Chapter 1.

The mining town of Iron Cliffs lay in a broad swampy valley between chains of squat, bald iron bluffs. The region contained the oldest rocks found on earth, forming a part of the great pre-Cambrian shield of North America. Upon the naked bluffs the towering shaft houses of the iron mines reached up towards the sky, sometimes in the shadows of dusk looking like the spiney backs of ancient, somnolent monsters.

Beyond the town and north to the international boundary swept dense forests, fringed by lakes and foam-lashed streams, by swamps and more hills, covered with pines, slender birches, maples and spruces, cedars and tamaracks, and bearing mute evidence of the grinding long-ago -- rocky, jagged, fissured testimony of the giant upheavals and violent death struggles of past tired glaciers.

Rich iron ore deposits had been discovered at the town site before the Civil War, and there had been some fumbling, ill-fated attempts at mining before then. But it was not until after the War that dozens of adventurous little bands descended upon the town to reap the rich harvest. These first restless groups believed that the richer ore deposits lay near the surface, and men, the laborers, tortured themselves to crippled death quarrying out the great pieces of hard ore from the first pits. Stories were still told of the terrible labors of these early miners, of their crude equipment -- of the patient oxen which were used to drag the huge slabs of ore from the pits until their feet were too sore for further service, when they were killed and eaten by the miners.

After years of wild, gouging, slashing mining by these hardy little groups, a large steel corporation had come to the blustering mining camp of Iron Cliffs, had surveyed, drilled, calculated -- discovering at last that even richer iron deposits, a soft hematite ore, lay far underground -- and then had literally bought the town, mineral rights and all.

NOTE TO THE PUBLISHER:

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-- THE AUTHOR --

Re-type. (1)

IRON

Sometimes in the Summer in the nighttime when there was a moon there was mist so that the fields looked like a lake.

It was on such a night that they came to our farm from the mine. They came in an auto out of the mist like a big fish out of the lake.

In the auto was Mr. Hampton the captain from the mine and Henry Harju who was my father's neighbor and working partner down in the mine. He was a Finnish speaking man like my father.

My mother and I, Jooseppi, met them at the door. My mother held a kerosene lamp. Henry Harju was wearing his oilskin miner's clothes. They were red from hematite and still dripping. On his miner's hat his carbide lamp hung, extinguished. His moustache hung down limp and his face was wet and shone red from hematite. My mother looked at Henry Harju and said, "Jooseppi dead."

Mr. Hampton said, "Yes, Mrs. Maki, Jooseppi is dead."

Henry Harju took the lamp from my mother. My little sister heard from upstairs and cried out her lamentations.

My father worked night shift down in the mine. He was a trammer, which means putting iron ore in a tramcar down in the mine and they push it away.

While my father was putting iron ore in a car a chunk of ore came down the raise and broke through the apron of the chute and hit him upon the head. Henry Harju, my father's working partner, was there and saw, but he was not hit personally. He said it could not be helped. In his uneducated way he expressed the conviction that the mine people had rigorously observed every safety measure. He did not talk the English language very good. He also said it was God's will.

For funeral Reverend Kielinen, who studied God in Helsingfors, came out from town and said the words. Captain Hampton from

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-- THE AUTHOR --

you yet, but I'll tell you anyway -- I'm going away. I'm going to Minnesota and go to school. I'm not going to waste my start at education like you seem bound to do....I'm going to amount to something, too. I'm going to -- to teach -- -- or something, that's what I'm going to do." She stamped her foot violently, glaring at Jooseppi.

"That isn't fair, Aune." Jooseppi replied, standing up. "What else can I do but work in the mines? Tell me that. Our little farm isn't large enough to support us -- and mining isn't so bad. You don't know anything about it....and don't forget that our fathers were just common miners...."

Aune started to heatedly reply, but Jooseppi's mother arose from her rocker -- 'children, children' -- and insistently herded them off to bed. Outside the mists gradually crept up from the lake and caressed the little log house built by Jooseppi Maki, which lay at the foot of the ancient iron hills.

EATONS
CORRASABLE BOND
U.S.A.

Re-type (2)

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I, my little August?....Don't you want to rest now? Ah, come now, Honey, come into Annie's bedroom and we'll have a little rest...."

Out in the kitchen Jooseppi sat against the wall, his long legs widely sprawled out, and on his sliding lap a fuzzy blonde with bleeding lips clung hungrily around his neck, rumpling his hair. Jooseppi stared stupidly into the shadows of her eyes.

"Wake up, snap out of it, Slim! Doesn't Peggy's great big handsome love his Peggy any more?....C'mon, Slim, you good-looking buggar -- I passed up lots a calls tonight to stay with you -- and then you go droopy to sleep just when true love comes at last to little Peggy."

Freshet of tears, now, pulling of hair, incredible pouting and female cooing -- incredible except that it was happening.

"Doesn't Peggy's great big miner want to put his poor little Peggy to bed....Peggy so tired....oh so tired...."

From Jooseppi: "Ol' Augus' did as much as I did..... WHEEK....ask good ol' Augus'....he'll tell you...."

"You God damn son of a bitch."

At dawn came a pounding on the kitchen door, a pounding and rattling, and muttered Finnish curses, and at length the gargoyle called Big Annie, a moving oat sack in a flannel wrapper, padded and flapped barefoot to the kitchen door, peered out the slot, lifted the bar, and admitted Henry Harju, who grinned at her sheepishly.

"Listen, Annie, I looking for the young Maki -- Jooseppi Maki. Is he being here?"

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A.

~~Joseph and~~ Anne and Joseph and Henry Harju sat in the first row of benches in the virtually empty ~~large~~ courtroom. Henry Harju was dressed in his best blue serge, and he sat on the edge of ~~his seat~~ the bare bench, quickly and nervously ~~drawing out~~ running his moustaches between his thick fingers.

B.

Henry Harju clapped both hands on his knees and ~~to~~ turned and whispered ~~across~~ to Joseph. "See, see — he knows lots of big word.... see, he is giving them hell!"

C.

Henry Harju had got up and was pacing back and forth in front of Joseph and Anne, shaking his head, pounding his big fist into his hand. The two bailiffs glanced quickly at each other. Anne took ~~him~~ her father by the sleeve and ~~sat~~ pulled him down, where he sat with his head on his hands, his hands on his knees, breathing deeply and muttering under his breath.

Miss H: No 4. Continue from "racking sobs." J.V.

The two attorneys sat at their respective tables. There was a hush as the door of the judge's chambers opened and he walked into the tall court room and sat at the bench. With heavy deliberation the bailiff brought glasses and pitchers of water to the judge and to the two attorneys, and then, getting a nod from the judge, swung down his gristly fist, solemnly hammering and shouting a sonorous warning that the wheels of justice were about to be set in motion.

The judge read the title of the case to the stenographer, and then said, "This is an appeal by the plaintiff in the case of Joseph Mackey, versus Iron Cliffs Ore Company from an adverse decision by the Labor Commission. I have read the record and pleadings, and if counsel are ready we may proceed. Mr. Kivi, are you ready?"

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simple proposition that industry, capitalism, should shoulder the loss growing out of injury or death to workers; just as industry had for centuries absorbed the initial expense of tired and worn and broken machines. The enactment of this statute, too, did away with numerous technical defenses hitherto available to employers which industry's ingenious lawyers had subtly grafted unto the common law since the time of Blackstone.

"But after the passage of the act, despite their bitter lobbying, the chosen lawyers of industry proved again that they were equal to the occasion. One of the first and fundamental things these legal wizards accomplished in the first test case, when it was found that the act could not be declared unconstitutional -- O that ancient fountainhead for the legally recourceful! -- was to bring about the decision, the construction, that a worker, before he or his dependents might claim compensation, must meet with an accident! -- 'accident' in the sense of something sudden, fortuitous, unavoidable -- and that if the worker or his widow should fail to leap this first legal hurdle, then there was no legal liability on the part of the employer.

"Or to put it another way, the giants of the law heaved and blew and finally brought forth the splendidly reasonable proposition that the tumbling, slipping, fumbling fellow was somehow peculiarly deserving of the fruits of the act -- he had suffered an 'accident' -- while the worker who was sober and prudent and careful, but who nevertheless met with injury or death in the course of his work, was without the purview of the act, and therefore, mighty syllogism, without recompense."

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Chapter 20.

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Chapter 3.

After the death of Jooseppi's father, young Jooseppi was left with the full responsibility of running the farm -- harvesting the crops, sowing the new crops, tending to the cattle -- ~~and he had little time for reading the dictionary, which was~~ indeed just as well, as Matt Tervo, a distant neighbor, was elected to succeed Jooseppi's father on the township school board, and promptly came and carried the volume away in smiling triumph.

Jooseppi was proud of the new electric light system, when it arrived from the mail order house, and he installed it all himself, spending long nights poring over the many directions, until finally, proud moment, the farmhouse was lighted; and even the henhouse and cow barn and <u>sauna</u> each had their little globe ~~of magic light.~~

But it was not all work, and Jooseppi found time to go fishing with Henry Harju's growing daughter, Aune, and with his sister, Impi. Aune and Impi were close friends, and motherless Aune often spent the night at the Maki farm, since her father had become boss of the night shift at the ~~Number~~ One mine.

One afternoon Aune and Jooseppi went trout fishing on one of the cold, swift streams which flowed down from the ranges of hills behind the Maki farm. Jooseppi carried the poles and equipment and Aune carried a knapsack containing their lunch, and they chattered away like brother and sister as they clambered up through the mossy, tumbled valley to the string of beaver dams which was their destination.

Jooseppi's long legs soon carried him far ahead of plump Aune until she was almost running to keep up with him, but she would not complain, ~~and~~ by the time they came to the first dam the perspiration had clouded Aune's spectacles so that she could hardly see.

Quietly whistling, Jooseppi rigged up the poles ~~and~~ while flushed Aune, desperately trying to control her breathing, ~~hard, but quietly~~ defiantly insisted on attaching the wriggling earthworms to the hooks. Aune then gratefully sat on the bank and fished, while Jooseppi, precariously teetering and balancing, made his way out upon the sticks and stones and earth, along the arc of the beaver dam, laying his first cast ~~nicely~~ alongside the thatched dome of the beaver house, near the opposite bank.

The silent pines muffled their laughter and shouts as the violent tugs of the gamey trout signalled another catch, and another wet, twitching, speckled trout was finally laid among the moist ferns in Jooseppi's birch-bark creel.

And so they fished along up the series of beaver dams, until the long shadows cast by the pines and the ~~warbling~~ plaintive songs of the evening birds announced the dying of the day. Then they sat on the bank and ate their lunch.

"Jooseppi," Aune finally asked, "what are you going to do? Aren't you going on with your education -- -- you were so bright in school. Or are you going to be just another Finnish farmer?"

"Why, I don't know, Aune. You know we can't afford my going on with school -- I'd like to, very much. But I guess I'll have to work at the mines, if I can get a job....you know, there's pretty good pay in the mines for a good miner -- --"

"It is a shame, Jooseppi." Aune interrupted, sweeping her hands across the south, where lay the iron mines of Iron Cliffs. "It is a shame that you have to become just another miner....It seems that that is all for our kind, here, in this place.... Jooseppi, I want you to amount to something -- I want to amount to something myself." Again Aune repeated, "It is a shame. And your father so greatly wanted for you and Impi to have a good education."

"I know, Aune," Jooseppi soberly replied. "What can I do?"

* * *

That night at the Maki farmhouse, after Aune and Impi had cleared away the supper things, after their meal of trout, and joined Jooseppi and his mother in the tiny sitting room, Jooseppi's sister Impi said:

"Mama, Jooseppi -- I just told Aune the news -- when I was in town today I got a letter at the post office from the hospital at Minneapolis. They said that I can go there this fall to begin training as a nurse."

Kaarina said nothing, but rocked slowly to and fro, quietly holding her Finnish bible, which she read every evening. Jooseppi laughed, "You, Impi! Why, you're only a child, a little girl. You couldn't nurse a chipmunk!"

"Is that so! I suppose you think that just because you're a man you are the only one that can work -- and really do something....Mama, I fibbed to them -- I told them I was eighteen, and they believed me. Don't I look eighteen, Aune?"

"Of course you do, Impi," Aune loyally replied. Then turning to Jooseppi: "And as for you, young man, I'd be ashamed of myself for discouraging my sister from getting ahead, from amounting to something. What is there for her here? A hired girl for the mining crowd in Iron Cliffs, if she's lucky. And then finally marriage to one of your fine miners, so that she can spend the rest of her life washing his dirty underwear and nursing his babies."

Aune's eyes glowed behind the lenses of her spectacles as she put her arm around Impi, who stood there holding her letter from the hospital, looking gratefully at her champion.

"Ah, what do you think you're going to do, my fine lady, marry a prince or the superintendent of a mine?" Jooseppi asked, opening his eyes at Aune in mock surprise.

"Well I'll tell you, I'm not going to stay here and marry one of your sweating Finn miners, either. I wasn't going to tell you yet, but I'll tell you anyway -- I'm going away. I'm going to

Minnesota and go to school. I'm not going to waste my start at education like you seem bound to do....I'm going to amount to something, too. I'm going to -- to teach -- -- or something, that's what I'm going to do." She stamped her foot violently, glaring at Jooseppi.

"That isn't fair, Aune." Jooseppi replied standing up. "What else can I do but work in the mines? Tell me that. Our little farm isn't large enough to support us -- and mining isn't so bad. You don't know anything about it....and don't forget that our fathers were just common miners...."

Aune started to heatedly reply, but Jooseppi's mother arose from her rocker -- 'children, children' -- and insistently herded them off to bed. Outside the mists gradually crept up from the lake and caressed the little log house built by Jooseppi Maki, which lay at the foot of the ancient iron hills.

recognize and bow to the fact that -- thank Providence -- his vicious un-American theories have not yet prevailed in these glorious United States! I thank you."

The judge nodded his head and said, "There is little doubt that your view of the law is correct, Counsel. However, I shall be pleased to listen to Mr. Kivi's closing argument, to which he is entitled, if he wishes to further take up the time of this court with airing his gratuitous views on social and legal philosophy."

Joseph's lawyer sat still for a moment staring through his thick lenses, his eyes burning buttons of impotent despair and rage. He turned and glanced quickly at Joseph, who half sat and half lay between Anne and Henry Harju with his hand over his eyes. Suddenly Alexis Kivi leaped to his feet, tore his trial brief and threw it on the floor, and perspiring blindly, quickly ran up before the judge in a short, rumpy canter, almost colliding with the startled stenographer.

"God, Judge!" he shouted, shaking and arching his fat fists over his bald head, like an old boxer, "in the name of holy, loving God! -- it cannot be! This man --" he turned and pointed at Joseph, gulping for words -- "this man is a broken, twisted cripple. He'll never work again. Why -- why -- it almosts kills him even to go to the toilet....<u>Do you understand that</u>!....He can't even sit on the can....Open your heart and your mind, Judge, please....<u>Please</u>!....It was poor devils like he that the compensation act was aimed to help. This is clearly shown by the legislative debates....I tell you....I tell you....Judge, in God's name be brave and decide in favor of this man. Jail me for contempt if you like, but for the sake of crucified Christ grant this ~~man, this~~ torn waif of industry, his miserable mite of compensation!"

Chapter 11.

In the winter time Iron Cliffs became one of the coldest, stormiest areas in the entire country. Wild, demented, snarling blizzards would suddenly leap out of the northwest and swoop down the wide valleys, lashing the obedient earth for days on end. Amidst these blizzards, with their silent, numbing blasts of cold, trains would be hours and sometimes days late; and despite the courageous bucking, the staccato barking and charging of the huge tractor-plows, auto traffic would be virtually at a standstill, especially in the farming districts off the main highways.

One night during the third day of a terrific blizzard Joseph was skiing ~~home from the day~~ [to work for the night] shift at the mine, ~~He had turned off the main road,~~ bending low into the biting, blinding wind and snow, the crunch and squeal of his skis lost in the shrieking storm. As he approached the turn-off into Henry Harju's old farm, now owned by Vanhalla, a farmer, one of his skis struck something, an object nearly buried in the snow. Joseph knelt beside the reclining form of a man and, despite the wind, he could hear him muttering "Julie, Julie, Julie...."

Joseph raced the quarter mile into Vanhalla's. Soon he and Vanhalla, seated in a low, two-runner sledge, lantern guttering, were plunging out to the road, Vanhalla, with guttural Finnish oaths, profanely whacking and pounding his hay-bloated, dung-coated mare on the rump with one of Joseph's ski poles.

When Dr. David Boniface and his young wife Julie came to Iron Cliffs there was quite a stir among the mining crowd. The advent of even the most dull, drab people from 'outside' was always greeted with great interest, ranging from the rare forms

Re-copy.
Two.

Chapter 1.

The mining town of Iron Cliffs lay in a broad swampy valley between chains of squat, bald iron bluffs. The region contained the oldest rocks found on earth, forming a part of the great pre-Cambrian shield of North America. Upon the naked bluffs the towering shaft houses of the iron mines reached up towards the sky, sometimes in the shadows of dusk looking like the spiney backs of ancient, somnolent monsters.

Beyond the town and north to the international boundary swept dense forests, fringed by lakes and foam-lashed streams, by swamps and more hills, covered with pines, slender birches, maples and spruces, cedars and tamaracks, and bearing mute evidence of the grinding long-ago -- rocky, jagged, fissured testimony of the giant upheavals and violent death struggles of past tired glaciers.

Rich iron ore deposits had been discovered at the town site before the Civil War, and there had been some fumbling, ill-fated attempts at mining before then. But it was not until after the War that dozens of adventurous little bands descended upon the town to reap the rich harvest. These first restless groups believed that the richer ore deposits lay near the surface, and men, the laborers, tortured themselves to crippled death quarrying out the great pieces of hard ore from the first pits. Stories were still told of the terrible labors of these early miners, of their crude equipment -- of the patient oxen which were used to drag the huge slabs of ore from the pits until their feet were too sore for further service, when they were killed and eaten by the miners.

After years of wild, gouging, slashing mining by these hardy little groups, a large steel corporation had come to the blustering mining camp of Iron Cliffs, had surveyed, drilled, calculated -- discovering at last that even richer iron deposits, a soft hematite ore, lay far underground -- and then had literally bought the town, mineral rights and all.

there and shook him like a child, shouting and cursing wildly, gutturally, horribly, in Finn.

"Save him! Save him! You God damn God damn Finn....He ....you....you God damn Finn....you're a Finn like we are....you educated son of bitch....You'll work for us, too....Save him or I'll break your throat....You -- you...."

They had finally pulled him away, but he would not leave, but stood there muttering incoherently over the nurses and the shaking doctor, as they set the twisted, broken bones and closed the gaping wounds -- Henry Harju stood there through it all in his ruined clothes, staring blindly out of his dripping eyes, the tears furrowing down his red, hematite-stained cheeks and dripping on the floor like blood.

But when it was done and they had rolled Joseph away, he had fallen forward and would have struck the floor if he had not been caught in the arms of Dr. Holmes, who tenderly laid him on the hard floor and brought him around. 'There, there, Mr. Harju,' he said in Finnish, 'there, there. This has been awful for you, I know. I shall do all in my power to save him.'

The two men silently clasped hands and Henry Harju went out hatless and coatless into the cold, stormy night, walking, walking, walking to the rhythm of his curses. When at last at dawn he stumbled through the snow into the field gate of the Maki farm, Henry Harju, who knew not the convention of prayer, knelt sobbing in the drifted snow, pitting his angry Finnish voice against the wind, hoarsely croaking a prayer, a curse, a doubt, a prayer.

"O Christ, save him, save him....God damn our woe....Save him, O Christ....Christ? Christ! O God, what is this gentle Christ, thy son? -- who is this epileptic Jew?....O God, O Christ...."

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Out

Men in America had grown heavy and stupid from having and knowing and the land grew fat, and there were many who were bruised and wounded in the mad wallowing at the trough of prosperity. "See! We are wise and powerful, and so do we prosper, and those who follow our god -- so shall they prosper and wax exceeding rich." But the temple of prosperity crumbled and its greedy priests ran wildly squealing into the wilderness, groaning under the weight of their worthless chattels.

The steady gouging for ore in the deep mines of Iron Cliffs abated. Many of the mines of the district were closed completely, and the subterranean waters flooded out their working, lapping quietly away at the huge timbers and filling up the deep places where miners had once worked and sweated. The production of other mines was restricted, hours of employment were reduced, wages were cut, and the streets of Iron Cliffs were full of wondering miners who mumbled and muttered about "this God damn depression!" And the Finnish miners who had farms were humbly glad for their tiny crust of earth.

The men at Joseph's mine were more fortunate. Due to some obscure company policy or the grade of the ore or the question of royalties or no reason at all, Joseph's mine was run on a four-day-a-week schedule, and a benevolent god was offered tiny prayers of thanksgiving that a strong man could earn thirty or forty dollars in the course of a month's hard labor.

Then the country slowly awoke from its deep economic slumber, and some of the mines were reopened, and production was increased at others. The cry for <u>iron</u> was growing loud again in the land, and the miners gradually returned underground, humbly rejoicing.

A

"You don't think they'd ever fire you."

Henry Hagen looked at Joseph and then he looked at the floor. He again looked at Joseph and spoke very slowly:

"You see, Joozeppi — you see, you see... I guess I've always known my responsibilities — my duty to the Company."

"No, no," Henry Harju answered in Finnish. He looked at Joseph, and smiled sadly. "No, Jooseppi. To tell you only the truth they were going to fire you at the time they put you back as a miner."

"Why in hell didn't they, then?" Joseph asked.

"I told them that was all right, but that they could fire me, too."

Joseph stood staring at Henry Harju. He reached out and took his hand. "You would have done that," he said. "You would have done that....the dirty sons of bitches...."

"No credit for me, Jooseppi. I knew they wouldn't let us both go, with so many Finnish miners at this mine. I don't think they would ever let me go -- after all these years. ~~You see, Jooseppi....you see, I guess I've known my responsibilities, as Captain Hampton calls it.~~ And they got to keep up their damn morale, you know. Ore and morale, dirt and work, that's what they want, ~~-- dirt and work --~~ and I know that they haven't been getting out the ~~dirt~~ ore on the night shift that they did when you were boss."

(A)

Joseph looked at and through Henry Harju, his mouth twisted as though in pain, his dark eyes brooding and unseeing. "I suppose they think I am meek and broken and humble, now.... properly humble...." He went on in a low voice as Henry Harju stared at him, curiously disturbed -- "There are the workers, the men who work, our people who work in these God damn holes.... and for that privilege they must not only sweat and stink and give up their bloody toil but they must also surrender their courage, their self-respect, their honesty and manhood....And this is a country where people once went to war and killed each other to free their black slaves...."

"Come, come, Jooseppi." Henry Harju grasped Joseph's arm and walked him across the room. "It will be all right, Jooseppi....Come on, we'll go down to Tauno's place and have a little celebration....To hell with working tonight....you take a shift tonight and we'll go see Big Annie's new girls -- just in from Duluth." He growled deeply in his throat and dug his finger in Joseph's ribs, parting his moustache wetly with his tongue. "There's a new little blonde, Jooseppi....There....now let me tell you...."

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Beyond the town and north to the international boundary swept dense forests, fringed by lakes and foam-lashed streams, by swamps and more hills, covered with pines, slender birches, maples and spruces, cedars and tamaracks, and bearing mute evidence of the grinding long-ago -- rocky, jagged, fissured testimony of the giant upheavals and violent death struggles of past tired glaciers.

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While attending the girls' school in Minnesota she had taken up sports, including golf and tennis, and it was a source of irritation and bitterness to her that she could not play at the Iron Cliffs' country club, which possessed the only course and decent tennis courts in the county.

After lunch, the first Saturday she was home, Henry Harju asked his daughter what she was going to do that afternoon. He had to work that night in the mine. "Going out in the back-yard and dig up the garden with your golf sticks?" he enquired in Finnish, grinning broadly at his fine little joke.

But Aune did not laugh. She sat there, silent, her color rising and her small eyes darkening with anger. Suddenly she spoke. "It is a shame, father, that they think they are so exclusive that a former miner or his daughter can't belong to their club." By _they_ she meant the mining crowd. "But no, I guess we miners, we Finns, are not good enough for their fine club. Finns are merely cattle, fit only to till their soil and dig the iron out of their mines."

Henry Harju was greatly distressed. "Why, Aune....But there are Finnish peoples in their golfing club....I did not know it was your wish. I did not know....There is Koski and young Dr. Holmes and -- maybe some other ones, too." Koski was a shrewd, cunning, money-grubbing lumberman, an old bachelor, who sold timber and lagging to the mines, and was a director of the town's wealthier bank. ~~It was rumored that the matter of promissory notes of certain mining men which he held was an important factor in his admission to the club.~~ Young Dr. Holmes was a successful physician on the Company's hospital staff, who had gone East to school and had returned with a suave bedside manner -- particularly attractive to lonely, misunderstood women -- a football

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letter, a glittering pin from one of the approved fraternities, and -- open sesame to Iron Cliffs' society -- a bride with an Eastern accent.

But Aune was not to be put off. "Oh, father, can't you see? It isn't their snobbish companionship I am seeking....No, no, it isn't that. But it gets so dull, so dreadfully dull....It would be fun to do something else while I am home but go to church or attend these awful afternoon parties where all that the old ladies do is knit socks and drink coffee and gossip in Finnish about babies and marriage."

"There, there, my Aune," Henry Harju answered, tenderly patting the top of her head with his hematite-stained hand. "There is nothing so wrong with marriage and the little babies. You will get used to living here again, Aune....But the ways of the educated mining peoples are not our ways." Then, more seriously: "You must not forget that your father is just an old-country Finn who was only a miner himself, just a little while ago, -- and that you are his daughter -- --"

"No, father. <u>No, No</u>! Do not always talk like an old immigrant Finlander. Do not be so grateful just for work. We are all Americans together. We are as good as they. An accident of birth and geography and education has given them wealth and power -- that is all!"

Her father shook his head, bewildered, but he went doggedly on: "I do not know where you get these ideas -- in books and in schools, I guess so....and it is for this that old Harju has spent nearly all his money on your education....But no, Aune, our ways are not their ways. [a] You are a Finnish girl, Aune. Always remember that and you will be more happy," he concluded,

Insert a: Being American, being educated in books, does not make us all alike.

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Jooseppi raised his head and wagged it as they slapped him on the back, his damp hair falling in his clouded eyes, and he would point at his partner, old August Salo, and say: "My partner did as much as I did....Damn it, I tell you I couldn't have done it without ol' Augus', could I, ol' Augus'? You tell 'em, Augus'." And August would beam and shake his head, spilling the whiskey over his thick fingers. "No, no, Jooseppi did it. He's being da God damn bes' miner I ever workit." Then "wheek" -- and away he would go in a gale of hiccoughing.

It was a summer Saturday night and also pay day, a bad combination, and Tauno Saari's saloon was packed with Finnish miners, most of whom simultaneously sought to whack Jooseppi their congratulations on his having broken the record of the great Uno Korpi, by getting out during the past month more dirt, by mining more ore, than even the great Uno Korpi himself.

A big tear ran down August's wrinkled cheek. "I never believe it 'less I see dat business mine own bloody eyes," August confided to the crowd. "My old partner Uno was twice for bigger dan Jooseppi — see! he is as thin as a dog — and now my young partner Jooseppi he's beating record for poor Uno who is gone...."

During the past month Jooseppi and his partner, August Salo, had beaten by twenty-three tons the record of that gloomy Finnish giant, Uno Korpi, whose prodigal feats of strength and endurance were still discussed with awe by miners along the entire Northern iron range.

But Uno was dead and his great arms were still, for he drank whiskey and loved women like he mined ore -- blindly, angrily, and with all his strength -- and then one quiet Sunday morning he was found lying in an alley behind Big Annie's, his bloody tongue between his teeth, the handle of a trim hunting

Chapter

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It was a summer Saturday night and also pay day, a bad combination, and Tauno Saari's saloon was packed with Finnish miners, most of whom simultaneously sought to whack Jooseppi their congratulations on his having broken the record of the great Uno Korpi, by getting out during the past month more dirt, by mining more ore, than even the great Uno Korpi himself.

A big tear ran down August's wrinkled cheek. "I never believe it 'less I see dat business mine own bloody eyes," August confided to the crowd. "My old partner Uno was twice for bigger dan Jooseppi....and now my young partner Jooseppi he's beating record for poor Uno who is gone...."

During the past month Jooseppi and his partner, August Salo, had beaten by twenty-three tons the record of that gloomy Finnish giant, Uno Korpi, whose prodigal feats of strength and endurance were still discussed with awe by miners along the entire Northern iron range.

But Uno was dead and his great arms were still, for he drank whiskey and loved women like he mined ore -- blindly, angrily, and with all his strength -- and then one quiet Sunday morning he was found lying in an alley behind Big Annie's, his bloody tongue between his teeth, the handle of a trim hunting

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Alexis Kivi's voice became even lower, and he seemed to be studying the floor, musing to himself.

"One need not rail, then, that the best talent of the law had, has, become unconciously prostituted or outright dishonest and full of guile. It is enough to say that their reaction in this and similar instances was as natural as that of a baby -- or a drunkard -- grasping for a bottle. No need, then, for frenzied, long-haired proletarian pronouncements that all individual agents of capitalism are congenital bullies and knaves, while all workers are the exclusive repositories of all that is exalted in man. Need to understand that only the aching truth may prevail. Need for sadness and reflection and for deep thinking. Need for education and honesty; for intelligence and leadership -- and real guts!"

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omit

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Alexis Kivi nodded and stood on his solid short legs and began to speak in a low clear voice -- in a precise, clipped English in which his native accent was scarcely noticeable.

"Your Honor, I am going to take the liberty of briefly tracing the history of the workmen's compensation act in relation to the only issue in this case, that is, whether Joseph Mackey suffered a compensable accident the day he was injured in the defendant's mine. That he was grievously injured and permanently disabled is conceded and need not be discussed.

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Sometimes when Jooseppi's mother, Kaarina, would bring them their coffee, she would smilingly say: "Oh you men and your mines! Can you never forget them! You labor as hard off shift as you do underground....All that I hear from you is talk, talk, talk about tramming, blasting, cribbing, sinking a shaft...."

The men would look at each other wisely, rumbling with good-natured Finnish laughter, grinning over their steaming saucers of coffee — and little Jooseppi would lean forward, frowning, eager for them to resume their fascinating talk. And soon they would be off again, perhaps driving a drift, cribbing a raise or putting in a set of the huge mining timbers in a difficult place. Then Jooseppi would sit back in his corner, his dark eyes smouldering, listening to these underground fairy tales of the damp burrowings of the miners.

And so, before he had ever been underground, Jooseppi had gained a good working knowledge of the mines, from his listening at home, and in the dry at the mine when, sometimes in the summers, he used to carry his father's warm dinner pail from the farm into the mine. He knew that the towering steel and timbered headframe of the shaft, the entrance to the mine, was called the shaft house; that the deep vertical hole down through the glacial drift and solid rock was the shaft itself, the passageway into the mine; and that the dripping, timbered compartments in the shaft accommodated the steel skips, used to haul the ore, and also the large cage, a great steel elevator which was used to transport the miners and mining materials, and finally that the remaining timbered compartment was the manway, with its labyrinth of ladders and air pipes, water pipes, and electric conduits.

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By March the frozen grip of winter would start to convulsively relax, but the mild periods were rare, and the miners were glad when they reached the deep, warm underground where the biting March blizzards might whip the rigid, gleaming snow-shield of the iron earth in vain to reach them.

One night as Joseph passed an old raise at the bottom of the mine, used as an airshaft, he stood still in the darkness, listening to the far whispering, the weeping echo of the wind, as it whined and soughed across the opening of the airshaft over two thousand feet above him.

Joseph passed on and into the great stone chamber of the pump room, hewn out of solid rock, where he checked over with the pump man the number of gallons of water which the giant pumps were lifting out of the large subterranean lake, the mine sump, where the constantly running and dripping mine waters were collected.

It was nearing midnight and the miners were coming out along the drifts from the ore bodies and passing the door of the pump room, their lamps gleaming and bobbing, on their way to the shaft, there to be carried to the surface by the cage to eat their midnight meal at the dry.

As Joseph stood in the pump room he observed that as two miners were passing the door, one of the miners was supporting the other, who appeared to be walking with difficulty. Joseph hurried out of the pump room into the dripping drift and hailed the miners, walking up to them.

"Mr. Mackey, please, my partner Arvo he's being pretty sick. We have not been able to get out only little ore for tonight....we had to quit. The air up in our sub he's being awful hot and awful bad, already. I was running the scraper and Arvo was in at the breast and pretty soon he's falling down on his face, already, and I have to help him down out of the raise."

Joseph looked closely at the sick man, who stood swaying uncertainly in the dim light. Through the patches of red hematite his face shone with an ashen pallor and his eyes were unseeing and heavy.

"What's your contract, Toivo?" Joseph asked the first miner.

"Number 27, Mr. Mackey....I hope you make fixing that place so me and Arvo can work....we cannot earn no money if we don't get out the ore, please. I think something should be done for that place, please, Mr. Mackey."

"That's true, Toivo," Joseph agreed. "I'll go and look at it before I go up. Have Arvo report at the dry for treatment. I'll see that he gets paid for a full shift. And I'll get a stemmer to finish out the shift with you."

"Oh thank you, Mr. Mackey. Thank you very much, please — for Arvo, too."

Joseph lit his carbide lamp and sloshed along the wet tracks of the drift. Soon he got into the ore body, his lamp making wavering shadows of the huge timbers just over his head, bowed and silent from the tremendous weight which they supported. As the drift forked Joseph turned to the left. He walked in on

this drift about a quarter of a mile and finally came to the raise leading up to the sub where the two miners had been working. He climbed up the silent, narrow dripping ladderway of the raise about eight feet, coming at last to a wooden hatch, a heavy trapdoor.

As he climbed, it had grown very warm, a damp, oppressive hotness. Joseph shouldered his way into the sub and closed the heavy wooden trapdoor, and stepped carefully over the gaping iron grill of the steep raise, down through which the raw ore was dumped to the level below. In the dim light of his carbide lamp the air appeared to be hanging in a black vapor. All was silent except for the steady dripping of water. Joseph, choking, opened his shirt at the throat and sniffed the powder smoke in the air. He walked quickly into the horizontal sub, the air now becoming more dense and causing his heart to pound. His lamp grew dim and, taking it in his hand, he increased the flame. Running now, he reached the end of the air line, some fifty feet away, and held his lamp over the limp end of the large canvas air pipe. The flame did not waver, but the lamp slowly went out. The air was dead.

Joseph's breath was coming in short gasps and his temples were throbbing. He tried to run back to the head of the raise, but his legs wobbled uncertainly, drunkenly, and great waves of violet light swam before his glazing eyes. He reeled along in this fantastic blackness, foully slipping, lurching, stumbling. As he neared the head of the raise he slowed up, instinctively aware of the yawning crater of the ore grill. The drip of the water sounded as a roar in his aching ears.

Sinking upon his hands and knees, both from weakness and a desire to take advantage of what remaining air there might be, he attempted to crawl over the ore grill to lift the trapdoor leading down into the ladderway. But even his strong body could not longer stand the lack of air -- and as he started to crawl across the ore chute his hands suddenly fell from under him, and with a stifled, whistling sigh from his bursting lungs, like a tortured sleeper helpless in the throes of horrible nightmare, he quietly disappeared down the raise, his body slapping and thudding hollowly in its long descent. Then everything was hot and dark and still -- save only the incessant murmur, the constant drip-dripping of the water.

It was Henry Harju himself, dressed in his street clothes just as he had been summoned from the Kaleva lodge, who was lowered into the raise on a rope and brought up the broken body of Joseph. It was his powerful old shoulders that bore the greatest burden of the tortured, grunting, sweat-blinding descent down the cramped ladderway with the silent Joseph.

In the emergency room at the hospital, when they had placed Joseph on the table and arranged his grotesque, broken limbs into the semblance of a man, the young Finnish physician, Dr. Holmes, just looked at the limp form and shrugged his wide shoulders and reached for the hypodermic needle. 'He can't live --" he started to tell Henry Harju, but the words were choked back in his throat by the knotted, stained hands of Henry Harju suddenly, savagely, about his throat, as he was rushed, pushed back against the gray wall by this Henry Harju who stood

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Chapter 1.

The mining town of Iron Cliffs lay in a broad swampy valley between chains of squat, bald iron bluffs. The region formed a part of the great pre-Cambrian shield of North America, containing the oldest rocks on the continent. Upon these bluffs the towering shaft houses of the iron mines reached up towards the sky, sometimes in the shadows of dusk looking like the spiney backs of ancient, somnolent monsters.

Beyond the town and north to the international boundary swept dense forests, fringed by lakes and foam-lashed streams, by swamps and more hills, covered with pines, slender birches, maples and spruces, cedars and tamaracks, and bearing mute evidence of the grinding long-ago -- rocky, jagged, fissured testimony of the giant upheavals and violent death struggles of past tired glaciers.

Rich iron ore deposits had been discovered at the town site before the Civil War, but it was not until after the War that dozens of adventurous little bands descended upon the town to reap the rich harvest. These first restless groups believed that the richer ore deposits lay near the surface, and men, the laborers, tortured themselves to crippled death quarrying out the great pieces of hard ore from the first pits. Stories were still told of the terrible labors of these early miners, of their crude equipment -- of the patient oxen which were used to drag the huge slabs of ore from the pits until their feet were too sore for further service, when they were killed and eaten by the miners.

After years of wild, gouging, slashing mining by these hardy little groups, a large steel corporation had come to the blustering mining camp of Iron Cliffs, had surveyed, drilled, calculated -- discovering at last the even richer iron deposits, a soft hematite ore, lay far underground -- and then had literally bought the town, mineral rights and all.

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