

1954 start

1.

As time goes by the care and feeding of summer tourists more and more absorbs the attentions of an ~~increasing number of~~ the natives of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. And few towns in the entire Peninsula are more ~~feverishly~~ ^{tenderly} devoted to wooing ^{of} summer visitors than the ^{some} village of Thunder Bay on Lake Superior. ^{fishing and logging} There are a ~~few~~ cynics who ascribe this annual love affair, this growing summer infatuation, to the ^{towns} dwindling commercial fishing in Lake Superior (due to the ravages of the sea lamprey) and the ^{final} closing of the two ^{remaining} local lumber mills (due to the ravages of the nearby ~~hard~~ hardwood forests). But whatever the reasons, whether economics or an ^{love} excess of hospitality, one thing is plain: ^{in Thunder Bay} during the fleeting and golden months of summer ~~in Thunder Bay~~ every tourist is king; the very air itself is ~~saturated equally~~ ^{drenched with the aroma of} with pine needles and love.

Rival communities of the Peninsula find themselves perplexed and a little discouraged as, summer after summer, they continue to watch the little ghost hamlet of Thunder Bay parlay love, and love alone, into such a good thing. What does Thunder Bay have that they don't have? Certainly there are many things ^{it lacks.} ~~they~~ ~~don't have~~ it doesn't have. Unlike historic St. Ignace, for example, Thunder Bay does not have a great new bridge a-building across the Straits or ^{does it} bask in the nostalgic reek of ~~ancient~~ Indian lore; it lacks the mighty locks of Sault Ste. Marie to hold its ^{camera-clicking} tourists in a thrall ~~as in the clutch of a fiend~~; it's Lake Superior shore is not adorned with ^{the} celebrated Pictured Rocks, like lucky Munising; it lacks Marquette's imposing iron ore docks which ^{contribute to} emerge/looking like the Queen Mary ^{during a fog}. It has none of these standard tourist ^{properties:} allures. Nor does it possess any crumbling fortresses or tumbling waterfalls or ^{historic} Indian burial mounds or ^{agates or} historic places to dig arrowheads ^{display} or even agates; it has no two-headed calves or ^{home made} zoos of mangy coyotes; nor is a single one of its ^{few restaurants or} hamburger stands blessed by Duncan Hines. ^{Added to all this} Worse yet, it ^{only} can only be reached ^{and winding} over a bumpy gravel road ^{as} twenty miles from the nearest trunkline highway, and everybody knows ~~that~~ the average

tourist would ~~rather~~ ^{rather} stay home altogether than stray ten yards from the main road. What, then, fetches him twenty dreary miles out of his way?

^{It is a good question.} Well, Thunder Bay has some pretty fair trout and bass fishing, but far from the best. It has a few nondescript Indians, but they are not nearly so picturesque-- or hygienic--as those of L'Anse or Baraga. They have a good sandy beach on Lake Superior, true, but every child knows the water is almost too cold to drink let alone dream of bathing in. What, then, precisely ^{does it} do they have? The answer ^{seems} to come ^{boil down to this}: is always the same: Thunder Bay has love--love plus a free tourist camp and a prevailing wind ^{off the lake} that thoughtfully pushes the mosquitoes back in the bushes, ~~where~~ tourists fear to tread. Love and mosquito-free parking is quite enough ~~and~~

~~So~~ Each passing summer the tourists ~~flow~~ flock in increasing droves to Thunder Bay. "Breathe the cleanest pine-laden air in Michigan," the chamber of commerce sign at the tourist camp proclaims. ^{"Jarry"} "Stay with the friendliest people in the world!"

And so still another summer season rolled around and this summer, as though love alone were not sufficient reward, or rather, as though ~~it~~ ^{the tourists} should be further rewarded, rumors got ~~abroad~~ ^{RO} early that year that the United States Army was thinking of establishing an anti-aircraft practice camp near Thunder Bay, and spending the summer lobbing shells out into the lake. Then, sure enough, at dusk one ^{cool} ^{early} summer night in June a cavalcade of big Army transports came rumbling into Thunder Bay, ^{trumpeting like wild elephants, headed fore and aft} followed and preceded by a brood of jeeps, like a great circus.

The dusty procession finally ground to a halt at Thunder Point, a mile or so beyond the town itself. ^{and measured march} Soon the ~~cloudless~~ ^{cloudless} calm of ~~dozing~~ ^{dozing} summer days was shattered by the boom and growl of Army anti-aircraft guns. The natives grew worried--what would the tourists think? ^{ever} ^{But their fears were groundless. Far} but far from the Army discouraging the tourists, its presence seemed rather to invest the place with a holiday atmosphere, a ^{perpetual} ^{permanent} air of ^{crossroads} excitement. The tourists were attracted like flies. Every night, the big

^{pine-covered sandy}

tourist park was loaded before dusk with tourists and Army personnel alike; just as every night the Thunder Inn was crowded to the rafters. ^{ancient whitepine} Every cabin and motel and guest room in the village was loaded; [^] trailers were parked everywhere; ~~Everybody~~ ¹ everybody was happy. The natives had both their tourists and the Army; the tourists had love and the Army and a mosquito-free place to ~~xx~~ stay; and the Army had a big empty lake to lob its shells in, not to mention bonded whiskey at two-bits a shot at Barney Quill's bar. Love had at last really paid off.

June quickly melted into July, ^{and} July dragged into ^{dozing} August. And still the tourists came. And then the loving cup of Thunder Bay ran completely over.

Without hint or warning it experienced its first murder ^{within} ~~in~~ ^{the memory} of the oldest resident.

Thursday the eleventh of August had been a warm cloudless day. By Upper Peninsula standards it had been prostratingly torrid, but then anything in the 70's was locally regarded as tropical. During the early part of the day there had been an official inspection by the Army, and the town had swarmed with Army brass. In the afternoon the Army had thoughtfully demonstrated its marksmanship, and later its newest amphibious landing craft--an enormous snorting sort of truck that appeared equally at home on land or sea. Some witnesses thought that the mere sound of the thing alone should have cowed any enemy. The "hang over" tourists (the local term for those discerning tourists who remained more than one night) had been appropriately awed to witness such an exotic use of their tax dollars. They felt hot, patriotic and a little numb. When the show was over all who could hurried back to town to Barney Quill's bar at the Thunder Bay Inn and Barney Quill and his good-looking brunette hostess, Maida Albrecht, were there to greet them. They had been waiting all day.

By evening a light breeze had sprung up off Lake Superior, much to the relief of the perspiring natives, and by midnight the gentle wind was sighing and singing through the tall Norway pines of the sleeping tourist park like the sibilant purr of a distant waterfall or, at other times, like the soft stroking of a great harp. A waning half-moon sifted down through the branches of the gently swaying pines, occasionally gleaming bluely off the windows and metal trimmings of the scores of silent trailers. The moonlight danced and glittered unabashedly naked far out upon the vast empty lake. The hushed and brooding lake itself heaved gently at the sandy shore below the tourist camp, sounding at times like a genteel ~~dog~~ and surfeited dog lapping a pan of milk. Few lights now showed among the assembled tents and trailers. Peace had descended upon the Thunder Bay tourist camp.

About one minute after midnight Andre^w Blocken, the depu~~l~~ized caretaker of the tourist park, let himself out of his little frame house at the north end of the park and stood upon his doorstep, looking out across the moonlit lake. Old Andrew's house was the only permanent dwelling in the park; he lived there all year round. His arthritis was bothering him quite a little tonight, and he stood thoughtfully massaging his hip. Then he sighed, expertly spat out a chew of tobacco, and walked painfully down the needle-strewn trail to the main entrance gate. He hoped that no late-arriving, horn-honking tourists would disturb his slumber tonight. Like those noisy thoughtless people from Cleveland last night. Or was it Toledo? It was getting hard lately to keep any track of them. And then the Army, too. He'd never seen it so bad.

Andrew let the heavy and ornate rustic cedar gate swing closed with a bang. "No vehicles admitted after midnight," a neat sign on the gate read. The sign had been aimed quite as much at the local young bloods as tourists, and Andrew recalled how in former years they used to drive into the park at all hours of the night and roar around among the grumbling tourists. But signs had not been enough, whether for sleepy tourists or wakeful adolescents, and for the last several summers old Andrew had ~~not~~ had to close and lock the gate each night. Worse yet, he was obliged to open the damned thing again at 5:00 A. M. so that those tourists whose curious pain of wanderlust could not seem to be properly eased unless they fled at least five hundred miles from the last place they slept, could be up and swiftly away on their way. And for all these added burdens, mind you, the village board hadn't raised his salary a dime.

These dark midnight thoughts on municipal ingratitude and the thoughtlessness of tourists engaged old Andrew as he again slammed home the heavy gate and snapped the lock on the chain. "There!" he said aloud. "Any more damn tourists or Army fellers can bloody well go up to Barney's hotel and sleep--that's if they can stand the awful racket."

* * *

It had been around

Around dusk, some three hours before the ^{Arthritis} old caretaker had locked ^{his} the gate,

that Laura Manion, wife of Lieutenant Frederic Manion, had left her napping husband, ~~Lieutenant Frederic Manion,~~

and ~~wife~~ walked up the road ~~the quarter mile~~ from the Manion trailer in the tourist park to the hotel bar to get two six-packs of cold beer. ~~She had been~~

Her errand was not spectacular. She intended merely ~~to get her quarter-mile walk~~
on her walk accompanied by her little fox terrier, Rover. Now, at the moment that old

Andrew Blocken had re-set his alarm clock for 5:00 A. M. and turned out his

and eased his sore body into bed, light, she was still up at the crowded barroom of the Thunder Inn. She was,

in fact, crouched over ^a ~~the~~ pinball machine, taking careful aim. It was her last shot of the game and she had just kicked off her shoes so that she might take

better aim. A few stray wisps of her

russet hair fell in her eyes. She impatiently brushed them away and released the ball. At this point a number of singular occurrences took place. The machine suddenly shuddered; it began to light up as though bewitched; its vitals jolted and groaned in ^{a sort of} mechanical ^{indigestion's} rebellion; ~~more~~ lights flashed and bells rang; numbers whirred and clicked past with amazing speed; the machine became a pulsing living thing.

"Oh, Barney, I won, I won!" Laura Manion cried, grabbing the arm of the proprietor, Barney Quill. She leaned down and quickly patted her little dog, which had bolted out from under the machine during its convulsions. "See, Rover," she said, "I beat Barney for another drink."

"That you did, Ma'm," Barney said, smiling and showing his white even teeth. "Beginners luck, I guess." He hailed a hurrying waitress. "Let you other orders wait, Lily, and bring Mrs. Manion and me two of the same."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Quill," the waitress said. "Right ^{away.}"

Two tottering and rickety old lumberjacks, as alike as two twins in their leather boots, faded and redolent ~~pink~~ plaid jumpers, stag pants and round undented felt hats, started dancing to an accordian polka playing on the juke box. (Shrewd ~~Barney~~ always liked to have a few of these picturesque old characters hanging about, "for local color," he said.) The rest of the dancers, mostly tourists and Army people, quickly gave up their dancing and formed a circle to watch them. Others left their tables and pressed into the circlce. Lily brought the two highballs back to the corner by the pinball machine. The dog Rover had again curled up under the quiescent machine. When Lily had hurried away Barney smilingly clinked his glass against Laura Manion's, making an exaggerated low bow.

"To the health of the beautiful green-eyes Mrs. Manion," he said slowly, in a low voice, and as she half laughed and half frowned at this, he quickly added, "--and her good sleeping husband, Lieutenant Frederic Manion of the United States Army."

"Thanks, Barney," Laura Manion said, laughing quickly and sipping her drink.

"And if the beautiful Mrs. Manion doesn't hurry back to her little trailer, the brave good Lieutenant will skin her alive."

Barney Quill leaned closer, no longer smiling. He spoke rapidly. "Let's play just one more game--and then I'll drive you ^{back} down to your trailer. It's way too dark and late for you to walk all that distance alone. Anyway, there's ^{se} too many strange characters floating around town these days to chance it."

Laura Manion thoughtfully finished her drink and placed the empty glass on the pinball machine. "No, Barney," she said. "It's been grand fun--more fun than I've had since Manny and I landed in this"--she paused perceptibly--"this lovely place. But I really must be going. And alone."

"Please," Barney said earnestly.

Laura Manion didn't like to frown because she knew that it brought out the lines on her forehead. At thirty-six one had to think of the lines. And she was naturally of a buoyant friendly disposition. For her smiling came easily. Her face lit up. "Remember, Barney, I'm an old Army wife and we're used to taking care of ourselves. And anyway, I've got little Rover there to protect me." She nodded at the alert little fox terrier still lying under the pinball machine regarding her watchfully with oiled bright eyes. "There's always Rover and his trusty flashlight. Thanks just the same, Barney."

"Look," Barney said. He spoke rapidly and Mrs. Manion thought his voice was curiously vibrant and urgent. It reminded her of the voices of some of the men at the army post, late on Saturday ~~night~~ nights, when her husband had been overseas. "I'm not kidding you about these floaters in town" Barney was saying. "In my business I have to know. My car is parked around the side of the building. I'll meet you there in five minutes."

Laura Manion saw that it was time to be firm. "I'm sorry, Barney, but I'm going in and tidy up. Then Rover and I are going home--alone." She stepped into her high-heeled shoes and spoke to her dog. "You wait here, Rover, and I'll be back in five minutes." She then smiled at Barney and walked quickly ~~over~~ to the women's washroom.

Barney stood staring sightlessly at the crowd still pressed around the two reeling old lumberjacks. He ran his hand through his thick wavy hair, which was graying at the temples. Someone had fed the jukebox and the lumberjack dance had become an endurance contest. "Yipee!" cried one of the old men. ~~"Son of a bitch,"~~ Barney muttered. The dark flush on ~~his~~ ^{Barney's} face came not entirely from his drinking. He glanced quickly around the room and saw his hostess Maida Albrecht watching him. She was seated at a table at the far side of the room. She smiled and raised her glass, in a mocking good luck motion, and ~~then~~ turned quickly to her companion.

~~"Son of a bitch,"~~ Barney ^{frowned} repeated when he saw ^{her companion} ~~it~~ was that tall blond crew-cutted young pup, Lieutenant Irwin Loftus. Barney couldn't see too well without his glasses, which he hated to wear, but he could recognize that supersilious young shave-tail a mile away.

Maida Albrecht worked for Barney Quill. On the hotel books she was described as a hostess, as indeed she was, both in the bar and in the dining room upstairs. But the term was still rather ambiguous. What the hotel records failed to disclose was that she was also Barney Quill's mistress and had been for nearly five years.

Barney finished the rest of his drink in one swallow and made his way through the milling crowd to the end of the bar. He rapped sharply on the bar with his empty glass and his head bartender, Leo Dancer, came up.

"Make it a tripler, Leo, " Barney said. "No fixin's."

The bartender regarded Barney uneasily. "Look, Barney--" he began.

"I said, make it a tripler, Leo," Barney interrupted, speaking harshly. "And fast. I'm not used to being chaperoned in my own joint. I'm getting a little old to start *now.*"

The bartender stood ⁿflusing for a moment, and then shrugged and turned away for the drink. As he returned and placed the drink in front of Barney he spoke. "Look, Barney, he said, "I'm not in the habit of trying to chaperone anybody, God knows, but if I were in the business I'd tell you to take it easy on the Army. You're an old Army man yourself and you should know. Please, Barney, don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Barney thoughtfully twirled his drink for a moment. He seemed to be debating whether to drink his drink or fling it at the bartender. Then he raised his glass. "Thanks, Leo, he said carefully resting his glass on the bar. ^{"If} I can't do anything you wouldn't do that would still leave me considerable latitude. See you later."

Barney Quill made his way quickly through the crowd and out the street entrance to the bar the screen door slamming behind him. He walked rapidly into the shadows around the building and stood by his car looking out over the moon-drenched lake. A cricket occasionally chirped. He raised his arms high over his head, upward and outward, his fists clenched, taking deep sighing breaths like a drowning man.

"Barney!" someone whispered. A woman rounded the end of the building.

Tensely.
"Yes," Laura, Barney whispered, "I'm over here."

The figure drew closer. "Oh sorry"
"It's not Laura, Barney. It's me, Maida." They stood silent ^{LY} ~~for a time~~ in the shadows under the moonlight. "Barney," Maida continued, still whispering, "I know you well enough to know I can't swerve you from anything you've made up your mind to do. All Hell can't do that, I know, ^{let alone a mere woman.} But I can't let you do what you seem bent upon doing without speaking my mind."

"What are you talking about?" Barney said harshly, speaking out loud.

"If you harm that woman, Barney, you ^{will} pay with your life. You know that, don't you?"

Barney laughed harshly, briefly, bitterly. "Barney Quill can take care of himself. He's been doing it for forty-odd years now. And who'd give a ^{good goddam,} ~~damn~~ anyway?"

At that moment
"I would," Maida said. [^] Three army jeeps sped up the hill past the hotel, like a flight of noisy ducks, and rounded the bend toward Thunder Bay Point.

"You see,"
"Two can play this army game, lady," Barney finally said. [^] *"And, speaking of the Army,"* where were you all last night? Oh, you didn't think I knew?" His ^{face drew close to hers, his} voice ~~grew~~ soft and wheedling.

Miss
"Come, tell old Barney where you were. Rolling on the beach with Lieutenant Lofters? Or did he take you for a moonlight spin in his amphibious dragon? ^{US? Maybe?} Or ^{was} ~~maybe~~ there was a P.T.A. meeting ^{?"} ~~in the village hall for expectant mothers."~~

There was anger and sarcasm in Maida's voice when she spoke. "If you really think that, Barney, why don't you take it out on Sonny Lofters? ^{US?} He's you man. ^{And} Sonny could just possibly make a fair match for you. He might even surprise the top dog of Thunder Bay. But not Laura Manion. Barney, you couldn't be that cruel. What has she or her husband ever done to you? And one more thing, Barney. If I were you I think I'd rather take my chances on Sonny Lofters ^{US} than Frederic Manion. ^{It's just a little hunch I have.} Or hadn't you thought that far ahead?"

The screen door of the barroom slammed and they heard the ~~claxxon~~ advancing click of a woman's high heels. "Get out of here!" Barney whispered. Maida Albrecht stood uncertainly for a moment and then retreated around the end of the hotel building, toward the main entrance. A ghostly swarm of moths fluttered around the entrance lights. As she hurried up the stairs she heard the shrill barking of a dog. The barking stopped and a car drove rapidly away, ^{the tires skidding on the loose gravel.} Maida ~~glanced at the clock in the lobby. It was 12:32.~~ ^{As} She hurried downstairs to rejoin Sonny Lofters, ^{MS,} Maida glanced up at the clock in the lobby. It was 12:32.

Barney Quill came quietly down the rubber-carpeted stairway leading from the hotel lobby into the barroom. He paused on the last step and surveyed the room. He had changed his clothing, even to the crepe rubber loafers he was wearing, ~~and~~ ^{and he appears to have} he looked as though he had freshly bathed and shaved. Despite the stuffiness of the room he was now wearing a loose-fitting woolen jacket, buttoned, and as he stood looking calmly about the room, his hands hooked in the jacket pockets, each thumb protruding, he ~~might have given one~~ ^{gave} a fleeting and curious impression of a cool Western ~~barman~~ holding two invisible six-shooters.

Leo the bartender was at his station behind the bar, ~~was~~ polishing glasses. The Loonsfoot cousins were standing in front of the bar, the older one, Blaise, talking earnestly to lanky Ed Gladdings, the new game warden recently assigned to the Thunder Bay district. Barney smiled when he saw Lily sitting on a chair, almost in the open/screened doorway, trying to catch the cool evening breeze. With her aching feet stretched out in front of her, the heels of her feet lifted out of her new shoes, she was a picture of utter and wilted dejection.

Barney walked across the room to where Lily sat and patted her lightly on the shoulder. ^{He spoke quietly} "Don't be downhearted, Lil. It's been a hard day, I know, but you've done a grand job with this ~~big~~ ^{thirsty} crowd, ~~and~~ I'm going to ask Leo to pay you double." He patted her again and walked toward the bar, nodding pleasantly at the occupants of some of the tables, most of whom he knew, and pausing to chat for a moment with the Ostermans from Iron Bay, who were ^{as was their custom,} on their way to spend the weekend at their cottage on Lake Superior.

Lily's eyes welled with quick tears of gratitude as she watched Barney move so easily and confidently across the room. She was glad, too, to note that Barney seemed more like his old self than he had in weeks. He had been so preoccupied of late, and so short and brusque with nearly everyone that sometimes he was just plain crabby. Lily's spirits lifted. ^{Even Barney's} Even ^{his} walk tonight had something different about it; more of its old lithe grace and sureness. ^{In fact to Lily}

silent padding walk had always
Barney's [^]walk reminded Lily of a kind of cat. Not ^{any} ^{sort of} ^{well,} of an ordinary cat but more
like a panther, ~~But Barney was a nice~~ ^{kindly} panther.

Barney Quill came quietly down the rubber-carpeted stairs from the lobby entrance to the barroom. "Hi, there," he pleasantly hailed some people as he made his way with his lithe cat-like stride to the far end of the bar. ^{The end of the bar} ~~It~~ was his favorite spot; from it he commanded a view of the entire room: the bar itself, the street entrance, and the stairway leading down from the hotel.

This storage room had a barred delivery door leading out to an areaway in the rear. Behind him was a closed door leading out to a rear storage room. The two Loonsfoot cousins and another local man stood or sat closer to the opposite end of the bar. All of the Army people had now left and there ~~were~~ perhaps no more than a dozen customers in the place.

"Make it a doubler this time," Barney said quietly as Leo Dancer the bartender came up to him.

Leo turned away and got the drink and then spoke in an equally low voice, "You must have been out wading, Barney, and got your feet wet. I see you've changed your clothes. How ~~was~~ it?--the wading I mean?"

Barney drank his drink and placed the empty glass carefully on the bar. "Wet," he said. It seemed to Leo that Barney kept watching the door. "Where's Maida?" Barney said.

"She just left--not five minutes ago," Leo said.

"Alone?"

"Not alone."

Barney was calm; smiling and very calm. "Come, come, Leo--you're my witness, you know."

"She left with old McGruder and your favorite lieutenant, Sonny Loftus. She seemed to be sick or something?"

"Drinking?"

"Very little. Left two-three full highballs at her table. Turned down several others. Worry perhaps."

"Don't improvise, Leo," Barney said. "All we want are the facts, Mac, all we want are the facts." Barney smiled and glanced up at the clock behind the bar. He shoved his empty glass along the bar toward Leo. "Make it the same, Leo," he said. "I see its time for another."

Leo returned with the drink. Barney lowered his voice. "Anyone else in particular been here since I left?" He drummed his fingers lightly on the bar.

"Like who?" Leo said carefully.

Barney shrugged and smiled and said airily. "Oh, just anyone--anyone I might know." He was still watching the door.

"Like maybe Army personnel?" Leo said.

"Perhaps," Barney said casually, keeping his eyes on the door. Leo noticed that Barney's usually high color was accentuated still further by two glowing red spots, high on each cheek, as though they had been applied with rouge. It struck Leo that Barney's gray eyes were as bright and glittering and impersonal as frost on cold steel.

"Like maybe Lieutenant Manion?" Leo asked, almost whispering now.

There was a long pause. Barney still stared at the door. "Perhaps," Barney whispered.

"The answer is no," Leo said. "No Army personnel at all." He paused, as though debating, and then went on. "Perhaps we could close earlier tonight, Barney. It's almost time and anyway Lily's feet are killing her."

Barney smiled and seemed to sigh. He glanced, still smiling at Leo and then back at the door. "No, Leo," he said slowly. "I appreciate your solicitude for the help and all. You're a good smart boy. But tonight we stay open until two--if it kills us we stay open until two."

"Yes, Barney," Leo said. "Perhaps it's better that way. "He took Barney's empty glass. "Are we ready for another treatment, boss?"

Barney nodded. "Set 'em up for the house, Leo. Let's eat, drink and be merry for--who knows--tomorrow it may rain."

Leo was a smart boy, all right and it seemed that he stayed away from Barney after that. It was certainly not deliberate, and Barney would doubtless understand; a tired bartender had his own problems especially after a busy day, what with the joint to clean and close, bottled goods to stash away, cash to be checked out and deposited with the night clerk in the big safe upstairs, and all the rest.

Leo served up drinks for the house and paused to visit with the Loonsfoot cousins; Lily served the drinks at the tables; and Barney went over to the juke box and put two quarters on his favorite record, Peggy Lee ~~s~~inging While We're Young. Then Barney came back and took his place at the end of the bar. "Songs were meant to sing while we're young," Peggy Lee pleadingly sang. Barney smilingly raised his glass to toast the house. As he did so his eyes met those of a man just entering the door. The man advanced slowly. Barney slowly lowered his glass to the bar.

"Good evening, Lieutenant," he said, smiling calmly. "You're just in time for a free drink."

there. ~~the~~ ^{coils of} ~~coils~~ black hair framing
Insert A.

With ~~her~~ ^{faintly} ~~other~~ ~~complexion~~ and large
~~dark~~ brown eyes, and ~~to~~ somewhat
broad full-lipped face, ^{with high cheekbones,} she looked
~~to~~ ^{more} Slavic or even Oriental than
she resembled the daughter of a
moderately prosperous ^{Wisconsin} dairy farmer
called Otto Albrecht.

As Maida again glanced at her wrist watch Sonny Loftus reached over and patted her knee. "Dring your dring, fraulein," he said, in a comic accent he had picked up during the German occupation. "Don't let it get you down. If that old goat Barney thinks he can go baying in the moonlight after army wives, that's his funeral, not yours. And I'd offhand guess Laura Manion can hold her own. "C'mon, Hon, drink your medicine like a good little girl. I got plans for you tonight. Big plans." His hand ~~was~~ ^{rested} still resting on her knee. "That's DC current

you're feeling," he said, ~~throwing back his head and laughing~~, ^{and raising his drink.}

^{Maida took a token sip of her highball and put it down.} "Oh, Sonny, I can't help it," Maida said, "but I feel like something dreadful is going to happen." She spoke slowly, staring down at her ~~untouched highball~~ ^{glass.}

"You see, I know that man. As much as anyone knows him. He lives by some strange and terrible code of his own. It's a baffling thing. All I know is that ~~it's~~ ^{his code is} a lonely one and that he'd rather be destroyed than violate it."

Sonny Loftus was not in the mood to spend a beautiful moonlit summer night analyzing the ~~eccentricities~~ ^{egocentric problems} of aging ex-soldiers ~~or their codes~~ ^{and they lived by;} at least not when the ~~dark and lovely~~ ^{disturbing} Maida Albrecht was around. He told her so. "Look, Maida, I got a jeep outside. I'll lift you in and lift you out--so--and even pay for all runs in your nylons ^{the} and for the chiropractor. When Sonny is out he spares no expense." He tightened the pressure on her knee. "Let's drive up the lake shore to that sandy cove you showed me last night. We'll start a driftwood fire-- a big one--to repel marauding pirates and mermaids. Being a bearcat at logistics I've even got a ~~big~~ ^{For whom the bed rolls.} bedroll in the jeep. We can spread it out under the moonlight and play like Gary and Ingrid. What do you say?"

Maida smiled in spite of her uneasiness. "I don't know what I'll ever do when the Army takes you away, Sonny. You make me feel so good." She thought but did not say that Sonny had also lately mader her realize that she had been living like a

She liked Sonny's jeep.

prisoner for the past five years; the prisoner of a strange oppressed man who

could be incredibly tender and incredibly cruel. "I'll finish my drink and go

fix my hair--though why I don't know--and then we'll leave." Maida had long

black hair which she wore usually in coils wound around her head. This rather

old fashioned hairdo served as an attractive frame to her large brown eyes.

Just then the tired waitress Lily came up to the table with another round of

drinks. "With the compliments of ~~the~~ Major McGruder," she said, speaking to the

lieutenant. She plumped down the drinks and hurried away.

"Oh, Lord," Sonny groaned. "Sonny don't wanna drink. Sonny wanna go play by

the sea."

"Think of me," Maida said, smiling ruefully. "I can't even finish the one I've

got." "You'll have to learn to be a sot, then. There's not a potted fern in sight.

You'll have to swiggle for me and my future. Army protocol demands that I not

only drink this if it kills me but send a round back to old McGruder and his party--

and have one myself. In the Army that sort of thing can go on for days." His

voice rose in declamation. "Someday I must tell you all about Army protocol.

Scarcely a man is still alive. They perished from protocol...."

"Sonny, he'll hear you," Maida said.

Sonny rose from his chair and raised his glass to Major McGruder's table across

the room and bowed and sat down. "I suppose the old boy is getting his battery

charged--it works best on alcohol--and will shortly barge over to charm you with

his interminable inside stories of the Civil War. Inside Sherman's march to the

sea is his latest fixation. He's one of those. It's all sheer alcoholic fiction

of course.... Hell and damnation. This seems to be old soldier night at Thunder

Bay. Sometimes I wish I had wings like a goose."

Maida looked down at his tanned hand, resting possessively now on her other

knee. She looked up and smiled. "You have, Sonny, you have," she said.

you'll soon have it done--

a sort of gleaming graphite

unusual hair; it was

and she wore it in a rather unusual style

(Take Smart A.)

she wore it in coils tightly

For Lieutenant Loftus and guest

obviously, reciting a piece

she had just learned.

sea!

rolling her big eyes and

I don't see a single

you're afraid

you see, Maida,

that's only the half of it. I must also

another

also,

stop,

fantasy,

Sonny's strong

Sonny was ~~both~~ ^{he was} right and wrong. Major McGruder did indeed shortly barge over and sit down. "Just for a moment," he said, nodding his bristly close-cropped gray head at Maida. But Major McGruder did not talk about Sherman's march to the sea. He fooled Sonny; tonight he had gone modern. As nearly as Maida could tell it was the unabridged saga of McGruder's establishment of the beachhead at Anzio. As the major went on with his account Maida concluded vaguely that the Anzio landing ~~had~~ ^{must have} been a lonely enterprise; ~~it puzzled her that so few could~~ ^{that it was seldom that of} accomplish ^{ever} so much against so many. Perhaps the imponderable was ~~g~~ ^{had} bravery.... She tried not to keep looking at the door or her watch. Sonny sat straight in his chair, rigidly attentive, as though on dress parade, nodding his head gravely over each new shellburst. Maida reflected ~~over the boom of artillery~~ ^{He had the basic requirements.} that Sonny should go far in the Army if he stuck with it. All it took, so it seemed to her, was an infinite capacity to absorb whiskey and boredom.

Major McGruder's not unpleasant staccato voice kept reaching Maida in curious snatches and broken waves, as through a radio blackout. "We got out batteries ashore and set them up during the most ~~keen~~ concentrated artillery fire I have ever seen," he was saying. "The bastards were dug in up on the heights." Sonny still sat nodding like a cardboard automaton in a drugstore window. ~~She~~ ^{Maida} noticed that people were leaving; that the Army crowd at the Major's table had now dwindled to two trapped young officers who dared not leave; ~~(marooned, alas, on Anzio beach, Maida concluded)~~ ^{now}; that Paddy, one of the old dancing lumberjacks, ^{now} sat asleep in a chair over by the pinball machine, mouth agape and red rubbery gums exposed, his round hat still miraculously undented. ~~This was almost too much local color....~~ ^{At the moment Paddy made} As Major McGruder droned on and on with the account of his exploits Maida again wondered what was happening to Barney and Laura Manion. She wondered, too, what was going to happen to her. ^{Would she have to go back teaching in a one room country school in northern Wisconsin?} ~~At least Barney had rescued her from that.~~

Barney had never told her much about his early life, but over the past five years she had learned from him and through others--in little scraps and jigsaws of information--that he had been an orphan raised by an aunt in a small town in Ohio; that he had enlisted in the Army in the early twenties by lying about his

age; that he had risen to be a top-sergeant; and that, much against his will, he had spent most of the Second World War teaching Judo to trainees at various army camps throughout the States. Maida ^{also} knew that it had often made Barney smart this summer, surrounded as they were by so many ~~combat~~ veterans of World War Two and the Korean War, to have to admit ^{when pressed} that he had sat out the big show, stateside, teaching mere boys how to snap clavicles ^{fatally} and ^{crush the} destroy thyroid cartilage ^{of the larynx.} She had noticed lately that ^{Barney} ~~he~~ ^{had} ^{lately} ^{did} not discuss his military service with new arrivals. But Barney ^{also} ^{certainly} did not need to apologize for his Judo; she knew from her own observations that he was an expert.

She had seen him run too many obstreperous customers twice his size out of the bar. ^{On a few occasions Barney had been so carried away that some} ~~Some~~ ^{had} even wound up in the general hospital down at the county seat at Iron Bay, twenty miles away. ^{Profud a few} ^{four alarm law} "Someday, Barney," she had ^{only lately} ^{warned} him, "you're going to get into a big damage suit ^{over} ^{with} ^{your} ^{Oriental} ^{tricks.}" ^{Judo and a quick temper} The fact was, Maida had to admit, that there were few departments of masculine endeavor in which Barney did not excell. At the moment she could not think of any. And, she ruefully thought, she meant any.... Despite the fact that Barney was only of average height and weighed no more than a ~~well-built~~ ^{good} ~~man~~ middleweight, she could not remember even seeing him back away from or ~~be~~ ^{bested} in a feat of physical prowess. He had muscles and nerves of steel. ^{"Middleweight Barney's built of whalebone and piano wire," Leo had once told her.} Almost every Saturday night, when alcohol, as she had long since observed, has a tendency to make all men feel like lions, there was always some tourist suddenly gone native or some visiting bruiser from off an oarboat down at Iron Bay (or more lately some husky young soldier) who ^{felt an} ^{irresistible impulse} wanted to Indian wrestle or twist arms or ^{perhaps} lift the bar by its roots, or something equally playful and juvenile. Barney gladly ^{took} them all on until their delusions of ^{strength} ^{power} ~~omnipotence~~ went away. And his subsequent pretense of modesty to Maida over these exploits, later when they were alone, amused her greatly. She knew Barney loved it. ^{In many ways he was like a little little boy.}

Don't miss: "Don't miss jackets to handle these potatoes," Barney had said.

Maida saw ^{with dismay} that the unquenchable Major McGruder had ordered still another round. She thought absently that it was unfortunate that people could not donate unwanted drinks to some deserving charity. ^{It really was a pity.} Some brave soul ought ^{really} to start a national movement. ^{Of course she suspected that Major McGruder would sooner give blood.}

"At that moment," the major was saying, "it is not inaccurate to state that the fate of the entire operation hung by a single spider web." The major evidently liked the figure because he repeated it. Maida swam temporarily back ^{verbal} to Anzio beach; she had scarcely expected such poetry from him. ^{She tried to concentrate on the boom of artillery.} But it was no use. She stirred ^{restlessly again} and glanced around at the door. The crowd was now thinning even more rapidly. ^{She caught the eye of the toiling bartender, Leo, who} ^{quizzically} shrugging ^{and rolled his eyes up for his head, and shook his head.} to her from behind the bar and glanced up at the clock. She observed that the two young officers had escaped. "Cowardly deserters at Anzio," she thought, smiling privately and sipping the freshest ^{accumulated} of her drinks.

Barney not only excelled in pure feats of strength; he was also an expert shot with either pistol, rifle or shotgun. She knew ^{that} the walls and shelves of his quarters upstairs were adorned with ^{braded} pistol cases and gun racks, not to mention ^{the} various ^{medals and} ribbons and citations and ^{tarnished} cups he had won. Yes, she reflected, she had ~~rather~~ ^{often} had a fairly unobstructed view of them ^{many times}. The business of killing a deer with firearms (usually a pistol) had ^{so} of late years ^{palled} on Barney that he had recently taken up archery and ^{of course,} he was already far and away the most accurate archer in the Thunder Bay Archery Club. It was the same with fishing. The man was ^{in anything he undertook.} monotonously competent. For the last three summers Barney had won first prize in the contest sponsored by Otto's Sport Shack down at Iron Bay for the largest brook trout taken on a fly. ^{But glancing at Sonny,} This summer the Army had interrupted Barney's fishing. In ^{Maida reflected, the presence of the Army had} fact it ~~presence~~ seemed to have interrupted quite a number of things. ^{Interrupted and precipitated.}

Then there was Barney's drinking. Up to that summer Maida had never known a man who could consume more whiskey and show fewer visible effects than Barney Quill. It was fortunate, she thought, that he could get it wholesale. But this summer the Army was pressing him hard: old rum-soaked veterans like Major McGruder and others she could name. Even Sonny there showed occasional flashes of greatness; she did not doubt that with care he would develop into a real champion. That is,

when Time, the great stealer, taught him to curb his present boyish tendency toward diversionary amoresness....

Major McGruder and Sonny had negotiated a temporary cease fire, it seemed, in order to replenish their drinks. "And you, Miss Albrecht?" Major McGruder said, turning gallantly to her, ^{as Lily waited for the order.} Maida simply held her hand over her assembled glasses and shook her head. The very thought of another drink gagged her into silence. ~~She did not aspire to championship status.~~ ^{smiled and} Tired Lily ^{dragged} herself away on her errand. Maida suspected that Lily's bunions were ~~probably~~ hurting her despite her expensive new platform shoes. Poor ^{tired} Lily, living in an old ~~clapboard~~ ^{regularly} shack with five children and a husband who hadn't worked since the mill ^{had} shut ^{down.} Poor ~~tired~~ Lily. Why didn't men order a bottle and put it on the table? Maida wondered. They were going to drink it anyway. Or did they like the manly ritual of being served repeated small doses, the pleasant comradeship of all the mock fighting over paying for each round, the thought that some poor tired waitress hovered helplessly at their beck and call? Men, Maida reflected, ~~with a flash of bitterness,~~ ^{high} seemed to get remarkably ^{very} mileage out of ^{such} small massages to their ego. The male ego was a strange and wonderful thing. ^{She had had an excellent opportunity to study it at close range during the past five years.} ~~Perhaps drinking,~~ Maida thought, might partly explain the strangeness that had ^{of his trouble} lately come over Barney. ^{if Barney's drinking was his drinking, the cause or symptom or both?} She could never be sure just what it was, of course, ^{to him lately.} because Barney possessed an almost pathological aversion to discussing his inmost thoughts with others. Even with her? ~~Yes, even with her.~~

It suddenly came over Maida how ~~really~~ little she knew ~~about~~ this strange man she had become otherwise so intimate with. It was funny, ^{and a little frightening,} ~~too.~~ ^{Knowing Barney was like knowing a ghost; an elusive dominating ghost} But whatever Barney's trouble was, or whatever the cause, this much seemed fairly clear: it had all started when the Army came to town in June. Ever since then Barney had been drinking with a sort of quiet fury--it seemed the only word. She remembered that Leo the bartender had told her privately only yesterday that for the past two weeks Barney was ^{drinking} doing better than a fifth a day when he was on duty. That did not take into account what he drank the rest of the time, either in the bar or in his rooms upstairs, ~~either~~

Propelled upon her, that former one let you really all the know it.

And then there was Sonny. Where did Sonny fit into the picture? Until Barney's outburst out at the car, just a little while ago, he had never by word or act given her any clue of what he thought of Sonny's and Maida's interest in each other. In fact, despite his growing strangeness, Barney had lately seemed even more tender and courtly on the increasingly infrequent occasions when they were alone together. Barney was indeed a baffling man; proud, complex and baffling. And inconsistent. Maida knew that Barney had known intimately many other women since--well, since he had known her, as the magazines devoted to authentic romance might have put it. These women had ranged from the plushiest tourist ladies to ^{occasional} drunken Indian squaws. ^{yet had always been} There ^{was} something ^{brutally} casual about ^{engagingly} his peccadillos. He had even occasionally bragged to her of his less dubious conquests. But in the past there had been a lightness and airiness in these encounters that somehow relieved them of excessive squalor. She had never felt jealous of Barney ^{yet} but now he was jealous of her. And there was certainly nothing light nor airy about his campaign for Laura Manion; this was deadly, simply deadly. Maida again glanced nervously at the door. Why in God's name didn't poor driven Barney return?

^{It} was the biggest combat loss of men that ever took place under my command," Major McGruder was saying, ^{He panted and stared} staring sightlessly down into ^{his empty} highball glass. ^{"Let's have a drink."}

Major McGruder looked up in annoyance at the door. The sound of scuffling and of men's voices came to ^{them} Maida. ^{Maida} She wheeled around in her chair. The screen door thumped a couple of times. Then two Indian boys, young men in their twenties, laughing and with arms locked, came suddenly into the barroom and reeled their way toward the bar. ^{Now they were singing; they sang with feeling. She smiled when} They were singing a song about the Halls of Montezuma. She recognized the two Loonsfoot cousins. Both had seen ~~extensive~~ combat service in Korea. The younger one, Charlie, was suffering from battle ^{the one} fatigue. ^{Every time he got his disability check the cousin came in singing about} Barney had called it a sixty-four dollar word for shell shock. "We live in

Maida had asked Barney what little fatigue was.

the halls of Montezuma

a wonderful age," ^{he} Barney had said. ^{"at last" "What taken"} "We're taking the brutality out of war by semantics." Barney occasionally surprised her by the ^{very} vigor and caustic aptness of his observations. "I try to view life," he had once told her, "through my own particular brand of broken beer bottle." But where was he now? She again glanced at the door. What in God's name was happening out there under the pale ^{impersonal} northern moonlight?

Maida ^{closed her eyes and rose suddenly,} rose to her feet. She felt strangely giddy. "Excuse me Major McGruder, Lieutenant Loftus," she heard herself saying carefully "I--I--it must be the heat and the smoke.... Need fresh air.... Major, I'll have ^{to} hear ^{the} rest of ~~it~~.... ~~story~~.... some other night. Please forgive.... Please...."

Both Major McGruder and Sonny were magically on their feet on either side of her. They were supporting her and leading her swiftly across the room ~~to the door~~. Or was it through the Halls of Montezuma? Their extravagant solicitude struck her as faintly Continental; she seemed to ^{suddenly} ~~remember~~ ^{recall} such a scene from a French movie she and Barney had seen last winter in Chicago. ^{But} This guided tour was a kind of an elegant bum's rush. ^{She found herself outside, gratefully, breathing the cool night air.} These men must have done this same thing many times for their own comrades. ^{But} They were men of action, ^{of course,} experts in emergencies. It ^{all} probably had something to do with saving face, she thought.

Sonny was a man of his word. He was lifting her bodily into ^{the} ~~this~~ jeep. Now he was tilting the top half of the windshield forward. He was ^{also} ~~swearing~~ a little. Major McGruder was saying what a thoughtless, windy, unobservant old bore he was. Maida kept ~~solemnly~~ ^{solemn} nodding her head in agreement. He ~~also~~ said that it was A.M. and high time for all obsolete old parties like him to be home in bed. He reached across Sonny and patted her on the knee, Sonny's knee. "There, there," he said.

^{Tonight} The knees ^{seemed to have} had it. She saw ^{the Major} him slap Sonny on the shoulder and tell him he need not report for duty the next morning. He said "Cheerio." Then the jeep ^{leapt forward} ~~had started~~ and ~~had~~ wheeled around to the shore road and Maida's long dark hair had somehow come uncoiled and was flying behind her in the wind. ^{muffler rumbling,} She felt like some fateful figure out of Greek mythology. She was ^{gratefully} gulping in deep breaths of ^{cool fresh} air, ^{it was} the cleanest air in Michigan. ~~She remembered that~~ ^E even the Chamber of Commerce had certified to that.