

An AFTERNOON IN COURT

It was mid-afternoon in August, 1944.

^ I sat in the courtroom keeping a dull eye on my briefcase, idly watching the proceedings, ~~It was mid-afternoon in August 1944.~~ I was watching my briefcase not because of its value, ^{or} the value of the papers in it, but because it held a pint of good whiskey. I was awaiting my turn to rid my client of the chafing bonds of matrimony. Her name was Mrs. Rose Lahti (a Finnish surname which more nearly rhymes with ^{Ma}ughty). She had married a Finnish miner and had rapidly regretted it. He had not contested the case. It occurred to me that regret was becoming the universal grounds for divorce, although most conservative lawyers still preferred to call it cruelty or desertion or adultery or non-support or some such--everything, in fact, but the dominant truth that one or both of the parties had ^{changed} his mind...

Emmett Joselyn was putting in his male client's proof in an un-
contested divorce case. I saw that he ^(growing glazed with ~~the~~ → boredom.) was also rapidly putting ^{old} Judge Baldwin to sleep with his interminable questions. ^{There was no jury.} Joselyn, a dandruffy lawyer in his forties, had one of those mournful, hollow voices, the kind you frequently hear quoting sad poetry over the radio at midnight accompanied by a tremulous organ. I averted my eyes, staring up at the glass dome over the ceiling of the courtroom. I observed that one of the ^{smaller} stained glasses had dropped from its leads. The sun was shining through the hole made by the missing glass and I wished I was out fishing. The remaining glass in the dome was pretty well streaked with soot and pigeon droppings, which reminded me that it hadn't rained in weeks and that the trout streams were getting dangerously low.

Even from where I sat I could see the old Judge's eyes

no jury hearing--

I glanced back at my client. She was sitting there ^{like a brood hen among} ~~with her witnesses,~~
^{Seeing me looking} and she quickly nodded her head and flashed her smile at me ^{as though to}
encourage me to stick it out. We had made the mutual mistake of allowing
her to pay for her divorce in full in advance, forgetting that it takes a
pretty earnest lawyer to keep up his interest in a case after he had gotten
his entire fee. And I was certainly not that kind of a lawyer. ^{smiled and} I ^{nodded}
^{nodded} ^{so that she might not think} to her that I would ~~not~~ bolt, and then ^{Once again I was irresistibly drawn} glanced back at the droning Emmett
^{to} Joselyn. ^{of}

Emmett was squinting keenly at his client. ^{at length he asked another} He ^{asked still another} asked ^{"Hm."} another
involved question. Then he removed his tortoise-shell glasses. He held
the glasses poised, so, ^{awaiting the answer,} and then ^{long} asked another involved question and then
carefully replaced his glasses. He had ^{"Hm."} evidently seen this ^{posed} maneuver in a
movie. He ^{appeared to be} was trying to prove by his ^{the} client that the client's wife was a
^{One how could almost smell} common drunk. ^{whiskey} It seemed that his ^{client} man didn't want custody of his children;
he'd be charitable and leave them with the drunken wife; all he wanted was
his freedom. "Would you say that your wife, Helen, would become intoxicated
whenever the occasion presented itself?" Joselyn keenly shot at his client,
again removing his glasses. "Yes," answered the client, I thought a little
wearily, and so abruptly that he did not allow his lawyer's glasses much
time off for air. ^{And so it went...}

Outside a long double-header ore-drag puffed and spat its way up on ^{the}
^{lead magnets} steel trestle to the long ore dock reaching out into Lake Superior, there
to dump its dripping red carloads of iron ore into a waiting ore boat. I
could see it all in miniature by merely turning my head. The sunlight
glittered on the still lake. The din from the ^{locomotives} train necessarily suspended
all activity in the courtroom, even Joselyn's, and all present looked around
at each other with that curiously vacant, waiting-room sort of expression that

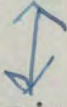
her little knot of

I was developing a mild
case of sympathetic hiccups.

People wear under such circumstances. Judge Baldwin glanced over at me and smiled and I shrugged my condolences that he should have got stuck so long with Joselyn. For Joselyn was the kind of ~~an~~ lawyer that ^{ultimately} won his cases by boring the judge into a state of surrender.

and his mind seemed crammed with all manner of abstract perfectly sound ^{plausible} propositions of law. Part where

was an inept lawyer. In fact his

followed by 

There are few trades which men follow in which one's ineptitudes become more readily apparent to one's fellow tradesmen than that of the

practice of law. Joselyn was an inept lawyer. And like a deceived husband

^{is something like a deceived husband -- he} an inept lawyer is often the last to suspect the true state of affairs.

^{Joselyn's ineptitude amounted to a low form of genius.} He was a pleasant enough fellow; gracious and easy to deal with; but when

it came to the hurly-burly of a contentious law ^{invariably} suit he flew into a panic and his dominant feeling seemed largely one of dismay. He ^{appeared} seemed happiest

when he had an uncontested case, like the dreary divorce case he was now trying. He would spin the damn thing out, drowning the case in words, as though reluctant to abandon the luxurious feeling of being unopposed.

Joselyn was a failure in his work; a nice guy and a failure. I felt sorry for him--at once sorry and unaccountably irked. He should have been

a monk. I suspect there are ^{a number of} monks who should be practicing law. I longed to dance over lightly behind him and give him a ^{big} surprise: a driving kick

in the ^{coccyx}, and thus try to infuse a little life into him; for once to make him angry, to forget his goddam glasses, and to bring him out

swinging and swearing and lunging and railing. Instead I sat there dully watching the macabre scene, lost in the hypnotic hum of his words, ~~xxxx~~

waiting for my case to be called so that I could get my ^{restless} client her freedom --

and get ^{her restless lawyer} myself out fishing.

* * *

"What do you have today, Mr. Biegler?"

It was Judge Baldwin, smiling his kindly bearded smile at me. Lo, Joselyn was finally through and done and was stuffing sheaves of papers into his briefcase, all the time smiling proudly at his client. I was tempted to go over and congratulate him on his splendid victory in ~~an~~ ^{his} uncontested case, but I concluded that this would be too gratuitous an insult to the poor fellow. He was bedevilled enough merely to have to continue the practice of law...

"What do you have today?" Judge Baldwin repeated.

"I have a lady, your Honor," I said, grabbing up my briefcase and leaping forward. ^{It was our little joke: the} ~~The~~ judge followed that radio program. I handed the file cover to the reporter--"Thanks, Polly," he said--and the pleadings up to Judge Baldwin. I turned and ^{beckoned} ~~called~~ my client ~~up~~ from the back of the courtroom. She came up like a sprinter, ^{charging} ~~in full sail~~, with her muscular, energetic, circus-performer ^{prance,} ~~walk,~~ ^{Ab, the letters!} lugging an enormous leather purse. ^{forward rush} The Judge halted her with his upraised hand and swore her to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. ^{"I do!" she said.} I am always touched by this ~~fact~~ ^{one futile} ~~scene~~ ^{Quaint ritual:} this archaic prelude to perjury.

"Where shall I sit?" Mrs. Lahti asked. She glanced about her in a pretty state of confusion. "Poor little me," she seemed to say. There was only one chair where she could possibly have sat and yet--it's a funny thing--half of them will invariably ask where they should sit. The judge and I had both remarked this phenomenon ^{on} previous occasions and we glanced at each other and ^{faint wane} exchanged smiles.

"There," I said, pointing at the gaping and empty mahogany chair beside the judge's bench. Even the movies should have taught her where

^{the} goddam witness chair was. I occasionally speculated that these "where-
shall-I-sit" witnesses were really a sly folk, craftily bent upon impressing
the judge with their pristine innocence and their pitiable need of his *watchful*
protection from the pitfalls of the law.

"Whew!" Mrs. Lahti said, as she slid her severely girdled buttocks
back against the rear of the witness chair. She was perspiring a little
~~and this movement~~ ^{rattling and her backward slide} was accompanied by a squealing sort of whistle. ^{that made me shiver.} It was
a warm day. And this was her big moment--her first divorce. One must
excuse her excitement. She ^{cocked his head coquettishly} turned and bathed the judge in her golden
smile. ^{This was evidently the full treatment.} ^{"Miss Personality - 1928," I thought.} He met this ~~exposure~~ exposure splendidly, but I shuddered a trifle
and leaned against the court reporter's desk. (Thank heavens she did not

omit

cross her legs. On her first trip to my office I had observed her knotted
varicose veins--and anyway this was a non-jury case. I always like to save the leg-
crossers for a jury trial.) The reporter shot Mrs. Lahti an appraising
glance from over his glasses. The reporter, a fat bachelor who drank gin
from a bottle during recesses, was a master of the appraising glance.

The judge

I rattled my papers a little to attract her attention. On with the
task. "What is your name?" I asked. With luck I would be fishing up on
the Yellow Dog by sundown. My tackle was waiting outside in the car.

FIRST
Dec. 11, 1947.

2 draft

It was mid-afternoon.

I sat ~~in~~ⁱⁿ the courtroom, keeping ~~an~~^{a dull} eye on my briefcase, idly watching the proceedings, awaiting a ~~chance~~^{my} turn to rid my client of the chafing bonds of matrimony. ~~She~~^{was a muscular brunette} was sitting. Her name was Mrs. Rose ~~Mc~~^{Mac} ~~Deary~~^{Deary} Lahti (~~it~~^{is} a Finnish surname which ^{more nearly rhymes} with haughty). She was a ^{childless} muscular Frenchwoman who had married a Finnish miner and rapidly regretted it. ^{He had not contested the case.}

prominent with gold ^{bridgework}

Regret is becoming the universal grounds for divorce, although ^{we conservative} lawyers still call it cruelty or desertion or adultery or non-support ^{or something}, but the dominant fact that one or both of the parties had changed his mind.

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Emmett Jozelyn was putting in his male proofs in an uncontested divorce case. ^{he was} rapidly also putting ^{the} Judge ^{Baldwin} Baldwin to sleep with his interminable questions. ^{he} stared up at the glass dome over the roof and observed that one of the stain glasses had dropped from its leads. ^{the glass in the dome} The dome was pretty well streaked with ^{soot and} pigeon droppings, which reminded me that it hadn't rained in weeks and that the trout streams were ^{getting} dangerously low.

the notes of a muddled, uncomprehending organ.

I glanced at my client. She nodded her head and flashed her golden smile at me, as though to encourage me to stick it out. ^{He} had made the mistake of ^{allowing} letting her pay for her divorce in full in advance, forgetting that it takes a pretty earnest lawyer to prop up his interest in a case after he had gotten ^{entire} his fee.

mutual

And I was ^{certainly} not that kind of a lawyer. I nodded back at her ^{and then} and then glanced back at the droning Emmett Jozelyn. ^{that I would stick it out} ^{encouragingly} that I wouldn't bolt.

Emmett ^{was} ^{squinting} ^{still} ^{another} asked ^{the} involved question, and then ^{he would} removed his glasses. He ^{would} hold ^{the glasses} ^{then} ^{carefully} posed, so, and then asked another long question and replaced his glasses. He was trying

to prove by his client that the client's wife was a ~~drunk~~ common drunk. It seemed that his man didn't want ^{custody of} the children; he'd leave them ^{drunken} with the wife; all he wanted was his freedom. "Would you say that your wife, Helen, would become intoxicated whenever the occasion presented itself?" Joselyn ^{keenly shot at} ~~asked~~ his client, ^{again} removing his glasses. "Yes," ^{answered the client,} ^{and so abruptly that he} I thought a little wearily, ^{that he} did not allow ^{his lawyer's} ~~that~~ glasses much time ^{for air} ~~to~~ ^{double-headed one-drag}

A Outside a long ^{double-headed one-drag} train puffed up the and ~~it~~ spat its way up on to the ^{ore dock} ^{reaching out into lake} to dump its ^{dropping cars} red loads of iron ore into ^{a waiting} one of the lake ^{ore} boats. ^{I could see it all by turning my head.} This din, ^{necessarily} suspended all activity in the courtroom, ^{even Joselyn's} and all present looked around at each other with that curious, vacant, waiting-room ^{sort of} smile that people ^{acquire} get under such circumstances. Judge Baldwin glanced ^{over} at me and smiled and I shrugged my condolences that he ^{should have} ~~had~~ got stuck ^{so long} with Joselyn. Joselyn was the ^{kind of lawyer} that won his cases

by barring the judge into a state of surrender. He would spin the damn thing out, drowning the case in words as though reluctant to ^{leave} ^{abandon} the luxurious ^{unopposed} belling of being ^{unopposed}.

There are few trades which men follow in which one's ineptitudes become more readily apparent to one's fellow tradesmen than ^{that of} the practice of law. Joselyn was an inept lawyer. He was a pleasant enough fellow; gracious and easy to deal with; but when it came to the hurly-burly of a contentious law suit he ~~usually~~ flew into a panic and his dominant feeling seemed largely one of dismay.

A Joselyn was a failure in his work; a nice guy and a failure. (He should have been a monk.) I felt sorry for him -- ^{at once} sorry and unaccountably irked. ^{Why were so many men so ill-fitted for the tasks they assumed?} I longed to dance over lightly behind

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to forget his ^{goddam} glasses, to bring him out ^{swinging and}
and lunging and railing, ^{hypnotic} instead I sat there
dully watching the ^{lost in the sum of his words} macabre scene, waiting for my
case to be called so that I could get my client her
freedom ~~and~~ ^{sit} and get myself ^{out} out fishing.



"What do you have today, Mr. Biegler?"

It was Judge Baldwin, smiling his kindly
smile at me. Lo, Joselyn was through ^{and done} and was
stuffing ^{sheaves of} papers into his briefcase, ^{smiling proudly} I was
tempted to go over and congratulate him on his ^{his client's}
victory ^{in an uncontested case} but concluded this would be too gratuitous
an insult to the ^I poor fellow. He was bedevilled enough ^{merely}
to have to practice law... 9

"What do you have today?" Judge Baldwin
repeated, ^{and leaning forward.}

"I have a lady, your Honor," I said,
^{leaping forward} leaping to my feet and grabbing up my
briefcase, I handed the file ^{covers} to the reporter, the
pleadings ^{up} to Judge Baldwin, ^{there} and turned and
called my client ^{up} from the back of the court. She
came up ⁱⁿ full ~~set~~ sail with her muscular circus-
legging in an enormous leather purse. The judge held her with his ^{upraised hand}
performer walk, and swore to tell the truth, the
whole truth, and nothing but the truth...

~~"What is your name?"~~

She ^{glanced about her} ^{stared around in} "Where shall I sit?" Mrs. Lakti asked.
^{pretty confusion.} "Poor little me," she seemed to say,
There was only one chair where she could
possibly ^{have} sit and yet -- it's a funny thing --
half of them will invariably ask where they
should sit. The judge and I had both ^{previously} remarked
this phenomena and we glanced at each other and

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"There," I said, pointing at the gaping empty ^{vnapogany} chair beside the judge's bench. Even the movies should have taught her where the goddam witness chair was. I occasionally speculated that these "where-shall-I-sit" witnesses were simply ^{really a -> shy folk,} ^{pent on} trying to impress the judge with their ^{pristine} innocence and ^{the most} their ^{pitiable} need ^{for} of his indulgence ~~from all concerned~~ and protection from the pitfalls of the law. This was her big moment -- her first divorce.

"Whew!" Mrs. Lahti said, as she ~~stuffed~~ ^{seriously} slid her ^{girdled} buttocks ^{back} against the ^{rear} back of the witness chair. She turned and bathed the judge in her golden smile. He met this exposure test splendidly, but I shuddered a ^{trifle} and leaned against the reporter's ~~desk~~ ^{desk}. The reporter glared ^{at her} ^{hastily} appraising ^{glance} from over ~~his~~ ^{his} glasses. The reporter, a fat bachelor who drank gin ^{from a bottle} during recesses, was a master of the appraising glance.

"What is your name?" I asked. With luck I could be fishing up on the Yellow Dog by dusk.

I rattled
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to attract
her attention.

lot.
Dec 15,
1947

The night was warm and as soon as I got rolling the hum of the mosquitoes died away. I opened a bottle of beer and ^{then} took a drink of whiskey, put the pint bottle in the glove compartment, and took a drink of beer for a chaser. I lit a cigar and held the car at thirty-five. That was the ^{nation-wide} speed limit, ^{designed} to save tires, and I was determined to be a ~~patient~~ patriot the rest of that day, ^{even if it meant that I wouldn't} if I ~~didn't~~ eat till midnight.

There was a sort of quiet luxury just to slouch back against the cushion and drive down the darkened road, listening to the eager bite of the tires on the gravel, ^{fanned by the night air,} aware of but not seeing the rushing black wall of trees on either side of the road, I balanced ~~an open~~ ^{the} bottle of beer on the seat cushion, between my legs, and occasionally ^{flicking} ~~flicked~~ the ashes off of one of the Italian cigars Luigi had ~~endured~~ ^{I felt like a big shot} me to smoke. Each time I would flick the ashes into the tray I would see a little spot of red reflected in the windshield. I felt like a big shot... three deer:

Near Hairpin Bend I surprised a ~~two~~ doe and two fawns, the doe about to cross the road. The fawns ^{stood there with glowing eyes, frozen,} ~~fawns froze~~ and a game warden could have had them ^{easily,} but the doe planted off ^{to the right,} her graceful neck bobbing as ~~she~~ ^{she} flashed ~~back~~ ^{back} into cover.

Occasionally I would reach into a mist-filled dip in the road, and driving through these pockets of mist was like piercing a cool veil of gauze, which I did to the accompaniment of the frogs -- surely one of the most ancient night sounds ^{anywhere} made ^{on earth.}

When I got to the Boise ~~bridge~~ ^{river} I stopped on the bridge and looked downstream. I shut off the motor and had another boilermaker. There were no fishermen by the bridge, but far ^{down} downstream, almost to the Big Dead river, I could see the ^{glowing} fires ^{in the woods.}

"Haloo!" one of them shouted. "Vere dat you, Incher?"
I remained silent -- the breeze was against me, since I wasn't Incher and
bait-fishing

of night fishermen. These would be Swedes, who
dearly love to fish the Boise at night. ^{They were} mostly miners
on the day shift who would ^{hurry} ~~drive~~ out ~~there~~ directly from
the mine, gather wood and make a huge fire, and
then spend the night ^{in dozing and} pulling in big rainbow trout and
passing the bottle or -- if the trout weren't biting --
merely ^{in dozing and} passing the bottle. I started the motor and
drove away...

^{holding to the} ~~road~~
The Big Dead bridge; the Barnhardt bridge;
^{then} someone standing in a lighted doorway; ^{the first} ~~the first~~ ^{habitation}; then
a light in Horpiz's farm; ^{two} ~~two~~ ^{more} deer on the
side of the road; the little Dead bridge; Deer Lake --
and then the first lights of Chippewa, ^{coming} from the towering
shafthouse of the Ludlow Mine, the Chippewa
cemetery -- I could see the ^{big} marble shaft of the Bieglar
monument without turning my ^{eye} from the corner of
my eye ^{the} stop at U.S. 41; down Second
street to Bank; over on Bank street to the city square;
past the drinking fountain with ^{its} ~~the~~ statue of the
Chippewa Indian chief; and then a red ^{traffic} light.

I looked up over the Miners' State Bank.

My office was dark but there was a light on in
Walter Holbrook's office. ^{was merely the cleaning lady...} The Venetian blinds were drawn.

^{Walter must} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~flushing~~ ^{or perhaps it} ~~was~~ ^{swung to the} ~~left~~ ^{and} ~~turned~~ ^{into}
the alley behind Luigi's and locked the car. ~~Then~~ I
could hear the juke box playing through the screen
door. It was an old tune, ^{"As Time Goes By,"} resurrected and made
famous by Bergman and Bogart in ^{of movie called} "Casablanca."
Rudy Valle was singing ^{the chorus --} it -- tonight, ^{it appeared, he was} through the left ^{nostril} nostril...



I ordered spaghetti and meatballs and ^{then} went
to the 'phone ~~booth~~ booth and called ~~Bernadine~~ Maida.

"Five cents, please," the operator said.

"Hello, Maida, this is Polly," I said.

"Yes, Paul," Maida said in her rich contralto voice.

"Did you get any fish?"

"No -- they weren't biting," I lied. "I'm down at Louie's about to eat. How about ^{me} coming up in an hour and our going for a ride? Might even buy you a drink at the Inn."

"I'm sorry, Paul," Maida said. "I'm waiting for

START
New
Sheet

"664, please," I said.

"Five cents, please."

I said.

"Hello. Is Bernadine there?" ~~It was~~

Roger Tobin, her brother; I recognized his

"No she ~~isn't~~ ^{ain't} -- she's on duty." It was
her brother, Danny Tobin; I recognized ~~his~~ ^{her} ~~voice~~ ^{by}.
his belligerent ^{tone of} voice.

"Look, Danny," I said, "this is Polly
Bugler -- can you tell me where I can reach her?"

"Oh, it's you, Polly," Danny said. "Whyn
hell didn't you say so. She's over takin' care of
ol' Lady Dwyer. She'll ~~be through~~ ^{come off duty} at eleven -- if the
ol' lady lasts till then. My ol' man ~~was~~ ^{was just sayin' at supper} the priest
was there this mornin'... How the hell are you?
Where you been keepin' yourself? How the hell you
expect to get the votes outa the Tobin family if you
don't show up once in a while? You don't want to
forget your ol' --

"Listen, Danny," I said. "Do you think it's okay
if I phone Bernadine over at Mrs. Dwyer's?"

"Sure, sure -- but I don't think the ol'
lady'll be in shape to go out with you. You might
try my kid sister. Bernadine's the name."

"Thanks, Danny," I said. "I'll be seeing you."

I reached Bernadine ^{called} at Mrs. Dwyer's number.

Bernadine answered the phone. Mrs. Dwyer had died
at sundown. Flanigan's had just taken her away.
Yes, she'd be glad to ~~meet~~ meet me in an hour. No,
I needn't change out of my fishing clothes.

Danny was quite a joker. ~~He~~ He was a ship-tender
at the Ludlow Mine. We always got along ~~fine~~ ^{ever since}, ~~he~~
he had given me my first black eye when I was twelve.

a record ^{called} Mary tapped on the glass ^{door} of the 'phone booth.
"Polly, your spaghetti's ready!" she shouted over the
din of "Lay that Pistol Down."

2
draft
please

steering with my
knell

3
A DEBATE WITH HENRY CLAY

The night was warm and as soon as I got rolling the hum of the mos-
quitoes died away. I opened ^{quickly gulped} the bottle of beer and then took a drink of
whiskey. ^{I took a drink of beer for a chaser and} put the pint bottle in the glove compartment ^{fumbled for my brief-case and} and took a drink of
~~beer for a chaser.~~ ^{whiskey} I lit a cigar and ^{settled back and} held the car at thirty-five. That
was the nation-wide speed limit, designed to save tires, and I was ^{determined} deter-
mined to be a ^{burning} patriot ~~for~~ the rest of that day even if it meant that I
wouldn't eat till midnight.

There ^{this} was a sort of ^{an absolute} quiet luxury; ^{ing} just to slouch back against the cushion
and drive down the darkened road, listening to the eager bite of the tires
on the gravel, ^{to the my face} fanned by the night air, aware of but not seeing the rushing
black wall of trees on either side of the road. I balanced the bottle of
beer on the seat cushion, between my legs, occasionally flicking the ashes
off of one of the Italian cigars Luigi had taught me to smoke. Each time
I would flick the ashes into the tray I would see a little spot of red
reflected in the windshield. ^{I flipped on the radio and} I felt like a big shot...

INSERT A
Near Hairpin Bend I surprised three deer: a doe and two fawns, the
doe about to cross the road. The fawns stood there with glowing eyes, frozen,
and a game poucher could have had them easily, but the doe slanted off to ^{shadow-like}
the right, her graceful neck bobbing as she flashed back into cover.

Occasionally I would rush into a mist-filled dip in the road, and
driving through these pockets of mist was like piercing a cool veil of gauze,
which I did to the accompaniment of the frogs--surely one of the most ancient
night sounds made anywhere on earth.

When I got to the Boise river I stopped on the bridge and looked
downstream. I shut off the motor and had another boildrmaker. I flipped my
cigar into the river. "Psst," it went. There were no fishermen by the bridge,

12-16-47

Insert A

I heard the ^{low} hum of the radio warming up. Maybe I could get the Benny Goodman Trio. Maybe --

" now nearing daylight in Paris, " the radio suddenly blared. " The city is still seething with the excitement and ^{twomoil} ~~celebration~~ of its liberation yesterday by French and American troops. ^{The celebration still goes on... Yes, America,} ~~After, and duty, and again~~ this ancient capital has survived to ^{once again} be called gay Paris... We now take you -- "

" Take it easy, Bigler, I said aloud."

I nearly spilled my beer as I lunged ^{forward} to shut off the radio. Paris had fallen. The European war would soon be over. ~~soon~~ I fumbled for the whiskey bottle in the glove compartment. " Here's to Paul Bigler, 4-F, I said, taking a big drink. I discovered that I was

trembling. ^{What was eating me?} I'd have to get hold of myself. ^{What was that gloomy} ~~of philosophy~~ it ~~that~~ ^{old philosophy professor had told us at Ann Arbor that time?} ^{What was before the war. It was his last lecture. Yes...} It was old Professor ~~Joachim~~ ^{Joachim} -- ~~the~~ ^{now?}

^{And} I had never forgotten the look of ^{sombre disillusion} ~~detachment~~ on his face that ~~had accompanied his words~~ as he had spoken to us callow students.

Proferson Joachim had said.

"Every man carries in his heart the rebuttal to his own wrong-doing, ^{his good deeds.} There are many names for it: conscience, awareness of evil, a sense of guilt; these are just a few. Some men ^{appear} quite successful in growing a callous over this ^{portion} ~~part~~ of the heart, so that ^{this feeling might} it ^{may} not escape to haunt ~~him~~ them. But, like a shrivelled seed in an Egyptian

But they delude themselves. Always they delude themselves... And it cannot be denied that

~~tomb, it is there, awaiting the hour of its release, These~~

~~men~~ ^{think they are too crafty or too proud to} ~~debate with evil; they~~ ^{try to} ~~bury it,~~ ^{when it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ^{is} ~~the~~ ^{is} ~~heart,~~ ^{is} ~~festering,~~ ^{is} ~~growing,~~ ^{is} ~~until one day, lo! at the~~ ^{is} ~~heart~~ ^{is} ~~must burst,~~ ^{is} ~~and they are~~ ^{is} ~~consumed~~ ^{is} ~~by the~~ ^{is} ~~pus of~~ ^{is} ~~evil. Yes,~~ ^{is} ~~my young friends,~~ ^{is} ~~he had concluded,~~ ^{is} ~~"never fear to~~ ^{is} ~~debate with~~ ^{is} ~~your personal devil."~~ ^{is} ~~He had smiled a little.~~ ^{is} ~~"You may not defeat him but -- if~~ ^{is} ~~you are,~~ ^{is} ~~lucky~~ ^{is} ~~--- he~~ ^{is} ~~will~~ ^{is} ~~break your heart... Good day."~~ ^{is}

Ever since that day I had called my conscience Henry Clay. ^{And tonight I felt it was high} ~~It was~~ ^{time} we had a meeting.

Ever since then, with a nice touch of whimsy, I had called my conscience Henry Clay. Henry hadn't given me much trouble lately. But tonight it looked like we'd better have a little meeting. ^{Leave us face it.} On with the debate...



Paul Biegler: Look, Henry, don't keep giving me a ^{bad} hard time because I'm not in this Goddam war. You know yourself I have every legitimate reason in the world for not ^{wearing a} being in uniform. Now for Christ's sake, lay off, will you? I'm hungry and I want to eat.

Henry Clay (softly): I'm not giving you a "bad time," as you ^{vulgarily} choose to call it. And may I remind you that you chose to start this ^{also} Eat and be damned!

distractful discussion. However, if your "reason" is as legitimate as you ^{it} say it is, I shall be most happy to ^{I deem it} listen to ^{you} and, if ^{it is} inadequate, to ^{henceforth} lay off. You may proceed.

Paul Biegler (airily): "Reason" hell! ^{There's} ~~There's~~ lots of reasons.

H.C. (stiffly): "Indeed? Then please ^{Yes?} Go on. It's getting late."

Donna:
Use initials in draft.

P.B.: "Well, now, let's see... Oh, yes... Reason number one. You remember that time I cracked a rib playing football in high school? Well, you ^{may} also remember that I got ^{we now discuss} plugging out of that deal, and it's left a nice big scar on my left lung. I've even seen it myself in the X-ray... ^{Doc showed it to me.} I'm not physically fit, see?"

H.C.: "Him... ^{my, my...} Remarkable. I would never have guessed it from watching you shoulder hundred pound packs up to deer camp each fall, ^{most remarkable} ~~my, my...~~"

P.B. (Hastily): ^{Reason number two: You also} ~~Then you~~ know my mother, Belle, is a widow, and ^{that} she's got a bad heart, and ^{that} I'm her sole means of support... In this war we call that ^{a draft} deferment for dependency, see!

H.C.: "I thought ^{the service man's} allotment took care of that. And it seems to me I recall that she sent you through ^{low school, and has virtually} ~~you~~ ^{her when he died. And perhaps I am} ~~you~~ ^{mistaken."}
P.B.: "Then ^{supported you until recently, from the property your father left} ~~let's see, one~~ ^{Harry} ~~Belton~~, one of ^{the officials of the Iron Cliffs Ore Company,} ~~see?~~ ^{Do you get it?"}

H.C.: "I'm afraid I don't quite follow you. Will you please elucidate?"

P.B.: "Well - ah - that is... You see, Harry likes my boss, Walter Holbrook -- they ^{then Florida in the winter. They're buddies, see?} golf together and go duck hunting ~~together~~ each fall, ^{Well,} ~~Harry~~ Walter Holbrook is also local counsel for Harry's ^{mining} company, and I work in Walter's law office, ^{see?}"

H.C.: "It's a trifle ^{clearer,} ^{dearer,} ^{I confess,} but ~~aren't you~~ ^{you're not} ~~omitting something~~ ^{relevant to this gloomy} ~~picture?~~ ^{from this} ^{recital."}

P.B.: "Well - er - - oh, yes... Walter likes me, ^{and I've been dating his daughter, Maida, a} ^{lot lately, see? --} ^{and what's more, Walter was the one that} got me to run for prosecutor of the county against a guy ^{the mining crowd says} ^{they} ^{is too} ^(Defiantly) entirely too friendly with the C. I. O. crowd. ^{Now do you} see?"

H.C.: "It's ^{gradually} coming to me. ~~Good what~~ But, pray, what do they call that in this war?"

P.B. (Gloomily): "They call that being engaged in ~~an~~ essential employment."

(archly):
HC (~~sting~~): "You have ^{an apt} name for everything nowadays, haven't you... Hm. ~~Are~~ Are there any more reasons?"

omit

(glumly):
P. B. Yes, ~~there's one more reason. I've put it last, but I guess it really belongs first.~~

HC: ~~Are you sure you want to tell it?~~

P. B. (angrily): ~~Yes, goddamnit, I've got to tell it~~

P. B. (glumly) "Yes... The fourth reason is that I've ^{played poker and} gotten drunk with the doctor for the local draft board. ^{Not once but} Many times. He's the guy that examined me, see? But there's ^{even} more to it than that. One night ^{he went out on a party with} he took out a young nurse, ~~and~~ they ran off the road. The police found them ^{in the ditch, both} drunk and without any clothes on. In December month, too." I got them out of it.

HC: "How ^{very} droll..."

P. B.: "Anyway, I got them out of it, see?"

HC: "Out of the ditch, you mean?"

P. B.: "No, out of the ^{goddam} case. And don't try to be funny. I quashed everything -- even Doc's wife has never heard about it."

HC (dryly): "Young man, ^{of attributes} you have all the ^{appear to} ~~features~~ of a ^{most} successful ^{in this war?} ~~modern~~ attorney. But what do you ^{people} call this? -- ~~but~~ perhaps a kind of extra vision that enables your doctor friend ~~to~~ to see scar tissue where none had existed before? ^{Do not be offended -- I'm merely curious.} ~~I'm merely asking.~~"

PB: "I think ^{in some quarters} they call it gratitude... People don't talk about it much in connection with the draft."

HC: "I'm... Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it. Are there any more reasons? It's ^{getting} quite late and past my bedtime."

PB: "Yes. There's one more. I've put it last, but ^{perhaps} it really belongs first. I --"

HC (quietly): "Are you sure you want to tell it?"

PB: "Yes, goddamit, I've got to tell. ^{I've got to!} It -- it's because I don't want to go to war."

HC (snarling): "Oh! Now ^{at last} we're getting somewhere... And why don't you want to go to war?"

PB: "Because -- oh Christ -- it's because I'm afraid! Why did you make me tell, it damn you! I'm afraid -- ^{I'm} afraid! How do you like those apples? Paul Bigler's afraid of his goddam skin!"

your last ~~statement~~ ^{statement} is
this ~~is~~ ^{is} the most honest assertion
you've made tonight. Now, if you will
excuse me, I shall take my departure.
It's growing chilly."

PB (anxiously) "But
Aren't you going to give me your
verdict? Haven't you any rebuttal to
offer?"

HC (quietly): "I'm afraid not, (I have just this to say: in
a young man. ~~On~~ our day we had
a Latin maxim, ^{that may not be inappropriate to your case. It} res ipsa loquitur.
It is my only comment." ~~And it may be~~

PB (hopefully): "What does that mean?"

HC (softly): "Forgive me, I forget how poorly ~~equipped~~ ^{equipped}
you modern lawyers are, to practice your
professions. It means: "The thing speaks for
itself." Goodnight. I must leave."

PB (crushed): "Goodnight, Mr. Clay. Thank you, Sir."

for the wheel as the car
nearly ran off the road. ^{It was as bad as that.} I grabbed



Donna: Now back to p. 1
("Near Hairpin Bend, etc. to end") ↙

but farther downstream, almost to the Big Dead river, I could see the glowing fires of night fishermen. "Haloo!" one of them shouted. "Vere dat you, Incher?" I remained silent--since I wasn't Incher ^{furthermore} and the breeze was against me. These would be bait-fishing Swedes, who dearly love to fish the Boise at night. They were mostly miners on the day shift who would hurry out directly from the mine, gather wood and make a huge fire, and then spend the night in dozing and pulling in big rainbow trout and passing the bottle or--if the trout weren't biting--merely in dozing and passing the bottle. I started the motor and drove away...

The Big Dead bridge; the Barnhardt bridge; then someone standing in a lighted doorway holding a pail at Korpi's farm, the first habitation; then two more deer on the side of the road; the Little Dead bridge; Deer Lake--and then the first lights of Chippewa, coming from the towering shafthouse of the Ludlow Mine; then the Chippewa cemetery--I could see the ^{forming} big marble shaft of the Biegler monument from the corner of my eye--then the stop at U.S. 41; down Second Street to Bank; over on Bank Street to the city square; past the drinking fountain with its statue of the Chippewa Indian chief; and then ^{to a} stop at a red traffic light.

I looked up over the Miners' State Bank. My office was dark but there was a light on in Walter Holbrook's office. The Venetian blinds were drawn. Walter must be working--or perhaps it was merely the cleaning lady... The light changed and I swung to the left and then turned into the alley behind Luigi's and locked the car. I could hear the juke box playing through the screen door. It was an old tune, "As Time Goes By," resurrected and made famous by Bergman and Bogart in a movie called "Casablanca." It was an old record. Rudy Valee was singing the chorus--^{ho!} tonight it appeared he was singing it through the left nostril...

* * *
End here

I ordered spaghetti and meatballs and then went to the 'phone booth and called Maida.

"Five cents, please," the operator said.

"Hello, Maida, this is Polly," I said.

"Yes, Paul," Maida said in her rich contralto voice. "Did you ~~get~~ *catch* any fish?"

"No--they weren't biting," I lied. "I'm down at Louie's about to eat. How about my coming up in an hour and our going for a ride? Might even buy you a drink at the Inn."

"I'm sorry, Paul," Maida said. "I'm waiting for

"664, please," I said. *I could hear the operator ringing the number.*

"Five cents, please."

"Hello. Is Bernadine there?" I said.

"No she ain't--she's on duty." It was her brother, Danny Tobin. I recognized him by his belligerent tone of voice.

"Look, Danny," I said, "this is Polly Biegler--can you tell me where I can reach her?"

"Oh, it's you, Polly," Danny said. "Why'n hell didn't you say so. She's over takin' care of ol' lady Dwyer. She'll come off duty at eleven--if the ol' lady lasts till then. My ol' man was just sayin' at supper the priest was there this morning... How the hell are you? Where you been keepin' yourself? How the hell you expect to get the votes outa the Tobin family if you don't show up once in a while? You don't want to forget your ol'--"

"Listen, Danny," I said. "Do you think it's okay if I 'phone Mrs. Dwyer's?"

"Sure, sure--but I don't think the ol' lady'll be in shape to go out with you. You might try my kid sister. Bernadine's ^{her} ~~the~~ name."

"Thanks, Danny," I said. "I'll be seeing you."

Danny was quite a joker. He was a skip-tender at the Ludlow Mine. We *had* always got along fine ever since he had given me my first black eye when I was twelve.

I called Mrs. Dwyer's number. Bernadine ^{of quiet voice} answered the 'phone. Mrs. Dwyer ^{passed away} had ~~died~~ at sundown. ^{"Passed away" is what Bernadine said.} Flanigan's had just taken her away. Yes, she'd be glad

to meet me in an hour. No, I needn't change out of my fishing clothes-- ^{she liked the smell of mosquito dope.}

Mary tapped on the glass door of the 'phone booth. "Polly, your spaghetti's ready!" she shouted over the din of a ^{filendish} record called "Lay that Pistol Down."

*Yes, it was quite
all night for me to call--*

Insert A

"... ^(now) nearly daylight in Paris, "the radio was singing.
the ~~ancient~~ ^{city} ~~capitol~~ is still seething
with excitement ^{and tumult of celebration} after its liberation yesterday by
French and American troops. ^{Yes, Ghencia,} ~~Once~~ ^{once} against this
ancient capitol has survived to be called
"Guy Paree..." I quickly shut off the radio. Paris
had fallen. The European war would be over soon.

~~And Paul Bigler, 4 F,~~ I reached for the ^{whiskey bottle in the} glove
compartment. "Here's to Paul Bigler, 4 F," I said,
taking a big drink. ^{goddammit,} ^{Bigler?} What was the reason, a ^{guy} ^{guy?}

It was odd how bitter I was getting with
myself for not being in the war. There was no
sense in it: I had every legitimate reason for
not being in the service. First, I'd had ^{pleurisy and} pneumonia
^{had seen} ^{upon} following a ^{broken} rib in a football game,
when I was in ^{high school,} and it had left a scar on
I saw it myself in the X-ray.
my lung. I wasn't physically fit... Second,
my mother was a widow, and ^{she had a bad heart,} ^{she wasn't well,}
and I was her sole means of support. ^{Dependency, etc?...} Third, one
of the officials of the Iron Cliffs Ore Company was a
member of the draft board, and ^{my boss,} Walter Holbrook, was
local counsel for the Iron Cliffs Ore Company, and
I worked ⁱⁿ ~~for~~ Walter Holbrook's law office and was
running for prosecutor ^{of the county} against a guy they said
was too friendly ^{with} to the C. I. O. crowd. What did they
call that, ^{called being engaged in employment in war} again. Oh yes, that was ^{essential industry} ^{essential} ^{essential}

NO 4 Fourth, I'd gotten drunk and played poker many
times with the ~~doctor~~ ^{local} draft board doctor, ^{who finally} ~~and~~ ^{examined me. In fact,}
one occasion I'd ^{helped} ~~given~~ ^{guy} him a lift when he'd
gotten ~~into~~ ^{into} a drunken accident with a pretty
young ~~student~~ ^{nurse}. ^{The paper had found both of them in the ditch with nothing on. By} ^{his wife hadn't heard}
about it. ^{Now what} ~~What~~ did they call that? ~~For~~ Just
what was it they called that, ^{again}? Did they
call that extra vision -- the kind of vision that
enabled a ~~too~~ grateful doctor to see scar tissue where
none ^{had} existed? No, they didn't call it ^{precisely} that.

What were the reasons again, Bugler?

Remember me to your wife and kids.

Chapter 2.

Paul scanned the headlines and drank his orange juice and coffee sitting in Belle's new breakfast nook. Belle, ^{Paul's mother} was extravagantly proud of this new addition to the Bugler kitchen. She had always wanted a breakfast nook, Paul's father, ^{but} but Oliver Bugler, 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 spoon," ^{he would announce.} Even the goddam saloons ^{goin' crazy these days --} is ⁱⁿ gettin' ^{these two by four} squirreled booths. ^{these days.} When I ^{sit} sit at a table I want room to range around. Breakfast nook hell!"

Paul idly watched Belle fluttering over the new electric range he had bought her just after Pearl Harbor. He had gotten it wholesale through the Company, acting on a tip from Walter Hollbrook. ^{A good tip it was, too.} You couldn't beg, ^{borrow} borrow, or steal a new range now.

"I see by the ^{morning} papers that the draft boards are ~~taking~~ getting ~~tougher~~ ^{on} harder on these departments," Belle said. "It's right there on the front page, next to that article ^{about} ^{on} the man ^{who} married ~~that~~ the thirteen-year-old girl."

My, my. What's the world coming to? She should be home playing with her dolls." Paul ~~itly~~ scanned the ~~beauties~~ 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 — that Paul would have to go ~~to war~~ into the War.

Belle flapped over to the table and sat opposite Paul. Despite her easy life these days she always ~~got up as soon~~ ^{got up} early, and nothing Paul ~~could~~ ^{would} say ~~could~~ make her abandon the floppy sheepskin slippers she wore in the mornings. She had always worn them when all the boys were home, before the furnace was installed, when the kitchen floor was icy cold when she came down to start the kitchen range.

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

"With Bernardino Tobini," Paul ^{casually} answered. Belle's eyes lit up. She was always glad when Paul went out with Bernardino. "Such a splendid, capable young woman," she always said. "She'd make any man a wonderful wife."

"Good," Belle said, and again she reminded Paul of what a splendid, wise girl Bernadine John was.

"She's going away," Paul said. "She joined the W.A.S. She's leaving today."

Belle removed her glasses and held them pinched to one finger. "My, my, Paul. ~~See~~ 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 flew to the toast.

"We had an understanding, all right. Everything's all off."

"My, my," Belle repeated, as Paul read about the honey-moon of the man who married the 13-year-old girl.



1st
Jen.
15, 1947

2 drafts, please

Chapter 2 ^{endless}
Another case was on from the day before,
made static by the pettifoggery of the
opposing lawyers.

Paul thought of Bernardino all the next
morning. ~~The~~ ^{The} compensation case ~~had~~ dragged
interminably. It was almost noon before Paul's
case was called. He and Gundry scarcely had
time to ~~arrange~~ ^{arrange} their pleadings ^{and outlining} ~~outline~~
admissions and denials. When the Deputy
Commissioner declared a noon recess, Gundry
was the ^{claimant's} ~~plaintiff's~~ attorney, a ^{pleasant} young downstate
^{a bachelor,} lawyer who had come to ~~Cliff~~ ^{Cliff} on Iron
Cliff county ^{on the legal staff of} ~~with~~ ^{one of the} ~~New Deal~~ ^{Stellen in Clifton} agencies,
had liked the place and ^{had} remained. Lately he
had been ~~out~~ ⁱⁿ the ~~down~~ ^{considerable} legal work for
the ~~various~~ ^{the} local C. I. O. ^{Stellen} unions, and consequently
Paul met him ^{frequently} ~~often~~ in court and ~~in~~ ^{over the} conference
table, ~~over~~ ^{hashing over} ~~various~~ ^{the various} grievances, ~~and~~ ^{interpretations of}
various clauses of the unions' contracts with the ~~various~~ Iron
unions. Cliff Ore Company.

Paul ^{regarded Pete Gundry as a smart and able lawyer} was inclined to like Pete Gundry,
him, despite the dark warnings of his boss, Walter
Holtrop. "Paul, all these ^{god-damn} labor lawyers are
^{All of them, mind you.} ~~rats~~. They'll ^{smile} ~~smile~~ you to death when things
are going their way, but ^{when} ~~once~~ ^{the squeeze is}
on, ^{the chips are down} — "Walter scowled with
dark foreboding — "they watch out!" ^{Despite his Harvard} Walter was
a great one for using ^{colorful, man-to-man} phrases like that. ^{The picture of} Someone
selling someone ^{labor} ~~down~~ the river was one of his
favorites. "The ^{bastard} ~~bastard~~ will sell you down the river,
Paul, quicker than you can say John L. Lewis!"

"The hearing in the case of Bruno Belpedis
versus Iron Cliffs Ore Company is adjourned
until 1:30," the Deputy Commissioner ^{glumly} announced,
wearily reaching for a cigarette.
Pete Gundry walked over to Paul's
table. "How about having lunch together,

Bigler? "he said to Paul, ^{holding out his hand.} "Perhaps we can work out a settlement and save everyone a dreary afternoon. I've got you over a barrel, as you know, so why not relax and enjoy it? What do you ^{listlessly} say, Paul?"
Paul ^{strove} ^{shaping Gundy's hand and wanting} ~~wanted~~ to 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 nylon and cigarettes ^{even if she'd have him.} Maida, Maida, that ~~best~~ lovely, ^{slow,} honey-colored blonde bitch. What was she doing to him? eat with me?" "I say, Bigler, can you ~~come to~~ lunch?" Gundy was repeating.

Paul ^{flumbled for} ~~blundered~~ an excuse. He had to make some phone calls and check some ^{comp} decisions in the bar library. "Thanks, ^{Sorry} Pete. ^{It's} ^{time} ^{to} ^{be} ^{some} ^{other} ^{time}. Thanks a lot."

"O.K.," Paul, Gundy said, smiling his white, strong-toothed smile. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

Paul ^{rapidly} ^{rapidly} ^{over} ~~drove~~ to the Iron Bay Club and hurried to the ^{telephone} ~~phone~~ booth. "Excuse, please use ^{member} ^{phone} for out-of-town calls,"

"Chippewa 664," he told the operator. "Hurry, please, operator. It's urgent." He ^{dully} ~~wondered~~ why he'd sat on his ^{pat} ~~pat~~ "Fifteen cents please," the operator ^{was} ^{saying} ~~said~~. "Please confine your call to three minutes. Thank you, sir." Oh Lord...

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

Paul walked slowly down ^{stairs} to the club bar. Pinky was on duty. "Hello, Pally", ~~but~~ Niblo ^{the banker} said, turning momentarily from the ^{quarter slot machine,} ^{then pulling the lever,} ^{closing his eyes ^{tightly} and} putting his hands over the cherries and assorted fruit ^{symbols} for a nice surprise, ^{which it developed} ~~which~~ ^{not} was there. Paul ^{why so many of them} ^{small-ting} ~~curly~~ wondered why so many bankers loved to play ^{slot machines,} and again! ^{a sort of} got to look like composite photographs of the ideal embeyzlers. "Hi, Mr. Niblo," Paul said, brightly, but ~~Mr.~~ ^{Mr.} Niblo was ^{pride} ^{anticipating} deep in another reprieve.

Pinky was at the bar. "Hello, Mr. Bieglar," Pinky said. Pinky ^{starched and humorous and} was always ^{pleasing} a good boy. "We got some of your favorite beer today."

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

"What'll it be? Black ~~or~~ ^{and} white? Haig or Haig Hag? Vat 69? The salesman said ~~it~~ after three drinks you ^{can} ^{leap} ^{into} Vat 73, no hands! ^{Oh, that's it.} Yes, Pinky was a wag all right. ^{perspiring} ^{reddish glow of his} ^{hastily} ^{twenty} ^{from the} ^{purpose} ^{bald spot on his head was getting} ^{red.} ^{Paul} ^{from} ^{estimated} ^{it} ^{must} ^{be} ^{Paul} ^{estimated} ^{that} ^{he} ^{must} ^{be} ^{down} ^{out} about fifteen dollars.

"Make up another ^{double} ~~one~~, Pinky," Paul said. "How much is old Niblo down ^{this} noon?"

"That's his fourth fixer, Mr. Bieglar. But his a sticker. ^{like he} Thank you, Sir. ^{He} always tells me stick-to-it-tiveness will get you there. ^{So I've been a bartender for thirteen years...} Thank you, Sir."

1st,
Dec. 11, 1947.

REFLECTIONS

2.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WATER

I stood on the Yellow Dog bridge and threaded my line through ^{the guide of my flyrod} and still in the sunlight an eagle majestically wheeling and talking towards Lake Superior. ~~the~~ From my earthbound ^{view} the August sun had ^{disappeared} and the ^{western sky} ~~sky~~ in the west that ~~taken on the sullen~~ ^{tingled and rapidly becoming} was aflame with the after glow: tonight, ^{it was akin to} the sullen glow ^{that might have been made hard} as though ~~as though~~ an angry forest fire raged in the hills near the headwaters of the Yellow Dog river, to the east of me. I watched the eagle and then I watched the sunset, and for a ^{stricken time} moment I forgot the trout that were feeding above the riffle just above the bridge where I stood. ^{There was a quiet (plunge)} ~~Plunge!~~ ^{or} another one rose, and my fingers ^{with divine eagerness} strove ~~as~~ as I threaded the line through the last guide. And all the while there was the musical, gravelly tinkle of the Yellow Dog, the sweetest and most devilish trout stream I have ever known, as it ^{pitched and} brawled and searched its way ^{down} to Lake Superior, the earth's mightiest inland sea.

omit (

Then I heard the rumble of a motor ^{from the north,} and I hurriedly rushed my precious flyrod off the bridge. I was elated to find ~~so~~ that I had the river to myself, ^{for two seasons I was} but not surprised: for two reasons: so many fishermen were away in the war, and gas rationing kept most ^{of the rest of the} ~~the~~ other far from the distant Yellow Dog. I chuckled, ^{unpleasantly} to think that Hitler and Hirohita had conspired to make better trout fishing for Paul Biegler in the remote upper peninsula of Michigan; and I chuckled again, ^{with eyeless glee,} ~~but more~~ ^{angry,} when I thought ^{of how} that Paul Biegler, 4-F, had conspired with his gas station man to make this ^{trip} fishing available.

↑
Spencer
↓

This swinishness ^{was} merely a matter of degree: that

As I stood there → I reflected that war ^{tended to make} a swine out of any able-bodied man that wasn't in it up to his armpits: that even ~~the~~ many of the ^{little} ^{beaters} ^{must} ^{feel} ^a ^{certain} ^{feeling} of guilt that they weren't bearing arms; and that the farther one worked ^{away from the fighting,} from the front to the rear, the greater must be that sense of guilt. This curiously ^{sense} ^{feeling} of guilt, until ^{finally} a continent was ^{traversed,} and one found oneself ^{at nightfall} thrust down upon a ^{lonely} wooden bridge in northern Michigan, ^{and} a solitary fisherman ^{found by} ^{decried} contemplating his dubious status as a 4-F; a non-warrior ^{who, while other men} ridden to his ^{apart} ^{contraband} ^{had} ^{play} on his ^{leg} bought from an eager felon, ^{and} ^{propelled} ^{there} ^{by} ^{sort} of ^{grease} ^{he} ^{should} ^{never} ^{have} ^{burned}.

Ah, yes, this was ^a ^{splendid} ^{the} ^{pride} ^{one} ^{wish} to snap ^{his} ^{best} ^{flyrod} ^{across} ^{my} ^{bone}; this was the sort of swinish guilt that made one ^{simply} an accessory to the enemy. But ^{sudden} what of the complacent? ^{What} ^{of} ^{these} ^{swine}? Alas, we ^{but} ^{if} ^{it} ^{was} ^a ^{matter} ^{of} ^{degree}, ^{they} ^{were} ^{all} ^{swine}, ^{and} ^{smiley} ^{they} ^{were} the worst swine of all. I felt ^a ^{little} better. ^{As} I looked up ^{at} ^{the} ^{sky} ^{but} the eagle had ^{from} ^{view} disappeared...

My reverie was broken by the ^{roar} ^{and} ^{swish} of a logging truck approaching from the north, ^{It} ^{was} ^{swirling} ^{down} ^{upon} ^{me} like an evil genie surrounded by its own ^{magic} ^{cloud} of dust. I pressed back against the railing of the bridge, foolishly holding my precious fly rod ^{out} over the water to protect it. The truck driver slowed down for the bridge, ^{and} ^{then} rumbled across the loose planking, ^{gripping} ^{at} ^{me}, ^{the} ^{growing} ^{load} ^{of} ^{green} ^{hardwood} ^{logs} ^{swaying} ^{precariously}. ^{The} ^{truck} ^{stopped} ^{lurching} ^{to} ^a ^{stop} ^{on} ^{the} ^{opp} ^{on} ^{the} ^{other} ^{side} ^{and} ^{the} ^{driver} ^{got} ^{out} ^{and} ^{proceeded} ^{to} ^{crinate} ^{against} ^{the} ^{front} ^{tire}. I pretended to be absorbed with my leader.

"How's fishin'?" the driver called to me.
"I dunno," I called back. "I havin't started yet."
"You better get goin', Bub. It'll be dark soon."
"I know," I said, lying easily. "I had a flat on the way up."

By his bee-stung lower lip ^{could see that} ~~he~~ ^{he} was chewing snuff. A little ^{down} of the juice had dribbled ^{down} his chin.

The truck driver walked up to ^{where I stood} ~~me~~ on the bridge. He was a ~~young Paul Bigler~~ Finn, about my own age, I concluded, ^{about} twenty-eight or thirty. He ^{silently} watched me while I selected a fly and tied it to the leader.

"You got a nice bunch of flies there," he said.

"Yes," I said. "But they're getting sort of hard to get. They tell me it's the hooks -- since the war -- it's the hooks that are hard to get." I was making talk so that he wouldn't hear the ^{steady} splash of the trout rising above the bridge. He did not seem to hear the trout rising, but I ^{further} worked a little and made some false casts downstream ^{to distract him,} working out line.

"Say," ^{he} said, "You're Polly Bigler -- the new lawyer down in Chippewa, ain't you?"

"Why, yes," I said brightly, both pleased and nettled that he should ^{have} recognized me. "What's yours?"

"Arvo Lumpkin," he said. "Shake."

^{his moist} We stood there on the bridge ^{while I} shook hands ^{all the} while the mosquitoes whined around us. He ^{glanced} ^{quickly} at my car, parked off the road, and ^{then} back at me. ^{There} ^{was} a crafty look ⁱⁿ ^{his} eyes. He had

^{my} spotted ^{the} ^{gas} sticker ^{on} the windshield.

"Say," he said, "I'm dumpin' this load of pig-iron in Chippewa tonight an' layin' over till mornin'."

"Oh?" I said.

He glanced upstream and downstream and lowered his voice. "I was figurin' to buy a little bottle tonight when I get to town -- ^{that is} if I could raise the price."

"Yes?" I said politely.

"I was wonderin' -- ah -- I was figurin' that if I could sell a few of these ^{here} gas coupons -- ah -- I could raise the price of ~~the~~ a bottle." He held.

a wad of gas I could see that
the coupons in his hand. There were a lot of fishing trips
in those coupons.

I eyed my fellow swine as sternly as possible. "No thank you," I said.

He held his hand out ^{smiling}.

"Okay, okay, okay," he said, "No hard feelings."

"None at all," I said.

"Well, I gotta be goin'," he said. "Gotta get rid of my load of bundles for Berlin. See you later." ~~Don't~~ He jerked his thumb toward the river. "Don't take 'em all," he said.

"Not tonight," I said. "So-long, Lompson."

"So-long, Bigler. Be seein' you."

I stood on the bridge and watched him while he walked to his truck, expertly cupped the snuff from his lip with his index fingers and flung it away, and then got in and roared the motor. I watched the truck while it ^{rolled} went through ^{its series of} grinding gear shifts, ^{slowly gathering speed} ~~retreating~~ like a ^{great retreating} ~~great~~ beast. I watched it until it swerved around a far curve in a cloud of dust. ^{"Bundle for Berlin."} ~~I~~

~~Still~~ I stood there, listening to its fitful, diminishing roar. And all the while the ^{greedy} trout were plashing at my feet. ^{then, when} ~~when~~ I could no longer hear the truck,

I slowly look down my rod and leaned ^{heavily} against the ^{of the bridge} railing, ^{silently I watched} watching the faint afterglow in the west. I was shivering. ^{It was nearly dark.} It seemed that it had suddenly grown cold and ^{that} I no longer wanted to fish.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WATER

I stood on the Yellow Dog bridge and threaded my line through the guides of my flyrod. High overhead and still in the ^{hatched} sunlight an eagle ^{feeding} soared, ^{and} majestically wheeling and tacking ^{its way} towards Lake Superior. From my earthbound view the August sun had disappeared, and the western sky was kindled and rapidly coming aflame with the after glow. ~~tonight it~~ ^{in seconds it} was akin to the sullen glow that might have been made had an angry forest fire raged in the hills near the headwaters of the Yellow Dog river, ~~to the west of me.~~ I watched the eagle and then I watched the sunset, and for a timeless moment I forgot the trout that were feeding above the riffle just above the bridge where I stood. There was a quiet "Plup!" as another ^{trout} ~~one~~ rose, and my fingers shbok with divine eagerness as I threaded the line through the last guide. And all the while there was the musical, gravelly tinkle of the Yellow Dog, the sweetest and most devilish trout stream I have ever known, as it pitches and brawled and searched its way down to Lake Superior, the earth's mightiest inland sea.

I was elated to find that I had the river to myself, but for two reasons I was not surprised: so many fishermen were away in the war, and gas rationing kept most of the rest of them far from the distant Yellow Dog. I chuckled unpleasantly to think that Hitler and Hirohito had conspired to make better trout fishing for Paul Biegler in the remote upper peninsula of Michigan; and I chuckled again, with even less glee, when I thought of how Paul Biegler, 4-F, had conspired with his gas station man to make this fishing trip ^{possible} available.

* * *

that ^{even} living soldiers, viewing their dead comrades, must possess some odd sense of guilt;

As I stood there I reflected that war tended to make a swine out of any able-bodied man that wasn't in it up to his armpits: that this swinishness was merely a matter of degree: that ~~even many of the~~ ^{litter} litter bearers sweating under battle fire must ^{in turn} experience a certain feeling of guilt that they weren't bearing arms; and that the farther one worked to the rear, away from the ^{actual} fighting, the greater must be this curious sense of guilt, until finally oceans were leapt, a continent was traversed, and one found oneself thrust down at nightfall upon a lonely wooden bridge in northern Michigan; a solitary fisherman, contemplating his dubious status as a 4-F; a non-warrior who, while ~~the~~ ^{young} other men screamed and died, was ridden to his sport on contraband tires he had bought from an eager felon, ~~and~~ propelled there by gasoline he should never have burned. Ah, yes, this was a splendid sort of guilt, the kind that made one wish to snap his best flyrod across his knee; this was the sort of ~~x~~ swinish guilt that made one ^{purely} ~~simply~~ an accessory to the enemy. But what of the complacent? The complacent! What of these sodden swine? Alas, we were all swine, but surely, if it was a matter of degree, they were the worst swine of all. I felt a little better. I looked up at the sky but the eagle had disappeared from view...

My reverie was broken by the roar and rush of a logging truck approaching from the north. It was swirling down upon me like an evil genie surrounded by its own magic cloud of dust. I pressed back against the railing of the bridge, foolishly holding my precious fly rod out over the water to protect it. The truck driver slowed down for the bridge, then rumbled across the loose planking, grinning at me, the groaning load of green hardwood logs swaying precariously. I shrunk against the railing. The truck lurched to a stop on the other side and the driver stiffly got out and proceeded to urinate against a front tire. I pretended to be absorbed with my leader.

"How's fishin'?" the driver called to me.

"I dunno," I called back. "I haven't started yet."

"You better get goin', Bub, It'll be dark doon."

"I know," I said, lying easily. "I had a flat on the way up."

The truck driver walked up to where I stood on the bridge. He was a Finn, about my own age, I concluded, about twenty-eight or thirty. By his bee-stung lower lip I could see that he was chewing snuff. A little of the juice had dribbled down his chin. He silently watched me while I selected a fly and tied it to the leader.

"You got a nice bunch of flies there," he said.

"Yes," I said. "But they're getting sort of hard to get. They tell me it's the hooks--since the war--it's the hooks that are hard to get." I was making talk so that he wouldn't hear the steady plash of the trout rising above the bridge. He did not seem to hear the trout rising, but I whistled a little and made some false casts downstream to further ^{distract} detract him, working out line.

"Say, you're Polly Biegler--the new lawyer down in Chippewa, ain't you? --
the one that's runnin' for prosecutin' attorney?"
"Why, yes," I said brightly, both pleased and nettled that he should have recognized me. "What's yours?"

"Arvo Lampinen," he said. "Shake."

We stood there on the bridge while I shook his moist hand. All the while the mosquitoes whined around us. He glanced quickly at my car parked off the road, and then back at me. A crafty look had come into his eyes. He had spotted my A gas sticker pasted on the windshield.

"Say," he said. "I'm dumpin' this load of pig-iron in Chippewa tonight an' layin' over till mornin'."

"Oh?" I said.

He was making a conspirator out of me.

He glanced upstream and downstream and lowered his voice. "I was ~~fix~~ figurin' to buy a little bottle tonight when I get to town--that is if I could raise the price."

"Yes?" I said politely.

"I was wonderin'--ah--I was figurin' that if I could sell a few of these here gas coupons--ah--I could raise the price of a bottle." He held a wad of gas coupons in his hand. ~~I could see~~ *It was plain* that there were a lot of fishing trips in those coupons.

I *patriotically* eyed my fellow swine as ~~sternly~~ as possible. "No thank you," I said. *I felt like Patrick Henry with his pants down.*

"Okay, okay, okay," he said smiling. "No hard feelings."

"None at all," I said.

"Well, I gotta be goin'," he said. "Gotta get rid of my load of bundles for Berlin. See you later." He jerked his thumb toward the river. "Don't take 'em all," he said.

"Not tonight," I said. "So-long, Lampin'."

A. He was walking away. "So-long, Biegler. Be seein' you." *Good luck in the election!*

"Thanks," I said.

I stood on the bridge and watched him while he ~~walked~~ *paced* at ~~his truck,~~ expertly cupped ^{out} the snuff from his lip with his index finger, ~~and flung it~~ ~~away,~~ and then ~~got~~ *climbed* ^{the truck} in and roared the motor. I watched the truck while it ~~rolled~~ *slowly* through its series of grinding gear shifts, ~~slowly~~ gathering speed like a great retreating beast. I watched it until it ~~swirled~~ *swayed* around a far curve in a cloud of dust. "Bundles for Berlin." I stood there, listening to its fitful, diminishing roar. And all the while the greedy trout were splashing at my feet. Then, when I could no longer hear the truck, I slowly took down my rod and leaned heavily against the railing of the bridge. Silently I watched the faint afterglow in the west. *I discovered* I was shivering. It was nearly dark. *I remembered my bottle of whiskey. I found that it* ~~It seemed that it~~ had suddenly grown cold and that I no longer wanted to fish.

1st
Jan 7, 1947

2 draft, please

The place was like a morgue. ^{full of heavy furniture,} up at the bar, and a disconsolate hoisery salesman putting the make on Martha, the big blonde, sales-girl at Hornsteins.

Chapter 1

paid the last check and he and Paul and Bernardine left the hotel tap-room about eleven o'clock.

Paul was glad to leave. There were only a couple of ~~young~~ ^{young} drunk ~~bar~~ ^{bar} sailors. Paul wondered what was wrong with Bernadine. She had been silent and restrained

all evening, ^{he} Paul had noticed. She had only smiled faintly at his latest Finnish dialect story, ^{He had thought it was a honey.} the one about Toivo and his girl-friend Impi. Impi

^{was banking out} had reproached Toivo, ^{Here's the way it goes:} "Vy is it, Toivo, you all time take Aili to 'rug store for ~~Cokey~~ ^{Cokey}-Colas

an' me to da 'ravel pit?" But Barnadine had ^{only} shrugged and added another

broken ^{wooden} mixing stick to the growing pile. ^{Yes, she was nervous, white night, kind} She looked white and drawn, which

^{only} made her dark eyes larger and more luminous. Paul wondered if it was the wrong time of the month. "But, no, it can't be," he remembered.

They drove in Paul's roadster, ^{following} taking the familiar ~~trail~~ route

they had taken so often when Paul used to call for Bernardine when she was ^{done} through with her night-nursing duty at the Iron Cliffs Ore Company's hospital.

They drove silently past the towering ^{pyramid-shaped} shaft houses of the Delaware mine, lit now, since the War, by ^{tall} ~~enormous~~ sweeping search-lights. "I wonder how many

Jap spies they expect to catch 'way up here by ^{cold} Lake Superior?" Paul said. Then

he remembered he had made the same remark to her the last time they ^{had} ^{been} were together the night when it really ~~was~~ the wrong time of the month...

The little roadster bounced along past the ore-stained dry house, ^{Paul sounded the horn for two miners, and commended them. They} where the miners changed and showered, and then skirted Chippewa Lake, its glistening shield of new autumn ice reflecting the lights from the "company" houses across the lake.

"Are you warm enough, Bernie?" Paul asked. He manipulated the car heater and a sudden draft of cold air smote his legs. "Damn!" he said, turning the heater off. "Thermostat's still haywire. Can't get a goddam thing fixed ^{or replaced} since this war."

Paul was glad to hear the same

Bernardine spoke for the first time since they had left the hotel. ~~There was~~ the old chuckling,

dry Irish humor in her voice. "Be brave, Paul," she ^{said} "You ^{smiling-company} ~~laughers~~ must remember those stirring words:

"I am sorry that I have but one defferment ^{give me by} from my company!"

Carry on.

Paul was still ^{laughing} chuckling over that one as he unlocked the Company's gate and then drove the roadster up the narrow, winding, rocky

road to the top of Chippewa bluff. As ~~they~~ the car
~~broke~~ ^{labored} over ~~the ice~~ ^{rocks} to the crest of the bluffs
first they could see the ^{full} moon breaking from behind a
jagged cliff of cloud; and then ~~the~~ ^{the} frozen lake, ^{icy} lay
~~before them~~ silent and frozen below them;
and then the town ^{of Chippewa} beyond; the ^{dark} town clock, ^{and} ~~then~~ the
blinking lights ~~on~~ ^{on} the ^{hills} outskirts of the
town they saw the piercing searchlights of ^{from} the
mines lighting up the ^{dark} shaft-houses. They sat
there silently and then they heard the rumbling
sound of ~~the~~ ^{falling} iron ore falling into the cars; and
~~underneath it all they heard~~ ^{too} the insistent jingle
throbbings of the great air-compressors that caught
~~stretched and thrust~~ ^{and forced} fresh air down to the toiling
mines ^{who were} burrowing there so far ^{beneath} ~~below~~ them.

If the town clock was striking twelve as
Paul lit his third cigarette. This silence was
getting him down. He didn't want to be brusque,
but perhaps it would be easier to get it over with.
And anyway, he had a workman's compensation
case hearing in the morning down at Iron Cluff, the
county ~~city~~ seat. He ~~crushed~~ his. It was an important
~~one~~ ^{involving a claim of total disability,} and his boss, Walter Holbrook, wouldn't want him
to ~~muff it.~~ ^{The} ~~Paul~~ ^{home office} ~~crushed~~ ^{out} in Delawon had been
raving hell lately... Paul crushed out his fresh
cigarette and turned to Bernardine.

She sat with her ~~hands~~ ^{hands} folded in ~~the~~ her
lap, her head resting ^{back} against the ~~back~~ ^{rear} cushion, ^{looking}
Paul would have ^{at first} ~~thought~~ ^{thought} she was sleeping, ~~but~~ ^{and then} ~~she~~ ^{she} saw that
he saw ^{that} her eyes were open, wide and unblinking.
"Bernardine," he said. Then he saw the tears ^{slowly} ~~coming~~
down her white cheeks. "If she ^{only} ~~were~~ ^{were} so goddam
beautiful," he thought.

1st.
1/13/47.

2 draft, please

Chap 1 (con.)

Bernadine was laughing at him! With tears ~~running~~ ^{rolling} down her cheeks, she was laughing at him. It wasn't a particularly ^{rollicking or} mirthful laugh; just a sort of quiet and chuckling laugh, as though she were enjoying some sort of private joke.

"Bernadine," he began again, lamely. She quickly ^{placed two of} put her cold ^{fingers} ~~hand~~ over his mouth, ^{as} flecting, like a mother, to a naughty child. ^{She} began to speak, in a low voice, quietly, almost ^{mis}meringly. She was looking at the moon again.

"I ^{suppose} ~~truly~~ should ^{really} hear it from your own lips, Paul," she said. "But I'll save you all the floundering and ^{the} embarrassment." She turned toward him briefly. "I ^{guess} ~~am~~ doing that because I'm so proud of you -- ^{and} I like you so much. Yes, I guess that's it."

"Bernadine," Paul ^{tried again} ~~said~~, but she went on, ^{felt} "I guess I've ~~known~~ ever since you got out of law school that things were over between us. ~~Even~~ ^{Yes}, even when you first started out three years ago, ~~and I had to visit~~ ⁱⁿ that little office above your dad's old saloon, I ^{sensed} ~~felt~~ that somehow things had changed between us."

Paul had a strange sense of shock; a feeling of wry dismay. It was ^{all} true, what she was saying, but he had been going to say it, and now she was saying ^{it} ~~it~~, and somehow it gave him a curious and ^{defensive} ~~strange~~ feeling of loneliness and ^{it was your grand opportunity} guilt.

"When Walter Holbrook took ^{you} into ^{his} law office I was proud of you, as you know, ^{but} ^{somehow} after that, the feeling that we were losing each other grew much stronger. Then ^{with Walter behind you}, the mining crowd took you up; you were taken into ^{their} ~~your~~ ^{own} ~~the~~ country club and the Cripplewa Club; you went to their house parties and camping parties." Bernadine laughed. "I guess the thing that really made me realize"

talkative ~~gestures~~

talkative and ~~gestures~~ ^{staring} at the moon.

the Company's

Don't seem to make you suffer,

I ^{know} how you loved to fish...
the ^{optend of the} change ^{between us} in you was when you gave up our trout fishing trips. You remember the little fly rod you gave me? ^{with} the money you made on your first case... Defending a drunk driver, was it?

Paul glumly nodded.
"Please ^{light} me a cigarette, Paul," Bernardine said. "Thank you," she said, as Paul held his lighter for her. ^{She barely smoked and she didn't do it very well Paul saw that her eyes were dry now. She was even half smiling.} She went on speaking.

"Then ^{just} a year ago -- it was just before Thanksgiving, remember? -- Maida Holbrook ^{arrived} from the East ^{on a short} to visit her father." Paul felt himself flushing, and he didn't want to flush, and what the hell, ^{even if} he and Bernardine ^{had known each other since then} weren't engaged, this was a free country, and --

"Maida ^{Holbrook} is still here," Bernardine ^{said simply} went on. "She tells her friends she's going to marry you." She turned ^{smiling} to Paul, "So I guess that's ~~what~~ that's what she's going to do. You see, Paul, ^{girls} like Maida usually gets what ^{they} want in this world. They ~~never~~ ^{so} never sit and wait and dream. They're always ^{right and sure}. They never smell of ^{chloroform} or starched nurses uniforms ^{all night} ^{from looking at pain and watching old people die. They never keep home for a} They never ^{carry} bed-pans --"

"Bernardine!" Paul said. "That's not fair. That's got nothing to do with it. You're as good as any ^{god damn} girl in the --"

"Paul, let me finish," Bernardine ^{quittly} said. "I ^{am} so sure of this, that I've ^{now} decided to go away. I'm going to leave Chippewa. I thought you'd like to know."

"Leave Chippewa?" Paul asked in dismay.
"Yes, I'm leaving ^{home} Chippewa. I've joined the Wacs and I'm leaving ^{Satan} tomorrow. I was supposed to have left tonight -- but I wired them ^{today} after you phoned ^{me} this morning for a date, I wanted to see you."

They're never weary

strong but

Now kids I mean
kind - drinking father and...
Bernardine

Paul could hear the ^{mythical} gasps of the air-compressor
 from the mine. → "Bernardine," ^{he} said. "Bernardine, he repeated.
 Bernardine spoke softly. "So good luck, Paul. And goodbye."
 "Goodbye?" Paul said. ^{Wretchedly} he turned to her.
 Bernardine ^{put her arms about} gathered Paul in ~~her arms~~.
 She was patting his head, ^{comforting him} why did she always
 pat his head, ^{that, as though} like he were a goddam child? She
 was whispering to him. "Goodbye, Paul dear. Let's
 say goodbye, the only way ^{lovely} can, dear... Even
 former lovers... I can be frozen now, can't I?...
 Let's say ^{our own} our goodbye in ^{our} the old
 way on ~~the~~ ^{our own} bluff... Paul dear..."

Bernardine me,
 never take her here, Paul... please...



The moon had nearly set when Paul
 creaked up the ^{darkened} backstairs to his bedroom. He hoped
 that his mother wouldn't hear him. She knew he had
 to get up early on that goddam comp case.
 What a bleak ^{prospect}.
 He ^{savagely} brushed, ^{and} Christ, Bernardine was
 going away. "She's going away. She's going away.
 I've lost her. She's going away." Paul savagely
 brushed his teeth until he drew blood. ^{Flumbling}
 in the dark for the ~~wash~~ mouth wash, ~~but~~ ^{he} ~~brushed~~ ^{brushed the bottle} ~~the~~ ^{off}
 the glass ~~shells~~. He stood waiting. Cursing silently, he
 stood waiting for the inevitable reaction.

"Is that you, Paul?" ^{came a} ^{woman's} voice
^{annoying} called, ^{confidently} from the front bedroom. It was Belle, his
 mother, of course.
 "Yes, Mother," Paul replied in a sprightly
 voice, almost gaily. Who in hell else ^{did she think} would be?
 The ghost of his old man, Olwin Bugler?
 "Are you all right," Belle called back.
 "Yes, Mother," Paul replied, ^{flumbling for}
 the lost bottle. "I ^{was} ^{just} ^{dropped} ^{my} ^{false} ^{teeth,}
^{was all.} Really nothing at all, dear. Good night."

The new
 porcelain job.

chortling

Paul could hear his mother's ^{rapid gasps} laughter ^{short and all,} as he glumly fell into bed, without ~~her~~ waiting to put on his pyjamas. Yes, Sir, Paul, thought, Always the card, always the wag. Never a dry seat in the house when Paul Bigler's around...

Christ! I've lost her. What's happening to me?

That's what you wanted, isn't it?

What's happening to you, Pally boy? What was that ^{it} she said when ^{you} he drove her home? She ^{was} ~~had~~ standing in the open door looking so Christy beautiful. ~~He~~ ^{He} was going to kiss her ^{again} and she ~~had~~ ^{had} held up her hand. How had the little imp said it? Oh, yes, and in ^{quick} Irish brogue, too. "Shure, an' why is it, Paul, ^{my lad,} you're always after takin' Maida ~~Holbrook~~ Holbrook to the country club an' the ^{poor} likes of me out to park on the bluff!"

Then: "Goodnight, Paul dear," ^{and she was gone.} ~~she had said.~~

Paul buried his head in his pillow.

"Goodnight, Bernardine ^{darling,} dear." "Goodnight, my love..."

Farewell, My Lovely Bernardine.

getting confidential with

Paul paid the last check and he and Bernardine left the hotel tap-room about eleven o'clock. Paul was glad to leave. The place was like a morgue. There were only a ^{few people in the place: a} couple of drunken young sailors up at the bar--town boys home on leave--full of loud, swaggering, newly-learned Davey Jones talk; ^{and} besides a disconsolate hoisery salesman in the next booth, ^{was a smart girl: she} Martha, the big, roomy, blonde salesgirl at Hornstein's. ^{from over} Paul overheard the salesman saying to Martha, "Look, ^{Martha somehow managed to live at the} Everytime I give you a box of nylons, ^{these rare} these days, ^{goddam} I'm that ^{much} closer to being out of a job. ^{Of course, unless she was well plied with drink she was inclined to be} That's how much I really loves you, Honey." Martha wasn't a bad sort, Paul remembered. ^{Sort of sleepy and} lazy and generally uncooperative, was all; ^{otherwise she was really wasn't} but ~~not~~ bad for a one night stand...

Paul wondered what was wrong with Bernardine. She sat stiff and unyielding as he tucked the car robe about her legs. She had been silent and restrained all evening. She had only smiled faintly at his latest Finnish dialect story, the one about Toivo and his girl friend Impi. He had thought it was a honey. "Impi was bawling out Toivo for his attentions to her rival, Aili," Paul ~~had~~ gleefully explained. "Here's ^{what she said:} the way it goes: 'Vy is it Toivo, you all time take Aili to ^{da} rug store for Cokey-Colas an' me on 'ly to da 'ravel pit?'" ^{Gravel pit, indeed!} But Bernardine had merely shrugged and added another broken wooden mixing stick to the growing pile. Yes, she was nervous, all right, ~~and she looked white and drawn,~~ ^{her thin face framed by her highswept} ~~her thin face framed by her highswept~~ ^{looks white and drawn.} Hark hair, ^{Being white and drawn only made her dark eyes larger and more} luminous. Paul ruefully wondered if it was the wrong time of the month. ^{Let's see, he} ~~he~~ ^{hadn't} seen her for nearly two weeks. "But, no, it can't be," he remembered.

They drove in Paul's roadster, following the familiar route they had taken so often when Paul used to call ~~regularly~~ for Bernardine when she was

It was a great trick.

A Paul and Bernardine

while Paul was still in law school;

had regular

done with her night-nursing duty at the Iron Cliffs Ore Company's hospital.

That was before her mother had died, before she quit nursing to keep house for her father, Bernardine's mother.

A They drove silently past the towering, pyramid-shaped shaft houses of the Delaware mine, lit now, since the War, by tall sweeping search-lights. "I wonder how many Jap and German spies they expect to catch 'way up here by cold Lake Superior?" Paul said. Then he recalled he had made the same ^{devastating} remark to her the last time they had been together--the night when it really had been the wrong time of the month...

The little roadster bounced along past the ore-stained dry house, its ugly brick sides exposed now by the naked vine-stalks. This was where the miners changed and showered. Paul sounded ^{his} the horn ^{in greeting at} to ^{young} two miners, and waved at them. "That ^{the} tall one's Eino Millimake, the ski jumper," Paul said. "We played basketball together in high school." ^{Remember?} Bernardine remained silent. The car skirted Chippewa Lake, its glistening shield of new autumn ice reflecting the lights from the rows of "company" houses across the lake.

A He "Are you warm enough, Bernie?" Paul asked with elaborate concern. He always got thoughtful and paternal as hell at about this stage. manipulated the car heater and a sudden draft of cold air smote his legs.

"Damn!" he said, turning the heater off. "Thermostat's still haywire. Can't get a thing fixed or replaced since this goddam war."

Bernardine spoke for the first time since they had left the hotel. Paul was relieved to hear the same old chuckling, dry Irish humor in her ^{low} voice.

"Be brave, Paul," she said. "Carry on. ^{A struggling} ~~you~~ young mining-company lawyer ~~and~~ ^{like you} must remember those stirring words: "I am sorry that I have but one draft deferment given me by my company!"

Paul was still laughing over that one as he unlocked the Company's gate-- ^{in the town of Chippewa --} the Company had gates everywhere ~~and then~~ and drove the jolting roadster up the narrow, steep, winding, rocky road to the top of Chippewa Bluff. As the car labored over the rocky crest of the bluff they could see the full, gleaming

The round-horned furnace, added for Paul's mother.

A fake ~~front~~ ^{three Harvard law school boys had a sort of dreamy aptitude for freyng case with} a phrase.

moon ~~breaking out~~ ^{emerging} from behind a jagged cliff of cloud; and then they saw the moon's gleaming trail on the lake ~~which lay silent and frozen~~ ^{frozen} below them; and then ^{there was} the town of Chippewa beyond; the dull face of the town clock and the ^{myriad} ~~dim~~ blinking lights. On the hilly outskirts of the town they saw the searchlights from the mines lighting up the shaft-houses. ^{The scene} Everything had a frosty, suspended, stereoptican sort of stillness and clarity. They sat there silently watching ~~their scene~~ and then they heard the far away rumbling sound of iron ore falling into the tram cars--"Bundles for Berlin," Paul thought--and they heard, too, the insistent ~~idle~~ ^{idle} throbbing of the giant air-compressors that caught and forced great gobs of fresh air down to the toiling miners who were even then burrowing ~~there~~ so far beneath them.

The town clock was striking twelve as Paul lit his third cigarette. This silence was getting him down. He didn't want to be brusque, but perhaps it would be easier to ^{say it and} get it over with. "Paul Biegler's farewell address," ^{Paul} he thought. And anyway, he had a contested hearing in a workmen's compensation case ~~the~~ next morning down at Iron Cliffs, the county seat. ^{Boy, I'd have to get a little sleep.} It was an important case, one involving a claim of ~~total~~ ^{total} disability. His boss, Walter Holbrook, certainly wouldn't want him to miff it. The mining company's home office, ^{one with a phrase.} out in Delaware, had been raising genteel hell lately. ^{Lawyers, why} ~~Although it cannot have~~ ^{take} ~~remind~~ ^{again} our local attorneys..." ^{No, it wouldn't pay to lose tomorrow's case.} Paul crushed out his fresh cigarette and turned to Bernardine.

She sat with her hands folded in her lap, her head resting back against the rear cushion, looking up at the moon. ^{lovely} Paul at first thought she ~~would~~ ^{might} be sleeping, and then he ~~saw that~~ ^{But then he saw that} her eyes were open, wide and unblinking. ~~There were~~ ^{There were} tears slowly coursing down her white cheeks. "O Lord!" he thought "If only she weren't so goddam beautiful."

recap'd your intention, now

doggedly began.
"Bernardine,"

"Bernardine," he ~~said~~ [^] "There's something I've got to tell you."

Bernardine slowly turned ~~her head~~ ^{her head} and looked at Paul, still ~~half~~ ^{half} reclining ^{on} ~~the rear cushion~~ ^{the rear cushion}.

Paul fumbled to light another cigarette. It seemed funny to him, but for an instant her eyes had a sort of trapped and watchful look. ^{that wasn't like her. Independent} Paul wondered if she knew, if she really suspected, ^{to be} that this was the payoff. He also wondered why people in the clinches always thought and spoke in soap ^{opera} ~~opera~~ cliches. He'd try again. The business-like ^{leave-us-face-it} approach was the thing. Off with the cliches...

"Look, Bernardine," he began again. "Let's be sensible about this thing."

^{now} ~~Let's face the~~ [^] "About our getting married --"

was the name for Bernardine: He'd always liked her for that ...

Bernardine was laughing at him! With tears running down her cheeks, she was laughing at him. It wasn't a particularly rollicking or mirthful laugh: just a sort of quietly chuckling laugh, as though she were enjoying a private joke.

"Bernardine," he began again, lamely..

~~She~~ ^{she} quickly placed two ~~of her cold~~ ^{chills} fingers over his lips; fleetingly, as a mother might do to a naughty, talkative child. Then she began to speak, in a low voice, quietly, almost musingly. She was looking ^{up} at the moon, ~~again~~.

"I suppose I ~~should~~ should really hear it from your own lips, Paul," she said. "But I'll save you all the floundering and the embarrassment." She turned toward him briefly. "I guess I'm doing that because I'm so proud of you--I can't bear to watch you suffer. I ^{guess} like you so much. Yes, I ^{think} ~~guess~~ that's it."

~~"Bernardine," Paul tried again, but she~~ ^{passed and} went on, talking and ^{up} staring at the moon.

"I guess I've felt ever since you got out of law school that things were over between us. Yes, even when you first started out three years ago, in that little office above your dad's saloon, I sensed that somehow things had changed between us."

Paul had a strange sense of shock ^{was}, a feeling of ~~was~~ dismay. It was all true, what she was saying, but he had been going to say it, and now she was saying it, she was stealing his thunder, ~~and~~ ^{and} somehow it gave him a curious ~~ly~~ defensive feeling of loneliness and guilt.

Never ^{before} had a Chippewa boy ~~been~~ been taken into that office. They think maybe had always come from the East.

"When Walter Holbrook took you into the Company's law office I was proud of you, as you know. ^{Yes, it} ~~it~~ was your grand opportunity... But somehow, after that, the feeling that we were losing each other grew much stronger. Then, with Walter ^{sponsoring} ~~behind~~ you, the mining crowd took you up; you were taken into the country club and the Chippewa Club; you went to their house parties and camping parties." Bernardine laughed. "I guess the thing that really make me realize the extent of the change between us was when you gave up our trout fishing trips. I knew how you loved to fish... You remember the little fly rod you gave me? ^{I still have it.} You bought it with the money you made on your first case... Defending a drunk driver, wasn't it?" Paul glumly nodded.

"Please light me a cigarette, Paul," Bernardine said.

"Thank you," she said, as Paul held his lighter for her. She rarely smoked and she didn't do it very well. Paul saw that her eyes were dry now. She was even half smiling. She went on, ~~speaking~~ ^{speaking slowly}.

"Then, just a year ago-- it was just before Thanksgiving, remember? ^{your boss the daughter of your boss,} Maida Holbrook, arrived from the East on a short visit to her father." Paul felt himself flushing, and he didn't want to flush, and what the hell, even if he and Bernardine had known each other since they were kids, they weren't engaged, this was a free country, and--

"Listen," Paul cut in hotly. "Maida Holbrook's got nothing to do with it. Hell, Bernardine, you just said yourself you sensed a change long before Maida ever came ^{up} here. Not that there was any change," Paul hastily added. "Not on my part, at least. It -- it's just... ~~Look~~, ^{that I feel it.} Look, Bernardine, it's just ^{that I feel it.} isn't right for me to be taking up ^{all} your time. Maybe I'm not the marrying sort. At any rate, Bern, it'll be a hell of a long time before I ~~can~~ ^{could} marry anyone. Don't you see -- I'm still just a goddam law clerk ^{down} in Walter Holbrook's office. And my mother's all alone now. It would be hard to leave her. Maida's got nothing to do with it. ^{What} Where'd you ever get such a silly notion? Woman's intuition, no doubt."

→ "Don't flounder, Paul," Bernardine said.

"Maida Holbrook is still here," Bernardine said simply.

"She tells her friends she's going to marry you." She turned to Paul, smiling. "So I guess that's what she's going to do. You see, Paul, girls like Maida usually get what they want in this world. They never ^{have to} sit and wait and dream. They're sure of themselves. ^{Nothing ever happens to make them unsure.} They're always so right and sure. ^{Esso} They never smell of cholofom or starched nurses uniforms. They're never weary from all night duty and from looking at pain and watching old people die. ^{They've had to} They never keep a house for a hard-drinking father and four wild brothers. They ^{ne} never ^{carry} ^{carried} bed-pans--"

"Bernardine!" Paul said. "That's not fair. That's got nothing to ^{do} with it. You're as ^{fine} ~~good~~ as any goddam girl in the ~~so~~ ^{whole} --"

"Paul, ^{please} let me finish," Bernardine ~~quietly~~ said. "I am so sure of this, now, that I've ~~decided~~ decided to go away. I'm going to leave Chippewa. ^{Exit Bernardine.} I thought you'd like to know."

"Leave Chippewa?" Paul echoed, ~~in dismay~~. ^{Why, oh why, did a woman always have to bring things to a crisis?}

"Yes, Paul. I'm leaving home. I've joined the WACs and I'm leaving tomorrow. I--^o was supposed to have left tonight--but I wired them today after you 'phoned me this morning for a date. You see, I ^{did so want} ~~wanted~~ to see you ^{again.} ~~once~~ ^{more.}"

Paul could hear the ~~rhythmic~~ giant gasps of the air compressors from the mines. "Bernardine," He said. "Bernardine," he ^{dully} repeated.

Bernardine spoke softly. "So good luck, Paul. And goodbye."

"Goodbye?" Paul said. Wretchedly he turned ^{toward} her. Bernardine ^{quickly} put her arms about Paul. ^{She was hurting him. She} she was patting his ^{tenderly} hair, ^{head,} comforting him. Why did she always pat his head like that, as though he were a goddam child? ^{Didn't she know a man couldn't be a lover when he was} She was whispering to him. ^{So} "Goodbye, Paul dear... Let's say goodbye the only way that lovers can, dear... Even former lovers... I can be brazen now, can't I?... Let's say ~~off~~ goodbye in our old way on our ^{lovely old} ancient bluff... Never take her here, Paul... Promise me, please... Oh, Paul dear..."

putted into adolescence?

space

The moon had nearly set when Paul creaked up the darkened backstairs to his bedroom. He hoped that his mother wouldn't hear him. She knew he had to get up early on that goddam ^{compensation} case. ^{And that} ^{that was...} that a bleak prospect. ^{and} Christ, Bernardine was going away. "She's going away. She's going away. I've lost her. She's going away." Paul ~~saw~~ ^{so savagely that} savagely brushed his teeth until he drew blood. Fumbling in the dark for the mouth wash, he brushed the bottle off the glass shelf. Cursing silently, he stood waiting for the inevitable reaction.

"Is that you, Paul?" a woman's voice called anxiously from the front bedroom. It was Belle, his mother, of course.

"Yes, Mother," Paul replied in a ^{bright, naughty} sprightly voice, almost gaily. ^{He sounded like one of those kids on the radio programs.} Who in hell else did she think it would be? The ghost of his old man, Oliver Biegler? ^{Heaven forbid.}

"Are you all right, ^{dear?}" Belle called back.

"Yes, Mother," Paul replied, ^{desperately} fumbling for the lost bottle. ^{"A mere bagatelle."}
"I just dropped my false teeth, was all. The new porcelain job. ^{A mere bagatelle}
Really nothing at all, dear. ^{Pause.} "Good night."

Paul could hear his mother's ^{trilling} ~~shorting~~ laughter as he glumly fell into bed, ~~without shorts and all~~, without waiting to ^{putting} put on his pajamas. "Yes, Sir," Paul bitterly thought. "Always the card, always the wag. Never a dry seat in the house when ^{Polly} ~~Paul~~ Biegler's around... Christ! I've lost her. What's happening to me? ^{Damn it,} That's what you want, ^{isn't it?} What's happening to you, Polly boy?... What was it she ~~said~~ said when ^{you} drove her home? She was standing in the open ^{I could hear her old man snoring up stairs.} door looking so Christly beautiful. He was going to kiss her again and she held up her hand. How had the little imp said it? Oh, yes, and in ^{such} quick Irish brogue, too. "Shure, an' why is it, Pawl, me ^{bye,} ~~lad,~~ ^{yes} you're always after takin' Maida Holbrook to the ^{that there} country club, an' the poor likes of me ^{SELF} out to park on the bluff!"

Then: "Goodnight, Paul dear," and he was gone.

Paul buried his head in the pillow.

"Goodnight, Bernardine darling. Oh, goodnight, my love..."

"Glad to just me."

2 11

Chapter 1

Farewell, My Lovely Bernardine

Paul paid the last check and he and Bernardine ^{were ready to leave} left the hotel tap-room about eleven o'clock. Paul was glad to leave. The place was like a morgue. There were only ~~a few people in the place~~ a couple of drunken young sailors up at the bar--town boys home on leave--full of loud, swaggering, newly-learned Davey Jones talk; and a disconsolate hoisery salesman in the next booth getting confidential with Martha, the big, roomy, blonde salesgirl from over at Hornstein's. Martha was a smart girl: she somehow managed ^{the neat trick of living} to live at the hotel on ^{the} a glittering salary of ^{twenty-one} ~~eighteen~~ dollars a week. ^{Paul knew what she meant because he did Hornstein's} It was ~~a neat trick~~.

Paul overheard the salesman saying to Martha, "Look, Honey. Everytime I give you a box of these ^{lovely, sheer} ~~rare~~ nylons, Dove, I'm that much closer to being out of a ^{goddam job.} That's how much I really loves you, Honey!" Martha wasn't a bad sort, Paul remembered. Of course, unless she was well plied with drink ^{and heavy compliments} she was ^{apt} ~~inclined~~ to be sort of sleepy and lazy and generally uncooperative; ~~was~~ ^{apt} ~~all~~ but otherwise she really wasn't bad for a one night stand...

Paul wondered what was wrong with Bernardine. She sat stiff and unyielding as he tucked the car robe about her legs. She had been silent and restrained all evening. She had only smiled faintly at his latest Finnish dialect story, the one about Toivo and his girl friend Impi. He had thought it was a honey. "Impi was bawling out Toivo for his attentions to her rival, Aili," Paul gleefully explained. "Here's what she said: 'Vy is it Toivo, you all time take Aili to da 'rug store for Cokey-Colas an' me on'y to da 'ravel pit?'" Gravel pit, indeed! But Bernardine had merely shrugged ^{politely} and added another broken wooden mixing stick to the growing pile. Yes, she was nervous, all right. Her thin face, framed by her highswept dark hair, looked

man's first wife

white and drawn. Being white and drawn only made her dark eyes ^{larger} and more luminous. Paul ruefully wondered ^{whether} ~~if~~ it was the wrong time of the month. Let's see, he hadn't seen her for nearly two weeks. "But, no, it can't be," he remembered.

They drove in Paul's roadster, following the familiar route they had taken so often when Paul used to call for Bernardine when she was done with her night-nursing duty at the Iron Cliffs Ore Company's hospital. That was before her mother had died, while Paul was still in law school; before she had quit ^{regular} nursing to keep house for her father, Bernard Tobin, the round-house foreman, and ~~for~~ her four ~~wild~~ brothers. ~~Now she only occasionally~~

~~did private nursing.~~ Paul and Bernardine drove silently past the towering, pyramid-shaped shaft houses of the Delaware Mine, lit ~~now~~, since the War, by tall sweeping search-lights. "I wonder how many Jap and German spies they expect to catch 'way up here by cold Lake Superior?" Paul said. Then he recalled ^{that} he had ^{said} ~~made~~ the same ^{thing} ~~devastating remark to her~~ the last time they had been together--the night when it really had been the wrong time of the month...

The little roadster bounced along past the ore-stained dry house, its ugly brick sides exposed now by the ^{and serpentine} naked vine-stalks. This was ^{the place} where the miners ~~xxx~~ changed and showered. Paul sounded his horn in greeting at two young miners, ^{He} ~~and~~ waved at them. "The tall one's Eino Millimaki, the ski jumper," Paul said. "We played basketball together in high school. Remember?" Bernardine remained silent. The car skirted Chippewa Lake, its glistening shield of new autumn ice reflecting the lights from the rows of "company" houses across the lake.

seem *Did she have that* *She had*
look-of-the-month Club shadows

"Are you warm enough, Bernie?" Paul asked with elaborate concern. He always got thoughtful and paternal as hell at about this stage.

He manipulated the car heater and a sudden draft of cold air smote his legs. "Damn!" he said, turning the heater off. "Thermostat's still haywire. Can't get a thing fixed or replaced since this goddam war."

Bernardine spoke for the first time since they had left the hotel. Paul was relieved to hear the same old chuckling, dry Irish humor in her ~~low~~ voice. "Be brave, Paul," she said. "Carry on. A struggling young mining-company lawyer must remember those stirring words: 'I am sorry that I have but one draft deferment given me by my company!'"

Paul was still laughing over that one as he unlocked the Company's gate-- the Company had gates everywhere in the town of Chippewa--and drove the jolting roadster up the narrow, steep, winding rocky road to the top of Chippewa Bluff. As the car labored over the rocky crest of the bluff they could see the full moon emerging from behind a jagged dark cliff of cloud; and then they saw the moon's gleaming trail on the frozen lake below them; and then there was the town of Chippewa beyond; the dull face of the town clock and the myriad blinking lights. On the hilly outskirts of the town they saw the searchlights from the mines lighting up the shaft-houses. The scene had a frosty, suspended, stereoptican sort of stillness and clarity. They sat there silently watching, and then they heard the far away rumbling sound of ^{newly-mined} iron ore falling into the tram cars--"Bundles for Berlin," Paul thought--and they heard, too, the insistent jungle throbbing of the giant air-compressors that caught and forced great gobs of fresh air down to the toiling miners who were even then burrowing so far beneath them.

* * *



The town clock was striking twelve as Paul lit his third cigarette. This silence was getting him down. He didn't want to be brusque, but perhaps it would be easier to say ^{his piece} ~~it~~ and get it over with. "Paul Biegler's farewell address," Paul thought. And anyway, he had a contested hearing in a workmen's compensation case the next morning down at Iron Bay, the county seat. He'd have to get a little sleep. It was an important case, one involving a claim of total disability. His boss, Walter Holbrook, certainly wouldn't want him to muff it. The mining company's home office lawyers, 'way out in Delaware, had been raising genteel hell lately. Those Harvard law school boys had a ^{refined and} sort of ^R dreary aptitude for freezing one with a phrase. ^{Maybe it was the salt air.} "Although it cannot have escaped your attention, may we again remind our local attorneys..." No, it wouldn't pay to lose tomorrow's case. Paul crushed out his fresh cigarette and turned to Bernardine.

She sat with her hands folded in her lap, her head resting ~~back~~ against the rear cushion, looking up at the moon. ^{sat as still that she} "Whistler's lovely daughter," Paul thought. ^{She looked as though} ~~Then he thought~~ she might be sleeping. ^{benumbed and} ~~But then he~~ ^{Paul} saw that her eyes were open, wide and unblinking. There were tears slowly coursing ^{just like in the movies} down her white cheeks. "O Lord!" he thought. "If only she weren't so goddam beautiful."

^{Paul} "Bernardine," ~~he~~ ^{This was it.} doggedly began. "Bernardine, there's something I've got to tell you." ^{It's about us -- about the way things have been drifting between us.} Bernardine ^{slowly} turned and looked at Paul, her head still reclining on the rear cushion. ^{She had a dreamy, faraway look.} Paul fumbled to light another cigarette. ~~It seemed funny to him, but for an instant her eyes had a sort of trapped and watchful look.~~

That wasn't like her. Independent was the name for Bernardine? He'd always liked her for that... Paul wondered if she knew, if she really suspected, that this was to be the ^{end. The end? Ah, yes -- this was to be the end. Fini.} payoff. He also wondered why people in the clinches always thought and spoke in soap opera cliches. He'd try again. The business-like, leave-us-face-it approach was the thing. Off with the cliches...

"Look, Bernardine," he began again. "Let's be sensible about this thing. Now about ^{us -- about} our getting married--"

Bernardine was laughing at him! With tears running down her cheeks, she was laughing at him. It wasn't a particularly rollicking or mirthful laugh: just a ~~sort of~~ quietly chuckling laugh, as though she were enjoying ^{some sort of} a private joke;

"Bernardine," he began again, lamely. ^{for}

Quickly she placed two chilly fingers over his lips; fleetingly, as a mother might ^{silence} do to a naughty, talkative child. Then she began to speak, in a low voice, quietly, almost musingly. She was ^{again} looking up at the moon.

"I suppose I should really hear it from your own lips, Paul," she said. "But I'll save you all the floundering and the embarrassment." She turned toward him briefly. "I guess I'm doing that because I'm so proud of you--I can't bear to watch you suffer. I guess ^{it's because I'm so fond of you.} I like you so much. Yes, I think that's it."

She paused and went on, ^{still} again staring ^{planningly} up at the moon. "I ~~guess I've felt~~ ever since you got out of law school ^{late felt} that things were over between us. Yes, even when you first started out three years ago, in that ^{old} little office above your dad's saloon, I sensed that ^{somehow} ~~somehow~~ things had changed between us." ^{That's what you're trying to tell me, isn't it, Paul dear?}

Paul had a strange sense of shock, a wry feeling of dismay. It was all true, what she was saying, but he had been going to say it, and now she was saying it, she was stealing his thunder. Somehow it gave him a curiously defensive feeling, ^{one of} of loneliness and guilt.

"When Walter Holbrook took you into the Company's law office I was proud of you, as you know. ^{As you told me then,} Never before had a Chippewa boy been taken into that office. ^{The Company's} Their lawyers had always come from the East. ^{They were all Harvard men,} Yes, it was your grand opportunity... But somehow, after that, the feeling that we were losing each other grew much stronger. Then, with Walter sponsoring you, the mining crowd took you up; you were taken into the country club and the Chippewa Club; you went to their house parties and camping parties. ^{you} Bernardine laughed. "I guess the thing that really made me realize the extent of the change between us was when you gave up our trout fishing trips. I knew how you loved to fish... You remember the little fly rod you gave me? I still have it. You bought it with the money you made on your first case... Defending a drunk driver, wasn't it?" Paul glumly nodded.

"Please light me a cigarette, Paul," Bernardine said. ^{recently} "Thank you," she said, ^{the same thing} as Paul held his lighter for her. ^{Paul lit two at cigarettes at one time, and he had seen Paul Henderson do for Betty Davis.} She rarely smoked and she didn't do it very well. Paul saw that her eyes were dry now. She was even half smiling. She went on, speaking slowly.

"Then, just a year ago--it was just before Thanksgiving, remember?--
the daughter of your boss, Maida Holbrook, arrived from the East on a short visit to her father." Paul felt himself flushing, and he didn't want to flush, ^{Why was she bringing Maida in on this?} and what the hell, even if he and Bernardine had known each other since they were kids, they weren't engaged, this was a free county, ~~and~~

"Listen," Paul cut in hotly. "Maida Holbrook's got nothing to do with ^{anything between us.} it. Hell, Bernardine, you just said yourself you sensed a change long before Maida ever ^{showed up,} came up here. Not that there ~~was~~ was any change," Paul hastily

Why is it that you? "Paul smiled and said, "Thank you," Bernardine said.

added. "Not on my part, at least. It--it's just..."

^{Now don't} "Don't flounder, Paul," Bernardine said. ^{really} "It's ~~not~~ becoming."

"Look Bernardine, it's just that I feel it isn't right for me to be taking up all your time. ^{You're too sweet a girl to be wasting your time on me.} Maybe I'm not the marrying sort. ^{That was always good.} At any rate,

^{Anyway,} Bern, it'll be a hell of a long time before I could marry anyone. Don't you see--^{the truth is} I'm still just a ~~goddam~~ law clerk down in Walter Holbrook's office. ^{for me}

And my mother's all alone now. ^{since the old man died. It wouldn't be right to leave her now.} It would be hard to leave her. Maida's got nothing to do with it. Where'd you ever get such a silly notion? Woman's ^{trained} intuition, no doubt."

"Maida Holbrook is still here," Bernardine said ^{passing along} simply. "She tells her friends she's going to marry you. ^{Some of them have delighted in getting the word to me.} She turned to Paul, smiling. "So I guess

that's what she's going to do. You see, Paul, girls like Maida usually ^{get} what they want ^{It's a funny thing-- girls like Maida} in this world. ^{They} never have to sit and wait and dream.

They're sure of themselves. They're always so right and so sure. Nothing ^{They are never afraid of competition because they ignore it.} ever happens to make them unsure. ^{They} never smell of cholofom or starched

nurses uniforms. They're never weary from all night duty and from looking at pain and watching ^{tired} old people ^{Yawn and} die. They've never had to keep ^{had} a hard-drinking father and four wild brothers. They've never ^{Ored to look nonchalant while carrying in} carried bed-pans--"

"Bernardine!" Paul said. "That's not fair. That's got nothing to do with it. ^{Of all the --} You're as fine as any goddam girl in the whole--"

"Paul, please let me finish," Bernardine said. "I am so sure of this, now, that I've decided to go away. I'm going to leave Chippewa. Exit Bernardine. ^{Easy, like that.} I thought you'd like to know."

~~clutching at~~
"Leave Chippewa?" Paul echoed. Why, oh why, did a ~~woman~~ ^{women} always have to bring ~~things~~ ^{everything} to a crisis? ^{heavy} Their appetite for melodrama was insatiable.

"Yes, Paul. I'm leaving home. I've joined the WACs and I'm leaving tomorrow. I--I was supposed to have left tonight--but I wired them ^{for more time} today--after you 'phoned me this morning for a date. You see, I did so want to see you once ~~again.~~ ^{more before I left.}"

Paul could hear the giant gasps of the air compressors from the mines. ^{Bundles for Berlin, Bundles for Berlin!}

"Bernardine," he said. "Bernardine, he dully repeated.

Bernardine spoke softly. "So good luck, Paul. And goodbye." ^{Always, good luck.}

"Goodbye?" Paul said. ^{He felt miserable.} Wretchedly he turned toward her.

Bernardine quickly put her arms about Paul. She ^{embraced him until she} was hurting him. ^{God, what a tiger.} Then she was tenderly patting his hair, comforting him. Why did she always pat his head like that, as though he were a goddam child? Didn't she know a man couldn't be a ^{competent male} ^{puvring} lover when he was patted into adolescence? She was whispering to him. "So goodbye, Paul dear... Let's say goodbye ⁱⁿ the only way that lovers can, dear... Even former lovers... I can be brazen now, can't I?... ^{It's our last}

^{might} Let's say goodbye in our old way on our lovely old bluff... Never take her here, Paul... Promise me ^{that,} please... Oh, Paul dear..."

^{only} The moon had nearly set when Paul creaked up the darkened backstairs to his bedroom. He hoped that his mother wouldn't hear him. She knew he had to get up early on that goddam compensation case. ^{She'd put and fume and try to talk without her teeth. Some now he must try to cash.} And what a bleak prospect that was... Christ, Bernardine was going away. "She's going away. She's going away. I've lost her. She's going away." Paul brushed his teeth so savagely that he drew blood. ^{fell with} Fumbling in the dark for the mouth wash, he brushed the bottle off the glass shelf. ^{It sounded like the knell of a temple gong.} Cursing ~~at~~ ^{Paul} silently, he stood waiting for the inevitable reaction.

"Is that you, Paul?" a woman's ^{muffled} voice called anxiously from the front bedroom. It was Belle, his mother, of course, *and indeed, her dentures were elsewhere.* "Are you all right?"

"Yes, Mother," Paul replied in a sprightly voice, almost gaily. He sounded like one of those bright, naughty kids on the radio programs. "It's just me." Who in hell else did she think it would be? The ghost of his old man, Oliver ^{Beigler}? Heaven forbid.

"Are you ^{sure you're} all right, dear?" Belle called back. *Why did she ~~keep~~ keep trying to talk?*

"Yes, Mother," Paul replied, fumbling desperately for the lost bottle. *Stubbornly*

"A mere bagatelle. I just dropped my false teeth, was all. *The new porcelain job.*"

are occasionally perfect, in all jobs Really nothing at all, dear." Pause. "Good night."

being like church bells.

Paul could hear his mother's ^{peak of} trilling laughter as he glumly fell into bed without putting on his pajamas. *who* "Yes, Sir," Paul bitterly thought. "Always *Don't like the little guy that made all the whores holler & he didn't pay. Yes, sir, there's more* the card, always the wag. *Never* a dry seat in the house when Polly Biegler's around... Christ! I've lost her. What's happening to me? Damn it, that's what you wanted, isn't it? What's happening to you, Polly boy?... What was it she said when I drove her home? She was standing in the open door looking so Christly beautiful. I could hear her old man snoring ^{from Good ole Barney Tobin's} upstairs. I was going to kiss her ^{just once more. She} again and she held up her hand. How had the little imp said it? Oh, yes, and in such quick Irish brogue, too. "Shure, an' why is it, Pawl, me bye, yer always after takin' that ^{swell} ~~there~~ Maida Holbrook ^{out dance at} the ^{lay} ~~swell~~ country club--an' the poor likes of meself out to ^{park} on the bluff!"

Then: "Goodnight, Paul dear," and she was gone. *Barney Tobin's snores were blotted out...*

Paul buried his head in the pillow.

"Goodnight, Bernardine darling. Oh, goodnight, my love..."

full of power and full of strength...

2 draft
please

Chap 3

When Paul got back to Chippewa that evening, shortly before six, he went directly to ^{his} the office to leave off his brief case and read his mail. He parked his car in the city square and walked across the square to the office. ~~There was still a light in Walter Holbrook's office.~~ So he unlocked

~~Paul~~

He glanced down his office door from the ^{outside} corridor. ~~He went to see down the corridor and was relieved to see that that there was still a light in Walter Holbrook's office.~~ ^{was} darkened. He wouldn't have to break the news now...

Paul ^{happily} feverishly looked through his mail for a letter from Bernardoni. Of course there was none; she had just left that morning. Paul laughed and lit ~~his~~ a cigarette. Here he'd virtually ignored the girl for the past year, giving Maude Holbrook the grand rush, and then the first day Bernardoni left town he was feverishly searching the mail for word from her. What a ~~business~~ ^{was} business! This Romance, really, ~~was~~ very curious stuff.

Paul found a letter from a ~~room~~ ^{at Amberton} former room-mate, ^{of course} gone to the War, ~~the~~ ^{an} announcement from some Grand Rapids law firm. ~~That~~ Another classmate, ^{of his} ~~was~~ ^{was} in the ^{Navy} ~~service~~, Lieutenant, Junior Grade. Paul thought that by this time ^{half} of his class mates must be in the service. ^{He opened another letter, a} ~~then there was a~~

of which ^{Mark} ~~he~~ seemed ^{all} ~~surely~~ ^{abundantly} ~~too~~ ^{aware}, ^{it was} ~~or~~ maybe his
 bitingly elaborate Eastern accent which ^{unsettled} ~~unsettled~~ ^{Paul}
~~Paul~~. Perhaps it was the fact that Mark was Paul's
 closest rival for Maida's favor. But hell, he
 could afford to be magnanimous, ~~the~~ Mark had
~~been~~ lately fallen ^{rather badly} ~~settling~~ behind in the race for
 Maida. And, after all, he'd have Maida all to
 himself now, with Mark going off ^{on his secret mission to win the goddam} ~~to the~~ war
~~singlehandedly~~ ^{with} ~~his~~ ~~goddam~~ ~~goddam~~ But ^{just} ~~supposing~~
 the draft ^{board} caught up with ~~him~~ ^{Mister Paul Bugler?} Hadn't that
 the newspaper article ^{with} ~~that~~ Belle had showed him that morning
 said ^{that} ~~they~~ ^{the selective service people} were getting ~~some~~ tougher on draft
 deferments? ^{Why bother with all the worrying and wonder?} Christ, wouldn't it be easier

his on one of those lousy flap infested columns?
 And Kenny had a wife and a kid.

Hadn't ~~the~~ word ^{armed} ~~come~~ just last week
 to just go and enlist and have it over with?
 It'd be tough on Belle, ^{of course,} but wasn't it tough
 on lots of other mothers? ^{with his connections,} Hell, he ^{might be able to} ~~could~~ get a
 nice commission and sweat it out ^{amidst the war clouds} at Great
 Lakes or some such place? Yes, the Navy was
 the place. ~~And~~ ^{with his tall slender figure and blue eyes,} ~~Paul~~ ~~had~~ always looked nice in
 blue. ^{Yes, the Navy certainly had the plushest uniforms...} ~~Yes, with his tall slender figure and his blue~~
~~eye, the Navy uniform would be most becoming...~~

asked for Paul ^{suddenly} ~~grabbed~~ ^{He might as well tell her now...} reached for the phone and
~~stumbled~~ ^{number} his mother's. ^{He could hear the number}
 buzzing and ^{then he} ~~could~~ ^{maintain} Belle ^{rummaging} to the phone.
 She'd have taken off the sheepskin slipper long now.

Wagon it remarkable how ^{young} ~~young~~ and being the
for a woman of her years, the mother of four
sons, she was really remarkable. ~~It's~~ And
it's ^{hard} certainly been no bed of roses, her life with
wild Oliver Biegler. ^{And giving all those piano lessons to help keep Paul in law school.} She'd probably take it hard at
first, his going to war, but then she'd get --

" Biegler's residence, " ^{Paul heard} ^{swallowed on then} Belle saying she always
said that when she answered the phone. ^{Paul spoke rapidly.}

" Look, Mom, this is Paul. ^{Paul spoke rapidly.} I've been thinking
over that article you showed me today and --
No, no, I don't mean about the man that
married the little girl, I mean about -- No,
I'm not calling ^{at} ~~at~~ about the compensation case -- I lost
the damn thing. One of our witnesses went back
on us. ~~Guess the~~ The old double cross... What?
You've been in bed all day? ^{another} Got ~~the~~ attacks
right after I left? ^{Oh, boy!} ~~Have you been taking your~~
pills lately? ^{the pain has gone} I'll come right home... Oh, ^{yes,} Mrs. ^{yes,}
McGinty is there with you? ^{the pain has gone} ~~That's~~ ^{that's} fine. I'll let
you ^{right}
downtown, ~~and you can~~ ^{you get} to bed and
be sure to take your ^{I'm glad Mrs. McGinty can stay.} pills. And don't worry about a
thing, Mom... ^{Everything's perfect, O.K....} I love you, too. Goodnight, Mom."

Paul slowly returned the receiver to the phone.
~~Then he~~ ^{then he} packed and lit his pipe, ~~and then~~ ^{he} pulled his ^{sun} ^{chair} ^{over}
turned off the light in his office and ~~sat~~ ^{sat} by the ^{darkened} ^{window,} ^{He} ^{put} ^{his} ^{feet} ^{up} ^{on} ^{the} ^{ill} ^{and} ^{sat} ^{looking}
down across the city square. He blew the smoke at the window and watched
the heat from the radiator waft the smoke up past the
gold letters of the sign: ~~several signs~~ "LAW OFFICES - WALTER
WALTER HOLBROOK"

"LAW OFFICES
WALTER HOLBROOK"

It just last month Paul's name had been added, in
smaller letters, down on the left, ^{of Walter's name.} Walter had really
been pretty grand to him, Paul reflected. ^{Wouldn't it} ^{be}
~~pretty~~ ^{to} ^{grateful} if Paul just up and ^{leave} ^{left} him? Of
course, if he were drafted that would be ^a ^{different} ^{story}, but...
And then there was Belle. Paul was sure it would just
about finish Belle if he went to war. ^{For one thing,} ^{his} ^{heart}
just wouldn't stand it... And finally there was
Maida Holbrook. ~~There was~~ Maida Holbrook was
definitely ^{frustrated} ^{business,} ^a ^{mission} ^{unaccomplished,} and
he'd get her ^{yet,} ^{by} ^{God,} ^{if} ^{he} ^{had} ^{to} ^{marry} ^{her} ^{to} ^{do} ^{it}... ^{even}

Chapter 2

She had ~~it~~ *extravagantly adorned* *with* *colorful decorations* *she had found* *one of the ladies' magazines and had applied herself.*

Paul scanned the headlines and drank his orange juice and coffee *as he sat*
~~sitting~~ *crouched* in Belle's new *ivory-colored* breakfast nook. Paul's mother was extravagantly
proud of this new addition to the Biegler kitchen. *Belle* ~~She~~ 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 would declaim* ~~he would announce~~. "Even the goddam saloons is goin'
crazy these days—~~getting in~~ *installin'* these two-by-four squirrel booths! When I
sit at a ~~at~~ table I want room to range around. *Breakfast nook hell!*"

Paul idly watched Belle *fluttering* over the new electric range he
had bought her *a few months after Oliver's death*. *Oliver had* ~~he~~ had gotten it wholesale through
just after Pearl Harbor, the Company, acting on a tip from Walter Holbrook. A good tip it was, too.
You couldn't beg, borrow or steal 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 ~~the~~ *that awful* 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 ~~xx~~ days was
that "they" would come and take her baby—that Paul would have to go
into the War.

Belle *hurried* ~~flapped~~ over to the table and sat opposite Paul. Despite her
easy life these days, *Belle* ~~she~~ always got up early, and nothing Paul could say

would make her abandon the floppy sheepskin slippers she wore in the morn-
ings. *Belle's sheepskins made quite a combination with her flowered quilted robe.* She had always worn them when all the boys were home, before the
furnace was installed, when the kitchen floor was icy cold when she came
in the mornings down to start the kitchen range.

*To the kitchen end. His resistance to modern
color furnace had been tremendous*

Paul inwardly winced.
"Where were you last night?" Belle said. Belle's gray eyes peered at Paul through her 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 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 ^{brave} nurse, too...*"

"Good," Belle said, ~~and again she reminded Paul of what a splendid, wifely girl Bernardine Tobin was.~~ *"She's such a grand girl -- such a -- a wifely young woman."*
"She's going away," Paul said. "She ¹⁵ joined the WACS. She's leaving today."

Belle removed her glasses and held them pinched to one finger. "My, my, Paul. Now that's too bad. Did you?--did you have an understanding? I mean last night? I mean-- 1)

"Look, Mom, the toast is burning. I've got to get going to court."
Belle ^{burned} ~~flew~~ ^{smoking} to the toaster. "We had an understanding, all right. Everything's all off." *scraping the toast. "Such a fine girl, too..." This awful war."*

"My, my," Belle repeated, ~~as~~ ^{gulfed his coffee and then} Paul read about the honeymoon of the man who married the 13-year-old girl.

Chapter 2

Paul thought of Bernardine all ^{that} ~~the next~~ morning. The ^{dreary} compensation cases dragged interminably. ^{There was one} Another endless case was ^{which had gone over} ~~on~~ from the day before, made static by the ^{shrill} pettifoggings of the opposing lawyers. ^{Paul yearned for an ambulance} 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.

to ~~bring~~ pull the cord on just to see them run!!

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

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} god darn 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 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!"

"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.

Peter Gundry walked over to Paul's table. "How about 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} you over a barrel, ~~you~~ you know, so why not relax and enjoy it? What do you say, Paul?"

Paul stood listlessly shaking Gundry's hand and wanting to 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?

"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~~y~~ decisions in the bar library. "Sorry, Pete. I'll have to be some other time. Thanks a lot."

"O. K., Paul," Gundry said, smiling his white, strong-toothed smile. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

~~Paul~~ 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 ~~said~~. ~~warned~~.

"Chippewa 664," ^{Paul} ~~he~~ told the operator. "Hurry, please, operator. It's urgent." He dully wondered why he'd sat on his 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'. Is Bernardine there?" Paul ^{eagerly} said. "Oh, hello, Bill, this is Polly Biegler. Is Bernie there?... Gone!... Oh yes, on the Chicago train this morning!... Oh Lord... No, it's nothing, Bill. Nothing at all... Just wanted--just wanted--say goodbye... Yes, sure... Goodbye, Bill."

He didn't want one of the bank's directors to discover him.

Paul walked slowly downstairs to the club bar. "Hello, Polly," ~~Niblo~~ *someone said.*
It was Scheffler the banker, turned furtively (his favorite
~~the banker said, turning momentarily from the~~ quarter slot machine, ~~then he was back~~ *Reassuredly*
pulling the lever, closing his eyes tightly and putting his hands over the
cherries and assorted fruit symbols for a nice ^{big} surprise which, ^{shorter} it 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} ~~got~~ to look like a sort
of composite photograph of the ideal embezzler. "Hi, Mr. ~~Niblo~~," Paul said,
brightly, but Mr. ^{S.} Niblo was ^{back again, blindly with his eyes shut,} knee deep in anticipating another ~~surprise~~ surprise.

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

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

"What'll it be? Black and White? Haig on a Hag? Vat 69? The sales-
man 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.} Niblo ^{he was in a hurry.} ~~hastily~~ wanted twenty more quarters. From the perspiring
reddish glow of his bald spot Paul estimated that he must be out about
fifteen dollars. *"Someone must have tinkered with the machine," Mr. S.*
remarked. Pinky assured Mr. S. that the machine had not been violated.
"Make up another doubler, Pinky," Paul said. "How much is old ~~Niblo~~ S,
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} will get you there. ^{"Pinky shrugged."} So I've been a
bartender for thirteen years... Thank you, Sir."

had a great collection of stories about the boondoggling and incredible mismanagement in wartime Washington. But this was his current favorite. Paul knew it was because Walter laughed harder in telling that one than at any of his vast fund of F.D.R. ^{and New Deal} stories...

But the two young sailors were not in the washroom. ^{only Kilroy had been there...} Deserters, no doubt! Paul philosophically ^{paused} ~~parked~~ at the bar and ordered another scotch. As he picked up his change he ^{casually} spoke to ^{pretty} ~~blonde~~ Bertha, the smiling Finnish barmaid. ^{Bertha's husband was in the Marines. And the} ~~the~~ regular bartender had been drafted, of course... "Have you seen Miss Holbrook around this evening, Bertha?" Paul ^{casually} asked.

"No, Polly," Bertha answered. "Her father was in with some Company big shots before dinner--but no Maida. Can I give her a message if she comes in, Polly?" ^{And she certainly ~~had~~ ^{possessed} a beautiful pair of lungs...}

"No, thanks, Bertha," Paul said. Bertha was a trifle familiar, but ^{she was} a good bartender and a good kid. ^{Bertha didn't try to look like Greer Garson and she} At least ~~she~~ ^{she} seemed to know enough to keep her ^{pretty} trap shut about the things that really counted. Paul had never heard any kickback on that night, a month or so ago, when he had so obviously taken Martha upstairs for a prolonged romp in the hay. ^{was another} ~~that~~ ^{other} night when he had been full of high spirits and low purpose...

At midnight Paul found himself slowly climbing the stairs ~~to~~ ^{burning} to Doc Dishno's office over the Rexall Drug Store. Paul had seen Doc's light ^{while he was} making his way over to the White Coffee Pot to have a sandwich. He was immediately filled with concern for Belle. Why hadn't he gone home that evening? Why hadn't he at least 'phoned to learn how she was?

The doctor's bare waiting room was empty, the three naked light bulbs beating down mercilessly on the worn rug, ^{on} the straight backed chairs, and ^{on} the plain wooden table with its ^{dog-eared} back issues of Esquire and the National Geographic. The door to the doctor's private office was closed. There was a dim light showing. Paul softly knocked. He could hear the sound of heavy, regular breathing. Was Doc on one, too? He listened and ^{then} knocked again. He heard a sound of heavy stirring.

"It's ^{Paul} Polly Biegler, ~~Oliver's boy~~," Paul said. "It's Polly — Oliver's boy."

"Come in," Dr. Dishno said ^{in his harsh, hoarse Canadian-French voice.}

Dr. Darius Dishno was sitting at his desk with his thick hands folded and looked across his paunchy stomach. There was a quart whiskey bottle on the desk. His ^{large shaggy} head was sagging on his chest and his lower lip, partially hidden by his thick moustache, trembled and pattered as he heavily breathed. His ^{veinous} dark eyes wearily regarded Paul from beneath his bushy dark eyebrows. Paul thought that at that moment he looked like a ~~photograph~~ of all the cynical and disillusioned elder statesmen of ^{fallen} France robed in one.

~~Marx~~ "Hello, Doc," Paul said. "I saw your light. Thought I'd just drop up and say hello, was all."

"Ello, Paul," Doc said. Doc's French-Canadian accent was always much more pronounced when he had been drinking heavily. ^{It was scarcely noticeable when he was sober.} He motioned Paul to take a vacant chair. "'Ave a drink, Polly! It's ten year ole stuff. I make heem myself, las' night."

"I don't mind if I do," Paul said, laughing and reaching for the bottle.

Oliver had always said that to Doc when the two were on one of their endless hunting or fishing trips, when Paul was a kid. They ^{occasionally} sometimes took Paul along, ^{when Belle} would ^{permit,} to carry water and wood and make up the ~~bins~~. "I don't mind if I do." It was a kind of formula, like the ^{old} one about the governor of North Carolina.

woman that had meant so much, that had been so close to one, as Bernardine...

Doc spoke. He seemed to be reading Paul's thoughts.

"How's everyt'ing between you an' Bernardine? W'en you goin' marry dat lovely girl?" ^{He looked reproachfully at Paul.} "You 'aven't been to see me one-two month, now. ^{It's getting so bad}

^{only time da young fellow come see ol' Doc is wen dey 'ave a dose.} Paul stared at the old doctor. Doc's pouched and baggy eyes looked

back at Paul, bland and unwinking.

¶ Then: "Oh, God, Doc!" Paul said. ^{"Oh God, oh God."} ¶ "Wats' dat?" Doc said. ¶ Paul ^{Paul come, how's my dumb, lovely Bernardine?"} ¶ ^{He} began to talk. He talked to Doc, good old Doc, ^{rambling on} just as he used to out in the woods when he was a little boy--when

Doc was an active, striding, husky bear of a man. He told him about Bernardine,

about Maida, about Walter Holbrook and the office. He told him about his

draft deferment. He told him about all his classmates that had gone to war;

about Belle's fear that he would have to go; about his determination that

afternoon to enlist; about Belle's feigned illness. ^{He told him all about the miserable} ^{bartender at the Club who had feigned epilepsy to stay out of the war...}

"Doc," Paul dully went on, "I --I feel like a goddam heel--a prime horse's ass. I know I should be in this goddam war as much as any of us should. I'm not entitled to ^{any draft} a deferment. I know that and it makes me feel guilty as hell. I know I should go. I really know that, Doc... But, Doc, look Doc--it's just--"

"Yes?" Doc Dishno said softly.

Paul glanced wildly about the ^{drab} little room; he seemed to see all of it at once; the littered desk, Doc's ^{stained} ^{dusty} diploma from the Canadian medical school, the stethoscope protruding from his pocket, ^{the old medical books,} the fly-specked light bulb, the curious look in Doc's eyes... Paul felt trapped. He needed a drink. He reached for the bottle on the desk. Doc laid a restraining hand on Paul's arm.

"Yes?" Doc Dishno softly repeated.!"

"Oh, Doc, I don't want to go ^{to war!} Paul was nearly wailing. "Oh, Doc---I--
I'm afraid! I'm afraid ^{to go!}!"

There, he'd finally said it. He'd never ~~even~~ ^{ever} thought it before, but
now he'd blurted it out! ^{and} Christ, it was true... He, ^{the great} Paul Biegler, ^{Oliver's boy,} was
afraid to go to War! ^{Now he knew he'd} He'd always been afraid of war--ever since he'd
watched his brother Link die from ^{the effects of shell shock} war after World War I... What would
Doc think of him now? Doc was Oliver's and his ^{oldest and} best friend, wasn't he?
What would he think of Oliver's boy now? Why didn't he say something?
~~Christ~~ Christ, was he falling asleep? Why did he close his eyes like that?
He shouldn't do that. He looked like that bastard Pierre Laval when he did
that...

"Hm," Doc Dishno said. His eyes were open. He didn't look like Pierre
Laval anymore. "Hm," he repeated. Then he ~~smiled~~ at Paul, and Paul ~~saw~~
that there were tears in his eyes. "Let's 'ave anudder drink, Polly.
It's time for anudder drink--right now."

Paul repeated the old formula. "I don't mind if I do," he said.

Doc heavily leaned forward and touched his glass to Paul's. "Polly,"
he said. "You remember the time ^{out South Camp} you fin' da big black bear onder the white-
pine stomp?"

"Yes," Polly eagerly said. ^{Did he remember it!} "Yes, I remember ^{see all just as though} it ~~just like~~ it happened
yesterday."

2. please

complicated angles,

Likelihoods

The morning following his visit with old Doc Dishno, Paul found himself in the grip of a profound hangover. He sat at his desk trying to work out a ground lease of a gravel pit from the Company to the City of Chippewa. ^{Chippewa was completely a Company town.} The Company not only owned most of the land in Chippewa, but for miles around it. Accordingly, complicated ground leases were not an unusual order in the law offices of Walter Holbrook. ^{Paul had worked on scores of them. But today} Today Paul was having trouble adopting the ^{Company's copy} usual mineral reservations to this particular deal. ^{He'd have to get it right, because the damned thing} ~~Instead~~ he spent most of the time ^{Paul stared} staring out of the window at Chief Booze-in-the-Face and ^{thought} thinking of his father...

had to be approved by these legal savants who sat out in Bellevue. But it was no go...

On those days which he devoted to the celebration of the unofficial American holiday, the hangover, Paul found himself frequently thinking of old Oliver. Today he was thinking of the advice Oliver had give him when he had first left to go away to law school. ^{Paul had taken his pre-law work in a teachers college} Oliver had driven Paul and Belle to the Chippewa depot in the old Model T Ford he had purchased form Ed Weiler. ^{The old man was embarrassed. He cleared his throat and said "Um..."} Just before the train had left Oliver had drawn Paul aside. ^{Paul wondered} if Oliver was going to tell him about the birds and the bees... Although Paul was then nearly six feet ~~xxx~~ tall, Oliver had to ~~lean over~~ ^{a gangling} stoop to whisper his parting advice in his son's ear. As he spoke he thumped Paul's clavicle with his big middle finger.

wildly
stoop

"Listen, boy, mebbe when you get down there ^{this} at Ann Arbor ^{place} there'll be times when there'll ^{be} some drinkin' to do--" thump, thump "--an' it's a lead pipe cinch that when you get dry behind the ears an' get to be a real lawyer, there'll be lotsa drinkin' to do. But mark my wordse--" thump "--if you ever fall in with a hard-drinkin' crowd, remember this--" thump, thump "--always drink whiskey, drink the best you can lay hold of, drink ^{"thump"} it straight--an' don't toss nothin' after it but water!" ^{"thump"}

"Thanks, Dad," Paul had said

^{carefully} Paul tried to recall the various alcoholic concoctions he had ~~drunk~~ ^{consumed} the

night before. The effort made him involuntarily shudder. ^{Let's see.} There had been

scotch at the Club, good scotch, then ^{a mild flood of} some sort of rank rye blend at Luigi's, ^{during a}

then back to scotch at the hotel bar, then bourbon ^{that ran up} at Doc's ^{then} after he ^{had finally}

^{broken away from} Doc's ^{an} interlude of beer at the White Coffee Pot. Then he had gone

to the hotel again, vainly looking for Maida, of course. The place was de-

serted, so he had ^{courageously} started drinking stingers. That had been the pay-off.

He must have gone all to pieces after that. He remembered Bertha trying to

get him to go home--Bertha, the barmaid ^{with the husband via the Marines, the girl who possessed} with the beautiful lungs.

"Please, Polly--I mean Mr. Biegler--you must go home. I've got to lock up... No, I can't serve you another drink? Why? Because it's too late and I'll lose my job if I do... Please, Polly, don't you dare drive your car... Oh, Lord, I'll drive it for you, then... ^{Certainly not...} I'll take a cab home."

So that was how it had happened. But Bertha had not driven his car.

Paul had ^{roughly} pushed her over and ^{taken the wheel} driven himself. And he had not gone home. ^{Wasn't he}

^{supposed to} be full of high spirits and low purpose? So he

had driven Bertha out past the Delaware mine, up the rocky road to the

top of Chippewa Bluff. ^{Drinks, like a bunny, he} had shut off the motor. The drinks must have

fouled up his technique pretty badly. ^{He had proceeded with all the subtlety of a bulldozer on the new Alaskan highway he had been reading about.}

"Well?" he had said, ^{slapped his face. She} making a lunge at the girl.

Bertha had wanted to leave. She shouldn't be there, she ^{had} said. She

shouldn't be out with any man, with her poor husband ^{Arthur was his name--} so many thousands of

miles away, fighting in some steaming jungle. No, she didn't know where he was.

All she knew is that she wrote him in care of the postmaster at San Francisco. ^{every day}

She hadn't heard from him in nearly a month. No, they didn't have any children.

"^{And what could one write about every single day?} ^Q Did he really want to go?" Paul asked. ^{Sometimes she thought she was losing her mind.}

They had only been married a year when he had enlisted. ^{Arthur had} Yes, ^{he'd} wanted to

go. He'd always admired the Marines and if he had to ^{he'd said that} get his, he'd rather die

a Marine than anything else. Of course, she'd begged him not to ^{go,} but he had

insisted. She was living with a married sister. ^{No, her sister's husband wasn't in the service, he was a miner.} ^{her sister's husband} Anyway, ^{she} wanted to go to war. "He's a lot older than you, Polly," Bertha had said. Paul ^{quickly} lit a cigarette after that one

Paul had ^{often} heard Olivia tell old Doc that a woman in tears was ready for almost anything. "She's got two strikes on her," ^{Olivia had said,}

"It must get pretty lonely," Paul said, ^{had finally} ~~switching to the rumbler technique~~ ^{of, say, the jitsu} Bertha had started to cry. No, not cried, just plain bawled. ~~What~~

So what could a man do? Naturally, there was nothing for Paul to do but to try to comfort her, this poor, lonely, young war widow. In fact it was a man's plain duty ^{— marooned} those ^{lovely, prostrated,} who ^{those who} couldn't be in there pitching, — to comfort the brave little women whose husbands and sweethearts were out there so many miles away—yeah, some of them out there, you could bet, ^{busily}

comforting some of those dusky native women. ^{desperately} Paul had ^{lately} ~~seen~~ some pretty rugged photographs of G.I.'s and Marines pawing over that dark island stuff.

"It must get pretty lonely," Paul repeated. ^{It was an old formula, but like one of} ^{Bellevue's household remedies, a tried and true one.} ^{He'd patted her shoulder and almost said "How do you}

Paul had very gently put his arm around Bertha. It was just a fatherly gesture. Well, ^{perhaps he} ~~he~~ wasn't quite that old—^{maybe} ^{like} perhaps it was more ^{that of a} big brotherly ^{and hunger} ~~big brotherly~~. The fierceness of her response had sobered him slightly. ^{Big brother, hell!}

"Oh God, Polly, you'll never know, you'll never know," she had sobbed... ^{Paul fought his way out of the clinic. He sighed and} ^{Then she was suddenly swarming all over him. Paul guessed he'd started something}

Yes, that Bertha was a genuine American girl, Paul ~~had~~ discovered. Genuine all over. Even those firm, beautiful lungs were more genuine than he ^{Those Pacific island lassies had nothing on little Bertha.} could have possibly dreamed. ^{It all went to show that the boys}

on the homefront had their problems, too...

Thank he is some fine blue-eyed gal...
in years to come.

2-13-47.

The morning following his visit with old Doc Dickno, Paul found himself in the grip of a profound hangover. He sat at his desk trying to work out a ground lease of a gravel pit with the City of ~~from the Company to the City of Chippewa~~. The Company ^{not only} owned most of Chippewa, ^{the land in} but ^{around it,} ~~and~~ ^{Accordingly,} ~~for miles~~ ^{were} ~~not an~~ ^{order} unusual in the law offices of Walter Halbrook.

Today Paul found ^{was} himself having trouble adopting the usual municipal reservations to this particular deal. He ^{instead he spent most of the time} found himself staring out of the window at Chief Booye-ni - the - Face ^{and} thinking of his father...

A On those days which he devoted to the celebration of that unofficial American holiday, the hangover, Paul ^{found himself} frequently ^{thinking} thought of Olwin. Today he was thinking of the advice Olwin had given him when he had ~~first~~ first left ~~for~~ to go away to law school. Olwin had driven Paul and Belle to the ^{Chippewa} depot in the old Model T Ford he had purchased from Ed Leslie. Just before the train had left Olwin had driven Paul aside. Although Paul was then nearly six feet tall, Olwin had to lean over to whisper his parting advice in his son's ear. As his ^{spoke he thumped Paul's shoulder with his big middle finger.} Listen, boy, mebbe when you get down there at Ann Arbor ther'll be tomis when ther's some drinkin' to do -- "thump, thump" -- an' it's a lead pipe corks that when you get dry behind the ears ~~and~~ an' get to be a real lawyer, ther'll be lota drinkin' to do. But mark my words -- "thump & thump" -- if you ever fall in with a hard-drinkin' crowd, remember this -- "thump, thump" -- always drink ~~good~~ whiskey, drink the best you can lay hold of, drink it straight -- an' don't toss nothin' after it but water!

Paul tried to recall the various ~~drinks~~ alcoholic concoctions he had drunk the night before.

involuntarily

The effort made him ^{involuntarily} shudder a little. There had been scotch at the Club, good scotch, then some sort of ^{rank} rye blend at Luigi's, then back to ~~scotch~~ scotch at the hotel bar, then bourbon at Doc's, then, after he left Doc's, ^{an} interlude of beer at the White Coffee Pat. Then he had gone to the hotel again, ^{was} ^{looking} for Manda, ^{the place was deserted, so he} ~~and~~ had started drinking stingers. That had been the pay-off. He must have gone all to pieces after that. He remembered Bertha trying to get him to go home -- Bertha, the barmaid with the beautiful lungs.

"Please, Polly -- I mean Mr. Beigler -- you must go home. I've got to ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~look~~ ^{look} up... No, I can't serve you another drink? Why? Because it's too late and I'll lose my job if I do... Please, Polly, don't ^{you dare} drive your car... Oh, lord, I'll drive it for you, then: ~~I'll take a cab home.~~ No, I'll ^{not} take a cab home."

So that was how it ^{had} happened. But Bertha had not driven his car. Paul had pushed her over and driven himself. And he had not gone home. He had driven Bertha out past the Delaware mine, up the rocky road to the top of Clippewa Bluff. He had shut off the motor. ~~He had turned to Bertha,~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} drinks must have been ~~pretty~~ ^{pretty} fouled -- fouled up his technique pretty badly.

"Well," he had said.

Bertha had ^{wanted to leave.} ~~started to cry.~~ She shouldn't be there, she had said. She shouldn't be out with any man, with her poor husband so many thousands miles away, fighting in some steaming jungle. ^{No,} She didn't know where he was. All she knew is that she wrote him at San Francisco. She ^{in care of the postmaster} hadn't heard from him in nearly a month. No,

Donna:

Please recopy this in 2 draft.

Make it Chapter 4. But take the first

¶ of old Chap 4, ^{and make it} the first ~~chap~~

¶ of this.

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's 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, ^{and I can tell by the look in his eye} and he's ~~just~~ going to push me overboard into Uncle Sam's army, see,"--Fred made an elaborately dainty pushing motion--"when, guess what happens?"

"Yes?" Paul ^{said} ~~shrilled~~, *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 ~~put~~ ^{placed} the Old Fashioned glass along side ^{of} its companions.

"Say, that was a close shave, Fred," Paul said. ~~That's sure a good~~ ^{that} ~~one~~ He had heard the story a dozen times, and he knew 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.*"

Paul would see that he was thinking that
was deeply touched. This guy Biegler was a right guy. He
Fred looked craftily at Paul. Paul had a ^{sudden} feeling that Fred was ^{appraising him; that} about ^{he was}

to add something to his story. The man glanced this way and that, like a
~~eyes, he~~
co-conspirator. Paul wondered what he was up to. He couldn't be drunk,
no, he had something in his chest, all right.
could he? 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} gripping his glass until his
knuckles showed white. The effrontery of the bastard. Paul longed to throw
the glass in 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?"

was grinning
He ^{gripped} knowingly at Paul. "You're a right guy. Let me tell you how I
^{But mum's the word, see. Hatch...} worked my racket. ^{I'll tell you how I done it.} Maybe it'll help you... ^{It was this way, see.} About
may 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 it's hard to detect, too.} He taught me

how to do it, see, so you can't never tell it from the real McCoy...

It was dead easy. ^{how I done it?"} Want me to show you? ^{Paul} For a moment ^{he} 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 hurried ^{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 be Marines, Mister... Go tell it to the Marines!" Then he heard the ^{rocking} 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.

② I lean Fred had worked at the Club for about a year. He was a red-faced, crafty looking fellow, and Paul suspected him of knocking down on the cash register. So often he failed to give out the cash tabs when he sold a drink. There, he ~~hadn't been on~~ ^{missed Paul's} wasn't anyone else in the Club and besides Paul and Fred, so Paul ~~There wasn't anyone else in the Club, at that hour,~~ ^{was obliged to listen, once again,} to Fred's ^{dreary} account of how he had narrowly escaped military service.

¶ "I tells this local doc, I'm apoleptic, see, ^{see, that} Fred meant epileptic went on. Paul knew that Fred meant epileptic, and he reflected that it was curious and rather ^{odd} that Fred could be one ^{of those unfortunates} and ~~not~~ ^{couldn't} say it, and that he, Paul, wasn't one and could say it. ^{some day} Paul was ^{right there} ~~also~~ ^{also} a little afraid that Fred would get an attack ^{behind the bar.} But it's getting so bad that these draft board doctors ^{was} ~~are~~ ^{so long's} the body's still warm, Fred went on, polishing the same He panned and blew ^{that} ~~an empty~~ ^{polished} glass ~~blowing~~ ^{blow} ~~carefully~~ ^{polishing} it, then ~~holding~~ ^{held} it up to the light, like a scientist, ^{again} ~~blowing~~ ^{the glass,} into a glass retort. Then she ^{carefully} ~~blow~~ ^{again,} and started to polish it again...

"What happened when you got to Milwaukee?" Paul asked. ~~Paul said, "I don't stop Fred from anything else."~~ ^{Paul} He thought he might scream if Fred blew on that ^{god damn} glass just once ^{Fred's epic} more. The ruse worked. It also saved ^{Paul from} the ^{straight} harrowing details of the train ride to Milwaukee, ^{on which} Fred made ^{thirteen} passes ^{when} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{train} ^{to} ^{Milwaukee} ^{OK.} ^{so} What happened, well, I'm in this big dump, ^{see} an old armory or something, ^{and there's} a long line of us drafters, ^{see,} all bare-arsed, ^{naked,} all standing in this long line, going through ~~see~~ ^{see} our

final medical, see. Well, I'm ~~just~~ ^{goddam} pret' near
through the whole ^{hell out of} line of docs, see, and they's
all poked and jabbed and needled 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, I one
of Uncle Sam's soldiers." Fred paused, like a
true story-teller, and ^{again raised} ~~made like to~~
~~blow~~ 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? Well,
I gets up to the last doc, see, and he
does his stuff, see, and ~~then~~ his just going to
push me ^{overboard} into Uncle Sam's army, see," when,
guess what happens?" ^{elaborately} ^{blowing} ^{the} ^{glass} ^{into} ^{the} ^{air}

"Yes?" Paul shrilled.

"I gets a seizure an' I
up and throws one of my
apoleptic fits. Right there in front of them, see.

Yes-see! I aint had one in ^{two} ^{years}, see, but I throws
a dandy right ⁱⁿ ^{front} ^{of} ^{all} ^{them}, docs, see.
Fred shrugged his ^{thin} ^{shoulders} and smiled. "That's how I
come to be A.F." ^{carefully} ^{he} ^{put} ^{the} ^{Old} ^{Fashioned} ^{glass} ^{into} ^{the} ^{companion}.
~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~companion~~

Paul. He lowered his voice and looked
glanced around the room like a conspirator.

"Say, that was a close shave, Fred,"
Paul said. "That's sure a good one. Yes, I guess all the
body has to be in warm, like you, ^{Paul shrinks the} ^{melting} ^{ice}
fixing me another one, Fred. I'm certainly glad
they didn't take you." ^{Paul felt he was about to add something to his story.}

Paul had a feeling that Fred
Fred looked craftily at Paul. ~~He~~ ^{The man}
looked craftily around ^{glanced} this way and
that, ^{co-look} ^{Paul wondered what he was up to. He couldn't be drunk, could he?} like a conspirator. He lowered his voice
to a hoarse stage whisper. It ^{even} seemed to Paul that
he leered.

"Say, Biegler," he ~~said~~ ^{sibilantly}
whispered, "how did you ^{manage to} make it?"

"What do you mean?" Paul said,

knowing, gripping his glass until his knuckles
showed white. ^{The effrontery of the bastard. Paul} ^{longed to throw the glass in}
the man's ^{leering} ^{damn well} hateful face. ^{a big healthy young fella like}

"What do I mean? You ^{knowing} ^{what I mean.} ^{you're a right guy.}
How come you ain't in the army? How

did you work it?" He grinned ^{knowing} at Paul. ^{Let me tell you how I} ^{worked it.} ^{my name, see.}

^{It was my whole all} told me about this apoleptic gag. He was in the
medical corps in the first war, an' he give me
the low-down, ^{never} see. He taught me ^{it was dead easy} how to do it, so you
can't tell it from the real McCoy. ^{see} Want me to show you?

→ For a moment ^{Paul fought to restrain himself. The} ^{felt that he was going to be sick. Then he}

Maybe it'll help you...
It was this way, see.

worked it
my name, see.

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 in on the bar. He spoke slowly and carefully, cold with fury.

"I haven't worked anything," Paul heard himself saying. "I've received a ~~temporary~~ 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} go ~~in~~ the service anytime. Goodnight."

Paul's face was burning as he ^{hurried} ~~scattered~~ down the ^{club} stairs ^{way} ~~out of the club~~. At the street level ^{in the open door} he ^{heard} the sound of ^{confident} laughter ^{floating down the stairs} ~~could~~ hear Fred's ^{laughing} laughing. Should he go back and ^{thrust} the miserable, lying bastard? Then he heard Fred's ^{sibilant, gleeful} voice. "Go tell it to the Marvins, Mister... go tell it to the Marvins!" ~~Then~~ he heard the ^{laughing again} laughter again.

~~Paul ran over to Luigi's Bar and found a high bar stool. "Hi, Nicky," he said to the bartender. "Give me a double doubler of \$ scotch.~~

Paul ^{stepped outside and} ~~let the door close~~ ^{heavy} breathe ~~closed~~ shut on its pneumatic spring. He stood staring at the door ^{sign on the} breathing deeply. ^{"Chippewa Club - Members Only"} A light snow had started to fall. ^{Paul turned away.}

1st.
Feb 4, 1947
2 draft, please

Chapter 4

Oliver had always warned him about against drinking on

had all started over

By midnight Paul was gently drunk. He hadn't expected to hang one on this way. He guessed it ~~was~~ the three double scotches he had had over at the club ~~on an~~ ^{and} empty stomach. ~~of~~ course ~~Paul~~ could have had Fred make up a sandwich or two -- the ^{Chippewa} Club only served meals only on weekends and ^{on} certain "stay" nights -- but after three drinks eating ^{had somehow} seemed a foolish waste of time and whiskey. He might as well have another one.

"All it does is kill a man with high spirits and low purpose" - door of the bar, mother hotel entrance.

Paul carefully strolled ^{ten} about ~~mid~~ ^{mid} ~~twelve~~ ^{o'clock} ~~to~~ ^{the} ~~bar~~ ^{up to} the hotel bar. He wasn't looking for Martha, of course, he just wanted to see what was cooking, ^{no} ~~but~~ ^{nothing} was all. ~~Nothing~~ ^{was} cooking. The same travelling salesman ^{there} ~~was~~ ^{still} ~~there~~, putting the ^{same} ~~make~~ on Martha. Paul thought that ^a ~~twenty~~ ^{four} session of drinking ^{was} a pretty ^{hard} ~~price~~ ^{to} ~~pay~~ for any gal, let alone Martha. Ah, the sailors were missing! They ^{must} ~~be~~ ^{hiding} ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~mens~~ ^{washroom}.

"Hi, Martha," Paul said ^{pleasantly}, as he passed the booth occupied by Martha and her salesman.

"Hi, Polly," Martha said, giving Paul an ^{secret} ~~secret~~ ^{heavy-lidded} ~~secret~~ ^{smile} and ^{secret} ~~work~~ ^{work}. "She's still laboring under the spell of Mac West," Paul ^{disappointed} ~~concluded~~ ^{thought}.

A man who was about to become an officer in the U.S. Navy ^{spilled} ~~spilled~~ ^{druggies} ~~druggies~~ ^{two young} ~~two young~~ ^{men's} ~~men's~~ ^{Duty} ~~Duty~~ ^{called} ~~called~~ ^{After all,} ~~After all,~~ ^{No} ~~No ^{man} ~~man ^{could} ~~could ^{it?} ~~it?~~ ^{He did not} ~~He did not ^{panic.} ~~panic.~~ ^{must see what} ~~must see what ^{these} ~~these ^{sailors} ~~sailors ^{were up} ~~were up ^{to} ~~to ^{in the} ~~in the ^{washroom.} ~~washroom.~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

war could be won in a ^{man's} ~~man's~~ ^{can} ~~can ^{washroom,} ~~washroom,~~ ^{could it?} ~~could it?~~ ^{But how about the} ~~But how about the ^{distrust} ~~distrust ^{employee} ~~employee ⁱⁿ ~~in ^{Washington's} ~~Washington's ^{Pentagon,} ~~Pentagon,~~ ^{who had} ~~who had ^{moved} ~~moved ^{his desk} ~~his desk ^{into the} ~~into the ^{washroom} ~~washroom ^{because it} ~~because it ^{was} ~~was ^{only} ~~only ^{place} ~~place ^{in the} ~~in the ^{joint} ~~joint ^{where} ~~where ^{people} ~~people ^{gamed} ~~gamed ^{to know} ~~to know ^{what they} ~~what they ^{were} ~~were ^{doing?} ~~doing?~~ ^{That} ~~That ^{was} ~~was~~

been Walter Holbrook's favorite story lately. Walter had a ^{great} ~~great ^{collection} ~~collection ^{of} ~~of ^{stories} ~~stories ^{about} ~~about ^{the} ~~the ^{boon-} ~~boon- ^{dogging} ~~dogging ^{and} ~~and ^{incredible} ~~incredible ^{mismanagement} ~~mismanagement~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in ^{Washington,} ~~Washington,~~ ^{wartime} ~~wartime~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

But this was ^{one} ~~one~~ ^{of his} ~~of his ^{favorites.} ~~favorites.~~ Paul knew it was because Walter laughed harder in telling ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{that one} ~~that one ^{than} ~~than ^{any} ~~any ^{of his} ~~of his ^{F.D.R. stories...} ~~F.D.R. stories...~~~~~~~~~~~~

But the ^{two young} ~~two young ^{sailors} ~~sailors were not in the washroom. Deserters, no doubt! Paul philosophically paired at the bar and ^{ordered} ~~ordered~~ ^{another} ~~another ^{scotch.} ~~scotch.~~~~~~~~

As he picked up his change, he casually spoke to ^{plump} ~~plump ^{Bertha,} ~~Bertha, ^{bartender.} ~~bartender. ^{The regular} ~~The regular ^{bartender} ~~bartender ^{had been} ~~had been ^{dropped,} ~~dropped, ^{of course.} ~~of course.~~ ^{Give} ~~Give ^{Miss} ~~Miss ^{Holbrook} ~~Holbrook ^{about} ~~about~~ ^{around} ~~around ^{this} ~~this ^{evening,} ~~evening,~~ ^{Bertha?} ~~Bertha?~~ ^{Bertha?} ~~Bertha?~~ ^{Paul} ~~Paul ^{asked.} ~~asked.~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

"No, Polly," Bertha answered. "Her father was in with some of the ^{men} ~~men~~ ^{from} ~~from ^{Company} ~~Company~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{big} ~~big ^{shots} ~~shots ^{before} ~~before ^{dinner} ~~dinner~~ -- but no Maida. Can I give her a message if she comes in, Polly?"~~~~~~~~~~

"No, thanks, Bertha," Paul said. ~~But~~

Bertha was a good girl, ~~kind of familiar~~ ^{good bartender and a}
Bertha was a trifle familiar, but a good kid.
At least she seemed to know enough to keep her
~~mouth~~ ^{trap} shut ^{about} the things that ^{really} counted. ~~He~~
Paul had ^{or so} never heard ^{any} a kibbuck on that
night ^{a month ago when} he had so obviously taken Martha
upstairs for a ~~long~~ ^{prolonged} romp in the hay --
~~the night~~ that other [↑] night when he had
been full of high spirits and low purpose...



At midnight Paul found himself
slowly climbing the stairs up to Doc Disken's
office over the Retail Drug Store. ~~He~~ ^{Paul} had seen
Doc's ~~the~~ light while making his way over to the
White Coffee Pot to have a sandwich. He was
immediately filled with concern for Belle. Why
hadn't he gone home that evening? Why hadn't
he at least ~~cut~~ ^{cut} 'phoned to ~~find out~~ learn
how she was?

The ^{doctor's} bare waiting-room was empty,
the three naked light bulbs beating down
mercilessly on the worn rug, the back issues
of Esquire straight-backed chairs, and the

plain wooden table with its back issues
of Esquire. ~~The doctor's of~~ The door to the
doctor's private office was closed, ^{There was a dim light showing.} Paul softly
knocked. He could hear the sound of heavy,
regular breathing. Was Doc on one, two? He listened
and knocked again. He heard a heavy stirring,
then "It's Pally Biegler - Chris' boy,"
Paul said.

"Come in," Dr. Dishno said.

Dr. Darius Dishno was sitting at his
desk with his ^{thick} hands folded ^{loosely} and
looked across his ^{pumping} stomach. ^{There was a quart bottle on the desk.} His head was
^{sagging} ~~sagging~~ on his chest and his lower lip,
partially hidden by his thick moustache,
trembled and pattered as he ^{heavily} breathed. His
vermilion dark eyes wearily regarded Paul
from beneath his bushy dark eyebrows.
Paul thought that at that moment he
looked like ^{a composite photograph of} all of the cynical and
disillusioned elder statesmen of old France
~~at~~ rolled in one.

"Hello, Doc," Paul said. "I saw

your light. Thought I'd just ^{drop us and} say hee, was all.

"Ello, Paul," Doc said. ^{Doc's} this French-Canadian accent was always ^{much} ~~more~~ more pronounced when he had been drinking heavily. He motivated Paul to take a vacant chair. "Ave a drink, Polly! It's ten year ole ^{stuff.} I make heem myself lea' ~~the~~ night."

"I don't mind if I do," Paul said, laughing ^{and reaching for the bottle.} Oliver had always said that to Doc when ^{the two were on their endless hunting} ~~they used to take Paul along to carry water and wood and make up the~~ ^{one of} or fishing trips, when Paul was a kid. ~~It was a~~ ^{"I don't mind if I do." It was a} kind of a formula, like the one about the Governor of North Carolina. ~~Oliver and old~~

"Here's to your good health, Doctor," Paul said, "may ~~the~~ you be in Heaven four days before the Devil knows you're dead!" That was another old one of ^{Doc's and} Oliver's. It seemed good ~~to~~ to be sitting there with his father's old friend -- a curvins, an ill-assorted friendship that had ~~weathered~~ lasted since old Doc Dishno had ^{in the bustling morning camp of Clifton,} landed from Canada, ^{Bras} ~~as a~~ nearly forty years before...

"Now about Mother ^{this heart condition} - - Paul began. "How did you leave her today?"

Doc held up his hand. He was never a man to waste words - - especially when there was drinking to be done.

"Polly," he said, pulling at ^{listen, my boy} one end of his moustache. "Polly, dere's nothing wrong with your ^{mudder's} mother's ~~the~~ heart ~~that~~ ~~and~~ dat anudder draft deperment writ fees. I wish my goddam ticker were half so good..." ^{He panned.}

"Polly, I aint seen your mudder in over a ^{old} month." There it was. That was Doc Dishno every time. So Belle had been playing possum again? - - she had sensed what he had been about to say when he had ^{her from the office} phoned, that night. Why, she had ^{even} lied to him!

"But dont tell her I tole you, Polly," Doc added, "else dat ^{leech} little Belle Buegler eat old Doc Dishno all up!"

^{'ave} ~~Have~~ anudder drink."

"I dont mind if I do," Paul ^{automatically answered.} ~~said.~~

dully got more water and poured the drinks. So Belle had
Paul ^{he felt} felt oddly at home with old
Disyno.
Doc. In fact, come to think of it, he was
about the only person Paul knew that he
could really confide in. Well, Bernardine
maybe, but then there were certain things a
man couldn't ~~say~~ tell a woman -- especially
a woman that ^{had} meant so much, that had
been so close to one, as Bernardine...
Doc spoke. He
~~Doc~~ seemed to be reading Paul's thoughts.

"How's ~~two~~ everyt'ing between
you an' Bernardine? ^{W'ere you goin' marry} dat lovely
girl? You ~~haven't~~ ^{haven't} been to see me one-two
months, now."

Paul stared at ~~to~~ the old doctor.

Doc's poushed and buggy eyes looked
back at Paul, ^{bland and} unwinking.

"Oh, God, Doc!" Paul said. He
began to talk ^{he talked} to Doc, ^{good old Doc,} first as he used to ^{out} ~~talk~~
in the woods, ^{when} he was a little boy ^{when} Doc was ^{an active} striding,
bushy bear of a man. He told ~~the old~~
doctor ^{him} about Bernardine, about Maida, about
Walter Halbrook and the office. He told him
about his draft deferment. He told him

Paul's him? He not then watchin' the old doctor. He was funny him

about ^{all} his classmates ^{that had gone} ~~going~~ to war; about Belle's fear that he would have to go; about his determination that afternoon to enlist; about Belle's feigned illness.

"Doc," Paul ^{dully} went on, "I feel like a goddam heel -- a prime horse's ass. I know I should be in this goddam war as much as any of us should. I'm not entitled to a deferment. I know that and it makes me feel guilty as hell. I know I should go. I ^{reach} know that, Doc... But, Doc, look Doc, it's just --"

"Yes?" Doc Dishno said softly.

Paul glanced wildly about the ^{little} room; he seemed to see all of it at once; the littered desk, Doc's ^{former} diploma from ^{the} Canadian medical school, ~~the~~ the stethoscope protruding from his pocket, the fly-specked light bulb, the ^{curious} look in Doc's eyes... He ~~reached~~ Paul felt trapped. ^{He needed a drink.} He reached for the bottle on the desk. Doc laid a restraining hand on Paul's arm.

"Yes?" Doc Dishno softly repeated.

"Oh, Doc, ~~don't~~ afraid I don't

Want to go!" Paul was nearly wailing.

"Oh, Doc - - I - - I'm afraid! I'm afraid!"

There, he'd ^{finally} said it, ~~he'd~~ never even thought it before, but now he'd blurted it out! Christ, it was true... He, ^{Paul Beigler,} was afraid to go to war! He'd always been afraid of war - ever since he'd watched his brother Link die from war after World War I... What would Doc think of him now? Doc was ^{Oliver's} ^{and} his best friend, ~~want~~ want he? What would he think of Oliver's boy now? Why didn't he say something? Christ, was he falling asleep? Why did he close his eyes like that? ^{He shouldn't do that.} He looked like that bastard Pierre Laval when he die that...

"Hin," Doc Dishno said. His eyes were open. He didn't look like Pierre Laval any more. "Hin," he repeated. ~~He~~ Then he smiled at Paul, and Paul saw that there were tears in his eyes. "Let's 'ave ^{another} another drink, Polly. It's time for another drink - right now."

Paul repeated the old formula. "I don't mind if I do," he said.

^{heavily}
Doc leaned forward and touched his
glass to Paul's. "Polly," he said. "You

~~"Yes?"~~ ^{big black}
remember the time you fin' da bear
onder the white-pine stomp?"

"Yes," Polly ^{eagerly} said. "Yes, I remember
it just like it happened yesterday."

1st
Jan. 22, 47

7 please

A half-dozen ^{narrow} streets converged leisurely into the Chippewa city square. In the center of the square stood a cast-iron drinking fountain. On top of the fountain ^{stood} an austere statue of a Chippewa Indian chief. This Indian had had ^{a wonderfully} ~~an~~ ^{unpronounceable} name. ~~One could read~~ ^{the various might} ~~his name~~ on the ~~little~~ ^{bronze} ~~plate~~ ^{metal} ^{which} some W. P. A. art project ~~was~~ ^{had} installed during the depression. This plate also reminded ~~the~~ ^{both} one that ^{the} ~~statue~~ fountain and the ^{Indian} ~~statue~~ were the gifts of the Iron Cliffs Ore Company.

~~the~~ ~~statue~~

But it did not seem to ~~matter~~ ^{much} what the ~~Indian's~~ ^{chief's} real name was. All the townspeople called him Chief Boozee-ee-the-Face. The Indian didn't seem to care ^{much} what he was called, ~~either~~ ^{snow and rain,} through heat and blizzards, year after year, clutching his bow with one ^{bronzed} hand and he stood, shading his ~~eyes~~ ^{brow} ~~with~~ ^{planning} lean-faced, ^{and gaunt,} "as though seeking for the lost members of his tribe who had faded and fell away before the avid digging and restless prying of the whites."

Paul Buegler ^{had} ~~had~~ privately felt that Chief Boozee-ee-the-Face was ^{merely} ~~merely~~ ^{wistfully} peering into the ~~mean~~ ^{mean} ~~bit~~ ^{bit} office of the Acme Loan Company with its ^{mean} ~~mean~~ ^{bit} ~~bit~~ ^{bit} inviting advice:

"Munies! Why wait for Payday?" That was before the wild Saturday ^{night} ^{when} some drunk ~~had~~ ~~toppled~~ in a Chevrolet had ~~toppled~~ ^{toppled} Chief collided with the fountain and had toppled

Chief Boozie - in the - Face ^{down} upon Main Street. ~~The~~

A squad of city employees had rushed to the Chief's rescue with ^{their} wooden scaffolding and paint pots.

When ~~they~~ ^{their job} was done the Chief ~~was~~ ^{looked} better than ever. As usual, Paul's father, ^{Oliver Bigler, had hit the nails on the head.} "He looks ~~like~~ ^{like} a pimp all dressed up for a wedding," ~~Paul thought~~ ^{Oliver declared.} "What's more, he had been turned on his pedestal so that now he peered into the front door of Al Bjurman's saloon. Paul was sure ^{that at least} he detected a slow smile of contented contentment on the old chief's face..."

The Free-and-Ten ^{store} stood on one corner; the new city hall on another; the J. C. Penney Company store on the third corner; and the Miners' First State Bank on the remaining corner. The entire upstairs of the bank building was occupied by Walter Hollbrook's law office. Paul's office was the last one at the back, at the top of the entrance stairs. Then there was the filing room, the law library, the stenographers' rooms, a large conference room, and in front, shaded against the sun by Venetian blinds, Walter Hollbrook's office.