

[to Bill Lutz, Detroit News]

NOV 11, 1968

Dear Bill:

Oct. 25, 1967

If the enclosed is too late for your Nov. 12th. issue (as it doubtless is), please turn it over to Martin Hayden, who may wish to use it on Nov. 11th; if not, no harm is done.

The thing may be more effective with a lead in paragraph. One for this might run thus:

One of the games people ^{like to} play is ~~to try~~ to recall where they were on a certain historical ~~occasion~~ date and the thing they most remember about the occasion. When it is honestly played the game goes something like this:

[Here follows the rest]

Please send me copies as I would love of this or it.

Best,

John Volker

Lat
10/23/67

1 draft.

NOVEMBER 11, 1918.

of The Daily Mining Journal

All caps

At Daybreak found me at the extreme
east end of our town bawling out extra eds. "The War
is over!" at the top of my lungs and selling extra
editions like hotcakes, as the saying goes.

Presently, I came to a little white-washed
log house that stood off by itself at the end of our
unpaved twisted lane. A ^{small} service flag ^{with a single red star} hung in the
darkened kitchen window. "War is over!" I bawled,
"Extra, EXTRA, read all about it!"

I was about to turn and leave when an
old woman came ^{hurrying} out of the log house. She was clad in
an old bathrobe and ^{was} in her bare feet ^{and} ~~her~~ straggly
gray hair hung over her glasses. She reached ^{out} for ^{me} a
paper and I handed her one and she ^{absolutely} handed me a
dollar bill.

She stood there in the November cold
staring at the newspaper, holding it UPSIDE DOWN.
Her straggly gray hair was falling over her
glasses and she had forgotten to put in her teeth.
I kept plucking away at her arm trying to
give her her ninety - five cents change, but she
kept staring at the upside down newspaper,
tears streaming ^{down her face.} ~~from her eyes.~~

I plucked ^{again} at her sleeve. She turned
and looked at me. I handed her her change, which
dazedly she let drop on the ground at our feet. "Say

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it rince above, please," she asked me pleadingly,
in a heavy Finnish accent.

"War is over. I bawled, "No more
war! The boys are coming home! War is over!"

Then I ran away and stumbled over a rock
and fell to the ground, my papers flying in
all directions. ~~Then for~~ It was then ^{that I} ~~discovered~~
that I

that

~~too~~ I had been crying.