

Chapter 1

[Chapter 1]

It was nearly midnight on a warm Sunday in late August when I arrived home from a week of trout fishing in Ontario. Now before an aroused army of members of the Senior and Junior Chamber of Commerce

keep a beaming army of members of the

To forward, placate a beaming members off my back

hasten to add that the trout fishing in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is among the finest in the world; we have the water and we have the trout, but they, the trout, have grown sufficiently wise enough and scarce enough to at all times extend the best of fishermen to the utmost. Each U. P. trout is born equipped with a masters degree in evasion. It is precisely this that makes the fishing so sporting and good. But even the williest fisherman occasionally tire of being extended and constantly giving chase to educated trout. So each year now for quite a few years I generally wind up the season by slipping up into Ontario for a week's fishing, and thus, at the same time, confirming my suspicion that I am simply one hell of a man with a fly rod, that old Polly Biegler, lawyer, fisherman, notary public, is still among the best. Yes sir.

just like it says in the Love Books; it seems that trout seems to come into the world

For of late years, trout seems to come into the world Of course it is precisely this that makes the fishing so enjoyable, but

By the way, quietly

bolstering my ego and probate

I heard the mine whistles tooting midnight as I drove down Main Street hill. I slowed up to miss a solitary drunk weaving blindly across from the Naples Bar and pursued on his way by the hollow sound of a juke box from the garishly lit and empty bar.

out before the streets in a sort of a trot; bringing out of from

"Sunstroke," I murmured absently. "Simply a victim of the midnight sun." As I parked alongside the Miners' State Bank, across from my office over the dime store, I reflected that there were few more forlorn and lonelier sounds in the world than the midnight wail of a juke box in a deserted small town, those raucous proclamations of joy and abandoned fun where there was only fatigue and utter boredom. The wavering hoot of an owl sounds gay by comparison.

my mind - scattered coupe

instead dwell hangover

It was

I unlocked the car trunk and took out my big packsack, two fly rods and a handbag and rested them on the curb. I shouldered the packsack and grabbed up the other stuff and started across the street.

"How was fishing, Polly?" someone said, emerging from the alley alongside the dimestore. It was Jack Tregembo, ^{old} tall and lean and weather-beaten as a beardless Uncle Sam, ^{Jack} who had been a night cop on the Chippewa police force as long as I could remember.

"Fine, fine, Jack," I said. "I ate so many trout ^{this past week} I'm developing gill slits."

"S'pose you heard about the big murder?" Jack said moving closer, plainly hoping that I hadn't.

"No Jack, " I said, "Just got in--as you see. No newspapers ^{and no} or phones, thank God, up in the big Algoma bush. Trust you caught the villain and got him all hogtied, purged and confessed. ^{pricking up my ears.} for Mitch."

Jack shrugged. "Tain't our headache, Polly. Happened 'way up in Thunder Bay. Thursday night. Some soldier stationed up there drilled Barney Quill five times with a .38. Claims ^{Barnes'd} he'd raped his wife. The state police and sheriff have this baby."

"Hm...." I said. ~~"I suppose old Barney's dog tail flying, juveniles shouting,~~ Just then a car reeled around the corner on two wheels, ^{blew his top and} brakes and tires squealing like neighing stallions, ^{as it} narrowly missed piling into the rear of my parked car and then roared away down the street. Seconds later two police cars followed in close pursuit, sirens away, the last one pausing long enough to pick up Jack, ^{mistfully} who leapt in like a boy. ^{fleetingly} It all had a curious Keystone quality and I thought of the brooding calm that must prevail, at this moment, over my favorite ^{waters} trout up in the Algoma bush. I stood looking up over the ^{bank} as a slice of yellow moon swam out from behind a jagged ^{dark} cliff of cloud. "My heart ^{will always} ble-e-e-e-ds for you," ^{creaking wooden} the juke box wailed, "out of my crying ne-e-e-e-d for you...."

"Crime," I reflected, as I trudged up the stairs. "Crime still marches on."

~~I heard my phone ringing before I reached the top of the stairs, and with swift promission I knew it was my invitation to accept the retainer in Iron Cliffs County's latest murder case.~~

9 I heard the monotonously insistent robot ringing of a telephone before I reached the top of the stairs. The waspish buzzing continued. I did not hurry. After all, it could be for the chiropractor, the beauty operator, the dentist, or even the newlyweds, ^{faltering} down the hall. It could have been, but I was sure it wasn't. For with one of those swift premonitions one cannot define I knew it was for me; it would be my invitation to the waltz--my bid to accept the retainer in Iron Cliffs County's latest murder. I lowered my duffel and fumbled for the key to my private office.

"Paul Biegler

LAWYER"

read the sign on the frosted glass door. Underneath was a horizontal black arrow pointing toward Maida's door, accompanied by the words "Entrance next door." *It was surprising how few people learned to follow the arrow.*

The Chippewa branch ^{store} of a national dime store chain embraced the entire main floor of the two-story brownstone building built by my German brewer grandfather, Nicholas Biegler, in the 1880's. For many years before ^{their death} they died he and Grandma used to live upstairs, and my combined law offices and bachelor quarters now occupied their old parlor, sitting-room and dining room.

Law is one of the last citadels of conservatism and
The physical aspects of the average law office, especially in a small town, are apt to be rather bleak and pedestrian: rows and rows of dusty law books (state reports, digests, citators, form books, etc.) flanked by batteries of ^{cases} olive-green filing/and storage cabinets, the whole cheery ensemble being set off by an array of thumb-ed and dog-eared back copies of Time, Life and Fortune. The occasional substitution of Newsweek is optional, but in no case may any magazine or periodical in a lawyer's office be newer than three months old. Violators are guilty of rank ethical heresy and subject to immediate disbarment. That is the way it is.

In fact my mother Belle claimed
My law office did not fit the common mould. It looked like anything but
a law office. Indeed, ^{one of my former opponents for president} when I ran unsuccessfully for Congress several years ago
^{had} my opponent told people ^{that it was a perfect place to which to go!} I could tell, if not make fortunes, in it. The combined
waiting room and place where Maida did her typing--the old dining room--looked
more like the reception room of a comfortably old and rather down-at-the-heel
fraternal lodge. There was an old black leather rocking chair and an even older
black leather davenport to accommodate the overflow. Maida had a ^{new} desk, it was
true, but it was the kind that looked more like ^{an old} library table than a desk,
and completely swallowed ^{and hid her} the typewriter except when it was in use. There were
no magazines, not even Newsweek, and no pictures on the walls save an enlarged
snapshot of Maida's favorite saddle horse, Balsam. ^{most of the} All files and cabinets and
office supplies were kept stashed away out of sight in Grandma's ^{Bigler's} voluminous
old pantry. ^{Here lives a legal brown} Carbon paper, ruled pads and Manila envelopes had taken the place
of Grandma's pig hocks and sauerkraut.

My own office--Grandma's old dining room--was even more informal than Maida's.
~~room~~ The ~~reports and all~~ Michigan supreme court reports and all my other law
books stood on narrow shelves against an entire wall, ^{completely taken} hidden by monk cloth drapes.
^{It made me nervous to contemplate so many unread books.} My desk was Grandma's old square wooden dining-room table, kept bare and shining,
like an ad for varnish, on one side of which was a single old wicker ^{-upholstered} dining-room
chair, where I sometimes sat, and across from which were two similar chairs,
where clients sometimes sat. Over against one wall was a black leather couch--
not a davenport, not a setee, but simply a battered old leather couch. ^{I was determined that the} Psychiatrists
^{couldn't} hog all the comfort. ^{Parnell McBarthley told me that it was there I tested} In one corner was an overstuffed black leather rocker ^{the virtues of}
with a matching footstool, flanked by a floor lamp and a revolving bookstand for
my non-legal magazines and books. Beyond it was a Franklin stove with an unabashed
black stove pipe rising up to Grandma's old chimney outlet near the high ceiling.
On the walls were some small color prints of trout and ^{still others} of men fishing for trout.
In the opposite corner stood a combination radio, phonograph and television set.
I slept and stashed my clothing and fishing gear in the front room, the old parlor.
^{then} These were my law offices. ^{And the telephone} ^{began again and I answered it}
^{long ago because it was the only way to make the damn thing stop. My} ^{fisher's trip was especially over.}

"Hello," I said into the telephone. "This is Paul Biegler."

"This is Laura Manion," a woman said. "Mrs. Laura Manion. I'm sorry to be calling you so late, but I've been trying to get you all weekend. I finally phoned your mother's house and she said she thought you might be back tonight."

"Yes, Mrs. Manion," I said.

"My husband, Lieutenant Frederic Manion, is in the county jail here at Iron Bay," she went on. ^{He's being held} "They're holding him for murder. He wants you to be his lawyer." Her voice broke a little and she went on. "You've been highly recommended to us. Can you take his case?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Manion," I answered truthfully. "I'll naturally have to talk with him and look into the situation before I can decide. Then there ~~would also be~~ ^{is always} the matter of making mutually agreeable financial arrangements."

It ~~is~~ ^{is} funny, the fine ^{marsh} marshmallow phrases a lawyer learned ^a to spin off to let prospective clients gently know they must be prepared to fork over ~~some~~ heavy dough. Mrs. Manion was an alert student ^{of marshmallow phrases.}

"Yes, of course, Mr. Biegler. When can you see him?" He's awfully anxious to see you."

I surveyed the ^{clutter} mound of mail ^{mostly junk,} that had accumulated during my absence. ^{Please plan to} "I'll see him ^{around} at eleven ^{in the} tomorrow morning. ^{Will you be there?} I'd like you to be there."

"I'm sorry, I have to go to the doctor's. I don't know if you'll hear the details, but I had quite an experience. I'm sure I can see you Tuesday, ^{though--} that is, if you can like the case."

"I'll plan to see you Tuesday," I said, "if I enter the case."

"Thank you, Mr. Biegler."

"Good night, Mrs. Manion."

"Good night," I said. ^{switched out the lights and} I sat ^{in the dark} watching the reflection of the changing traffic lights below dance on the opposite wall. ^{Get a big case and} "Get a big case and ^{win it,} Parnell had said. ^{This one could be it.}

Chapter 4

old

It was nearly midnight on a warm Sunday in late August when I arrived home from a week of trout fishing in Ontario. To keep a keening army of members of the Chippewa ~~Senior and Junior~~ Chamber of Commerce off my back I loyally ^{both junior and senior grade,} hasten to add that the trout fishing in the Upper Peninsula ~~of Michigan~~ is among the finest in the world; we have the water and we have the trout, just like it says in the Lure Book; but they, the trout, ^{only problem being that the} have grown ~~sufficiently~~ ^{so} wise enough and ~~scarce enough to at all times extend~~ ^{that} even the best of fishermen ~~are~~ ^{extended} to the utmost. For of late years it seems that each U. P. trout comes into the world equipped with a master's degree in evasion. Of course it is precisely this circumstance that makes the fishing so sporting and enjoyable, but even the williest ^{of} fisherman ^e occasionally ^{wear} ~~tire~~ of being constantly extended by ~~the~~ ^{have} educated trout. So each year, now, for quite a few years ^{wound} I generally wind up the season by quietly slipping up into Ontario for a week's fishing, and thus ^{wavering} at the same time ^{Polly Biegler is} bolstering my ego and confirming my suspicion that ~~I am~~ ^{and device} simply one hell of a man with a fly rod, that old Polly Biegler, probate lawyer, fisherman, ^{and} notary public, ^{in these pitching} is still among the best. Yes siree....

The mine whistles were tooting midnight as I drove down Main Street hill. I slowed up to miss a solitary drunk emerging blindly from the Naples Bar and out upon the street, in a sort of a ~~xxx~~ sonamb~~u~~listic trot, pursued on his way by the hollow ^{roar} sound of a juke box from the garishly lit and empty bar. "Sunstroke," I murmured absently. "Simply a crazed victim of the midnight sun." As I parked my mud-spattered coupe alongside the Miners' State Bank, across from my office over the dime store, I reflected that there were few more forlorn and ^{lonely} ~~lonelier~~ sounds in the world than the midnight wail of a juke box in a deserted small town, those raucous proclamations of joy and abandoned fun where, ^{instead,} there ~~instead~~ dwelt only fatigue, ^{and} hangover and utter boredom. I swear the wavering hoot of an owl sounds gay by comparison.

Chapter 6

c. Gold
It was nearly midnight on a warm Sunday ^{past mid} in late August when I arrived home from a week of trout fishing in Ontario. To keep a keening army of members of the Chippewa Chamber of Commerce off my back, both junior and senior grade, I loyally add that the trout fishing in the Upper Peninsula is among the finest in the world; we have the water and we have the trout, just like it says in the U.P. Lure Book, the only problem being that the trout ~~that~~ have grown so wise and so scarce that even the best of fishermen are extended to the utmost.

For of late years it seems that each U. P. trout comes into the world equipped with a master's degree in evasion. Of course it is precisely this circumstance that makes the fishing so sporting and enjoyable, but even the williest of fishermen occasionally weary of being constantly extended by educated trout. ~~So each year,~~ ^{so} now for quite a few years I have generally wound up the season by quietly slipping up into Ontario for a week's fishing, and thus at the same time bolstering my wavering ego and confirming my suspicion that I am simply one hell of a man with a fly rod, that old Polly Biegler, probate and divorce lawyer, fisherman and notary public, is still in there pitching among the best. Yes siree....

Take Insect A.
The mine whistles were tooting midnight, as I drove down Main Street hill. I slowed ^{down} up to miss a solitary drunk emerging blindly from the ^{gongling} Naples Bar and out upon the street, in a sort of ^{my} sonambulistictrot, pursued on his way by the hollow roar of a juke box from the garishly lit and empty bar. "Sunstroke," I murmured absently. "Simply a crazed victim of the midnight sun." As I parked my mud-spattered coupe alongside the Miners' State Bank, across from my office over the dimestore, I reflected that there were few more forlorn and lonely sounds in the world than the ~~midnight~~ wail of a juke box in a deserted small town, those raucous proclamations of joy and ~~abandoned~~ fun where, instead, there dwelt only fatigue and hangover and utter boredom. I swear ^{the} the wavering hoot of an owl sounds ~~struck and~~ ^{gay} by comparison.

Insert A

~~First~~ I drove over on Ontario street and took a look at
my mother's ^{depleted} house -- the same gaunt frame white ^{corner} house on
the corner ^{where I was born.} where I ~~had been~~. As my car turned the corner my
lights swept the rows of tall ^{drooping} elms ~~that had been~~
planted by my father, ~~then~~ when he was a young man and
gleaned ^{darkened} ~~the~~ windows. My mother Belle was
still away visiting my married sister, and she had enjoined
me to 'keep an eye' on the old house. Well, I had looked at
it and lo! it ^{still} was there.

C. Hold

tear ducts with verdicts of acquittals. He was said to set his fee by the amount of tears he shed, and by the time I first tangled with him as a young D.A. his rate was reputed to be \$5.00 a pint. And he seldom wept less than a half gallon. (Yes, that makes two grand.)

"Polly," Parnell said, moving his untouched drink to one side with careful deliberation and leaning against my desk on his forearms. "On any comparative basis of relative legal ability and general intelligence between you two there'd be no question but that old fannel mouth Willie the Weeper'd never get another criminal defense." He shook his head. "The flatulent old wind bag," he went on. "All he does is roar and splutter and bawl. He's a dummy and a faker and a bore. When he gets through arguing to a jury, when his relentless torrents of rhetoric are over and done, the judge, jury, his client, opposing counsel, and everyone are reduced to a state of cataleptic trance, a cross between hypnosis and outright coma. That's how he wins the few cases he does, with that and his crocodile tears.

Parnell was getting warmed up to his subject and he stood up. "Can't you just hear him carrying on in front of a jury, Polly? He's only got one stock jury argument in a criminal case and he's been using it for fifty years. Listen to him."

Parnell had to an unusual degree an Irish gift for mimicry. He hunched up his shoulders and blew out his cheeks and in a thrice an indignant old Crocker stood before me. He pointed a scornful finger at an imaginary panel of jurors. "Ladies and gentlemen," he thundered, "you can't giss this defendant into state's prison! Why, folks, I wouldn't send a yaller dawg to a dawg pound based on this evidence!" Parnell grinned and became himself again. "Surely, Polly, you recall those deathless phrases?"

"Yes, Parn," I said, smiling at my loyal old friend. "I know it all by heart. I've heard him use the same argument in dozens of cases. Sure it's corn, and dreadful corn. But it seems to work--he gets the cases."

"Work, does it! Parnel snorted. "Don't tell me the ranting old faker's got you fooled, too. Did you ever stop to figure how many criminal cases he's

had
something
reputed to be
He not only sounds like a bull but is full of what a bull is full of.
would have been
assessing of the
addressing
bull horns
an old-time bituminous
"And that's no great compliment to you"
"He's like a Chatanooga"
On my considered judgment
fearful
WAN
I said arguing his case; I take that back; he never made an argument in his life - only one he conducted one following.
Panting with pride and winning with alarm?
You know yourself his got only one
that nearly
cain't
of it
oft-repeated

9/20/55

It was ^{nearly} fast midnight on a ^{warm} Sunday in late August when I ~~drove my~~ ^{arrived} home from a week of trout fishing in Ontario. ^{an} ^{army of} ^{members of} ^{the} ^{Junior} ^{League} ^{of} ^{the} ^{Upper} ^{Peninsula} ^{of} ^{Michigan} ^{is} ^{among} ^{the} ^{finest} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{world}; we have the water and we have the trout; but they, the trout, ^{are} ^{worse} ^{enough} ^{and} ^{scarcely} ^{enough} ^{to} ^{tempt} ^{the} ^{best} ^{fisherman} ^{to} ^{the} ^{utmost}. ^{Each} ^{trout} ^{is} ^{born} ^{with} ^a ^{master} ^{degree} ⁱⁿ ^{warrior} ^{ship}. ^{But} ^{even} ^{the} ^{wisest} ^{of} ^{fishermen} ^{occasionally} ^{trip} ^{of} ^{being} ^{extended} ^{and} ^{each} ^{year} ^{now} ^{for} ^{quite} ^a ^{few} ^{years}, ^I ^{generally} ^{stop} ^{up} ^{into} ^{Ontario} ^{and} ^{fish}.

at all times, equipped of
Each trout is born with a master degree in warriorship. But even the wisest of fishermen occasionally trip of being extended and each year now for quite a few years, I generally stop up into Ontario and fish, and then at the same time confirm my suspicion that I am, one hell of an a man with a fly rod. ^{old} ^{Polly} ^{Biegler}, ^{lawyer}, ^{fisherman}, ^{notary} ^{public}, ^{is} ^{still} ^{among} ^{the} ^{best}. ^{Yes} ^{sir}.

I heard the mini whistles tooting midnight as I drove down main street hill. I slowed up to miss a ^{solitary} ^{drunk} ^{wearing} ^{across} ^{from} ^{the} ^{Congress} ^{Maple} ^{Bar}, ^{and} ^{the} ^{hollow} ^{sounded} ^{of} ^a ^{gibe} ^{box} ^{from} ^{the} ^{"Sunset} ^{Club} ^{As} ^I ^{parked} ⁱⁿ ^{alongside} ^{the} ^{mini's} ^{State} ^{Bank}, ^{across} ^{from} ^{my} ^{office}, ^I ^{reflected} ^{that} ^{there} ^{were} ^{few} ^{lonely} ^{sounds} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{world} ^{than} ^{the} ^{wail} ^{of} ^a ^{gibe} ^{box}.

garishly lit and

It is precisely this that makes the fisher's so sporting and good.

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of joy and ^{abandonment} ~~fun~~ ~~and~~ ~~gaiety~~ when there ~~was~~ ^{was} only
fatigue and utter boredom. ~~Instead~~ ^{instead} The ^{wailing} hoot of an
owl sounds gay by comparison.

"Hello," I said into the telephone. "This is Paul
Biegler."

~~This is Laura Manning~~

"Mrs. Laura Manning" ^{she} said. "I'm sorry
to be calling you so late, ^{but} I've been trying to get you all
weekend. I finally ~~talked~~ ^{phoned} with your mother ^{at home} and she
said you might be ^{back} tonight."

"Yes, Mrs. Manning," I said.

"My husband, Lieutenant Frederic Manning, is
in the county jail here at Iron Bay, ^{she} ^{was} ^{saying} "They're holding
him for murder. He wants you to be his lawyer." Her
voice broke a little and she went on "You've been highly
recommended to us. Can you take his case?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Manning," I answered truthfully.

"I'll naturally have to talk with him and look into
the situation before I can decide. Then there ^{also} would be
the matter of ^{making} ^{reasonable} financial arrangements. ^{over} ^{smaller} ^{ones}
It was funny ^{the} ^{frivolous} ^{phrases} ^a ^{learned} ^{to}
off to ^{quietly} let prospective clients ^{know} they must
be prepared to ^{for} ^{some} ^{heavy} ^{down} ^{Ms. Manning} was

an alert student.

"Yes, of course, Mr. Butler, when can you see him?"
He's awfully anxious to see you."

~~Let's make it~~

I surveyed the mound of mail that had accumulated during my absence. "I'll see him at eleven tomorrow morning. I'd like you to be there."

(Mott) The waspish buzzing continued. I did not hurry. After all, I heard the monotonously ^{insistent} robot ringing of a telephone before I reached the top of the stairs. It could ^{be ringing for} have been the chiropractor, the beauty operator, the dentist, or ^{even} the ^{was sure it} newsgirls ^{who lived in one room} down the hall. ^{It could have been, but I knew it wasn't.} But with ^{so} swift premonition ^{or} I ^{felt sure} knew it was for me; ^{one of those} ~~It~~ Outside it would be my imitation to the waltz -- my bid to accept the retainer in Iron Cliffs County's latest murder. I lowered my duffel and fumbled for ^{the} ~~the~~ key ~~to~~ to my private office.

" Paul Bergh "

LAWYER "

read the sign on the ^{frosted glass} door. "Entrance next door." Underneath was a horizontal black arrow pointing toward Maids' door, accompanied by the words "Entrance next door."

Space \updownarrow

The ^{Chippewa} branch of a national
The ^{chain} ~~diminutive~~ ^{embraced} occupied the entire main floor
of the two-story brownstone building built by my
German brewer grandfather, Nicholas, ^{Biegler} in the 1880's. ~~They~~
Law offices occupied ^{for many years before they died} the and Grandma used to live
upstairs, and my ^{combined} law office ^{and bachelor quarters} now occupied the old
parlor, sitting-room and dining room ^{and large pantry} where they
used to live of their ^{former} living quarters.

The ^{physical aspects of the} average law office, especially in a
small town, ^{are apt to be} is rather bleak and pedestrian;
~~affairs~~ ^{these shrines to political and professional conservatism} made up generally of rows and rows
(state reports, digests, citators, form books, etc.)
of dusty law books and olive-green filing
and storage cabinets, ^{cherry} ^{batteries of}
cases, the whole ^{ensemble} being set off by
an ~~array~~ ^{array} of thumbled and dog-eared ^{back} copies of
Time, Life and Fortune. The ^{occasional} substitution of Newsweek
is optional ^{by the intellectual} but in no case may any magazine
or periodical in ^{a lawyer's office} be newer than three months old. Violators are
guilty of ^{rank} ethical heresy and subject to ^{immediate} disbarment.
That is the way it is.

→ Handled by

My ^{law} office did not ^{quite} fit the common mold.

~~Now most lawyers are busy fellows. Their~~

~~profession happens also to be their hobby.~~

Indeed, when I ran unsuccessfully for Congress, ^{several} ~~two~~ ^{people} ~~looked~~ like anything but a law office. ~~could have conceivably made fortunes in it.~~

The combined waiting room and place where maids did her typing -- the old dining room -- looked more like the reception room

of a comfortably ^{old} and rather down-at-the-heel fraternal lodge.

There was ^{an old} black leather rocking chair and an even older black leather davenport to accommodate the overflow.

^{Maids} ~~Down~~ had a desk, it was true, but it was the kind that looked more like an old library table than a desk, and ^{completely} ~~hid~~ ^{swallowed} the typewriter up when it was in use. There

were no magazines, ^{not even New York!} and no pictures on the walls save an enlarged snapshot of Maids' favorite saddle horse, Balsam.

All files and cabinets and ^{office} ~~supplies~~ ^{was} kept ^{stashed away out of} ~~in~~ ^{hand} ~~in~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{office} ~~place~~ ^{of} ~~it~~

voluminous old poetry. Carbon paper, ruled pads and Manila envelopes had ~~taken~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~ ~~of~~

several people I will

office

~~was~~
Grandma's foot pig hooks and saucerbrant.

My own office -- Grandma's ^{old} dining room --
~~had her very carried out~~ was even more ^{unshelved}
informal than Maids' room. The ^{state}
~~reports of the Michigan supreme court~~ ^{reports and all my other law books} stood
on narrow shelves ^{against an entire wall,} hidden by monk cloth drapes.

My desk was Grandma's old ^{square wooden} dining-room
table, ^{kept bare and shining, like an ad for varnish,} on one side of which was a single old
^{dining-room} chair, where I sat, ^{sometimes} and across from which were
two similar chairs, where clients ^{sometimes} sat. Over

against one wall was a black leather
couch -- not a davenport not a settee,
^{simply a battered} but ^{Psychiatrists can't hog all the comfort.} an old leather couch. In one corner was
an overstuffed black leather rocker with a

matching footstool, flanked by a floor lamp
and a revolving bookstand for my non-legal magazines and books.
Next to it was a Franklin stove with an
unabashed black stove pipe rising up to ^{burn}
Grandma's old chimney outlet near the
high ceiling. On the walls were some small
color prints of trout and of men fishing
for trout. In the opposite corner stood a

combination radio, phonograph and television
set. ~~This was my law office.~~ I slept and
stashed my ^{clothing and} fishing gear ~~and some legal~~ in the front room, the
old parlor. ~~This was~~
These were ^{my} ~~the~~ law offices.

Lieutenant Manson⁴

Leath

I could hear Dave trudging up the
metal stairway to the upper cellblock.

Sulo ^{shook his head, like a man emerging from a shower, and slowly} swam back to consciousness -- "ya, ya, ya" -- and rubbed his eyes, and heaved himself to his feet. ^{It was a shame to disturb him.} He had only a few more years to go until his retirement and all of us who knew him were hoping he would make the grade. "I'd like to see Lieutenant Mamoi," ^{tautly} I repeated.

"Sure, sure, sure, Polly," Sulo said, ^{reaching} grabbing for a big brass key which hung from a metal ring ^{on the wall} over his roll top desk. The way he said "sure", with his Finnish accent, made it sound exactly like "sewer", and I again crinkled my nose. Sweet violets....

"Can we use the Sheriff's office, Sulo?"

I said.

"Sure, sure, sure," Sulo said, opening ~~slowly~~ the barred steel door separating the jail office from the cell blocks, locking himself in, and then shuffling ^{upstairs} away to one of the upper tiers of cells.

¶ I idly studied the portraits of one of country's
the ten most wanted criminals. He was
I read some of his record, but was interested in his
a book. "Ten, I reflected, was getting to be quite
a symbol of achievement in this country. Let's see,
these was the ten ^{the annual selection of} best-dressed women, the ten ^{weekly}
top times on the hit parade, and, ^{during} the football
season, the ten top teams, and then --

"Yes, sir," a voice said. "Jim Frederic
Mannini."

I lit an Italian cigar and stood ^{formal scoutmaster} ~~idly~~ ^{idly} studying the portrait
picture of ^{the fugitive} ~~one of the country's~~ ^{the son of} ~~most wanted~~
criminals. ^{It} ~~reminded me faintly of a local undertaker.~~
of being chosen ^{into the} ~~standing among the Big Ten, of crime.~~

I leaned closer and read ^{dreadfully} a portion of his ^{society}
criminal record. ^{It was as predictable as a wedding announcement in the} ~~Here was indeed a fine brother~~
of a boy. ^{One} ~~wondered how a~~ ^{young} ~~man who had~~
spent so much time ^{of his life} in prisons and reformatories
could ^{still} ~~have found the time~~ ^{all could continue} to get into so much
trouble ^{during his rare intervals on the} ~~mischievous~~ ^{outside.}
if one could only channel and direct such
a single-minded devotion to mischief....

I wondered ^{whether} if he was proud of his
standing among this elite of ^{criminals} ~~crime~~, the Big Ten of
criminals. ~~Ten~~, I reflected, was getting to be quite a
symbol of achievement ^{about} in the country. Let's see, there
were the ^{annual} ~~ten best~~ - dressed ^{dames} ~~men~~, the weekly ten
top times, ^{then, during football season,} the ten top football teams, ^{then there were} and the ten-

"Yes, sir," a quiet voice said ^{at my side.} "Jim Frederic
Mamoi."

Oct. 18, 1955

Chapter 3.

"Sweet violets!" I murmured, as I entered the jail, crinkling my nose.

All jails stink and the Iron Cliffs County jail was no exception, despite the widely advertised citations

Sheriff had won for cleanliness. Man has not yet found a way to transform the stale sweat and aroma of wine, stale food and staler sweat into attar of roses.

All jails stink and, the Iron Cliffs county jail was no exception, despite the

annually won -- and widely advertized -- citations Sheriff

had earned for cleanliness, as the big door closed behind me. "Sweet violets," I murmured, crinkling my nose. The Iron Cliffs county jail was no exception. Man has not yet found a way to transform the combined smell of crowded men, wine and stale sweat and waste into attar of roses.

"Sweet violets," I murmured, crinkling my nose as the big outer steel door breathed

closed behind me. Jailer Sulo Kaugas, the Finn, was on duty, his hands locked across his belly, sitting under a portrait of one of the ten most wanted men criminals.

"Hello, Sulo," I said quietly, not wanting unduly to startle him. "I came to see Lieutenant Marini"

Mistral Cool

There are people we ~~hate on sight~~ have to learn
like or dislike ^{like or dislike}
to ~~hate~~ and others we ~~hate on sight~~.

Frederic Manion
~~belonged to the latter class, and I studied him as I~~
~~took his outstretched hand.~~ I disliked Frederic

Manion on sight. ^{I mentally struggled for} ~~It is~~ ^{what things are} ~~since~~ ^{when he} ~~when~~ generally

more congenial ^{for} ~~when~~ a lawyer ^{likes} ~~likes~~ his client,
affection and romance ^{between them} ~~between them~~ ^{is not necessary} ~~is not necessary~~ nor ^{sometimes} ~~sometimes~~ even

desirable. A lawyer ^{may} ~~is~~ his own worst client; ^{except} ~~except~~ ^{his friends} ~~his friends~~ ^{may be} ~~may be~~
worst for his friends but ^{it is} ~~it is~~ for perfect strangers ^{that he is} ~~that he is~~
doubtless apt to "do his best." ^{But} ~~But~~ ^{always} ~~always said it was a matter of~~

"Hello, there," Frederic Manion ^{he} ~~he~~ said, ^{swiftly} ~~swiftly~~
taking and dropping my outstretched hand. "We
have been waiting for you."

The faint air of reprimand was not lost on
me. "Yes, sir," I said, gesturing toward the
sheriff's office. "Let's ^{go} ~~go~~ talk in there." I opened
the door and motioned him ahead. He sat

"Tell me," I said, ^{finally} ~~finally~~ sitting
down and carefully tamping and lit a ~~long~~
cigarette. I sat at the sheriff's desk. We
faced each other.

Manion. ^{Frederic} ~~Frederic~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{not} ~~not~~ ^{myself} ~~myself~~
I already felt ^{considerably} ~~considerably~~ ^{relieved} ~~relieved~~ ^{from} ~~from ^{Manion's} ~~Manion's~~~~

Despite all our pretenses of civilization and
avowals of objectivity, there are only two classes of people
that cross our paths during our lifetime:

All ^{and fair play and all our}
Our pretenses of civilization, ~~and~~ avowals of
tolerance ^{and} objectivity, be damned; there are only two ^{main} classes
of people ^{who cross} our lives: those that we have to learn to
like or dislike and those whom we like or dislike
on sight.

~~Despite~~ ~~our~~ ~~vener~~ of civilization, ^{all} our ^{vice}
^{pretensions} of tolerance and fair play, ^{our} ^{repeated}
avowals of objectivity, ^{be damned!} ^{our} ^{repeated}
there are but two ^{main} kinds of
people who ^{cross} our lives: those people we have
to learn to ^{like or} dislike and those others, ^{in the vast majority, whom} we like or
dislike ^{on sight}. ~~The latter are by far in the~~
~~majority, and Frederic Marnie fill among them.~~
^{Frederic Marnie}
I checked ^{him} on sight.

There are people we have to learn to like or dislike and others that we like or dislike on sight. I disliked Frederic Manion on sight. I mentally shrugged. Liking ^{and} respecting a client ^{doubtless} makes things more congenial for a lawyer, but neither affection ~~nor~~ or romance between is necessary nor sometimes even desirable. What was it, ^{gentle and wise} old Dean Batesly used to say about this back in law school? ^{My young friends:} "Detachment is, ^{by far} the ^{better} best climate for effective advocacy."

I am satisfied we would have been there yet had I not broken the silence.

10/20/55

[Chapter 2]

Chapter 3.

All jails stink and the Iron Cliffs county jail ~~was~~ ^{was} no exception. Despite the annual ^{and, during} ~~and~~ ^{his} ~~his~~ ^{campaign} ~~for reelection,~~ ^{much advertised,} ~~citations~~ that Sheriff Bathifore won for the cleanliness of his jail, neither he nor any man ^{has} ~~has~~ ^{yet} found a way to ^{a combination} ~~make~~ ^{of} crowded unwashed men, stale sweat and urine smell like a bunch of roses. ~~Regrettable, regrettable.~~ The full force of this ^{regrettable} state of affairs smote my nostrils as the big outer jail door ^{I was fairly caught.} ~~breathed~~ closed behind me. During my two-year vacation from crime I had forgotten how ^{really} ~~had~~ it could be.

Chapter 3

All jails stink and, despite the annually won--and widely advertized--
citations Sheriff _____ jail had earned for cleanliness, the Iron
Cliffs county jail was no exception. Man has unhappily not yet found a way
to transform the combined smell of crowded men, urine and stale sweat into
attar of roses.

"Sweet violets," I murmured, crinkling my nose as the big outer steel
door ~~breathed closed behind me~~. Jailer Sulo Kangas, the Finn, was on duty, *He sat*
nodding in a chair, his thin blond hair swept up in a Kewpie lock,
his hands locked across his belly, ~~nodding in a chair~~, sitting under a side
and front F.B.I. portrait of one of the country's ten most wanted criminals.

"Hello, Sulo," I said gently, not wanting unduly to startle him. "I came
to see Lieutenant Manion."

Sulo shook his head, like a man emerging from a shower, and slowly swam
back to consciousness--"ya, ya, ya!" ~~and~~ *He* rubbed his eyes, *and patted down his hair*
and heaved himself to
his feet. It was *really* a shame to disturb him. He had only a few more years to go
until his retirement and all of us who knew him were hoping he would make the
grade. *He had been a good and loyal cop, but now he was a tired one.* "I'd like to see Lieutenant Manion," I tactfully repeated.

"Sure, sure, sure, Polly," Sulo said, reaching for a big brass key which
hung from a metal ring *as big as a basketball hoop* on the wall over his roll top desk. The way he said
"sure," with his Finnish accent, made it sound exactly like "sewer," and *the association*
made me again crinkled my nose. Sweet violets....

"Can we use the Sheriff's office *for our bundles,* Sulo?" I said. "I see it's empty."

"Sure, sure, sure," Sulo said, opening the barred steel door separating
the jail office from the cell blocks, *carefully* locking himself in, and then shuffling away
upstairs to one of the upper tiers of cells *with the brass key draped* *over his arm.*

and furiously puffed on sitting up a counter stretch out of self-defense

I lit an Italian cigar and stood idly studying the picture of one of the country's ten most wanted criminals. Hm.... The fugitive reminded me faintly of a former scoutmaster I'd had. I leaned closer and read a portion of his

of the fugitive's criminal record. It was as drearily predictable as a society wedding announcement in the New York Times. I read on. Here was indeed a fine broth of a

boy. One wondered how a young man who had spent so much of his life in prisons and reformatories could *possibly continue* to get into so much trouble during his *brief* and ~~fleeting~~ intervals outside. If one could only channel and direct such

such single-minded devotion to mischief, *one could surely power a battleship.*

I wondered whether he was proud of his standing among this elite of criminals, the Big Ten of crime. Ten, I reflected, was getting to be quite a symbol of achievement *throughout* about the country. Let's see, there were the annual

ten best-dressed dames, the weekly ten top tunes, *and* ~~then~~ during football season, *the flashiest, the loudest, the crudest.* the ten top teams. Then there were the ten *most* --

"Yes, sir," a quiet voice said at my side. "I'm Frederic Manion."

"This"
"Sure, sure, sure," Sulo said, *mindful of his manners.* "Dis is Pally Biegler."

10/20/55

draft

~~the document~~

I turned and looked at the man, and ~~of~~
The very thought ^{flashed over} ~~came to me~~ (Why ~~thought I had~~ ^{thought} ~~of coming to me~~ ^{flashing over me} ~~flashing over me~~ I thought that

that despite ~~our~~ ^{dearly-hugged illusions} ~~our~~ ^{and culture} ~~aversion of civilization~~ ^{eternal} ~~all our~~ ^{protections} ~~of~~ ^{our} ~~repeated~~ ^{repeated} ~~our~~ ^{repeated} ~~mouthings~~ ^{mouthings} about fair play,

^{of us} ~~repeated~~ ^{and} ~~approval~~ ^{approval} of objectivity, ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~of us~~ ^{of us} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~but two~~ ^{but two} ~~main~~ ^{main} reactions to the ~~people~~ ^{people} who crossed ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~lives~~ ^{lives}: there ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~some~~ ^{some} people, ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~to~~ ^{to} learn to like or dislike ~~and~~ ^{while the} ~~others~~ ^{others}, ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~others~~ ^{others}, ~~whom~~ ^{whom} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~to~~ ^{to} learn to like or dislike ~~on~~ ^{on} sight.

I disliked ~~whom~~ ^{whom} we like or dislike ~~on~~ ^{on} sight. I disliked

Frederic Marion on sight. Tolerance, fair play, ~~and~~ ^{all could} ~~objectivity~~ ^{be damned}; I didn't like this guy. He started ~~at once~~ ^{at once} to ~~confer~~ ^{confer} ~~with me~~ ^{with me} ~~in my~~ ^{in my} ~~intelligence~~ ^{intelligence} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~detachment~~ ^{detachment}.

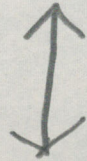
"Hello, there," he said, swiftly taking and ~~dropping~~ ^{outstretched} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~hand~~ ^{hand}. "I've been waiting for you."

~~If I was over there, he was Mr. Cool~~
The faint air of annoyance and reprimand was not lost on me. "Yes, sir," I said, ~~gesturing~~ ^{gesturing} toward the ship's office. "Let's do our talking in there." ^{Here was the old dilemma of the lawyer: must he love}

^{Must a lawyer like this client to do him any good?}
What had old Dean Balesly ~~once~~ ^{once} said about this back in law school? ^{In his eye, the old Dean was as quotable as Santayana.} ~~It was~~

Ah, now it was coming back. "Detachment is by far

the better climate for effective advocacy," he had said. "A lawyer ^{is doubtless} may be his own worst client; ^{as the saying goes, his friends may or may not be} his friends are the next worst; but I have ^{long} observed that it is for perfect strangers that ^{as lawyer} he is apt to do his best." ^{well, the thing was sure: if} ~~of~~ detachment was good for clients, and I ^{should take} took his case, Frederic Mamion was ^{certainly} going to be well served: my ^{growing} sense of detachment almost ^{was} compelling me to walk out on him.



We sat facing each other in the sheriff's office, I ^{in a wicker chair} at the sheriff's desk (where I'd sat through many a tense session as prosecutor) and Lieutenant Mamion on a chair at the side of the desk. He was ^{about to smoke} lighting a cigarette, and it was an absorbing ritual to watch. The ^{chosen} cigarette was selected as though ^{all the pack} they were ~~the~~ different; it was carefully tamped and ^{some} fugitive threads ^{of tobacco were} carefully removed; it was ^{nicely} carefully fitted into a long, ornately-carved, ivory-looking holder; it was dry-puffed to see that the ^(they evidently were) flues were opened ^{the} match was ^{suddenly} struck across the side of the sheriff's ^{varmished} desk (thank goodness the sheriff knew I used a lighter); the match was permitted to burn so that ^{all} the sulphur fumes were ^{gone}; dissipated; and then -- then -- the holder was clenched in two rows of strong white teeth under the little Hitlerian moustache,

and lo! the man was smoking. ~~I saw~~ Then he
~~calmly~~ sat back and ^{regarded} ~~looked at~~ me calmly, with eyes
that were neither black nor brown, ~~and~~ but ~~dark~~
bafflingly clear, with an expression that was neither
interested nor disinterested, but aloofly detached.
"Mister Cool," I thought to myself.
Detachment was in the air. Neither of us spoke,
and I am morally certain that had I not finally
broken the silence, ^{and the sheriff permitting} we would have been sitting there yet,
like figures, ^{trapped} in Madame Tussaud's museum.
"Where did you get that fancy holder?"

I said.

He smiled faintly and removed ^{glanced} and ^{looked}
at the holder. "China via Burma Road, World
War Two," he said. "Ming Dynasty, 14th. Century."
^{Hand carved,}

"Um... I didn't know they ^{had} ~~smoked~~
cigarettes, ^{or holders} that long ago, ~~or~~ or even tobacco."

"They did," Frederic Manion replied, ^{thoughtfully} selecting
a new cigarette, and I sensed that the discussion
was closed. I thought I had better talk about
something more properly down my alley, something
like the possible defense of a first degree murder
charge.

"Last night after ^{I talked with your wife}
^{all} I ~~have~~ read, the newspaper accounts
of in your case," I said. "Have you?"

"Yes."

"Are they substantially correct?"

For a while I tried to say that I was his lawyer now, and I could carry the balls.

"Yes."

"The newspaper accounts state that you ^{walked} ~~came~~ into Barney Quill's bar ^{at Thunder Bay} about midnight last Thursday and shot him five times; that you then ^{drove in your car back home} ~~returned~~ to your trailer in the Thunder Bay tourist park; that you ^{then} awakened the ^{deputy} caretaker ^{of the park} and told him you had shot Quill; that you ^{he then swummed the state} ~~then~~ waited in ^{the} your trailers until the ^{other} officers arrived. Is that correct?

"Yes."

"The paper further states that the officers then took you into ^{custody} this jail; that your wife accompanied you; ^{and} that your wife told the officers that Barney Quill had raped her ^{in the words} and then ^{later} beat her up at the gate of the tourist park. Correct?

"Yes."

"That the jail physician was called ^{who} and took a vaginal smear; that this smear was ^{later} reported ^{by him} negative for seminal stain; and that your wife volunteered to take a polygraph or lie-detector test as to her story; that such a test was given but the results are undisclosed? Right?"

"Yes."

place and identity from Sun Bay, ~~that~~ and that

"The newspaper also states that you have refused to amplify your original oral statement to the officers that you shot Barney Quill? Right?"

"Yes."

"You have not made or signed any other statements to the police?"

"No."

"All right. Now let's talk about some things that may or may not have been in the newspaper.

Did you see Barney Quill rape your wife?"

For the first time Mrs. Cook's eyes ~~fluttered~~ ^{seemed to} showed some reaction; ^{they moved} ~~not~~ lidlessly, ^{swiftly,} like a serpents, more of a ^{quick} flutter than a blink.

"No," he said softly.

"Did you see him beat her up at the gate?"

"No."

"Or hear her shout, as she claimed?"

"No."

The old ex-D.A. was hitting his stride.

"So the first time you learned of the attacks on your wife by Barney was when

she told you about them?

"Yes."

"What did you do then?" "I'd force him to say something more than yes or ~~no~~ no."

"I took care of her," ^{of course,} she was in terrible shape. Her eyes and face were bruised, ^{also} her arms; her blouse was ~~some~~ torn, ~~her~~ her slip-ons were missing, and - and - - ^{He paused and again there was} ~~again~~ the serpent flutter of the eyes. ~~At~~

"Go on," I said.

"And this ^{this} man had left his tracks on her thighs and her skirt." This was more hessed than spoken.

"When you speak of tracks do you mean semen?"

"Yes."

"What ^{if anything,} did you do with these - - ah - - tracks?"

"I wiped them off her body and burnt the skirt."

Still examining ^{them, I said:} "Did it not occur to you that this would

have been pretty conclusive ^{evidence} ~~proof~~ that he ~~was~~
had had ^{sexual} intercourse with her.?"

His dark eyes seemed to wall up and
cloud over; then he sipped his small mountache
that I was learning to love so well; and then
he went into the ritual of touching his
Ming holder.

"Did it?" I repeated.

"I never thought of that," he blurted, almost
flinging the Ming holder from him.
"I--I couldn't get rid of it stand the sight of
it. I couldn't get rid of it fast enough."

"Was this before or after you shot ~~the~~
~~deceased~~. Barney Duill.?"

"Before."

"How long did you remain with your
wife before you went to Barney's the hotel-bar?"

"I don't remember."

"I think it's important, and I suggest
you try."

After a pause. "Maybe an hour."

"Maybe more?" A "maybe." A "maybe less?"

"Maybe?"

I panned and lit a cigar. I took my time. I ^{had reached} ~~was at~~ a point in the case where a few wrong answers to the ^{a few} right questions would leave me with a client -- & if I took his case -- whose cause was legally defensible.

Either I stopped now, and let some other lawyer worry over the ethics involved; or else, ^{worse yet,} I asked him the ^{few} fatal questions and let him hang himself, or else, ^{like a smart lawyer,} I went into the lecture.

I studied my man, who sat as inscrutable as an Arab, delicately fingering his Manig holder, faintly sipping his ^{dark} mustache.

It was tempting, sorely tempting, ^{for me to} let the bastard fry, to boil in the oil of his own ^{larder} legs. Why should I ^{barter} ~~sell~~ my years of experience to ^{try to} save this Mister Cool? Why, ^{oh why,} indeed? The answer had very little to do with Mister Cool. ^{Was it} Because I felt I had a chance to beat this case, ^{and at the same time} to beat Mitch Lodwick? Hm.... Because it was ^{my} big chance to win a big tough case and finally knock that ^{garabans} old fraud, Jerry

Gregory, from his pedestal as the leading
criminal defense lawyer of the P County, if
not the Peninsula? Hmm... Because I was
running for Congress against Mitch and
this was my opportunity, not only to beat
him, but to ~~oppose~~ ^{demonstrate} by dramatic contrast
our relative capabilities? More deeply, but
there: because some ~~stupid~~ ^{character} had ^{some} made a ^{drunken} pass
at my ^{older} sister, Gail, when she was in high school,
years ago, and my ~~old man~~ father, Oliver, had beat him
within an inch of his life and then dared the
authorities to arrest him, a dare they didn't take?
Because a frustrated 4F could now defend
a genuine ^{military} hero, a man who had fought ~~and~~
in two wars? Because I wanted and needed
the money?

At this point Subo Kagas poked
his head in the door.

"Lunch is served," he said.

I glanced at my watch and swiftly
arose. "I'll be back at two," I said. "Will your
wife be here."

"Yes."

I had decided to deliver the lecture. All

she wouldn't have stopped me.

2nd
11/13/55
Draft

The Lieutenant looked slowly around the room. I followed his gaze.

The dominant motif of the Sheriff's office, ~~was~~ like that of the jail proper, was battleship gray: gray walls, gray ceiling, gray bars over gray sooty windows and, good God, even a gray cement floor. What warring genius of a paint salesman, ^{I considered,} had thus seduced the county purchasing agent? The gray walls were mercifully overlaid with ^{numerous} commercial calendars, variously advertising ^{such pacifiers as family} "handkerchiefs," ^{straight-jackets,} "leg irons," "riot guns," tear-gas bombs and similar ^{adjuncts to} ~~pacifiers~~. There were other calendars ^{of} showing ^{the} more gracious aspects of jail-living, such ^{as unbreakable scabbard tripes} as "dinner and gadget" ^{any} guaranteed to make ^{the middle of} a jail smell like a pine forest... I found myself ^{witfully skeptical.}

miraculous
no pray
compound

"My, my, my," I murmured ^{obviously-} ~~thoughtfully.~~

Stuck against the far wall was the inevitable optical chart ^{to test the vision of} applicants for drivers' licenses, ^{and} about which, ^{some of} the Sheriff's political detractors ^{claimed,} ^{darkly,} ^{that} all the most myopic applicant had to do to pass was to discern the chart itself.

"X, Z, Y," the Lieutenant was repeating glibly, "A, Q, O, S, Z...." and so on down into the fine print. I tilted my horn-rim glasses up on my forehead and was greeted by a blur. I walked over

Also prominently displayed, of
course, ^{the well} framed diplomas which the Sheriff had
won for the cleanliness of his jail. One ^{diploma} that caught my eye
I ^{immediately} determined to steal. I simply had to have it. Some ironic
way had squashed and impaled a cockroach on the glass,
of one of them, where it beckoned the beholder in a sort of
macabre good-judgkeeping seal of approval. I sighed and
turned to the Lieutenant.

"Cosy," I said. "Real, real cosy." From this wall,
I was sure, a careful observer ^{from 'mass} could reconstruct an
official biography of the Sheriff, much as an
archaeologist pawing over layers of kitchen-midden
can reconstruct the ~~foundings~~ ^{foundings} of ancient man. ~~The~~
I thought of a name for the place. "This room,"
~~there,~~ I mused, "is the Hall of Democracy."

Chapter 5.

All jails stink and the Iron Cliffs county jail is no exception.

Despite the annual--and, during his campaigns for reelection, much advertized-- citations that Sheriff Battisfore ^{Clawson had} won for the cleanliness of his jail, neither he nor any man had ^{and there} yet found a way to make ^{the clean} a combination of crowded unwashed men, stale sweat and urine smell like a bunch of roses. The full force of this regrettable state of affairs smote my nostrils as the big outer jail door breathed closed behind me. I was fairly caught. During my two-year vacation from crime I had forgotten how really bad it could be.

"Sweet violets," I murmured, crinkling my nose and trying to breathe ^{from the rear top of my lungs} lightly. Jailer Sulo Kangas, the Finn, was on duty. He sat nodding in a chair, his hands ^{folded palm up in his lap} locked across his belly, ^{and he sat} his ^{crispy} blond hair ^{was} swept up in a Kewpie lock, ^{one of those} sitting under a side and front F.B.I. portraits of one of the country's ten most wanted criminals. "Hello, Sulo," I said gently, not wanting unduly to startle him. "I came to see Lieutenant Manion."

Sulo shook his head, like a man emerging from a shower, and slowly swam back to consciousness--"ya, ya, ya." He rubbed his eyes and patted down his hair and heaved himself to his feet. It was really a shame to disturb him. He had only a few more years to go until his retirement and all of us who knew him were hoping he would make the grade. ^{For many years} He had been a good and loyal cop, but now he was a tired one. "I'd like to see Lieutenant Manion," I tactfully repeated.

"Sure, sure, sure, Polly," Sulo said, reaching for a big brass key which hung from a metal ring as big as a basketball hoop, on the wall over his roll-top desk. The way he said "sure," with his Finnish accent, made it sound ~~exactly~~ like "sewer," and the association again made me crinkle my nose. Sweet violets.... "You like see him in his cell?"

old

fleetingly
he might have been overcome and overruled.

chap. 5
old

trying for a reference

"Can we use the Sheriff's office for our huddle, Sulo?" I said, "I see it's empty."

"Sure, sure, sure," Sulo said, opening the barred steel door separating the jail office from the cell blocks, carefully locking himself in, and then shuffling away upstairs to one of the upper tiers of cells, with the brass key draped over his arm.

I lit and furiously puffed on an Italian cigar, setting up a counter stench out of self-defense, and stood idly studying the picture of one of the country's ten most wanted criminals. Hm.... The fugitive reminded me faintly of a former scoutmaster I'd once known, a hell of a good man, a veritable pyromaniac, with two dry sticks. I leaned closer and read a portion of the fugitive's criminal record. It was as drearily predictable as the announcement of a society wedding in the New York Times. I read on. Here was indeed a fine broth of a boy. One wondered how a young man who had spent so much of his life in ^{behind bars} prisons and reformatories could possibly ^{learn to} contrive to get into so much trouble during his brief intervals outside. If one could only channel and direct such energy, such single-minded devotion to mischief, one could surely power a battleship.

as Who's Who of crime, in its way
Prepared at Downstate Reformatory; finished at Sing Sing

I wondered whether he was proud of his standing among this elite of criminals, the Big Ten of crime. Ten, I reflected, was getting to be quite a symbol of achievement throughout the country. Let's see, there were the annual ten best-dressed dames, the weekly ten top tunes, and, during football season, the ten top teams. Always the superlative ten; the best, the biggest, the flashiest, the loudest, ^{and now, sweet Jesus,} the crookedest. Then ^{also} there were the ten most--

"Yes, sir," a quiet voice said at my side. "I'm Frederic Manion."

"Sure, sure, sure," Sulo said, mindful of his manners. "Dis is Polly Biegler, he used to be D.A. He's the bucket."

"Thanks, Sulo," I said gratefully. "Nice to meet you, Lieutenant."

deep 5
old

turned away coolly and

The Lieutenant looked slowly around the room. I followed his gaze. The dominant motif of the Sheriff's office, like that of the jail proper, was battleship gray: gray walls, gray ceiling, ^{dirty outside} gray bars over gray sooty windows. ^{There was even,} and, good God, ^{even} a gray cement floor. What unsung genius of a paint

salesman, I wondered, had thus seduced the county purchasing agent? The gray walls were ^{mostly} mercifully overlaid with ^{look} numerous commercial calendars variously ^{depicting}

and

advertising such pacifiers as handcuffs, leg irons, strait-jackets, riot guns, tear-gas bombs and similar adjuncts to family decorum. There were ^{still} other calendars ^{devoted to} showing the more gracious aspects of jail-living, such as unbreakable ^{(guaranteed unbreakable),} seatless toilets ^{roach powder, warm inside and} and delousers, and--

I found my gaze lingering--a miraculous spray compound guaranteed to make any jail ^{in the world} smell like the middle of a pine forest....

"Can it be possible?" I thought, ^{Why, my,} I murmured, wistfully skeptical. ~~The Lieutenant merely granted.~~

Stuck against the far wall was the inevitable optical chart to test the vision of applicants for drivers' licenses, and about which some of the Sheriff's political detractors claimed darkly, ^{I suddenly recalled, that all but} ~~all that~~ the most myopic applicant ^{would if he could} had to do to pass ~~was to~~ discern the chart itself.

"X,ZY," the Lieutenant was repeating glibly, "A,9,0,3,2...." and so on down into the fine print. I tilted my horn-rim glasses up on my forehead and was greeted by a blur. I walked over to the chart. "Once more, Lieutenant," I said. "Please. I ^{can't} ~~don't~~ believe it."

"XZY" the Lieutenant ^{read} repeated rapidly, and so on swiftly and accurately ^{down} through the list.

"Well," I said, returning to my chair, "there goes one possible defense out the window."

The Lieutenant's dark eyes bored into mine. "What's that?" he said.

5

Chap. 15
old

~~The man should have fiddled them out.~~

and it was an absorbing ritual to watch. The honored cigarette was selected as though ^{each} all in the pack ^{were unique and} were different; it was carefully tamped and some fugitive threads of tobacco were removed; it was ^{deftly} nicely fitted into a long, ornately-carved, ivory ~~looking~~ holder; it was dry-puffed to see that the

~~the~~ flues were opened (they evidently were); a common kitchen match was ^{produced and} suddenly struck ^{down} ~~clear~~ across the side of the sheriff's ^{with a} ~~vermished~~ desk (thank goodness the sheriff knew I used a lighter); the match was permitted to burn so that all the sulphur fumes were dissipated; and then--then--the holder was clenched in two rows of strong white teeth under the little Hitlerian moustache, and lo! the man was smoking. ^{It was like watching a place kick in the closing minutes of a tie game.} Then he sat back and regarded me calmly, with eyes that were neither black nor ~~black~~ brown, but bafflingly dark, with an expression that was neither interested nor disinterested, but aloofly detached ^{to the} ~~point of scorn.~~ His attitude seemed to say that I was his lawyer, ^{now, damn it!} ~~and~~ ^{it was up to me to} ~~I~~ could carry the ball.

"Mister Cool," I thought to myself. Detachment was in the air. Neither of us spoke, ^{for some damn} and I am morally certain that had I not finally broken the silence, and the sheriff ^{might} permitting, we ~~would~~ have been sitting there yet, like

two

figures ^{trapped} in Madam Tussauds' ~~museum.~~ ^{wapwakes.}

"Where did you get that fancy holder?" I said.

He smiled faintly and ~~removed~~ and glanced at the holder. "China via Burma Road, World War Two," he said. "Hand carved, ^{ivory, Ming (around 16th} Ming Dynasty, ^{14th} Century."

"Hm.... ^{Ripley never told me} ~~didn't~~ know they had cigarettes or holders that long ago, ^{let alone} or even tobacco. ^{Ripley missed it.}

"They did," Frederic Manion replied, thoughtfully ^{puffing on his Ming holder,} selecting a new cigarette, ^{and} ~~and~~ I sensed that the discussion was closed. ^{perhaps} I thought I had better talk about something more properly down my alley, something ^{scm} like the possible defense of a first degree murder charge. ~~I wasn't too hungry yet, and at the~~

~~moment felt fairly certain that I never would be.~~

~~(Insert prebion data)~~

My God, had made it....
If my professional client

dup 15
old

"I'm afraid," I said dryly, "that ^{you} we can't very well claim that your shooting of ~~Barney Quill~~ was a case of mistaken identity."

The Lieutenant grunted unsmilingly and resumed his ^{cool} inventory of the room. Here was one murder defendant, I saw, who did not like to joke about the fix he was in....

One entire gray wall, like a sort of shrine, was devoted to the great man himself, the Sheriff. It was all but covered with photographs, all framed

under glass, of the Sheriff as a Public Man, all testifying mutely, in various brotherly attitudes, of his undying love for his fellow men. The Sheriff was shown shaking hands, embracing or being embraced, ^{citizens -- and voters, and occasionally both,} eating pie, ^{catching and eating smelt,} giving or receiving various awards, cups and plaques, and crowning queens.

He was shown with Owls and Eagles, Elks and Moose and ^{with} assorted and smiling representatives of other fraternal fauna; with the Amvets, Legionaires, VFW, ^{he posed} Hi-Y, CYO, officer ^{of} the U.P. Potato Growers, Inc.; ^{there were Boy Scouts, Cub Scouts, League clubs, Archers,} smelt queens, potato queens, queens without end; ^{the latter all in identical jackets and bowties,} athletes, ski-jumpers, people who might have been Holy Jumpers and at least three bearded rabbis. There were ^{representatives of the Lions,} Rotarians, Lions, Kiwanis, ^{Junior and Senior Chambers of Commerce and smiling} disciples of barber shop harmony; ^{there were}

☞ "Love, ^{your spell is incantation,} I murmured.
☞ "Hm...." the Lieutenant said. ^{He must have stock in Eastman Kodak.}
There were others, ^{pictures of the Sheriff,} many others, whose affiliations, amidst such a ^{good} luxuriant frieze of fellowship, I could not immediately make out. Also

prominently displayed, of course, were the framed diplomas which the Sheriff had won for the cleanliness of his jail. One diploma that caught my eye I immediately determined to steal. I simply had to have it. Some ironic wag had squashed and impaled a cockroach on the glass, ^{where it remained, and from whence} where it beckoned the beholder in a sort of macabre good-jailkeeping seal of approval. I sighed and turned to the Lieutenant. ^{☞ "This room," I said, "simply reeks with personality."} ^{☞ "Among other things," the Lieutenant said, ^{delicate,} "watch}

"Cosy," I said. "Real, real cosy." From this wall, I was sure, an observer from Mars could reconstruct an official biography of the Sheriff, much as an ~~archaeologist~~ ^{archaeologist} pawing over layers of kitchen- ^{midden} ^{off} re-

politicians ranging
from national to
local
and others with people

distinct
minded

July 15
old

construct the doings of ancient man. I thought of a name for the place. "This ^{It was,} room" I mused, "is the Hall of Democracy."

^{anywhere, the country,} ^{That was the way it was.} ^{grim} ^{mains at hand.}
^{did precisely} ^{all} ^{the same thing.} I sighed and turned to the

"Before we talk about your case, suppose we talk a little about you," I said. "Sort of helps a lawyer to ^{get the feel of a case, to} sense some thing that ^{might be} ~~is~~ in the law books." ~~OK?~~ "Psychologists call it the frame of reference. O. K.?"

"Yes," Lieutenant Mannin said.

"All right, then. How old are you?"

"36."

"How old is your wife?"

"41."

"The newspaper said 35."

¶ After a pause: "She's 41."

"Is it your first marriage?" "The conversation was going like a cablegram."

"No."

"Suppose you tell me ^{the score} and save time. All I want are the facts."

→ "Is all this necessary?" ¶ "Suppose you let me be the judge."

"It's my second."

"How did the first end?"

"Divorce?"

"Yes."

"You or she?"

"She."

"What grounds?"

¶ "I see. ^{She found another man while I was in World War I.} ^{I did not fight it.} Did you serve in the European or Pacific theatres?"

"Or in this one?"

"No"

"Any prospects?"

Mr. Cool fell silent.

"Any prospects?" I repeated,

Savagely: "not unless that ^{clerk} bastard ^{will} punched her up!"

Here ^{was} a ^{sudden} revealing step upon dangerous ground, and I veered ^{quickly} away. I was sure there were legal land mines ^{lying} all over, ^{and} I wasn't quite ready to ^{tread} them. ^{chance} exploding them.

"What kind of a weapon did you use to dispatch that ~~clerk~~ bastard ^{will}?"

The dark eyes ^{were} gleaming. "A German ^{League} ~~War~~ ^{War} souvenir." ^{World War Two.}

"Let's see," ^{that's} a semi-automatic pistol, ^{fairly} equivalent to ^{our} .38?"

"The cops have it now, of course."

"Yes, I gave it to them."

"Tell me, how did ^{where?} ~~you~~ ^{possibly} get it? ^{It may be important.}"

"Is it necessary?"

"Look, friend - ^{you} tend to ^{A. A.} and I'll tend to the ^{Department of Legal B.S.}"

Lieutenant Mamm ^{said} up straight, ^{and} the clerk eyes ^{clouded} and ^{grew} ^{farther} away. "Well," he began slowly. "We were in ^{action} northern France, Germany, the March before the end of the war. It was dark and I was leading about ^{some} twelve ^{men} out on night patrol. The sector had been ^{badly} shelled and there was very little ^{man} work. ^{Our} ^{intelligence} ^{was} the Germans were in full retreat."

Old Mrs. ^{presumably} ^{made} ^{no} ^{mention} ^{of} ^{it}. "Yes," he replied.

At Mrs. Mamm's side I directed her to the desk

"I had one, and I tried to keep the note of public safety"

"Go on," I said, mentally appraising ^{the possible effect of} all this for the courtroom -- and jury.

"Suddenly there was a burst of ^{small-arm} fire. Three of my men fell wounded, two of them killed outright. The third died later back at base."

"Go on," I said, completely ^{as} absorbed as a kid watching Captain Video.

"All of us hit the ground, of course. As it grew darker I took a quick peek and saw a fleeting flash of gray ^{slip} ^{behind} a ruined ^{stump of} chimney. I ^{didn't} ^{know} ^{how} ^{many} ^{there} ^{were}, but if this ^{wasn't} a lone sniper it was ^{about}, ^{but} ^{if} ^{he} ^{wasn't} ^{it} ^{was} ^{probably} ^{them} ^{or} ^{us}. So I crawled on my belly, making a wide circle, and finally got behind ^{the} chimney. It was a lone sniper."

"A wide and crawl?" I suggested, over the way.

~~"He was retreating."~~

"It was a lone sniper ^{safe}. I crawled close to get within ^{safe} pistol range, and then ^I let him have it."

"In the back, from behind?" I said, thinking

of the scout path.

He ^{very} laughed briefly, the first sign of mirth.

"It was either him or me. He'd just killed three of my men. I didn't stop to pose him. When I got up to him I saw he was ^{an} old lieutenant, gray, tattered and wounded. He must have been around soft. He look like an ^{battered} old timber wolf. He was still clutching the ^{Luger} ~~Mauser~~ pistol ^{he} had rigged up a rifle stock to it. So I took the pistol as a souvenir." He ^{paused} and ^{filled} ^{with} ^{the} ^{mining} ^{holder}

I have seen men get

All this he told as ~~fast as~~ ^{to the point}

~~This was the story of the Manser's ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~face~~~~
as dead ~~as~~ ^{as} though I'd seen duck hunters generate
more excitement telling of their misses. "Excuse me," I
said, rising. "I've got to go out to the car. I ^{got} ^{three} ^{weeks}
bedding at Andersonville. I'll be back shortly."

"Yes," ^{murmured, solemn as an owl,} Mister Cool ^{stood,} turning his attention
to the ming holder.

As I stood ruminating, etcetera, in the
head, I reflected that whatever else he was, ^{or was not,} Lieutenant
Manson was a ^{damned} good soldier. "Somehow, ^{or anyway,} ^{at the time} I'll certainly have to
get that Manser ^{story} in," I thought. But what was I
thinking! ^{Pollo} ^{Brigley} ^{was} ^{the} ^{man,} remember, who ^{didn't} ^{want} ^{to}
take this case. ^{Dead} ^{aging} ^{ex-D.A.'s} ^{as} ^{helpless}
like old fire horses when they heard the bell?

I went out ^{and} ^{used} ^{Sulo's} ^{phone} to call my office.

"Look, Maida," I said. "It looks like ^{we} ^{will} ^{be} ^{back} ^{this} ^{afternoon,}
damned murder case. I won't be ^{back} ^{this} ^{afternoon,}
like I said."

among other things,

among other things,

As I stood ruminating ~~at cetera~~, in the head, I reflected that whatever else he was or wasn't, Lieutenant Manion was a damned good soldier.

"Ours, not to reason why...."

Somehow, somehow, at the trial I'll certainly have to get that Mauser story in. "I thought. But what was I thinking! Polly Biegler was the

man, remember, who ~~didn't want to take this case~~. ~~Big aging ex-D.A.'s~~ ~~as helpless~~ ~~as old fire horses~~. ~~Or did they~~ ~~begin to snort and prance~~ like old fire horses when they heard the bell?

I went out and used Sulo's phone to call my office. "Look, Maida,"

I said. "It looks like we're in this damned murder case. I won't be back this afternoon, like I said."

And you lecture me how broke we are. Better cancel my appointments; I might be busy catching up on the mail tomorrow.

"You have no appointments," Maida said. "Joe

McCarthy was in and your mother ~~called~~ ~~phoned~~."

"What'd they want?"

"Joe had his ^{usual} Monday morning sickness and your mother wouldn't ~~do~~ why her little Polly had ^{to} ~~been~~ to see her, or at least ~~had~~ phoned."

"You explained, about this case?" ^{to Belle that} ^{the less of a complete idiot.}

"Yes. Your mother ^{about} ^{Says} ^{she} ^{doesn't} ^{like} ^{this} ^{Marion's} ^{face}. ^{She} ^{new} ^{his} ^{friction} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{bag} ^{of} ^{the} ^{mother} ^{knows} ^{but}."

"I'll buy that, Maida. If Belle calls again tell her I'll see her tonight, for sure. Better call her anyway."

"Fishing, fishing, fishing." "You just had a week of it. ^{Why?} Are you mad at the trout?"

"It's a blood feud, Maida. ^{And} ^{you} ^{can} ^{leave} ^{early}. ^{There'll} ^{be} ^{damn} ^{little} ^{time} ^{for} ^{fishing} ^{once} ^I ^{drive} ^{into} ^{this} ^{case}. ^{If} ^{you're} ^{nothing} ^{to} ^{do} ^{you} ^{can} ^{leave} ^{early}. ^{Sign} ^{all} ^{the} ^{little} ^{you} ^{can}."

People think Joe's... Maida's things... probably wants some money.

Insert A

"What's he going to pay you with? ^{Purple hearts?} Don't you know
professional soldiers never have ^{a dime?} ~~any money~~?"

I gulped and swallowed like a kid caught raiding ~~the~~ a
cookie jar. "I don't ^{know} yet. We haven't discussed it. You're so
coldly commercial, Maida."

"Well, you'd better discuss it. ^{And you'd better get commercial.} I've just been
going over your check book. What did you run into up
in Canada, ^{starring} a troupe of English dancers? ^{Or Gentlemen Jack}
the Hamble? Or did you adopt a troupe of starring ^{English} dancers?"

~~Oh, I~~

Oh, I just

"Not over the phone, Maida. I just bought ^{a little} ~~some~~
bronz and a Burberry jacket. ^{And a little surprise for you} Look, (now pick up: "I
won't be called to tell you, etc)

^{Everything to}
 "No!" Maida snorted. "I'm on my fourth Mickey Spellane."
 "I re-read him every year, like some people ^{take a retreat.}"
 "Not retreat, Maida,"
 "Bugout," I said. "The ^{magic} word is bugout. ~~But~~
 it's nice you keep improving your mind."
 "What did you say?"
 "Bugout," I said softly. "And goodbye."
 "Good bye."
 "Always improving the mind, eh Maida?" I said.
 "But I thought you'd waded through the Spellane
 Abattoirs long ago."

"He's so wonderful."

That's the way it is between Maida and me.
^{hung up the reunion and}
 I ^{stole} a look at Sulo, who'd begun
 gently to snore, and I wondered what Lieutenant
 Mamin ^{speculated} that someday some Good
 Samaritan ^{would} ^{tiptoe in and} empty the jail while Sulo snored. I
 also wondered what Lieutenant Mamin might be tempted
 to do if he knew that the only person ^{who stood} between him and
 freedom was fast asleep. I turned to ^{rejoin} him. He ^{held} ^{open}
 the Sheriff's office door open for me. "Don't worry," he said;
 "I'm not going to bolt. It's going to be kind of fun to ^{wait and} see what
 happens."

"What'd Joe want?"

"Joe had his usual Monday morning sickness. Probably wanted ~~some~~ money. *- What else does he even want?*
Your mother wonders why her little Polly hasn't been to see her, or at least *have* phoned."

"You explained to Belle about this ^{*new*} case?"

"Yes. And she hopes you won't take it. Says she doesn't like this Manion's face. Says he has the leer of a complete egotist. ~~Saw~~ ^{*the*} his picture in the Gazette. *and doesn't like his looks. Says he has the leer of the*

"I'll buy that, Maida. Mother knows best. If Belle calls again tell her I'll see her tonight after fishing, for sure. Better call her anyway."

"Fishing, fishing, fishing," Maida said. "You just had a week of it. Look, are you mad at the trout?" *Complete idiot!*

"I'm afraid it's a blood feud, Maida. And there'll be damn little time for ~~six~~ fishing once I dive into this case. If you've nothing to do you can leave early." *in getting to hate. worse than women. better but brood over my checkbook*

"Anything to do!" Maida snorted. "I'm on my fourth Mickey Spillane."

"Good girl. Always improving the mind, eh Maida?" I said. "But I thought you'd waded through the Spillane abbatoirs long ago."

"I re-read him every year, ^{*faithfully*} like some people take a retreat. ^{*I find him*} ~~he's~~ so consoling."

"Not retreat, Maida," I said. "The magic word is bugout."

"What did you say?"

"Bugout," I said softly. "And goodbye."

That's the way it is between Maida and me.

I hung up the receiver and stole a look at Sulo, who'd begun gently to snore. I speculated that some day some Good Samaritan would tiptoe in and empty the jail, *take down the brass key and*

stink and all.
while Sulo snored, I also wondered what Lieutenant Manion might be tempted
to do if he knew that the only person who stood between him and freedom was
fast asleep. I turned to rejoin him, ^{and found him ~~there~~ standing in the} He held the Sheriff's ^{office} door
open for me. "Don't worry," he said, ^{smiling slightly.} "I'm not going to bolt. ^{It wouldn't help and} ^{anything} ^{is} going to
be ~~kind of~~ fun to wait and see what happens."

"Ya, ya, ya," Sulo muttered, rubbing his eyes.

Chop 6
old

All reprinted

RE-TYPED
pages from
5, 6, 7.

11

"I see. ^{In the War} Did you serve in the European or Pacific theatres?"
"Both."
"Action in Both?"
"Action in both?"
"Plenty."

"Decorations?"

"Plenty. ^{CUT} But anybody who doesn't ^{out} and run gets those. They're like
K-rations, ~~and about as edible.~~ ^{Oh, the}

~~Decorations and ribbons are~~

"Talking about K, how about Korea?"

Lightly: "I was there."

"Action?"

"Plenty. Got there just in time for the big bugout from the Yalu."
"What's bugout? It sounds faintly ^{It means} ~~decorations~~." "Retreat."
"Decorations?"

"Plenty."

Ah, I had a genuine military hero on my hands; one who was ^{all picked out in} modest ^{not only} and ^{but} ~~reticent~~ as hell, too. I could already see Old Glory fluttering over the
jury. ^{And he wouldn't be look me in court with all his decorations?} "We'll cover the details later. What brought you 'way up in this
neck of the woods?"

Any Korean
decorations?

traditionally

"Well, after the Korean cease-fire I was sent back to the states. Since
then I've been shifted around to various outfits as a special instructor.

~~in A.A.~~ That's why I got a trailer." ^{Laura and} "Who's Laura?" "My wife." "And you
^{bugged out}

"Excuse me," I said, "but ~~what~~ the last war I fought in was the War
between the States. What's A.A.?"

Unsmiling: "Anti-aircraft ^{artillery}."

"I thought so, but I thought I'd better make sure. ^{In this age of communication} ~~It~~ could have been
^{by initials it}
^{Amalgamated Aluminum, Army Arbor or even} Alcoholics Anonymous, you know."

Still unsmiling. "It was anti-aircraft. ^{It seems} Your big empty Lake Superior
makes a nice safe backyard. ^{place to lob shells in.}"

What's a special instructor in what? "A.A."

chap. 6 old

"Go on," I said, ^{listening carefully,} mentally appraising the possible effect of all this ^{on a civilian} for the courtroom--and jury.

^{"Intelligence was wrong," he went on.} "Suddenly there was a burst of small-arms fire. Three of my men fell wounded, two of them killed outright. The third died later back at base."

"Go on," I said, as absorbed as a kid watching Captain Video.

"All of us hit the ground, of course. As it grew darker I took a quick ^{look and} ~~look~~ and saw a fleeting flash of gray sleeve ^{a gray disappearing} behind a ^{ruined} stub of chimney. ^{"What'd you do?" I said.} "I didn't know then how many there were, but if ^{it} wasn't a lone sniper it was probably either them ^{or us.} ^{I couldn't communicate with my men,} so I crawled on my belly, making a wide circle, and finally got behind the chimney."

"A wide end crawl," I ^{observed.} suggested, ~~over the way.~~

"It was a lone sniper. I crawled closer to get within safe pistol range--and then I let him have it."

"In the back, from behind?" I said, ^{damaged,} thinking of ^{the playing fields of Eaton} the Scout oath. ^{Old Glory and the Bug}

He laughed briefly; the very first sign of mirth. "It was either him or me. He'd ^{shot} just ~~killed~~ three of my men. I didn't stop to pose him. ^{"Go on," I said.} "When

I got up to him I saw he was an old lieutenant, gray, tattered and wounded. ^{He had a patch over one eye and the other glared at me balefully.} He must have been around sixty. He looked like an battered old timber wolf.

He was still clutching the Luger pistol, ^{and he tried to raise it. Then he died. He'd} had rigged up a rifle stock to it. ^{Here was a good soldier, so} ^{So I took} ^{his} the pistol as a souvenir." He paused and fiddled ^{a bit} with the Ming holder.

^{The Luger} ^{It} ^{was} ^{But} This deadpan Mauser ~~story~~ had Old Glory standing out straight. I'd seen duck hunters generate more excitement telling ^{about} of their misses. "Excuse me," I said, rising. "I've got to go ~~out~~ to the can. I ^{kicked up} got these weak kidneys at Andersonville. I'll be back shortly."

"Yes," Mister Cool murmured, solemn as an owl, turning his attention to the Ming holder.

Chap. 7
old

His dark eyes seemed to wall up and cloud over, ~~then~~ he sipped his small moustache that I was learning to love so well; and then he went into the ritual of loading his Ming holder.

"Did it?" I repeated. *Q "Did it what?" he said coolly. Q It was no time for asphemia. "Did it not occur*

"I never thought of that," he blurted, almost flinging the Ming holder from him. "I--I couldn't stand the sight ^{-- D --} of it. I couldn't get rid of it fast enough."

Did this happen before or after you shot Barney Quill?"

"Before."

Hum...

"How long did you remain with your wife before you went to the hotel-bar?"

"I don't remember."

"I think ^{it is} important, and I suggest ^{that} you try."

After a pause. "Maybe an hour."

"Maybe more?"

"Maybe."

"Maybe less?"

"Maybe."

I paused and lit a cigar. I took my time. I had reached a point in the case where a few wrong answers to a few right questions would leave me with a client--if I took his case--whose cause was legally defenseless. Either I stopped ^{and begged off} now, and let some other lawyer worry over the ^{problems and} ethics involved; or else, worse yet, I asked him the few fatal questions and let him hang himself, or else, like ^{any} a smart lawyer, I went into the Lecture. I studied my man, who sat as inscrutable as an Arab, delicately fingering his Ming holder, daintily sipping his dark moustache. *He did apparently did not realize how close*

I had him to admitting ^{that} he was guilty of ^{the} first degree murder, that is, that he "feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought did kill and murder one Barney Quill." The man was a sitting duck.

To you that you were destroying the best evidence that Quill had laid here?"

dog id

for me to ask the fatal question,

It was tempting, ^{so} sorely tempting, for me to let the bastard fry, to boil in the oil of his own lardy ego. Why should I barter my years of experience to try to save this Mister Cool? Why, oh why, indeed? ^{It was a nice question and I sat there thinking about it.} ~~The answer had very little to~~

~~do with Mister Cool,~~ Was it because I ~~felt~~ ^{saw} I had a chance to beat this case, and at the same time beat Mitch Lodwick? Hm.... ~~Because it~~ ^{was it} was my big chance to win a big tough case and finally knock that garrulous old fraud ^{of a} ~~Jerry Crocker~~

~~Grogan,~~ from his pedestal as the leading criminal defense lawyer of the county, if not the ^{was it} ~~eninsula?~~ Hm.... ^{was it} Because I was running for Congress against Mitch and this was my opportunity not only to beat him, but to demonstrate by

dramatic contrast our relative ^{legal and forensic?} ~~capabilities,~~ More dimly, but there: ^{was it} because some character had once made a drunken pass at my older sister, Gail, when she was in highschool, years ^{before} ~~ago,~~ and my father, Oliver, had beat ^{him} ~~him~~ within

an inch of his life, and then dared the authorities to arrest him, a dare they didn't take? ^{Was it because} ~~Because~~ a frustrated 4F could now defend a genuine military hero, a man who had fought in two wars? ^{or} ~~Because~~ I wanted and needed the money ^{to help pay}

~~to help pay~~ ^{Stretch her goddamn alimony?} ~~to help pay~~ ^{Was it because of all of these things?} ~~At this point Sulo Kangas poked his head in the door.~~

~~at me~~ "Lunch he's served," he said, ^{"You don't get with us, Polly?"} ~~and disappeared.~~ "He beamed

I glanced at my watch and swiftly arose. "I'll be back at two," I said. "Will your wife be here ^{this afternoon?}?"

"Yes."

I had ^{suddenly} ~~decided~~ to deliver the Lecture; ^{in fact} ~~all hell~~ couldn't have stopped me.

chap. 7

At this point Sulo Kungas poked his head in the door and I wond "Noontime," he said. "Lunch he's served." As I stood sat pondering whether ^{how Sulo had} come awake, whether he ^{or what,} Sulo kept an alarm clock ^{gave} he looked at me a look of ^{downing inspiration} and said: "You like eat with us, Pally?" He beamed, ^{at me,} the genial host. "You very welcome."

~~I gagged ^{recited} inwardly and recoiled with horror. Clem Battisfore was a good shipper as the system allowed him to be. His ^{had} food was ^{good} for generous cleanliness and his ^{meat} for ^{caloric} content. But I suspected that while his food would doubtless sustain life it would add little to the gracefulness of living. And there was that all-pervasive stink of sweet violets.~~
I glanced at my watch and swiftly arose.

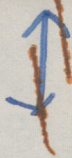
~~"Sorry, Sulo," I said.~~

I recited inwardly with ^{at the thought,} horror, Sheriff Battisfore's food ~~would~~ ^{do} doubtless ^{or nothing to} sustain life but add little, I suspected, ^{to add} little ^{to} ^{enjoyment} ^{or} ^{it}. And there were always the sweet violets...
I glanced at my watch and swiftly arose.

"Sorry, Sulo," I said. "Got a luncheon date ~~at town~~ downtown." I glanced at my prospective ^{and found he} client. ^{She} was smiling. The menu was actually smiling.

"Well done," he murmured ^{after Sulo had retired.} "Hope you enjoy your lunch." "Thanks," I said. "Same to you. See you at two."

Space



1st
Nov. 3, 1955
1 draft

"Can we use the ^{Sheriff's} office again, Sulo?" I enquired.
"Ya, ya, ya," Sulo said. "Sheriff he's still out on road patrol."

I drove downtown to the Iron Bay Club and had a good lunch and glanced at the New Yorker.

After lunch I played Billy Webb at cribbage and won thirteen dollars. I was hot and shucked him twice. I was back at the jail ^{at two and was pleased to find} and ^{found} that

Sheriff Batterfore was still out ^{on} patrol. ^{and that maybe we} ^{could} use his office ^{again.} ^{Sheriff,} I ^{sat} ^{down} As I waited

for Sulo to fetch Lieutenant Manion from his cell I reflected that ^(as a class) ^{for the most part} modern sheriffs were like

the three wise monkeys: that while they rolled up more ^{patrol} mileage (and consequent mileage fees) than almost ^{all the} other ^{kind of} cops put together, they ^{strictly} heard no

evil, spoke no evil, and saw no evil. I pondered when any sheriff I ^{had} ^{ever} ^{known} ^{had} ^{ever} arrested on his ^{own}. Though they ^{and their men} ^{relentlessly} scoured

the highways and byways, ^{day and night} no drunk driver ^{had} ^{ever} crossed their paths; speeders ^{seemed} non-suspicious;

^{they never saw a soul run a red} and no lights or ^{stop signs} ^{had} ^{ever} ^{been} ^{seen}.

The situation ^{it} was little short of miraculous.

"Hello, there," my man said. "Did you have a good lunch?"

"Excellent," I said. "And you?"
He closed his eyes and wrinkled his nose.
"I was just beginning to forget it. I guess I shouldn't have mentioned it."

"Yes," I replied, abstractedly. "Sit down. I've been thinking about your case during the noon hour."

"That's good," the lieutenant said. "What's the verdict?"

"Sit down," I repeated, "and listen carefully." I was ready to deliver the Lecture.

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Mamion, ^{obediently} ~~said~~ ^{sitting} ~~sitting~~ down.

And what is the Lecture?

The Lecture is ^{an old} a device that lawyers use to coach their clients so that they won't ^{they have been coached} know it and, at the same time, preserve ^{to the lawyer} the pleasant ^{face-saving} illusion that they haven't ^{done any} ~~been~~ coaching at all. ^{The device} It is as ancient as the law ^{itself} and the most ethical lawyer ^{in the land} use it all the time. "I didn't tell him what to say," ^{as you know (later} ^{ourselves.} they can comfort themselves. "I merely explained the law, ^{see.} It is well to shrug here and ^{add:} that's my duty, isn't it? I was about to do my duty to my client and,

Lieutenant Mamion sat regarding me quietly, watchfully, as I lit a cigar.

"As I told you," I began, "I've been thinking about your case during the noon hour."

"Yes," he replied, "you mentioned that."

"There are ^{of course} many questions still to be asked, facts to ^{discuss} ^{but as} things presently stand I must advise you that in my opinion you have not yet disclosed to me a legal defense to the charge of murder."

I panned to let this sink in. My man blinked a little and touched ^{both prongs of} his moustache lightly with the tip of his tongue. "Are you advising me to plead guilty?" he said, smiling ever so slightly.

"I may, eventually," I said, "but I didn't say that. I merely want you ^{to} at this time ^{to} ~~to~~ have the ^{trained} reaction of a man who is not without experience in cases of this kind. I was getting a little overwhelmed ^{by} ^{the sheer heat of} my own modesty, ~~and~~ ^I fought the impulse to flutter my eyelashes.

"Yes, but how about that bastard Quill raping my wife?" my man said quietly. "How about the ~~so~~ 'unwritten law'?"

"There is no such thing as the 'unwritten law' in Anglo-American jurisprudence," I said, ^{dearly-hugged} a little pontifically. "It is ^{merely one of those folk-} ~~that people would die for,~~ ^{reliantly} ~~hugged by the people,~~ ^{my fact} like the notion that night air is bad. ~~Nearly a man has gone~~

are only about two basic defenses to murder: ^{one,} that you didn't do it ^{and}, two, that ^{doing it,} the killing was ^{legally} justified or excusable."

I paused, ~~and~~ and went on. "Since a whole barroom full of people saw you shoot Barney Quill you can scarcely deny that you killed him. That's out."

"You mean," L. M. said, "that my only possible defense is to find ^{some} a justification or excuse?"
"You're learning rapidly," I said. "Merely add ^{to} legal justification ~~and~~ or excuse."

"And you say that a man is not legally justified in killing a man who has ^{just} raped and beat up his wife?"

"Not after it's all over, as it was here," I paused, wondering why I didn't go ^{to Detroit and} ^{lectures} in night school. "You see, I could ^{then go} see ^{(nearly) all} the football games that way, too."

"You see, Lieutenant," I went on, "it is not the act of killing a man that makes it murder; it is the circumstances, the time, and the state of mind or purpose ^{which} induced the act." I ^{paused, and} could almost ~~hear~~ hear old Jabby White droning this out ^{twenty} ~~years~~ ^{before} in law school ^{nearly} twenty years before.

The L's eyes flickered over so little. He cleared his throat "Maybe," he began, and cleared his throat. "Maybe, ^{on beyond thought,} I did catch him ^{in the act,} at it. I've never told the police either way. His eyes regarded me ^{quietly,} steadily. The man had larceny in his heart. He was also ^{perhaps} ^{instructively,} trying to turn the lecture on his larder.

"But you'd told me," I said, almost swooning from ^{my sudden} ^{the} sense of virtue. "And, anyway, you would have had to kill him then, not an hour or ^{more} later. That's where the trick comes in; it's that just that ^{that} gives the people the chance to argue that the killing was malicious and premeditated.

"Are you telling me to plead guilty?"

"We've been over that. ^{of and with} When I'm ready to advise you to cop out, ^{my friend,} ~~you~~ you'll know it. Right now I want you to realize what you're up against, man. We sat silently, the lieutenant sipping his moustache.

"Can't the jury let me go, whatever the law is?" he suddenly asked.

"Of course they can," I said. "And juries often do. But that is not because of a legal defense; it is despite the lack

of one. Jurors do the goddamndest things. But, as things stand, all the law would be against you. The judge would virtually have to instruct the jury to convict you. ~~It's~~ Legally, it's a classic case of ^{premeditated} murder.

"You don't want my case, then?"

"I'm not ready to make that decision. Look, a jury might let you go. They ~~also~~ might ^{also} convict you. Do you want to go into court on the flip of ~~the~~ ^a coin? With all the law and instructions stacked against you? Whether you want to or not, I don't. I will either find a ^{plausible} legal defense in your case or you'll have to get someone else. Or else cop out."

"You mean you won't take a chance on ^{the} 'unwritten law'?"

"You can put it that way ^{if you want.} Yes, that's fair enough. I'm a lawyer, not a hypnotist or a magician and when I undertake to prosecute or defend a man I want ^{to have some sort of} a ~~stable~~ legal chance to convict or acquit him. I do not want to ~~rely~~ depend upon ^{the} ~~for~~ charity or stupidity, or state of the liver of the jurors. And, ~~that's~~ since you still seem to hug the 'unwritten law', there's one more

thing. There's the ^{important} matter of saving face. We, like to think ^{Westerners} that saving face is a sin confined to the Orient. ¹⁷

I paused.

"That's a lot of -- a lot off --"

"Horseshit," Lieutenant Marmon said.

"Spoken like a ^{true} soldier and a ^{gentle} man, Lieutenant."

But getting back to ~~the~~ ^{face} All of us, everywhere, all of the time, spend our ^{time} ^{to} ^{depr} saving face. One of the ^{unspoken} ^{reasons} you are being prosecuted is to ^{save} ^{face}. Who knows, perhaps one of the

^{reasons} ^{Barney} ^{Drill} raped your wife, if he did, ^{was} ^{to} ^{save} ^{face}. One of the ^{reasons} you killed him ^{was} ^{to} ^{save} ^{face}. One of the ^{reasons} I

hesitate to take your defense, as things stand, is the fear of losing, a form of ^{which is merely} advance face-saving.

Everybody has to ^{save} ^{face}; it's one of the basic compulsions of men, ^{Do you follow me? Yes.} ~~even jurors~~. ~~And that~~

¶ That

brings me to my point. Even jurors have to ^{save} ^{face}. The jury in your case might want to let you go, ~~they might feel sorry~~ ^{fall} ^{wife} for your hate ^{for} Barney Drill's guts, or all ^{of} these things. But if the judge, who must also ^{save} ^{face}, is obliged under the law to virtually tell them to convict you, the only way they can let you go is by losing, not saving, face. You would be asking twelve citizens to lose their face to save yours. I do not recommend that you risk it."

"I don't. What do you recommend, then?"

"I don't know yet. So far I've been trying to impress you with the importance, the necessity, of ^{my} finding a valid legal defense in addition to the 'unwritten law' you so want to cling to."

"You mean you want to give the jurors a legal peg to hang their hats on so that they can let me go and still save face?"

My man was responding nicely to the

Lecture. "Precisely," I said. "Whether you have such a defense ^{of course} remains to be seen. But I hope I have shown you how important it is to find one, if it exists."

"I think you have, councillor," he said slowly. "I think ^{maybe} you have." "Tell me, tell me more about this justification or excuse, ^{business} I mean, legal justification or excuse."

"Well, self-defense. That's the classic example of justifiable homicide. On the basis of what I've ^{so far} heard and read about your case I would not recommend that we tarry too long over that. Do you?"

"No, perhaps not," Lieutenant M. conceded.

"Then there's the defence of habitation, of property, of relatives ~~and sometimes~~ ^{or} friends. There are more ramifications in these ^{defences} than a dog has fleas, but I don't think we ^{need} go into those now."

"Go on," ^{L. M. said.} ~~My man was of learning, fast; &~~

"Then there's the defence of homicide to prevent a felony -- say you're being robbed --; to prevent the escape of a felon -- his getting away with your wallet --; or to arrest a felon -- you've ^{now} caught up with him and he's trying to get away. Then there's --"

"Wait a minute," Lieutenant Mamon said. "I ^{like} ~~don't~~ to ask a question or two."

"Shoot."

"If Barney Quill actually raped my wife he would be guilty of a felony, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, of course."

"And that would have made him a felon ^{who was} at large, wouldn't it?"

"The perpetrator of a felony is ^{always} a felon, yes."

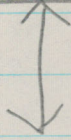
"And would I, as a private citizen, have a right to go and arrest him for that felony?"

A light was beginning to break. "Yes, yes"

of course."

Well?

Donna



Start new page

"Go on."

"Then there's the ^{tricky and} dubious defense of
drunkenness. But since you were not drunk we shall
^{not dwell on} mercifully ~~leave~~ ^{leave} that."

"Go on."

"Then ^{finally} there's the defense of
insanity. That about winds it up."

"Tell me more."

"Well, insanity, ~~where~~ ^{where} proven, is a
complete defense to murder. It does not justify the
killing, like say self-defense, but excuses it. Our
law requires that a ^{punishable} killing -- in fact, any crime -- ~~shall~~
must be committed by a sapient human being, one
capable of distinguishing between right and wrong.
If he is insane, legally insane, the act may still
be murder but the law excuses the perpetrator."

Lieutenant Mannion was sitting very erect now.

"What happens to him if he is excused?"

"Under Michigan law if he is acquitted
^{on the grounds} of insanity he must be sent to a hospital for the
criminally insane until he is pronounced sane."

"How long does it take to get him out of
there?"

"You mean, if he claims he was sane
at the time of the offense but is sane at the time of the
trial and his acquittal?"

"Yes."

"I don't know. Months, maybe
years. It takes a bit of doing. The ~~state~~ law

requiring persons acquitted on the grounds of insanity to be sent away is designed to discourage phoney pleas of insanity in criminal cases. ^{I should add,} The man who successfully makes this plea is taking a calculated risk, like when you took the chance the German lieutenant was alone behind that chimney.

"Maybe I was insane," L. M. said quietly.

~~"How do you know"~~

"Maybe you were insane when?" I said.

"When I shot Barney Quill."

"Why do you say so?"

"Well, I ^{guess} blanked out. I don't remember a thing after I saw him behind the bar that night until I got back to my trailer."

"You don't remember shooting him?"

"No."

"You don't remember ~~guess~~ driving home?"

"No."

"You don't remember threatening Barney's bartender when he followed you out after the shooting?"

"No."

they had the cartoon I long awaited of

Chapter 8

it seemed,

I drove downtown to the Iron Bay Club and had a good lunch and checked the New Yorker to see if the Hathaway man's eye-patch finally ^{matching} matched his shirt.

Alas, they hadn't -- one could poke fun at everything but one's advertisers. ~~it didn't~~ After lunch I played Billy Webb at cribbage and won over thirteen

dollars. I was going hot and skunked him twice. By two I was back at the jail and was pleased to find that Sheriff Battisfore was still out. Perhaps I still wouldn't have to go up in the cell blocks to see my man, not yet have to wade right in among the cockroaches and sweet violets.

"Do you mind if we use the Sheriff's office again, Sulo?" I inquired sweetly. I was afraid I ^{might have} had offended him ^{by failing to stay for} ever refusing the lunch.

"Sure, sure, sure, Polly," Sulo ^{replied, ever good-natured.} said. "Sheriff he still be out on road patrol."

Relieved again, I waited for Sulo to fetch Lieutenant Manion down from his cell. I reflected that ~~sheriffs as a class were like the three wise monkeys:~~

that while ^{sheriffs} they rolled up more patrol mileage (and consequent mileage fees) than almost all other species of cops put together, that during their wanderings they were ^{the} like the three wise monkeys: they heard no evil, spoke no evil, and saw no evil. I tried to recall ^{as a class, not unlike} any occasion ^{the} when any sheriff I had ever known had ever

made an arrest on his very own. The effort was not fruitful. Though sheriffs and their men relentlessly scour the highways and byways, day and night, lo! no drunk drivers ever cross their paths, speeders are totally non-existent, ^{and} nobody ever runs a stop sign or a red light. It ^{was all a} little short of miraculous. It ^{was}

also part of the system; ^{dreary} a sheriff couldn't change it if he would -- ^{that is, and stay in office.} (Take Smart A)

"Hello, there," my man said. "Did you have a good lunch?"

"Look, Manion," I said, ^{suddenly blowing a small gasket,} "my name isn't There--it happens to be Biegler." If

I was going to represent this bastard I ^{was certainly not} wasn't going to have him calling me 'there.'

Cooly: "Excuse me, Mr. Biegler. Did you have a good lunch this noon?"

"Excellent," I said. "And you, Lieutenant Manion?"

"I was just beginning to forget it." He closed his eyes and wrinkled his nose.

"Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it."

old
All we had to do to abolish crime was to banish these old spoil-sports, the city and state police... none ever happen when the sheriff was around.

Insert A

~~SHERIFF~~

4

^{old} Parnell McCarthy ^{had} once ^{hit} the nail on the head. "How," he asked, "how in the name of ^{the saints} ~~reason~~ can you expect a man to ^{turn around and} arrest the ^{very} people who elect and keep him in office? It's contrary to human nature and our rare 'good' sheriffs are political ^{freaks} sports whose lot is swift political oblivion. ^{We don't want good sheriffs. The} Consequently, ^{the} only qualification we ask ^{for} in a sheriff is that he be 21." Parnell had paused and rolled his eyes.

"And, merciful Heaven, we get what we ask for, ^{richly} that ^{we} do. ~~mm~~ They're invariably 21...."

Start new page

I came back with my man. ^{for the first time} ~~he~~ ^{was smoking, and} ~~thoughtfully~~ ^{without the}

"Well, self-defense, ^{take} ^{I began.} That's the classic example of justifiable homicide.

On the basis of what I've so far heard and read about your case I ^{do} ~~would~~ not recommend that we tarry too long over that. Do you?"

"Perhaps not," Lieutenant Manion conceded. "Will pass it for now."

"Let's," I said. "Then there's the defense of habitation, ^{defense (and the defense} of property, of relatives or friends. There are more ramifications ^{to} these defenses than a dog has fleas,

but I don't think we need go into these now. ^{won't} ^{that} ^{I've already told you why I don't} ^{think you can smoke the possible defense of your wife. She need for} ^{defense had passed.}

"Go on," Lieutenant Manion said, ^{framing.}

"Then there's the defense of homicide ^{committed} to prevent a felony--say you're being robbed--; to prevent the escape of a felon--^{the} he's getting away with your wallet--; or to arrest a felon--you've ^{suppose} ~~not~~ caught up with him and he's trying to get away ^{actually} ^{get away.} ^{either}

"Wait a minute," Lieutenant Manion said. "I'd like to ask a question or two."

"Shoot."

"If Barney Quill actually raped my wife he would be guilty of a felony, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, of course."

"And that would have made him a felon who was at large, wouldn't it?"

"The perpetrator of a felony is always the felon, yes."

"And would I, as a private citizen, have a right to go and arrest him for that felony?"

A light was beginning to break. "Yes, yes of course."

"Well?"

thought, that this man seemed to sense of law.

"The 'Keston' said. It was barely possible. ^{the 'Keston' said. It was barely possible.} ^{you may find when you are ready, kindly,} ^{"I said,} ^{"You may find when you are ready, kindly," I said.}

Mying holder. "We will now ^{the subject of legal justification or wrong,} ^{"I said,}

11/31/56

SHERIFF

[Ch. 5]

McCarthy

Parnell, once hit the nail on the

head. "The only qualification we ask
for ~~from~~ⁱⁿ a sheriff is that he be
21," he said. "And we get what we
ask for."

in the name of reason

"How," he asked, "how can you
expect a man to arrest the ^{people} voters who
elect and keep him in office? It's
contrary to human nature and can raise
'good' sheriffs ^{are} political sports
whose lot is swift political oblivion.

Consequently, the only qualification
we ask ^{in a sheriff} is that he be 21. Parnell
had ^{and rolled his eyes} ~~been~~ paused, "merciful Heaven,
" and we get what we
ask for."

"Courage, Camille! This pain, too, must pass away."

drop & sled

"Even as this pain ^{away}"

quoted ^{wondering what it was from.}

"Sit down," ^{was a}

"I've been thinking about your case during the noon hour."

"That's good," the lieutenant said. "What's the verdict?"

"Sit down," I repeated, "and listen carefully. Better break out your Ming holder. This is it."

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Manion, obediently sitting down and producing the Ming holder. His lawyer was ready to deliver the Lecture.

And what is the Lecture?

The Lecture is an ancient device that lawyers use to coach their clients so that the client won't ^{quite} know he has been coached and ^{his} the lawyer ^{will preserve} won't lose the face-saving illusion that he hasn't done any coaching at all. For coaching clients, like robbing them, is not only frowned upon, it is downright unethical and bad, very bad. Hence the Lecture, an artful device as old as the law itself, and one used constantly by the nicest and most ethical lawyers ^{in the land.} "Who, me? I didn't tell him what to say," the lawyer can later ~~let~~ comfort himself. "I merely explained the law, see." It is the ^{a good} uniform practice to scowl and shurg ^{R/h} here and add ^{virtuously:} "That's my duty, isn't it?" ^{lecturing,}

Verily, the question is unchallengeable.

I was ready to do my duty ^{by} to my client and he sat regarding me quietly, watchfully, as I lit a cigar as ^{partic} an antidote ^{all-} to the ^{pervasive} violets.

"As I told you," I began, "I've been thinking about your case during the noon hour."

"Yes," he replied. "You mentioned that."

"So I did, so I did," I said. "Now I realize there are many questions still to be asked, facts to be discussed," I went on. ^{"And I am not pre-judging your case."} "But as things presently stand I must advise you that in my opinion you have not yet disclosed to me a legal defense to the charge of murder."

It would be difficult to find the opening of the Lecture.

Start

That's why most successful trial lawyers are nine-tenths ham actor and only one-tenth lawyer.

We sat silently, the lieutenant back sipping his mustache. "Can't the jury let me go, whatever the damned law is?" he suddenly asked.

"Of course it can," I said. "And juries often do. But that is not because of a legal defense ^{but} rather ~~it is~~ despite the lack of one. Juries, in common with women drivers, do the goddamndest things. Their ^{notorious} undependability ^{and the gamble involved} is one of the absorbing ^{features} gambles of the ^{practice of} law. But, as things now stand in your case, all the law would be ^a gainst you. The judge would ^{virtually} ~~have to~~ ^{be forced to virtually} instruct the jury to convict you. Legally your situation ^{presents} is a classic case of premeditated murder."

Quintly: "You don't want to take ^{my case} it, then?"

"Not quite so fast. ^{murder} I'm not ready to make that decision. Look, in a criminal case the jury has only a few narrow choices: among them it might let you go. It might also up and convict you. A judge ^{trying you} without a jury would surely have to. Now do you want to go into court on the flip of a coin? With all the law and instructions stacked against you?" I paused. ^{to deliver my verdict.} "Well, whether you want

~~I paused. "I'll find a sound and plausible legal defense in your case or you'll have to find someone else. Or else cop out."~~ ^{"We have a splendid"}

XXX
(Quintly)

~~I had finally stung Mister Cool and his lower lip jutted out. "What's this cop out?"~~

"I said, carrying on."

→ B "Lieutenant, I'm charmed. ^{still} Just as bug out means retreat, so cop out means pretty much the same thing: to plead guilty, toss in the sponge, confess to the cops, or--as the old English judges had it--to throw oneself upon the country."

It was rather a big mouthful and, ^{still} ~~the~~ the Lieutenant pondered it. "Hm.... You mean you ^{simply} won't take a chance on the 'unwritten law'?"

I stared up at the ceiling, pursing my lips. "You can put it that way if you want. Yes, that's fair enough. I'm a lawyer, not a juggler ^a or hypnotist or a magician ^{or a boy orator,} and when I undertake to defend a man I want to have a ^{fighting} fair legal chance to acquit him. I'm content to leave the moral judgments ^{That includes a chance to successfully appeal.} to the angels. But I do not want to ^{have to go into court and} depend upon the charity or stupidity or ^{the} state of the liver of

^{twelve} the jurors. Are you following me?"

I possess my fair share of ham, but not that much.

country - cured ham.

"Like who?" the l. ~~copy~~ ^{inquired} ~~copy~~.

"We have a splendid ^{old} beam actor in this county, a real fat ^{blatant} ~~change~~ who for years has ^{been} ~~been~~ ^{an expert} on unwritten law. I might ^{too} intercede for you."

"You mean Crocker?" he said.

"Maybe," I parried. ^{How do} "You know about Crocker?"

"We tried to get him," Mistry Cool replied.

"Leg" "Couldn't because he ^{fallen} broken his ^{leg} leg." "I said. "Old Crocker broke his ^{leg} leg? ^{I didn't know.} I felt a sudden wave of pity for ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{fulminating} old fraud."

"The very night I shot ^{him} ~~him~~, the l. said.

"Fell ^{chinking} ~~coming~~ out of his ^{tub} ~~stomach~~, his housekeeper told ~~us~~ ^{us} ^{over} ^{the} ^{phone} ^{is} in the hospital with his leg in traction. Won't be up ^{and} ^{around} for several months."

The lieutenant ~~sniffed~~ ^{sniffed} and looked around the ~~room~~ ^{and} ^{sniffed} ^{lightly}. "That's too long to wait," ~~around~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~.

"Hm," I said, ^{thoughtfully} I felt ^{deflated} ^{and} ^{chastened}. Here was a clunt who had a ^{pretty} ^{good} lecture style of his own. I ^{found} ^{that} ^{myself} ^{hoping} ^{that} I was at least the second choice. ^{The thought gnawed me.}

"I hope I was the second choice?" I said.

"You were," the lieutenant ^{steadily} ^{quitted} replied. "By the way, what's this cop out mean?"

"The lieutenant had not only delivered a swift lecture ^{of his own}, he'd also adroitly got me back on my own. (NO W Back to B)

It is a little pathetic the way ⁴ he ^{while} lingers, ^{deliberately} his
^{insist to} lecture ^{clings} to the slenderest ^{ready} to ^{hyper} ^{later} ^{repeating} ^{his} ^{virtue}.
 "But ^{you} ^{told} ^{me}", "I said, ^{complacently}, ^{grateful} for the
 swift surge of virtue he'd afforded me. "And anyway," I
 went ~~to~~ on, "you would have had to dispatch him then,
 not, as ^{you} ^{re} ^{already} ^{admitted}, an hour or so later. I've
^{now} ^{told} ^{you} ^{that} ^{time} ^{is} ^a ^{big} ^{factor} ⁱⁿ ^{whether} ^a
 homicide is a murder or not. ^{Don't} ^{you} ^{see}? - ^{In}
 the rule; it's the elapsed ^{time} ^{here} that permits the People to
 be ^{down}, to argue that your shooting of Barney Reilly was a deliberate
 and premeditated act. And that's ^{my} ^{friend}, ^{is}
 charged you with."

are only about ^{three} two basic defenses to murder: one, that you didn't do it, and,

^{three,} two, that, doing it, the killing was legally justified or excusable." I paused and went on. "Since a whole barroom of people saw you shoot Barney Quill, you can scarcely deny that you killed him. That's out."

Just was a first or accident and so on (two)

START →

"You mean," Lieutenant Manion said, "that my only possible defense is to find some justification or excuse?"

The lecture was proceeding nicely according to schedule. modding approvals.
"You're learning rapidly," I said, "Merely add legal justification or excuse."

~~"Not after it's all over, as it was here."~~

"And you say that a man is not legally justified in killing a man who has just raped and beat up his wife?"

"Morally, perhaps, but not legally. Judge"

"Not after it's all over, as it was here." I paused, wondering why I didn't go to Detroit and lecture in night school. I could then go see nearly all of my old school's football games, that way, too.

"You see, Lieutenant," I went on "it is not the act of killing a man that makes it murder; it is the circumstances, the time, and the state of mind or purpose which induced the act." I paused, and could almost hear old Jabby White, droning this out in law school nearly twenty years before.

my Crimin professor. It was amazing how well the stuff stuck.

The Lieutenant's eyes flickered ever so little. "Maybe," he began, and cleared his throat. "On second thought, I did catch him in the act."

I've never told the police either way." His eyes regarded me quietly, steadily.

This man, says, was not only a student of the lecture; he was also trying to turn the lecture on his lawyer.

The man had larceny in his heart. He was also trying, perhaps instinctively, to turn the Lecture on his lawyer.

"But you've told me," I said, almost swooning from my sudden sense of virtue. "And, anyway, you would have had to kill him then, not an hour or more later. That's where the time comes in, it's just that that gives the

over the rush. There is the nut. It's just the time.

People the change to argue that the killing was malicious and premeditated.

IR big. That's what they've charged you with.

he undoubtedly talked. He concluded. I possessed a hard face of law.

Are only ^{about} three basic defenses to a charge of murder: one, that it didn't happen but was a ^{instead} suicide or accident or what not; two, that if it happened you didn't do it, such as alibi, mistaken identity, and so forth; and three, that ^{even} if it did happen ~~and~~ ^{and} if you did it, your action was legally justified or excusable." I paused to see how my student was doing.

The lieutenant grew thoughtful.

"Where do I fit in that ^{very} picture?" he responded, ^{nicely}

"I can tell you ^{better} where you don't fit." I went on.

"Even a whole barroom full of people saw you shoot down Barney Dill, you ^{scarcely} fit in the first two

broad classes of defenses. ^{We needn't waste time on them.} "If you fit anywhere it's got to be in the third. ^{So we'd better} ~~There's got to be~~ hear down on that."

"You mean,"

~~The lecture was promising~~ ^{nicely} according to substitute.

"Look at it this way, Lieutenant. Just as most
 are themselves
 murders ~~is itself~~ elemental and primitive, so most of
 the law surrounding it ^{is?} ~~is~~ when stripped of ^{all} its torrents
 of words <sup>and all its many ^{high} subtleties, ^{is} also elemental and primitive. Consider of the
 Take the ^{very} name of the case against you, is People versus
 Frederic Mamin. The People represent the tribe, see,
 and the human tribe has learned that indiscriminate
 killing ^{not only} is ^{dangerous} ^{but for its very} proof for tribal survival and perpetuation,
 and therefore bad. Are you following me?"</sup>

"Go on."

"So it was early ^{found and ordained} that ^{no} member of the
 tribe might ~~not~~ kill ^{another} each other unless ^{he} ^{had} a
 just cause or excuse. Murder had become taboo.

"Yes."

^{suspected} violators of the taboo were ^{brought} ^{given a hearing}
 before the tribal elders, ^{the} ^(the ^{genesis} ^{trial by} ^{jury}),
 the proceedings ^{coming gradually to be} ^{before} ^{by} ^{the} ^{oldest and}
 wisest, ^{whom we call judge} and presumably the ^{one} ^{best}
 versed in tribal lore, whom we ^{came to} ^{call} judge.

~~In time~~

This inquiry was held to determine whether
 this killing was

12/4/55

Try to look at it this way, Lieutenant. Just as murder itself is one of the most elemental and primitive ^{words} of crimes, so ~~is~~ ^{also} the law of murder ^{is} for all the ^{tribes} ~~basically~~ elemental and primitive in its basic concepts. ~~for~~ Thou shalt not kill -- except to save yourself, your property, your loved ones. ~~Early man~~ ^{some} came to see the human tribe learned early that indiscriminate ^{intertribal} killing was not only poor for tribal decorum ^{and well-being}, but threatened ^{tribal} its very survival, and was therefore bad. ^{So murder became taboo.} Are you with me? ^{Still}

¶ Go on.

¶ At ~~about~~ ^{double} the same time ^{double} Gradually it was seen that there were occasions when ^a ~~such~~ ^{nevertheless} killing might be justified. ~~the~~ Stated most baldly ^{simply} it boiled down to this: Thou shalt not kill -- except to save yourself, your property, or your loved ones. That simple statement still embraces most of the ^{modern} defenses to murder. If a man try to take my life or my wife or my cow I may kill him to prevent it. But if I chase him off or if he ^{should} steal my wife or my cow while I am away ^(or sleeping in my trailer) fishing, I must ~~usually~~ pursue other tribal remedies, ~~when~~ when I discover it. I did not catch him at it.

You will observe that this catching him-at-it business ^{important factor} involves the ~~question~~ ^{question} of time, of time sequence.

In any case, ^{defense of} nearly all these property and person murder defenses -- "self-help" defenses ^{may be called} -- involve the idea of the ^{person who is killed} ultimate victim being caught in the act, ^{for the killer} red-handed, before there is time to call for help

or complain to the tribal elders ^{the} (police in our ^{times} USA). ~~In any case, the notion~~ that one might later, after the fact, after the go

bill the cow or wife stealer was rejected by ^{most} early tribal ~~men~~ and it is ^{for the most part} ~~still~~ rejected today. Part of

~~the reason, doubtless~~ ^{it is rejected} ~~comes~~ from the fact that to permit such a defense ^{after the fact} is to open the door to it

was and is rejected because the "defending" killer has had time to cool off, ^{the thing to be done and} an emergency no longer exists,

the wife or cow stealer can be punished ^{in an orderly way} and in an orderly way, and, probably because ^{it is less susceptible of confirmation and thus from the} to ~~prevent~~ such a defense ~~is~~ ^{is less susceptible of confirmation and thus from the} such grounds ~~is~~ to ~~prevent~~ the manufacture of such

defenses. To being made up. One may bill another to save his wife or his cow ^{the business of punishment} but not to punish the door after it is over. ^{The law says that} must be left to it.

Applying all this to your own situation,

Lieutenant, whatever happened to your wife was over and done when you found it out. You could not save her;

her danger was over ^{if Barney} past; and, Duill raped her he could have been dealt with by law. It so happens

that rape and murder both carry life sentences in this state, but not death. By your action you ^{logic} imposed the death penalty on Barney Duill. The law ^{now subs to punish you} for breaking the ~~taboo~~.

~~the man~~ ^{the man} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~step-father~~ ^{step-father} ~~mean~~ ^{mean} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~reason~~ ^{reason} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~action~~ ^{action} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~raping~~ ^{raping} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~wife~~ ^{wife} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~camp~~ ^{camp}.

Now my historical anthropology may be a little shaky but not my law.

Even the "unwritten law" defense you mention usually compares up

That's what makes the life profession unpredictable profession. Both have to wear total strangers.

He looked a little morose.

We sat silently, the lieutenant back sipping his mustache. "Can't the jury let me go, whatever the damned law is?" he suddenly asked.

"Of course it can," I said. "And juries often do. But ~~that is~~ ^{that's} not because of a legal defense ~~but~~ ^{are apt} rather despite the lack of one. Juries, in common with women drivers, do the ~~most~~ ^{damndest} things. *It's like playing the horses.* The ~~most~~ ^{of juries} notorious un-dependability ~~and~~ ^{And that's} the gamble involved, is one of the absorbing features of the practice of law. ~~That's~~ ^{about} why most successful trial lawyers are nine-tenths ham actor and ~~one~~ ^{one}-tenth lawyer. But ~~as~~ ^{as} things now stand in your case, all the law would be against you. The judge would be virtually forced to instruct the jury to convict you. *A jury would find it tough to let you go.* Legally your situation presents a classic case of premeditated murder."

Quietly: "You don't want to take my case, then?"

"Not quite so fast, ^{pal.} I'm not ready to make that decision. Look, in a murder case the jury has only a few narrow choices. ~~Among them,~~ ^{Among them,} it might let you go. It might also up and convict you. A judge trying you without a jury would surely have to. Now do you want to go into court ~~on the flip of a coin?~~ ^{against loaded dice?} With all the law and instructions stacked against you?" I paused to deliver my clincher. "Well, whether ~~you want to~~ ^{you're willing} or not, I don't. I will either find a sound and plausible legal defense in your case or else advise you to cop out." *I'm not.* Again I paused ^{thoughtfully} ~~and~~ ^{possible} "There's one other 'or else.'"

"Or else what?"

A chastening hint, a light play on the client's fear that the lawyer of his choice might walk out on him is also sound strategy during the Lecture. "Or else ^{Lieutenant} you can find yourself another lawyer," I said, *waiting for him to squirm.* "Like whom?" the lieutenant inquired coolly, *without squinting.*

If things weren't
~~This phase of my discourse wasn't proceeding quite according to plan.~~

someone like old Crocker he could damn well have him.
But I couldn't show weakness now. "Why, we have a splendid old ham-acting lawyer in this county," I replied. "He's all ham; real boneless country-cured ham. *Since he's never been known to crack a law book, his naturally* He's also an expert on unwritten law. I might even intercede for you." *Maybe he's the man you need.*

"You mean Crocker?" he said *calmly*.
I lifted my eyebrows in surprise.
"Maybe," I parried. "How ~~do~~ *come* you know about Crocker?"

"We tried to get him," Mister Cool replied. "Couldn't because he'd broken his leg."

"Leg?" I said. "Old Crocker broke his leg? I didn't know." I felt a sudden wave of pity for the windy fulminating old fraud. *Besides Joe McCarthy he was about the last of the old-time colorful galls - snapping practitioners left in the courts. The rest of us were getting more*

"The very night I shot Quill," the lieutenant said. "Fell climbing out of his tub, his housekeeper told us over the phone. Is in the hospital with his leg in traction. Won't be up and around for several months." The lieutenant looked around the room and sniffed slightly. "That's too long to wait *in this place. If I've got to go to prison I want to get on with it.*" *chaatened and*

"Hm," I said thoughtfully. I felt curiously deflated ~~and chastened~~.
possessed
Here was a client who ~~had~~ a pretty good lecture style of his own. I found myself hoping that I was at least the second ~~xxxx~~ choice. ~~I hope I was the second~~
~~xxxx~~ The thought gnawed me. "I hope I was the second choice?" I said.

"You were," the lieutenant replied quietly. "By the way, what's this 'cop out' mean?"

The lieutenant had not only delivered a swift *little* lecture, *of his own; he'd also* ~~held~~ also adroitly got me back on ~~my own~~ *mine*.

"Lieutenant, I'm charmed," I said, carrying one. "Just as bugout means retreat, so cop out means pretty much the same thing: to plead guilty, toss in the sponge, confess to the cops, or--as the old English judges *so quaintly put* ~~had~~ it--to throw oneself upon the country."

like public accountants. "When did this happen?"

It was rather a big mouthful and the lieutenant pondered it. "Hm....
You mean you simply ~~won't~~ ^{don't want to} take a chance on the 'unwritten law'?"

I stared up at the ceiling, pursing my lips. "You can put it that way if
you want. Yes, that's fair enough. I'm a lawyer, not a juggler or a hypnotist
or a magician or a boy orator, ~~and~~ ^{even} when I undertake to defend a man I want
to have a fighting legal chance to acquit him. That includes ^{securing a decent} a chance to ^{move for a}
^{new trial or} successfully appeal. ^{Maybe you were morally entitled to plug Barney Dill.} I'm content to leave the moral judgments to the angels. ^{But in court}
^{I possess my fair share of ham, like all lawyers, but} But I do not want to have to go into court and depend simply upon the charity
or stupidity or the state of the liver of twelve jurors. ^{What's more, I don't intend to.} ~~I possess my fair~~
~~share of ham, but not that much.~~ ^{like all lawyers,} Are you following me?" ^{With old Crocker}
^{safety out of the picture I could bear down even harder.} "What's
^{I framed.} more, I don't intend to." "Are you following me?"

6B

Chap. 8 old

"Morally, perhaps, but not legally. Not after it's all over, as it was here."

I paused, wondering why I didn't go to Detroit and lecture in night school.

That way I would ^{too} be close enough to go see my old school's football games.

"You see, Lieutenant," I went on "it's not the act of killing a man that makes it murder; it is the circumstances, the time, and the state of mind or purpose which induced the act." I paused, and could almost hear my old Crimes professor, Jabby White, droning this out in law school nearly twenty years before. It was

^{fairly} amazing how well the old stuff stuck.

The Lieutenant's eyes ^{narrowed and} gleamed and flickered ever so little. "Maybe," he began, and cleared his throat. "On second thought, maybe I did catch ^{Quill} him in the act. I've never told the police one way or the other." His eyes regarded me quietly, steadily. This man, I saw, was not only an apt student of the Lecture; he indubitably possessed a heart full of larceny. He was also, perhaps instinctively, trying to turn the Lecture on his lawyer. "I've ^{them} really never told," he concluded.

A lawyer while delivering his Lecture is apt to cling to the slenderest reed to bolster his wavering virtue. "But you've told me," I said, pausing complacently, ^{grateful} filled with rectitude, grateful for the swift surge of virtue he'd afforded me.

"And anyway," I went on, "you would have had to dispatch him then, not, as you've already admitted, an hour or so later. I've just now told you that ^{is one of the} time is a big factor in determining whether a homicide is a murder or not. ^{Here it's a big one.} Don't you see?-- in your case ^{between the rape and the killing} time is the rub; it's the elapsed ^{here} time that permits the People to bear down, to argue that your shooting of Barney Quill was a deliberate ^{malicious} and pre-meditated act. ^{and that} ~~and that~~, my friend, is precisely what they've charged you with."

Stoically: "Are you telling me to plead guilty?"

"Look, we've been over ~~all~~ that. ~~If~~ ^{and} when I'm ready to advise you to cop out, ~~my friend~~, you'll know it. Right now I want you to realize what you're up against, man."

The Lieutenant blinked his eyes thoughtfully. "I'm busy realizing," he said.

Hail to the victors marching...

Swollen with gratitude

shop & old

We sat silently, the lieutenant back sipping his mustache. He looked a little morose. "can't the jury let me go, whatever the damned law is?" he suddenly asked.

"Of course it can," I said. "And juries often do. But that's not because of a legal defense but rather despite the lack of one. Juries, in common with women drivers, are apt to do the damndest things. The notorious undependability of juries, the absorbing features of the prostitution, one of the last of the unpredictable professions--both woo total strangers. And that's why most successful trial lawyers are about nine-tenths ham actor and one-tenth lawyer. But as things now stand in your case, all the law would be against you. The judge would be virtually forced to instruct the jury to convict you. A jury would find it tough to let you go. Legally your situation presents a classic case of premeditated murder."

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"Or else what?"

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Employ the seductive arts; both ~~must~~ try to show their wares to the best advantage; both must display ~~try~~ ~~to~~ ~~show~~ ~~their~~ ~~wares~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~advantage~~; both must ~~with~~ ~~know~~ ~~the~~ ~~advantage~~

gambling on a jury is

chance

the practice of

both have to

helpless showmen; that they are

really

they'd have to work at it.

one

case

with the dice

loaded dice?

* * *

I drove downtown to the Iron Bay Club and had a good lunch and ~~glanced at~~ ^{checked} the New Yorker ^{to see if the Hathaway man's eye - patch matched his shirt.}

After lunch I played Billy Webb at cribbage and won thirteen dollars. I was ^{gunning} hot and skunked him twice. ^{By two} I was back at the jail at two and was pleased to find that Sheriff Battisfore was still out and that ^{Perhaps wouldn't} ~~Maybe we~~ ^{to see my man's} ~~could use his office again.~~ ^{not yet} ^{clear in}

"Can we use the Sheriff's office again, Sulo?" I inquired.
"Sure, sure, sure," ^{be} Sulo said. "Sheriff he's still out on road patrol."

As I waited for Sulo to fetch Lieutenant Manion down from his cell I reflected that sheriffs as a class were like the three wise monkeys: that while they rolled up more patrol mileage (and consequent mileage fees) than almost all the other kinds of cops put together, ^{like the three wise monkeys} they ~~stoutly~~ ^{tried to recall any occasion} heard no evil, spoke no evil, and saw no evil. I ~~pondered~~ ^{The effort was not fruitless.} when any sheriff I had ever known had ever made an arrest on his very own. ^{glittered} Though ~~they~~ ^{and} their men relentlessly scoured the highways and byways, day and night, ^{and totally} no drunk drivers ever crossed their paths; speeders ^{and} seemed non-existent; they never ever ^{see single} saw a soul run a red light or a stop sign. ^{Perhaps they stretch flats in all motorists for miles around.} It ~~was~~ ^{happens to be} little short of miraculous.

"Hello, there," my man said. "Did you have a good lunch?"
"Look," I said, "my name isn't there -- it's ^{lieutenant} Biegler." "Excuse me, Mr. Biegler. Did you ^{to call me there?} have a good lunch?"
"Excellent," I said. "And you?" ^{lieutenant -- lieutenant Manion?"}

He closed his eyes and wrinkled his nose. "I was just beginning to forget it. I guess I shouldn't have ^{maybe} mentioned it."
"The party will pass," ^{like love,} I replied, abstractedly. "Sit down. I've been thinking about your case during the noon hour."

"That's good," the lieutenant said. "What's the verdict?"
"Sit down," I repeated, "and listen carefully." ^{Break out} ^{Better get your Ming holder} I ~~was ready to deliver~~ ^{the lecture.}

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Manion, obediently sitting down ^{and prodding} the Ming holder. ^{His lawyer} ^{I was ready to deliver the lecture.}

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