the beautiful opera singer ^{had been transported} ~~was~~ there. ^{would it be by rail or steam yacht?} She must be getting on in years...

"We're sending you out to Michigan, young man," Mr. Lewis said, sniffing the way he did. "With Harry Youngs." ^{Harry Youngs was a gimic partner}

in the law firm of Lewis and Shoreham, ^{and an} ^{Harry was regarded as} excellent trial lawyer. Walter had lately been "gopher" for ^{helping} Harry Youngs in several trials; carrying books and briefcases, checking legal citations, and ^{doing} the usual sort of things ^{an} ^{edge} going lawyer did who was lucky enough to get hooked up with a good trial man.

"Yes, Sir," Walter answered.

"I don't know what in hell's going on out there," Mr. Lewis went on, "but they tell me the Company is taking quite a beating lately in those Michigan courts. ^{It's getting so that every} ^{damn} ^{miner} that stubs his toe is filing a big damage suit and ^{is} collecting big judgments. All a lot of God damn' nonsense. The next thing ^{you} ^{will} know they'll be organizing unions out there." Mr. Lewis seemed to shudder ^{inwardly} and recoil at the ^{very} idea. "Anyway, we're sending Harry Youngs out to Michigan to break ^{it} up. ~~this~~ And you're to help him."

"Oh thank you, Mr. Lewis," Walter said. "I can't tell you --"

"Don't thank me, young man," Mr. Lewis said. Walter thought he detected a faint smile behind the whiskers. "Harry Youngs asked for you. Said you had the makings of a sound trial lawyer. Lord knows we need 'em. Seems these days ~~at~~ the law school teach you young ~~fellow~~ ~~but~~ fellows every God damn' thing but how to stand up on your hind legs and really try a case." Mr. Lewis panted for breath. "Now get out ~~of~~ ^{of} ^{here}," ^{he} ^{said}. "Yes, Sir," Walter ~~Hollbrook~~ said. The interview was ended. It was the last time Walter Hollbrook ever saw the man that looked like Edward of England.

"Who are you?" Fattersall Lewis demanded, in a high shrill voice which seemed

"Humph," Mr. Fattersall Lewis said.

"Good morning, Mr. Lewis," Walter said.

Mr. Lewis didn't come to the office much anymore. Walter had ~~worked~~ ^{been} there ^{over} two years and had only seen him once - the day he had started. The old man spent his winters ~~in~~ on an island of the coast of Georgia. He suffered from asthma and this made him short of breath and, the younger man in the office ^{noticed}, even shorter of temper.

"We're sending you out to Michigan, young man," Mr. Lewis said. "You're to ~~help~~ ^{work} with Harry Youngs." Harry Youngs was a junior partner in the Wilmington office, a

Asthma

Sometime had once told Father all Lewis that he looked like King Edward of England, and the old man ^{was so touched that he} ~~had~~ devoted the rest of his life to nursing the ^{He had soon developed a slight English accent.} resemblance. Walter was conscious of a faint blur of whiskers

"Humph," Mr. Lewis said.

"Good morning, Mr. Lewis," Walter said.

"We're sending you out to Muelingen, young man," Mr. Lewis said. "With Harry Youngs." Harry Youngs was a junior partner in the law firm, and an excellent trial lawyer. Walter had ^{lately been helping} ~~helped~~ Harry Youngs in several trials; ~~carrying~~ carrying books and briefcases; checking citations, and the usual sort a thing a young lawyer did who was lucky enough to get hooked up with a good trial man.

"Yes, Sir," Walter answered.

"I don't know what's going on out there," Mr. Lewis said, "but they tell me the Company is ^{lately} taking quite a beating in the Muelingen ^{in the North Cliffs county} courts -- a series of damage suits by miners, and that sort of thing."

a series of
all a lot of
God damn moments

Mr. Lewis ^{finger was} ~~was~~ drumming the edge of his desk.

"So we're sending Harry Youngs out there to break it up. I don't ~~know~~ ^{know} but you're to help him."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Lewis," Walter said.

"I can't tell you --"

"Don't thank me, young man," Mr. Lewis said. "Harry Youngs asked for you. I said you had the makings of a damn good trial lawyer. Lord knows we need them. ^{the law schools} ~~They~~ teach the young fellows these days ^{God damn} ~~everything~~ but how to stand up on their hind legs and try a case."

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with private cars and
steam yachts in their class.

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the offic that this someone had been a soprano

beautiful opera singer to whom ^{Mr. Lewis} he had been paying

court. Walter found himself ~~at~~ any rate, so

who touched was old Tattersall that he had

devoted the rest of his life to nursing the resemblance.

He had even taken up ^{the} hunting of grouse on the

misty Scottish moors, but this ^{had} only ^{served to} aggravated his

asthma. Walter found himself picturing old

Tattersall Lewis paying ^{asthmatic} court to an operatic

soprano — ^{and} with ^{asthma accompanied by} all those whiskers, too.

"How long have you been here?" Mr.

Lewis said. ^{Because of the asthma} Mr. Lewis made a little nasal snort after each

sentence. ^{It gave a} sort of emphatic punctuation to all he said.

"Two years and three months — and

sixteen days," Walter Holbrook answered.

"Humph," Mr. Lewis said.

Walter didn't really expect Mrs. Lewis to

remember him. After ~~at~~ all, Walter had only met

the old gentleman but once — the day he had started

in fact, and had never seen him since. ^{Of late}

years, ^{at the offic,} ^{she had} spent most of his ~~vacation~~ time on an island off

the coast of Georgia. Walter wondered if the

beautiful opera singer was there. She must be getting on in

years...

"We're sending you out to Midugin, young

man," Mr. Lewis said, sniffing the way he did.

"With Harry Youngs."

a ~~fact~~

the Wilmington office of Lewis and

in its way, what had happened after that had,
grown to be as legendary in ~~his~~^{its} way as the
story of old Fattersall Lewis and his opera
queen. Harry Youngs and his young assistant,
Walter

Walter
~~Harry~~ had found time

Walter Holbrook was one of the few men who helped to shape the policy and what had come to be known as the "public relations" pattern of the Iron Cliffs Ore Company who was not a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Not only were practically all of the Company bigwigs graduates of M.I.T., but, oddly enough, they were also members of the same fraternity at M. I. T. There was nothing in the Company's corporate charter or by-laws that required this background; it was -- -- well, it was just so, that's all. And Walter Holbrook was an exception. If Walter Holbrook's case was unusual, his friends and business associates were quick to point out that Walter himself was unusual. And Walter's father had gone to M. I. T. and belonged to the same fraternity there -- before the tragic accident which took his life on that summer field trip in New Jersey when Walter was a little boy. Of course it had helped, too, that Walter had been graduated from both Harvard College and Harvard Law School, and after all Harvard had been in Cambridge quite a long while before M. I. T. -- -- two hundred and fifteen years, to be exact. Yes, this definitely helped to remove some of the stigma. And, as anyone knew, one could not study law at M. I. T. -- and the Company had to have lawyers, didn't it? It was felt, too, both at the Company's head office in Wilmington and out at the mine properties in Michigan that Walter Holbrook possessed the "M. I. T. spirit." This spirit was something like personality or sex appeal; nobody could precisely define the M. I. T. spirit, but it was there, and Walter Holbrook had it.

The manner in which Walter Holbrook came to reside in Chippewa was as unusual as the rest of the man's career. One day he had been an obscure law clerk in the office of the Company's lawyers in Wilmington. Then lo! he had been summoned by Mr. Lewis himself. That wasn't Worth Lewis, the son, but old Tattersall Lewis himself, the legal giant who had organized the law firm of Lewis and Shoreham, and who also held quite a sizable bloc of stock in the new Iron Cliffs Ore Company.

Walter Holbrook could never forget that interview. "Mr. Lewis is ready," the clerk said. There sat old Tattersall Lewis, flanked by the Delaware reports and the U. S. Supreme Court reports, behind a desk which seemed to Walter to be every bit as long and shiny as the bar in the Wilmington Club.

So Little Jennie.

Chap. 33. P. 277 Back flush to brother Alf. = =

Then to present = P. 285.

Then back again 286.

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The social center of the town was the three-story Chippewa Inn. The Company had built it during the depression, employing the services of a famous Boston architect. It was constructed of school-house red brick, after an authentic early American colonial design.

"I don't believe the Inn was ever built here at all," Maida Holbrook said when she first saw it. "The architect simply swiped it in Boston and transplanted it here on flat cars--complete with vines, lichen and moss!"

It was certain that the famous architect had permitted no detail to creep into his plans that might have remotely suggested that the Chippewa Inn did not overlook Beacon Street in Boston; nothing indigenous was allowed to corrupt his fairy brain child; no hints coarsely intruded to suggest to anyone that quite a few of the inhabitants of Chippewa and the Peninsula--as well as the Inn--frequently made their livings by logging, mining, farming or fishing...

No, the lobby itself was gloomily suggestive of the reading room of an exclusive Boston news club--~~minus~~ minus the copy of ~~XXX~~ Newsweek; the dining room was decorated with expensive "mural" wall paper imported from England, and upon which were depicted, to the untutored eye, rather dishevelled scenes of assorted galloping horsemen and hounds and barmaids, of all things, chasing a highly elated fox through a grogery during the rush hour; while downstairs in the barroom, on similar wall paper, the fox appeared to have justly gained the upper hand...

Though Maida Holbrook poked fun at the Inn and its conventional and unimaginative decor, she visited the place frequently--especially the bar. "I can't hang around the miners' saloons, can I?" she asked Paul. "And after all, Joe makes the best damn dry Martini I've been able to find in this god-forsaken mining camp." ~~He~~ Joe was the bartender, of course.

The hotel was managed by a mousy blond fellow called Odgers, who was in love with the hostess in the diningroom called, Effie, who was in love with the bartender, Joe, who was in love with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bates, who was in love with the cook, Raoul, who was in love with the two night bellhops who were jointly in love with Greer Garson... Despite all these romantic declensions, the hotel's staff was mostly a happy and efficient one; the rooms were kept bright and pleasant; the beds were soft; the food was excellent, the the cook still retaining the distinction of not having been immortalized into gastromic inertia by Duncan Hines.

CHAPTER I

In the center of the Chippewa town square stood a cast-iron drinking fountain upon which stood a cast-iron statue of an Indian. Near the base of the fountain were arranged four small cast-iron drinking troughs for the convenience of thirsty dogs; a little higher up were two larger troughs designed for horses; while higher still were two bubbling fountains for people. Nobody seemed to mind that in the general hubub of a late Saturday night certain people occasionally drank from the wrong troughs... The drinking fountain itself served as a pedestal for the cast-iron statue of a Chippewa Indian chief. His name was Marji Gesick. By common consent, the inhabitants of Chippewa called him Chief Booze-in-the-Face... Lean and hawk-faced, he stood shading his eyes, peering sadly into the northwest.

Ever since the fountain and statue had been erected, back in the early nineteen hundreds, visitors to Chippewa had been intrigued to learn precisely what it was that claimed the attention of the Indian chief. "What's he looking at?" they'd often ask a passing resident, petulantly glancing away from their clicking Kodaks. Or sometimes they varied the question and asked: "What's he looking for?"

"I dunno," was the invariable reply to both questions, not because there was any community secrecy involved, but simply because the residents of Chippewa were as ignorant of the matter as the most transient tourist. The weary Chippewa police, who were questioned most often on the subject, were perhaps the most relieved when a W.P.A. art project, during the depression, attempted to finally resolve the mystery. The local head of the W.P.A. art project-- who was then also busy as a beaver writing a proletarian novel about mining called "Trapped Giants"--rummaged through the records and files of the Chippewa common council, shouted into the ear trumpets of several old timers, and finally affixed a neat brass plate to the side of the fountain bearing the following inscription:

"Marji Gesick, last great Chippewa Indian chief of the Peninsula, is here depicted searching the hills beyond Chippewa, the ancient camping ground of his people, looking vainly for some last survivor of his tribe whose last members had faded and fell away before the ruthless advance of the avid and exploiting whites. This memorial was presented to the City of Chippewa by the Chippewa Ore Company in 1909."

The W.P.A. inscription brought an immediate and heated reply from W. C. Fowler, retired former general superintendent of the Chippewa Ore Company, written to the editor of the Chippewa Miner. It was over two and a half columns in length and contained an incidental and scathing indictment of the W.P.A. and the New Deal and all its works. The pertinent portion was as follows:

"I was still associated with the Chippewa Ore Company when we presented the drinking fountain and statue of Marji Gesick to the good people of this community. The preposterous fairy tale that this bondogging W.P.A. bureaucrat has made up about the Chief is nothing but a deliberate lie." He had written "damned lie" but the editor had hastily changed it. "I know because I was the one who went to Chicago and ordered the statue and talked with the artist-fellow that made it. The chief isn't looking at anything unless it was a twelve-point white-tailed buck. He's just a plain every-day Indian chief trying to get along. He isn't sad about anything either. Nobody chased him or his tribesmen anywhere--least of all the Chippewa Ore Company. And we good people of Chippewa who believe in the American way don't need any New Deal radicals and Reds coming in here and stirring up trouble in our town." There was much, much more, written with the same air of lofty detachment...

The Chippewa Chamber of Commerce, of which W. C. Fowler was a past-president, passed a resolution bristling with whereas's, demanding the immediate removal of this gratuitous W.P.A. slur on the memory of Marji Gesick. Its secretary sent a copy of the resolution to Washington but nothing more was heard about it and the brass inscription remained.

Tug McKittrick, who cleaned spittons and mopped floors at Louie's Bar, a miners' saloon which stood across from the fountain, took a good look at the Chief, spat thoughtfully, and then said: "What's all this jabber about what the Chief's lookin' at? Hm... Seems to me the poor laverick's seen so goddam much water running out of him that he's jest natcherally keepin' a lookout fer a free drink of whiskey!"

Stanley Zaborski of Pittsburgh, who had recently arrived in Chippewa to try to wean the miners away from their company union and organize them into a national miner's union, told the night-shift at the Bessie Mine: "Whatever in hell it is this Indian fella's lookin at, I'm damn sure it ain't any of the wealth the Chippewa Ore Company ever left behind in this bloody town. Look around you! What do you see but widows and ~~orphan~~ orphans and hobbling cripples and men spitting their lungs away from silicosis? Organize, men, and protice yourselves and your loved ones!"

That night seven more miners joined the new union. That was in 1936...

11

Ten years later Paul Biegler sat in his office in Walter Holbrook's law offices over the Miners' State Bank adjoining the town square. Walter Holbrook was local counsel for the Chippewa Ore Company and Paul had worked for Walter ever since he had graduated from law school at Ann Arbor--the spring after Pearl Harbor.

It was an unseasonably hot Friday afternoon late in June, the second day of the American Legion convention--the first to be held in the Peninsula since the War. Paul was trying to review the testimony in a workmen's compensation appeal case that Walter had tossed in his lap that morning before he left for Wilmington.

Walter had breezed into Paul's office just before train time, sleek and shaved and smelling of Old Spice and as youthful looking as ever in his new tan double-breasted gabardine suit. He would take the fast train to Chicago and then fly on East. The thought had flashed upon Paul that there was always a sense of almost theatrical urgency about Walter Holbrook's movements. That was it: the man was an actor. "Take this, Polly," Walter had said, thrusting the compensation case file at Paul. "Look over the file in this Maki case--and appeal till hell will have no more of it. Wilmington's bitching that we're losing too many comp cases lately." Wilmington, of course, was the home office of the Chippewa Ore Company, one of several corporate off-springs of a great steel corporation. Subsidiary, a careful lawyer would call it.

"O.K., Walt," Paul had said. The very first day that Paul had gone to work for Walter Holbrook, Walter had asked him, with his easy confiding informality to so address him. "Just call me Walt, Polly," Walter had gone on. "Let's not stand on ceremony."

"Yes, Sir," Paul had said.

"Give 'er hell on this case, Polly," Walter had gone on. "We've got to wear down these damn union malingerers one way or the other."

"I'll do my best," Paul had said, fingering the file. He watched Walter Holbrook, so sleek and shaved and well-groomed--"full of Old Spice and smelling so nice," Paul thought--so youthful looking despite his fifty-odd years, with his hair so sleek and carefully brushed that the gray hair at his temples looked blond instead of gray.

Walter had patted Paul lightly on the shoulder. "Hold the fort while I'm gone, Polly," he had said; and then he was gone.

And now, this afternoon, Paul was doing his best with the case, all right, but his best looked none too good. In fact it confidentially looked to Paul that Ensio Maki, plaintiff and alleged victim of silicosis, had the Chippewa Ore Company firmly by the corporate balls... How in hell did Walt ever expect to get around all that medical testimony? Just then he heard a beer bottle shatter down ~~x~~ on the street. Paul was sure it was a beer bottle because Legionaires seemed partial to beer bottles. Perhaps it was part of their ritual...

It certainly did not help matters to have all this infernal juvenile racket from the Legion convention. Paul absently filled and lit his pipe. The thing sucked and bubbled like a Turkish water-pipe and Paul groped in his desk drawers for a pipe cleaner. No pipe cleaners. "Basta!" Paul said. His friend Luigi, proprietor of Louie's Bar, had taught him that. For a moment he thought he'd slip downstairs to Walgreen's and get a coke and some pipe cleaners--bales of pipe cleaners--but there was the heat and those milling, perspiring throngs of potted, lurching Legionaires. Paul shook his head and lit a cigarette instead...

He exhaled and sat staring at the opposite wall at the open book shelves with their grinning rows of bound Michigan Supreme Court reports. Occasionally the sight of all those law books made him slightly ill. This was distinctly one of the occasions. There were well over three hundred of them, and more coming out every month, it seemed, not to mention the digests and advance sheets and form books and compiled laws and text books and annotated statutes and books on procedure and Sheppard's citators and... Where and when was this obscene flood of law books ever going to end? And the same thing was going on all over America; worse, in fact, in some states. In a few more years the average young lawyer couldn't possibly dream of affording even a mere set of his state's reports, let alone the rest of the legal impediments. It was no joke, even now, and Paul thought of how lucky he was to have been taken in fresh from law school by such an influential and established lawyer as Walter Holbrook. Wasn't a young lawyer without books like a carpenter without tools? Worse, indeed, because a carpenter ^{could} at least do some work with his hands. Perhaps, in the future, lawyers would be forced to maintain libraries of micro-film. He had recently read somewhere--was it in the Reader's Digest?--that they were doing wonders with micro-film lately... Perhaps lawyers would henceforth hobble into court armed with projectors and screens and simply yards and yards of micro-film.

Paul signed and continued to read the testimony in the compensation case of Ensio Maki, plaintiff, versus Chippewa Ore Company, defendant. Wasn't it just like Walter Holbrook to go into court and blithely lose the case before the deputy commissioner--and then somehow expect Paul to find a way to beat the case on appeal? But Paul suspected that Walter really meant that when he said to go ahead and appeal the case regardless... It had lately seemed to Paul that the Company had abruptly changed its compensation policy; ever since the Company's miners had joined the A.M.U. and the latter had become the exclusive employee's

offices of the Acme Loan Company, directly across the square--"Miners--Why Wait Till Payday?"--until a year or so before when some crazed drunk had guided his Chev into the fountain late one Saturday night, toppling the poor chief into the square. The city workmen, in replacing the chief, had inadvertently turned him to the Northeast so that he now faced Louie's Bar. Paul for one, though he did not publicly labor the point, thought that the chief's expression had thereafter taken on an air of sly satisfaction. But right now it seemed clear that the shief was staring at the inside of a wicker waste basket. The old chñmf looked quite gay, with the basket tilted so rakishly over his head. Paul gently closed the file in Maki versus Chippewa Ore Company and firmly ~~pushed~~ pushed it from him...

BOND

bargaining agent with the Company. Yes, the Company was getting plenty tough, all right. Paul recalled distinctly--when he had come with Walter after graduating--that the Company rarely even tried a comp case. It settled most of them. Now it seemed to want to try all of them, regardless of the merits of the employee's claim. And it surely made a hell of a lot more work. But then, it also meant considerably more fees for Walter Holbrook's law office--

Suddenly, from down on the square, came a loud report, like the sound of a small cannon. "Christ!" Paul exclaimed, lurching back from his desk and glancing quickly out the open window. He saw with wry distaste that the convention crowds were already gathering for their nightly carousal. For a moment Paul guessed someone might have been shot. But no, the crowd continued to mill about in raucous eye-rolling oblivion. Probably some aging veteran of World War I, resolutely re-fighting the Battle of Verdun, had set off a giant fire-cracker. Paul wondered where the Chippewa police had disappeared to in the last few days. Probably they were huddled snugly in a hurricane cellar, playing endless games of cribbage. It was really disgusting the amount of guff that public officials took from these veterans, year in and year out, so as not to lose their goddam votes...

Paul's glance travelled to the statue of the Indian chief and he was mildly startled to observe that someone had put a waste basket over the old chief's head. Good old Chief/ Booze-in-the-Face. Paul saw that the basket was made of wicker. He couldn't remember having seen a wicker waste basket in years. During the War all you could get were those flimsy plywood or composition baskets, and now they seemed to be made of meshed wire or sheet metal...

Paul had always remained neutral in the local battle to determine what it really was Chief Booxe-in-the-Face was looking at. For Paul's money the chief had always been staring intently at nothing more romantic than the neon-lit

CHAPTER 1

Paul Biegler sat at a little table in the broadcasting booth, facing the suspended microphone, ~~nervously~~ ^{garrulously} switching the typewriter sheets of his talk, waiting for the signal from the radio announcer. At the moment the local announcer was describing the remarkable ease with which one could borrow up to three hundred dollars from the Chippewa Credit Corporation.

"Yes, Sir, folks..." the announcer chummily rattled on, somehow making the loan company sound like a group of ^{trussed and} slap-happy philanthropists, ^{"it's as easy to get a loan from Chippewa Credit as getting off a log."} Paul watched the announcer and envied him his aplomb, his ease, his air of sincerity and quiet confidence, his mellow baritone voice, as he enthusiastically extolled the virtues of enjoying the "friendly credit" of the Chippewa Credit Corporation. ~~Paul~~ ^I thought wryly of the money ^I was spending on ^{my} own campaign. ^I He even bandied with the idea of floating a loan of ^{my} own. It all sounded so easy. Then a chime sounded.

"This is radio station WICC," the announcer said, "located in Chippewa, Michigan--ⁱⁿ the heart of the iron mining district. The time: 11:59 A.M." There was a dramatic pause and again the chimes sounded. The announcer smilingly nodded at ^{me} ~~Paul~~ to get ready. ^{with more of a flourish} He couldn't have introduced St. Paul himself. "The facilities of this radio station are available to any person or organization having a message of general interest to the public," the announcer said. "The opinions expressed by the speaker to follow, however, are not necessarily those of this station." Pause. "At this time we bring you Paul Biegler, young Chippewa attorney, who will discuss his candidacy for the office of prosecuting attorney of Iron Cliffs County... Mr. Biegler."

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peculiarly offensive
my
is worthy
(in a bastard Eastern accent which he had
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"I should like to speak briefly about my candidacy for the office of prosecuting attorney of Iron Cliffs County," Paul read from ~~the~~ prepared script. "This is the first time I have ever run for public office," Paul read on. "In fact--" Paul ruefully ~~exhaled~~ "I guess I don't need to tell my listeners that this is the first time I've ever been on the air." This was not in the script. The announcer giggled audibly and nodded extravagant encouragement at ~~Paul~~ *Paul*.

"Most of you probably know that I was born and raised in Chippewa and that I was graduated from the law school of the University of Michigan--in 1939. Many of you also know that since then I have been working for Walter Holbrook in his law office in Chippewa. I am 28 years old, single, and live in Chippewa with my mother, Mrs. Belle Biegler, widow of Oliver Biegler." Paul paused, and then went on. "Some of you may not know that for many years my father ran a saloon in Chippewa--in fact, his establishment had the distinction of possessing the longest bar of any saloon in Upper Peninsula."

There, it was out... ~~Paul~~ had debated a long time before deciding to mention *my* father's saloon business in *this* radio talk. Belle, *my* mother, had been keenly against it. But Paul had decided it was best to have it out in the open and prevent any false issue and whispered insinuations from creeping into the campaign. His employer, Walter Holbrook, had agreed with him. After all,

Paul thought, the people are entitled to know the background of the man who is asking to be elected their D. A. Paul's opponent was a minister's son and Paul wondered if he would disclose the fact... And then--although Paul didn't mention this to either Belle or Walter Holbrook--he had a sneaking suspicion that his frankness about his background would win rather than lose him votes with the people of his county--especially with the thousands of iron miners who worked for the big Iron Cliffs Ore Company, of which Paul's boss, Walter Holbrook, was local counsel.

Paul went on to explain the duties of the office of prosecutor; his duty to investigate and prosecute cases against persons charged with crime; his duty to represent the county and its various officers, boards and commissions in a civil capacity. "If elected," Paul concluded, "I promise to represent all of the people of this county equally, to the end that peace and order shall prevail in our community. I thank you."

The time reserved for Paul's talk still had several minutes to run, and the station was playing a record to kill time. Paul recognized the piece as one called "As Time Goes By," recently resurrected from the oblivion of early depression days by the popularity of Bergman and Bogart in the movie, "Casablanca." He also recognized that the chorus was being sung, evidently through the left nostril, by none other than ^{of Massa} Rudy Valee.

Paul met the radio announcer at the door.

"How'm I doin'?" Paul whispered.

"Not bad," the announcer whispered, "though I don't think you'll crowd Dewey and F.D.R. off the airways during their slugging match. But it's a good start... Say, do you have any more of those campaign matches? There's three voters in our house. An' the wife sure can use all the matches I can bring her."

Since cigarettes have been hard to get she's started to smoke 'em like a furnace. You ought to meet the little girl--just like her mother. Yeah, the old girl lives with us. That's the three votes in our house." He winked at Paul, "Good luck, Biegler--we're for you."

"Thanks," Paul said thrusting a handful of book matches at the announcer. "Life's full of sadness, jealousy and hate..." Rudy Valee crooned, as Paul softly closed the door to the broadcasting studio.

Paul stood in the hallway and lit a cigarette, using his own campaign matches. "Vote for Biegler for Prosecutor" each book said.

Then there was a small photograph of Paul--it had been the same one he used for his graduation from law school--and the legend "Your Vote and Support will be appreciated" on the reverse side. And Paul had not forgotten the little union insignia on his matches. The iron miners constituted the largest bloc of votes in the county and it was only since about Pearl Harbor that they had abandoned the company union and become affiliated with a national miners' union. Putting the union label on his campaign matches had been a clever idea of Walter Holbrook's. Walter had noticed that Paul's opponent had neglected to do so. "Paul, whether we like it or not, this goddam labor union racket is in the air," Walter had said. "Better climb on the labor bandwagon--at least until you get in. When Dewey beats F.D.R. next month--maybe things will be different.

Paul chuckled as he thought of Walter Holbrook. Good old Walter; sly old Walter--he rarely missed a bet... Paul glanced at his watch. He'd have to get over ~~to~~ ^{Rudy's restaurant -- known as the Ulcer Institute to the regulars --} to Walgreen's and grab a bite and get back to the office. He had to see Walter Holbrook about the Maki compensation case.

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"I should like to speak briefly about my candidacy for the office of prosecuting attorney of Iron Cliffs County," Paul read from his prepared script. "This is the first time I have ever run for public office," Paul read on. "In fact--" Paul ^{chuckled} ~~carefully~~ ~~chuckled~~ "---I guess I don't need to tell my listeners that this is the first time I've ever been on the air." This was not in the script. The announcer giggled audibly and nodded extravagant encouragement at Paul.

"Most of you probably know that I was born and raised in Chippewa and that I was graduated from the law school of the University of Michigan--in 1939. Many of you also know that since then I have been working for Walter Holbrook in his law office in Chippewa. I am 28 years old, single, and live in Chippewa with my mother, Mrs. Belle Biegler, widow of Oliver Biegler." Paul paused, and then went on. "Some of you may not know that for many years my father ran a saloon in Chippewa--in fact, his establishment had the distinction of possessing the longest bar of any saloon in Upper Peninsula."

There, it was out... Paul had debated a long time before deciding to mention his father's saloon business in his radio talk. Belle, his mother, had been keenly against it. But Paul had decided it was best to have it out in the open and prevent any false issue and whispered insinuations from creeping into the campaign. His employer, Walter Holbrook, had agreed with him. After all,

Paul thought, the people are entitled to know the background of the man who is asking to be elected their D. A. (Paul's opponent was a minister's son and Paul wondered if he would disclose the fact...) And then--although Paul didn't mention this to either Belle or Walter Holbrook--he had a sneaking suspicion that his frankness about his background would win rather than lose him votes with the people of his county--especially with the thousands of iron miners who worked for the big Iron Cliffs Ore Company, of which Paul's boss, Walter Holbrook, was local counsel.

Paul went on to explain the duties of the office of prosecutor; his duty to investigate and prosecute cases against persons charged with crime; his duty to represent the county and its various officers, boards and commissions in a civil capacity. "If elected," Paul concluded, "I promise to represent all of the people of this county equally, to the end that peace and order shall prevail in our community. I thank you." *Paul leaned back and lit a cigarette.*

The time reserved for Paul's talk still had several minutes to run, and the station was playing a record to kill time. Paul recognized the piece as one called "As Time Goes By," recently resurrected from the oblivion of early depression days by the popularity of ^{Ingrid} Bergman and ^{Humphrey} Bogart in the movie, "Casablanca." He also recognized that the chorus was being sung, evidently through the left nostril, by none other than ^{ol' Massa} Rudy Valee.

Paul met the radio announcer at the door.

"How'm I doin'?" Paul whispered.

"Not bad," the announcer whispered, "though I don't think you'll crowd Dewey and F.D.R. off the airways during their slugging match. But it's a good start... Say, do you have any more of those campaign matches? There's three voters in our house. An' the wife sure can use all the matches I can bring her.

Since cigarettes have been hard to get she's started to smoke 'em like a furnace. You ought to meet the little girl--just like her mother. Yeah, the old girl lives with us. That's the three votes in our house." He winked at Paul, "Good luck, Biegler--we're for you."

"Thanks," Paul said thrusting a handful of book matches at the announcer. "Life's full of sadness, jealousy and hate..." ^{tottering} Rudy Valee crooned, as Paul softly closed the door to the broadcasting studio.

Paul stood in the hallway and lit a cigarette, using his own campaign matches. "Vote for Biegler for Prosecutor" each book said.

Then there was a small photograph of Paul--it had been the same one he used for his graduation from law school--and the legend "Your Vote and Support will be appreciated" on the reverse side. And Paul had not forgotten the little union insignia on his matches. The iron miners constituted the largest bloc of votes in the county and it was only since about Pearl Harbor that they had abandoned the company union and become affiliated with a national miners' union. ^{They were very "union" conscious.} Putting the union label on his campaign matches had been a clever idea. [^]of Walter Holbrook's. Walter had noticed that Paul's opponent had neglected to do so. "Paul, whether we like it or not, this goddam labor union racket is in the air," Walter had said. "Better climb on the labor bandwagon--at least until you get in. When Dewey beats F.D.R. next month--maybe things will be different.

Paul chuckled as he thought of Walter Holbrook. Good old Walter; sly old Walter--he rarely missed a bet... Paul glanced at his watch. He'd have to get over ~~the~~ to Walgreen's and grab a bite and get back to the office. He had to see Walter Holbrook about the Maki compensation case.

Chapter 2

Paul scanned the headlines and drank his orange juice and coffee as he sat crouched in Belle's new ivory-colored breakfast nook. She had ^{extravagantly} adorned it ^{with colorful decorations} she had found ^{in one of the ladies' magazines} and had applied herself. Belle had always wanted a breakfast nook, but Oliver Biegler, Paul's father, would never hear of it while he was living.

"You might as well hogtie a man in a bloody outhouse an' feed him with a tin spoon," Oliver ^{used to} ~~would~~ declaim. "Even the goddam saloons is goin' crazy these days--installin' these two-by-four squirrel booths! When I sit at a table I want room to range around in. Breakfast nook hell!" ^{until Oliver's death,} *So, there had been no breakfast nook in the Biegler home.*

Paul idly watched Belle busily hovering ^{and fuming} over the new electric range he had bought her a few months after Oliver's death. Oliver had stubbornly clung to the old wood ^{-burning} range to the bitter end. His resistance to modern sales pressure had been enormous... Paul had gotten the new stove wholesale through the Company, just after Pearl Harbor, acting on a tip from Walter Holbrook. A good tip it was, too. You couldn't beg, borrow or steal ^{an electric} ~~a new~~ range now.

"I see by the morning's paper that the draft boards are getting harder on these deferments." Belle said. "It's right there on the front page, next to that article about that awful ^{old} man who married the thirteen-year-old girl. My, my. What's the world coming to? She should be ^{home} playing with her dollies." Paul idly scanned the article as Belle ran on about the horrors of child marriages. Belle's biggest concern these days was that "they" would come and take her baby away ^{that} Paul would have to go to War; that she ^{might} ~~would~~ lose him ^{as} she had lost ^{her boy, Lincoln,} Paul's oldest brother, following the first world war. ^{Paul could read the fear of death in Belle's eyes...} Paul remembered the morning ^{that} brother had died. Paul hadn't thought of it in a long time. But ^{it was always} ~~it was~~ ^{on the back of his mind...} there it came, just like that November morning years ago...

START NEW SHEET

in her floppy slippers and squeezed her short, plump body into the seat

Belle hurried over to the table and sat opposite Paul. Why did she insist on wearing ~~wear~~ those flapping slippers? Despite her easy life these days, Belle always got up early, and nothing Paul could say ^{or do} would make her abandon the floppy ^{sheepskin} slippers she wore in the mornings. Belle's ^{slippers} sheepskins made quite a combination with ^{the expensive} her flowered quilted robe ^{he had given her last Christmas.} She had always worn ^{sheepskin slippers} them when all the boys were home, before the furnace was installed, when the kitchen floor was icy cold when she came down in the ^{winter} mornings to start the kitchen range. ^{So} What was wrong with them now?

"Where were you last night?" Belle said. Paul inwardly winced ^{as} Belle's gray eyes peered at ^{him} Paul through her ^{the} blurred pinch glasses that always needed cleaning. "It must have been awfully late when you got in. It felt late."

"With Bernardine Tobin," Paul casually answered. Belle's eyes lit up. She ~~was~~ ^{seemed} always glad when Paul went out with Bernardine. "Such a splendid, capable young woman," she always said. "She'd make any man a wonderful wife. And a trained nurse, too..."

"Good," Belle said, ^{not falling Bernardine.} "She's such a grand girl--such a ^{a--a} wifely young woman."

"She's going away," Paul said. ^{He might as well tell her. She'd find out, anyway.} "She's joined the WACs. She's leaving today."

Belle removed her glasses and held them pinched to one finger. ^{she said, shaking her head regretfully.} "My, my, Paul, "Now that's too bad. Did you?--did you have an understanding? I mean last night? I mean--"

"Look, Mom, the toast is burning. I've got to get going to court." Belle hurried to the smoking toast. "We had an understanding, all right. Everything's all aff."

"My, my," Belle repeated, scraping the toast. "Such a fine wifely

girl, too... This awful war." Paul gulped his coffee and then ^{glumly} read
about the honeymoon of the man who ^{had} married the 13-year-old girl.

Paul thought of Bernardine all that morning. The dreary compensation cases dragged interminably. There was one endless case which had gone over from the day before, made static by the shrill ^{and endless posturing} pettifogging of the opposing lawyers. ^{They were a couple of professional comp case lawyers, and} Paul yearned to pull the cord on an ambulance gong just to see them run... It was almost noon before Paul's case was called. He and Gundry scarcely had time to arrange their pleadings and outline the usual admissions and denials when the Deputy Commissioner declared a noon recess.

Gundry was the claimant's attorney, a pleasant young downstate lawyer, ^{stocky} a bachelor, who had come to Iron Cliffs County ^{during the depression} on the legal staff of one of the New Deal agencies. Gundry had liked the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and had remained, settling in Chippewa. Lately he had been doing considerable legal work for the local C.I.O. Steelworkers' Union. ⁴⁾ Paul met him frequently in court on comp cases and again over the conference table, hashing over the various grievances of the miners and haggling over the interpretations of various clauses of the union's contract with the Iron Cliffs Ore Company, ^{Walter Holbrook's main client.}

Paul regarded Pete Gundry as a smart and able lawyer. In fact he was inclined to like him, despite the dark warnings of his boss, Walter Holbrook. "Paul, all these goddam shyster labor lawyers are alike. All of them, mind you. They'll smile you to death when things are going their way, but when the squeeze is on, once the chips are down"--Walter scowled with dark foreboding--"then watch out!" Despite his Harvard education, Walter was a great one for using colorful, ~~Mid-Western~~, man-to-man phrases

He prided himself on ~~having~~ possessing the common touch...

like that. [^] The picture of someone selling someone else "down the river" was also one of his favorites. "Those labor bastards'll sell you down the river, Paul, quicker'n you can say John L. Lewis!" *Mark my words.*⁷¹

"The hearing in the case of Bruno Belpedio versus Iron Cliffs Ore Company is adjourned until 1:30," the Deputy Commissioner glumly announced, wearily reaching for a cigarette, ~~and his brief case.~~ ^{and his brief case.}

Peter Gundry walked over to Paul's table. "How about ^{our} having lunch together, Biegler?" he said to Paul, holding out his hand. "Perhaps we can work out a settlement and save everyone a dreary afternoon. I've got your company over a barr~~el~~, you know, so why not relax and enjoy it? What do you say, Paul?"

Paul stood listlessly shaking Gundry's hand and wanting to ^{Telephone} ~~phone~~ Bernardine. He'd have to stop her somehow. What in hell had he been dreaming of to let her go for Maida Holbrook? Why, Christ, man, he couldn't keep Maida in nylons and cigarettes--even if she'd have him. Maida, Maida, that lovely, slow, honey-colored blonde bitch. What was she doing to him? *He must have been bewitched. And he had a date with Maida that night.*

"I say, Biegler, can you eat with me?" Gundry was repeating.

Paul fumbled for an excuse. He had to make some 'phone calls and check some comp decisions in the library. "Sorry, Pete. It'll have to be some other time. Thanks a lot."

"O. K., Paul," Gundry said, smiling his white, strong-toothed smile.

"Now don't"
"Don't [^] say I didn't warn you."

Paul drove rapidly over to the Iron Bay Club and hurried to the telephone booth. "Members will please use pay 'phone for out-of-town calls," the little sign warned.

"Chippewa 664," Paul told the operator. "Hurry, please, operator. It's urgent." He dully wondered why he'd sat on his ^{board} ^{in court} ^{being bored to death} prat all morning and now found it so goddam urgent to call Bernardine.

"Fifteen cents please," the operator was saying. "Please confine your call to three minutes. Thank you, Sir."

"Hello! Is this Tobins'?" ^{Paul eagerly asked.} "Is Bernardine there?" ~~Paul eagerly said.~~
^{Justin,} "Oh, hello, ^{Bill,} this is Polly Biegler. Is Bernie there?... Gone!
Oh yes, on the Chicago train this morning!... Oh Lord... No, it's ^{Justin.} nothing, ^{Bill.} Nothing at all... Just wanted--just wanted--say goodbye...
Yes, sure... Goodbye, ^{Justin.} ^{Bill.}"

Paul walked slowly downstairs to the club bar. "Hello, Polly," someone said. It was Scheffler, the banker, turned furtively from his favorite quarter slot machine. He didn't want ^{any} of the bank's directors to discover him. ^{that it was Paul,} Reassured, he was back pulling the lever, closing his ^{plump} eyes tightly and putting his hands over the ^{whirling} cherries and assorted fruit symbols for a nice big surprise which, it shortly developed, was not there. Paul dully wondered why so many small-town bankers loved to play slot machines; and again, why so many of them managed to look like a sort of composite photograph of the ideal embezzler. "Hi, Mr. ^{Scheffler,} ^S" Paul said, brightly, but Mr. ^{heffler} S. was back again with his eyes shut, anticipating another surprise.

Pinky was at the bar. "Hello, Mr. Biegler," Pinky said. Pinky was always ^{so} ~~starched and~~ humorous and pleasant; a good boy. "We got some of your favorite ale today. It's getting awful hard to get."

"Thanks, Pinky. Not today. I'll take a double scotch."

There's the drinks.

"What'll it be? Black and White? Haig on a Hag? Vat 69? The salesman said after three drinks you can leap clear into Vat 73, no hands! Ah, that's it." Yes Pinky was a wag, all right.

Mr. S^{Scheffler} wanted twenty more quarters. He was in a ^{dignified} hurry. From the perspiring reddish glow of his bald spot Paul estimated that he must ~~be~~ ^{have} ~~lost~~ ^{lost} out about fifteen dollars ^{that noon.} "Someone must have been tinkering with the machine," Mr. S^{Scheffler} remarked. Pinky assured Mr. S^{Scheffler} that the machine had not been violated. "It's simply the nature of the beast," Pinky added, ^{winking at Paul.}

"Make up another doubler, Pinky," Paul said, ^{smiling.} "How much is old S^{Scheffler} down this noon?"

"That's his fourth fiver, Mr. Biegler, But he's a sticker. Like he always tells me: stick-to-it-tiveness always gets you there." Pinky shrugged. "So I've been a bartender for thirteen years... Thank you, Sir."

He
Paul ~~had~~ finished his drink, ~~and~~ found ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~drinking room~~ ^{drinking room} to have a copy of the New Yorker and went into ~~that~~ ^{his} lunch. They had oyster stew ^{that noon.} Paul ^{sat by himself and} ordered a large bowl. Oyster stew was one of his favourite dishes. ^{Paul felt better than he had all morning...} If only he didn't have ^{the trial of} ~~to try~~ that stupid case that afternoon. If only Bernardini hadn't acted so hastily and gone and joined ^{those goddam} ~~that~~ ^{the} ~~Wacs~~ ^{Wacs}... Imagine ^{hiding} ~~submerging~~ ^{dark} ~~burying~~ all that beauty in a drab and ill-fitting olive uniform...

Walter Holbrook

Walter Holbrook was one of the few men who helped to shape the policy and "public relations" pattern of the Iron Cliffs Ore Company who was not a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Not only were ~~practically~~ practically all of the Company bigwigs graduates of M. I. T., but, oddly enough, they were also members of the same fraternity at M. I. T. There was nothing in the corporate charter or by-laws of the Company requiring this; it was--well, it was just so, that's all. In the Company, ^{this marriage of school and fraternity} it had grown into a kind of unwritten tradition-- something like the Lowells were to Boston. It was felt that this ^{union} ~~combination~~ of education^{al} and fraternal background somehow gave one the "Iron Cliffs spirit."

^{But} ~~Yes,~~ Walter Holbrook was a glittering exception; he had never even attended M. I. T.

If Walter Holbrook's case was unusual, his friends and business associates were quick to point out that Walter himself was unusual. They would also remind one that at least Walter's father had gone to M. I. T. and belonged to the same fraternity there--before the tragic accident which took his life on a summer field trip in New Jersey when Walter was a little boy. Of course it had helped, too, that Walter had been graduated from both Harvard College and Harvard Law School. After all, Harvard had been in Cambridge quite a few years before M. I. T.--two hundred and fifteen, to be exact. Yes, this definitely helped to remove some of the stigma. And, as anyone knew, one could not study law at M. I. T.--and the Company had to have lawyers, didn't it? It was felt, too, both at the Company's head office in Wilmington and out at the mine properties in Michigan that Walter Holbrook possessed the "Iron Cliffs spirit." This spirit was something ~~like~~ ^{akin to} personality or sex appeal; nobody could precisely define the Iron Cliffs spirit, but it was there, and Walter Holbrook had it.

~~The~~ The manner in which Walter Holbrook came to reside in Chippewa was as unusual as the rest of the man's career. One day he had been an obscure law clerk in the office of the Company's lawyers in Wilmington, running errands and looking

law in the vast and dusty recesses of the firm's law library. Then lo! he had been summoned by Mr. Lewis himself. That wasn't Worth Lewis, the son, but old Tattersall Lewis himself, the bewhiskered legal giant who had organized the law firm of Lewis and Shoreham, chief counsel for the Iron Cliffs Ore Company. Tattersall Lewis, by a droll coincidence, also held quite a sizable bloc of stock ~~in~~ in the Company.

Walter Holbrook could never forget that interview. "Mr. Lewis is ready," the clerk had said. That was all. Walter felt his feet advancing on the deep pile rug of Mr. Lewis' office; a rich dark green rug, he remembered. There was old Tattersall Lewis, whiskers and all, flanked by rows and rows of law books. Walter recognized the Delaware reports and the U. S. Supreme Court reports. Mr. Lewis was sitting behind a desk which seemed to Walter to be every bit as long and shiny as the bar in the Wilmington Club. The desk was bare save for a model of an old New England sailing ship, an inkwell, and, ~~a quill pen~~, of all things, ^{a quill pen} protruding from a container filled with little metal balls the size of birdshot. Walter stood studying the ^{pen and the} birdshot.

"Hump!" Mr. Lewis said.

"Good morning, Mr. Lewis," Walter said.

Someone had once told old Tattersall Lewis that he looked like King Edward of England. It was a sort of a legend around the office that this someone had been a beautiful opera singer to whom Mr. Lewis had been paying court. That was after the death of his third wife. Walter reflected that ^{one of the phenomena of} ~~in~~ the machine age ^{was that} wealthy men courted with private cars and steam yachts... At any rate, so touched was old Tattersall by the notion that he resembled British royalty that he ~~in~~ had devoted the rest of his life to nursing the resemblance. ^{Though} ~~In~~ his ~~late~~ ^{late} seventies he had ^{even} taken up the hunting of grouse on ^{the} ~~the~~ misty ~~Scottish~~ ^{of Scotland,} moors, but this had only served to aggravate his asthma. Walter found himself picturing old Tattersall Lewis paying asthmatic court to a full-blown operatic soprano--and him with all those whiskers, too.

"How long have you been here?" Mr. Lewis said. Because of his asthma Mr. Lewis made a little nasal snort after each sentence. It gave a sort of emphatic punctuation to all he said.

fif-- no,
"Two years and three months--and sixteen days," Walter Holbrook answered.

"Humph," Mr. Lewis said.

Walter didn't really expect Mr. Lewis to remember him. After all, Walter had only met the old gentleman but once--the day he had started at the office, in fact--and had never seen him since. Of late years Mr. Lewis had spent most of his time on an island off the coast of Georgia. Walter wondered if the beautiful opera singer had been transported there. Would it have been by rail or ^{steam} yacht? She must be getting on in years...

"We're sending you out to Michigan, young man," Mr. Lewis said, snuffling the way he did. "With Harry Youngs." Harry Youngs was a junior partner in the law firm of Lewis and Shoreham, ^{and was} ~~Harry was~~ regarded ^{an} ~~as~~ excellent trial lawyer. Walter had lately been "gunbearer" for ~~Max~~ Harry Youngs in several trials; carrying books and briefcases, checking legal citations, and doing the usual sort of ^{little} things an eager young lawyer did who was lucky enough to get hooked up with a good trial man.

"Yes, Sir," Walter answered, *trying to picture the tumultuous mining town of*

"I don't know what in hell's going on out there," Mr. Lewis went on, "but they tell me the Company is taking quite a beating lately in those Michigan courts. It's getting so that every miner that stubs his toe is filing a ~~big~~ damage suit--and collecting big judgments. All a lot of God damn' nonsense. The next thing we'll know they'll be organizing unions out there." Mr. Lewis seemed to shudder and inwardly recoil at the very idea. "Anyway, we're sending Harry Youngs out to Michigan to break it up. And you're to help him."

"Oh thank you, Mr. Lewis," Walter said. "I can't tell you--"

"Don't thank me, young man," Mr. Lewis said. Walter thought he detected a faint smile behind the whiskers. "Harry Youngs asked for you. Said you had the makings of a sound trial lawyer. Lord knows we need 'em. Seems these days the law schools teach you young fellas every God damn' thing but how to stand up on your hind legs and really try a case." Mr. Lewis paused for breath. "Now get out *of here*" he said, *reaching for the quill pen.*

"Yes, Sir," Walter said. The interview was ended. It was the last time Walter Hollbrook ever saw the man that looked like Edward of England.

Paul Bigler had never liked crowds or large public celebrations, but ever since the War

A week or so

Ex-service men and women began to gather

"What outfit were you in, Buddy?"

~

Paul

When the parade started down main street, Paul Bigler

Chapter 4

By midnight Paul was gently drunk. He hadn't expected to hang one on this way. He guessed it had all started over the three double scotches he had had over at the Chippewa Club. He had gone over there to read, and have just one drink, but as usual all they had to read was dreary stuff like the Chicago Journal of Commerce, Skilling's Mining Review, not to mention the old copies of Fortune with all those beautiful coz wheels on the cover all done in four or five colors... So he had had another drink. P

Paul's father had always warned him against drinking on an empty stomach. "All it does is fill a man with high spirits and low purpose," Oliver had cautioned. Of course Paul could have had Fred, the Club's bartender, make up a sandwich or two--the Chippewa Club served meals only on weekends and on certain "stag" nights. But Fred was one of the growing new army on the homefront, composed of a hyper-sensitive and vastly independent 4F's. They would quit a job at the drop of a hat, always being sure of the choice of a new and better one. Anyway, after three drinks, eating had somehow seemed a foolish waste of time and whiskey. He might as well have another one. "Say, Fred, when you get a minute..." You certainly had to humor those 4F's.

"Coming up, Mr. Biegler," Fred replied. He was in a good mood.

Fred had worked at the Club for about a year. He had a lean, red-faced, crafty look, and Paul suspected him of knocking down on the cash register. Too often he failed to give out the proper cash tabs when he sold a drink. There, he'd just missed Paul's again... "Say, Mr. Biegler," giving Paul an ingratiating smile. There wasn't anyone else in the Club at that hour,

besides Paul and Fred, so Paul was obliged to sip his drink and listen once again to Fred's dreary account of how he had narrowly escaped military service. Paul thought there ought to be a law barring bartenders from talking to guests unless they were first spoken to. Oliver had never let his bartenders narrate their autobiographies on the job. But there was no stopping Fred. It had all begun with his local medical examination...

"I tells this local doc, see, that I'm apoleptic, see," Paul heard Fred saying. Paul knew by now that Fred meant epileptic, and he reflected that it was curious and rather sad that Fred could be one of those unfortunates and couldn't say it, while he, Paul, wasn't and could say it. Paul was also a little afraid that someday Fred would get an attack right there behind the bar.

"But it's getting so bad that these draft board doctors is even passing stiff's so long's the body's still warm," Fred went on, warming to his story. He paused and blew "hah" at an empty Old Fashioned glass, then carefully polished it, then held it up to the light, like a scientist peering into a glass retort. He hummed a tuneless ditty which could have been "Stardust." Then he again blew into the glass, and started carefully to polish it again...

"What happened when you got to Milwaukee?" Paul asked. He thought he might scream if Fred blew on that goddam cocktail galss just once more. The ruse worked. It also saved Paul from listening to the harrowing details of Fred's epic train ride to Milwaukee, a trip on which Fred made thirteen straight passes shooting crap. "What happened in Milwaukee?" Paul repeated, taking a good drink.

"What happened when I'm in Milwaukee?" Fred reluctantly forsook his train ride. "Oh! Well, I'm in this big dump, see--an old armory or something--and there's a long line of we draftees, see, all bare-ass naked, see, all standing in this long line, going through our final medical, see. Well, I'm pret' near through the whole goddam line of docs, see, and they's all poked and jabbed and needled hell out of me, it seems like for hours. I'm so burned up by then, see, I don't even tell the bastards I'm apoleptic... Then I'm up to the last doc, see. If I gets by him, see, then I'm one of Uncle' Sam's soldiers." Fred paused, like a true story-teller, and again raised the Old Fashioned glass to his mouth.

"What happened!" Paul cried. His voice sounded shrill and panicky. He'd have to watch his drinks.

"Oh, that? Don't rush me... Well, I gets up to this last doc, see, and he does his stuff, see an' I can tell by the look in his eye he's going to push me overboard unto Uncle Sam's army, see,"--Fred made an elaborately dainty pushing motion--"when, guess what happens?"

"Yes?" Paul said, trying to look politely expectant.

"I gets a seizure an' I ups and throws one of my apoleptic fits. Right there in front of them, see. Yes-siree! I throws a dandy right in front of where all them line of docs can see." Fred shrugged his thin shoulders and smiled. "So that's how I come to be 4F." Fred carefully placed the Old Fashioned glass along side of its companions.

"Say, that was a close shave, Fred," Paul said. He had heard the story a dozen times, and he knew that he was expected to say something. "That's sure a good one. Yes, I guess all the body has to be is warm, like you say." Paul shook the melted ice in his glass. "Say, how about fixing me another one, Fred. I'm certainly glad they didn't take you. You're one of the best bartenders I ever saw. The Club'd sure miss you."

Fred was deeply touched. Paul could see that he was thinking that this guy Biegler was a right guy. He looked craftily at Paul. Paul had a sudden feeling that Fred was appraising him; that he was about to add something to his story. The man glanced this way and that, like a co-conspirator. Paul wondered what he was up to. He couldn't be drunk, could he? No, he had something on his chest, all right. He lowered his voice to a hoarse stage whisper. It even seemed to Paul that he leered.

"Say, Biegler," he sibilantly whispered, "how did you manage to make it?"

"What do you mean?" Paul said, knowing. He gripped his glass until his knuckles showed white. The effrontery of the bastard. Paul longed to throw the glass into the man's hateful, leering face.

Smiling: "What do I mean? You know damn well what I mean, Biegler. How come a big, healthy young fella like you ain't in the army? How did you work it?" He was grinning knowingly at Paul. "You're a right guy. Let me tell you how I worked my racket. But mum's the word, see. Natch... Maybe it'll help you... I'll tell you how I done it. It was this way, see. About my throwing them fits, it was my uncle told me all about this apoleptic gag. He was in the medical corpse in the first war, an' he give me the low-down, see. It's hard to fake, but its hard to deteck, too. He taught me how to do it, see, so you can't never tell it from the real McCoy... It was dead easy. Want me to show you how I done it?"

For a moment Paul felt that he was going to be sick. Then he fought to restrain himself from clambering over the bar. The man was not only a miserable slacker and draft-dodger, but he even bragged about it. Paul released the glass from his hand and carefully set it on the bar. His temples were pounding. He spoke slowly and carefully, cold with fury. The man was still smiling at him, waiting for his applause.

"I haven't worked anything," Paul heard himself saying. "I've received a draft deferment from the local board because of the essential nature of my work. It is all a public record. I didn't even ask for it--the Company got it for me. It's only temporary and I'm liable to be inducted into the service any time. As for you--" Paul paused. "Goodnight," he said hurrying from the bar.

Paul's face was burning as he ran down the Club stairway. At the street level he paused in the open door. He could hear the sound of Fred's confidential, soft laughter floating down the stairwell. Should he go back and thrash the miserable, lying bastard? Then he heard Fred's sibilant, whispering voice. "Go tell it to the Marines, Mister... Go tell it to the Marines!" Then he heard the mocking laughter again.

Paul stepped outside and let the heavy door breathe shut on its pneumatic spring. He stood staring at the sign on the door, breathing deeply, as though he had been running. "Chippewa Club--Members Only." Paul turned away. A light snow had started to fall.