

about our case

trying to

In fact a strategy of ~~publicizing~~ a low public profile had been virtually forced on us from the time of my first interview with the accused Randall Kirk. Good old Jeremiah had summed up our dilemma quite simply.

~~purged~~

happen
professionally
to

"When a lawyer's got himself a client ^{who's} ~~whose~~ accused of murdering a beautiful neighbor ^{with whom} ~~whom~~ he's long been sleeping with, as ~~the saying goes~~ we ^{mean} ~~don't~~ very few others know - and who swears he can't recall even being with her on the fatal night, much less harming her, a profound public silence seems highly in order, at least till he gets his memory back."

Largely for this reason I had ^{circuits court to} ~~walked~~ ^{and compelled} ~~to~~
before waived demanding a preliminary examination
in district court, as I might, and rather
reluctantly watched my client preemptively
handed off to circuit court over to await his
trial. ~~Here~~ sitting in jail without bail. The
decision had not been easy and ~~my partner~~ ^{my partner} and
~~I had~~ had been reached only after prolonged
huddles with my partner, Jeremiah, some of which
~~there~~

Having a preliminary examination would,
for one thing, have revealed far more to us about
the nature and strengths of the prosecution's proofs.

weeks ago before
~~later~~

For this reason ~~we~~ have
waived I had waived demanding
a preliminary examination in
district court, much as I longed
to ^{possibly} learn more about the nature and
strength of the prosecution's case,
simply to avoid a public repetition
of the ^{lured} ~~gross~~ details and

thus

these really

how other I was relieved to see that few people were in court, despite the notoriety of the case, probably because there had no publicity.

~~In fact~~ My law partner Jeremiah and I had planned it that way. ~~In fact~~

In fact A strategy of ^{bringing} ~~bringing~~ a law public profile had been virtually forced on us from ^{about the case} the time of my first ^{from very} ~~falling~~ ^{my} first

interview with my client. Jeremiah had phoned ^{our dilemma quite} it simply.

"When a lawyer's got a client accused of murdering his childhood sweetheart ^{and who swears he} and who swears he success ~~and~~ can't remember a bloody thing about it, ^{he said,} perhaps

perhaps the less said the better, at least until he gets his memory back. "Or quite cunning us," I had replied.

about today's hearing.

They had been no publicity
about the today's hearing, and the
remaining onlookers were mostly
singles and ~~a few~~ ^{two} couples,
in turn mostly ^{female} lowhand employees, I
guessed, stealing ~~a few moments~~
a few ^{moments} ~~away~~ from the daily tedium in exchange

"Mister Sheriff!" I heard the
judge ~~saying~~ saying in an irate
voice, "I'd be mighty pleased if
you'd betta yourself to go find
what's happened to one missing
baileff and, above all, ~~any~~ one
missing jug of water."

"Yes, Your Honor," the sheriff
murmured as he lumbered
away

of course,
The big reason so few
spectators were present ^{was}
because there had been no publicity
about today's hearing. And there was
~~no publicity~~ And that in turn
had been because ~~I'd been~~ for
days I'd been running myself
ragged avoiding the young Gazette
reporter, Mills Copley, and failing
to ^{answer or} return his ^{many} phone calls...

In fact a strategy of trying
to keep a low public profile in
our case had been ^{virtually} forced upon ^{us}
from ^{the time of} my very first interview with

Randall Kerk. My partner had
summed up an ^{quite} dilemma ^{simply}.

"When a lawyer's got a client
accused of murdering his childhood
sweetheart who swears up and down
he can't even recall being with her

much less / public
let alone harming her, maintaining
a profound silence seems
highly in order, at least until he
gets his memory back."

"As quite cunning his
laugher," I recalled remarking.

X

Matthew
prosecuting attorney

I glanced across at my legal
~~adversary~~, Eugene Conda, the ~~very~~ ~~hard~~
young prosecutor who sat at the
opposing counsel table ~~next to~~ ~~my~~ ~~trust~~ ~~with~~
burly ~~clerk~~, Sheriff Matt Wallsten,
the latter for once ~~without~~
~~mercifully~~ without his Matt
Dillon cowboy hat, which both my
law partner and I had always assumed
he wore even in bed -- "whether sleepin'
or a-courtin', ~~as a~~ ~~snoring~~", my trusty
partner Jeremiah had added with ~~an~~ ~~an~~
~~downcast~~ ~~sub~~ ~~smirk~~, ^{and} grin.

glanced up and

Sheriff Matt caught me looking
and managed to give me a quick shrug and
a smile and a little wink, all of which
~~conveyed~~ ~~stirred~~ ~~to~~ ~~convey~~ ~~the~~ ~~eloquently~~
~~as~~ ~~though~~ ~~he'd~~ ~~shouted~~ ~~it~~ ~~this~~ ~~plea~~;
"Look, chum, ~~to~~ ~~give~~ ~~me~~ ~~a~~ ~~message~~ ~~as~~
eloquent as a shout this plea:
"Look, chum, we may be at swords'
points today but better days are comin'
when I can do you a favor, so please don't
stay sore at your ol' pal, Matt, and above
all, Fritz, boy, don't forget to slip me a vote
during the electoral rains of November."

* * *

I sighed inwardly and
launched over the rest of the mahogany
- crammed courtroom, quickly noting
that only a handful of people
were present -- probably because there
had been no publicity for ~~any~~ ^{apparently}
about our hearing -- and no
newspaper reporters. Despite the
anonymity of our hearing, however, a
few rows behind Jeremiah and Doc I
spotted the inevitable gaggle of ~~tearful~~
blue-haired women who ^{more or less} ~~of the tongue~~ ^{of the tongue}
practiced ~~to~~ to lurk behind the panelling
of every courtroom in the land, emerging
in whispering ^{clutches and} ~~trails~~ ^{trails} only when
sensational dramas are afoot.

The rest of the ^{courtroom} ~~unlucky~~ were
mostly stray doubles and singles, ^{again} mostly women,
and again, I guessed, mostly courthouse
employees ~~to~~ ^{snatching} ~~stealing~~ a few
moments ^{to} ~~escape~~ ^{escape} from the ^{usual} ~~business~~ ^{business}
of their ^{day} ~~work~~ ^{work}.

Sitting in the ~~very~~ ^{best} row of
benches, virtually under the courtroom
clock, I recognized the State's star

~~And covered the
rest of the courtroom~~

with satisfaction

Looking beyond Jeremiah and
Klos over the rest of the mahogany-
crammed courtroom I noted that,
despite the notoriety of the case,
few people were present, probably
because there had been no publicity
about the present hearing, which was
fine all right with me. My strategy was
simple: when a lawyer has a client
who is accused of murdering his
child^{or children}, and, like his baffled
lawyer, he can't recall a thing,
perhaps about it, the less publicity the better,
at least until the client's attorney
gets his memory back. ~~At least that~~
was the way Jeremiah and I were
playing it...

Chapter 3

The judge paused and absently reached for his water glass and raised it to his lips and found it empty. I heard a faint titter from behind me. Frowning, the judge grabbed up and uncapped his gleaming metal thermos jug and held it aloft with the flourish of a high-pouring bartender but no water came and the titters increased. He delivered an inaudible

The judge glared down at his erring bailiff, who doubled as waterboy, and said something that so activated the latter that ^{rather} no hip readers were present. In what seemed one motion the bailiff left his cubby mahogany cubicle, snatched up the ~~judge's~~ ^{judge's} and raised out the same hissing mahogany door in quest of waterboard. Meanwhile, the judge, whether too parched or too piqued to speak, ducked his over his notes. Taking advantage of this impromptu recess I craned around ^{not very often} to size up those present.

cross-legged

doctor

long

First off I spotted my white-mustached law partner, Jeremiah Donald, smiling and nodding at me from the front row of high-backed mahogany benches that ran the width of the courtroom, separated only by a center aisle. Next to him sat his old friend (and, I hoped, my star witness), Hugh Salter, whose thin spindly legs ~~were~~ seemed more entwined than crossed, like old photos I'd seen of Lytton Strachey. All that separated us was the usual courtroom railing, ~~that~~ made of mahogany, with its swinging mahogany gates at either end for the passage of witnesses and jurors.

one
year

he was saying,

above all,

happy,
pleased, Master
Sherriff, "if you'd go ~~back~~ for the
all if you can discover what's happened
to ~~our~~ missing, bailiff and, especially, to my
missing jug of water."

and the ^{proceeding} judge ^{arose}, ^{murmuring}, and
the sheriff ^{hurried} away.
and the judge ^{came} back ^{to} his ^{bench}. Then

I heard the main courtroom door ~~open~~ on
the opposite wall breathe open and ~~craned~~
craned again.

Two men ~~to~~

Miles Cobby, the young reporter on
the Morning Gazette, was interviewing with a
elder man I did not know. They ^{walked} in
my direction and ~~between~~ ^{passed}
~~between~~

Miles smiled and ^{me} and
nodded at me as they passed ^{where}
Dreman and Das sat, ~~and~~ ^{also} ~~stood~~

finally, ^{seemingly} ^{also} ^{on} ^{front} ^{bench} almost
directly behind the prosecution table.

a few minutes ^{escape} from the usual tedium
of their day. ~~I was just about to~~
~~congratulate~~ Then I glanced over by
the main entrance door and there saw,
sitting next to an older stranger man I
did not know, Miles Coffey, the
ubiquitous young reporter for the
Mining Gazette, pud and placid in
hand.

^{latest ~~most~~ ~~original~~ ~~dynamic~~}
Milly nodded and smiled and
I nodded back, noting that ~~he~~ he
was gotten up in fashion apparently
decreed ~~subject~~ ^{new ~~man~~ ~~man~~} for every rising young
~~man~~ in the land. ^{the usual}
An ~~dashingly~~ ^{dashingly} ^{spatially} ^{pattered}
paper jacket with ^{dashingly} ^{dashingly} ^{dashingly}
slacks that screamed only a few
decibel less; sleek highly polished
boots with clattering platform
soles; and all this set off
by a ^{pan} ^{long} ^{black}
that could ^{double} have harbored a woe
of quail; and all this crowned

by the very latest in ^{the latest} ~~hair~~ ~~does~~ hair styling, complete
with the usual swooping
continued and swooping, ~~caulick~~
that all but hid his ^{hair} searching
Irish blue eyes.

For Miles was no posturing
dummy, I had learned, and as I
turned back to my table, I recalled
~~and dug out of my files and his~~
n ~~very~~ write the adroitness of his
very first write up of this case, shortly
after my client's arrest. Since the
judge was still sunk ^{over} his notes,
I dug out the clipping and reread it.

had been transformed since ^{if last seen him} ~~today~~

And instead Miles was wearing the latest uniform apparently decreed ~~that stays~~ for all dynamic young men in the make: a dashing polyester jacket in a pattern that all but screamed; slacks that

also proclaimed themselves ^{with} only slightly fewer decibels; some kind of ~~slit~~ sleek-^{looking} domesticated cowboy boots that made him ~~look taller~~ ^{look} taller.

^{He also} And ~~that~~ ^{he} suddenly forewent his barber for a hair stylist ~~for~~ for he now wore a shock

And instead of the usual pad and pencil of his trade he now ~~carries~~ carried an attache case, crafted of simulated leather, no doubt. All this was

crowned by the latest in hair styling: a lovingly ^{expertly fashioned} ~~crafted~~ patch of ^{dark} hair swooped low ^{obliquely} curved with

A ~~thick~~ wild ^{glottal} thatch of ^{lovingly} dark hair curved with studied carelessness so that it swooped down over his forehead in a sort of contrived cowlick, all but hiding

ready-to-wear

all but hiding his shrewd and appraising
Irish blue eyes.

neither a helpless
For Miles was no conformist even
a pasturing dummy, I know from the
address I had learned

masquerading

like to dream of

designed

helpless conformists who ~~conscience~~
themselves as trail blazers nor ~~yet~~
anyone's

at least till he gets his memory
back."

"Or else quits cowning us,"
~~I had remarked.~~

I recalled remarking.

Saw county courthouse

The prevalence of mahogany had long puzzled me and one day I'd sought enlightenment from my partner, Jeremiah, who'd been a long when the "new" ^{and then} ~~country~~ ^{was built}.

"How come, pard?" I had inquired. "How come all the quiddam mahogany way up here on the shores of Lake Superior with

on a heavily wooded section of northern Michigan long noted for the excellence of its native hardwood and pine."

"Easy, chum," the old boy had replied. "Only by importing an ^{brand of} ~~species~~ and far more expensive timber from halfway round the world could the local political gnomes who had the say be sure they would forever surprise the poor taxpayers with their own exquisite good taste."

"And do you recall the name of a single gnome?" I had asked.

"I do not!" he had snapped,

Who had to pay for the logs

me my professional life

nothing has mattered

As I stand noting with
satisfaction how few remaining
spectators there were in court, mostly
singles and pairs, the

possibly titillating respite

As I beheld with satisfaction
that the balance of the few remaining
spectators were mostly singles and
pairs, probably ^{mostly} hockey-playing
courthouse employees seeking a few
momentary ~~relief stops~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
from the ^{usual} tedium of their day.

buy, don't forget to slip me a
note ~~over~~ during the ~~call~~
electoral rains of November. "

with

I glanced at my client, sitting
next to me, to see how he was
taking it. He sat with bowed head,
one hand over his eyes, and as the
judge pushed up his seat whole
body seemed to ~~go to~~ ~~collapse~~
under in his chair, and I ~~dropped~~
~~could not~~ ~~break~~ ~~down~~. I ~~was~~ ~~found~~
found myself wondering

and I wondered whether he would break
down. For I knew something that very few
people in the courtroom knew: that my client
had been in love with Constance Spurr's for
as long as he could remember

could
possibly

X

Randall ^{that} ^{and only}

For one thing, after repeated questioning, I had ^{finally} learned that Randy Kirk had been in love with Constance Spurrer, as long as he could remember. Then ^{came the opportunity} ^{visiting him} ^{up in his} ~~came the opportunity~~ ~~visiting him~~ ~~up in his~~ ~~squatted third - floor cell~~ ^{when} ~~I had~~ ~~springing~~ the big ^{unsubtle} ^{whistle} ^{questioning} sitting next to him on his narrow jail cot.

"Were you and Connie," I said, ^{and} ^{trying to soften the blow} ^{sleeping} ^{together, as the saying goes?}"

~~His body had~~ ~~tensed~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~clenched~~ ^{stiffened} ^{all the while} ^{staring} his fists ^{and} ^{for a} ^{moment} ^I ^{thought} ^{he} ^{was} ^{going} ^{to} ^{strike} ^{me} ^{He} ^{stared} ^{at} ^{me} ^{not} ^{so} ^{much} ^{reproachfully} ^{or} ^{uncomprehendingly,} ^{and} ^{at} ^{this} ^{small} ^{town} ^{lawyer} ^{who} ^{had} ^{so} ^{cruselly} ^{violated} ^{his} ^{own} ^{code} ^{of} ^{honor} ^{and} ^{still} ^{staring} ^{coldly.}"

"Now can I ^{possibly} ^{answer} ^{such} ^a ^{question?}"

He finally managed to say, "How could you

"How dare you ^{even} ^{ask} ^{it?}"

"And how could you ^{even} ^{dare} ^{ask} ^{it?}"

X
"I do now think it's time I told
my client that, without going into
drear legalistic detail, he hasn't
far
SO come within a country mile of
showing ~~to~~ a possible
defense to his case. Forgetting isn't
a defense to murder under any
law I've found -- and ~~I've worn my~~
~~my partner and I've worn~~
my ass looking."

"Are you ^{remotely} suggesting I plead
guilty?" he said.

"Just lay off the ^{gentle} sarcasm
and listen, please," I said.

"Go on."

mercifully

~~sternful~~ As I sat under the glare of his disapproval I conquered an impulse to hang my head. While there is no law requiring a lawyer to fall in love with his client in order to ably represent him, at the moment I toyed with a companion impulse to slap his face. That seemed a bit ~~overdramatic~~; so I decided instead to lower the boom.

over and over

~~"Look, Mr. Kirk," I said, "I'm only a journeyman lawyer retained to defend a guy charged with murder who keeps telling me he can't recall a thing about it."~~

~~Have I~~

~~"Yes," he said quietly.~~

~~"In the " During the emptier times I've visited him up in this flea bag he keeps repeating that, only lately reluctantly ~~confiding~~ that he thinks he might have been in love with her a long time."~~

adding

~~"Yes," he repeated.~~

So

Our earliest and toughest decision so far had been that of ~~making a demand a basic constitutional~~

deciding to persuade our client to waive his constitutional right to demand a preliminary examination ^{the way} in district court, where his accusers would have to show their hand.

That left the persuading job up to me because my senior law partner, Jeremiah, the acknowledged intellectual and affix backbone of our partnership, ^{wasn't} ~~wasn't~~ ^{willing} ~~willing~~ to ^{all any of} ~~interfere~~ ^{anywhere} ~~interfere~~ with our clients, particularly those who had ~~had~~ ^{had} reposed in jail.

at least partially

"I'm allergic to jails," he had explained.

But "Why?" I had asked.

"Because ^{all jails} they stink."

"It's all ⁱⁿ your imagination," I said. "And anyway Sheriff Matt has won ^{all kinds of} awards for the cleanliness of his jail."

"All jails stink," he persisted, shaking his head. "All jails stink of sweat, urine and disinfectant, a ^{fatal} combination that drives me up a tree. Laph, Fritz, don't argue with ^{a gentleman} me allergy. You handle the jail clients and I'll look ^{up} the law."

performed

7

questioning

For one thing I had finally learned, but ~~and~~ only after repeated ~~questions~~, that Randall Kirk had been in love with Constance Spurrin for as long as he could remember, back while he still lived in the ~~nearby~~ neighboring cottage on Treasure Island Lake where ~~at late years~~ ^{of late years} he had ^{annually} ~~more recently~~ summered.

Then had come the showdown afternoon up in his third-floor cell, sitting next to him on his narrow cot when out of ^{growing} desperation I had gathered ~~the~~ ^{my} courage to ~~spring~~ ^{and spring} on him the big unspoken question. "I've ^{simply} got to ask you this," I began ^{apologetically}, ~~trying to~~ ^{grasping for words to soften the} blow. "Will you and Constance ever sleep together, as the saying goes?"

I was relieved to note that, despite the notoriety of the case, few people were present, doubtless because there had been no publicity about today's hearing, a state of anonymity ^{to which I had ~~contributed~~ ^{carefully} contributed.} ~~The strategy of my~~
~~my law partner Jerome and my strategy~~
~~was simple:~~ The strategy of ~~submitting~~ a low public profile had almost been forced on my law partner and me ~~to~~

Few people were present in court, I was pleased to note, despite the notoriety of the case, probably because there had been no publicity about today's hearing, an^d state of anonymity to which my law partner and I had carefully contributed. ~~It states the more we learned about our baffling case the less publicity. Our strategy of trying to keep a low~~

A strategy of trying to keep a low public profile had been virtually forced

nature, ^{and} strength of ^{the} natural accompanying professional

For this reason, despite ^{professional} curiosity to learn more about the prosecution's case, ^{as fast as we could,} we had ^{to deal with some reflections} waived a preliminary in district

court and ~~watched~~ ^{was} allowed ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~memory~~ ^{memory} ~~court~~ ^{court} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~await~~ ^{await} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~trial~~ ^{trial} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~fact~~ ^{fact}. sit in jail awaiting his trial for a crime he kept telling ^{me} he couldn't recall committing.

X

~~planned~~

total perform

The reason for the lack of courtroom spectators was the lack of publicity about today's hearing, in turn caused by my ^{student} failure to tell the local one county newspaper about it ~~today~~ ^{the} almost ~~the~~ daily phone calls from the Gazette ^{lager} reporter, Miles Cappel, and I was glad to see he wasn't in court.

X

~~translated into the idiom,~~ ^{more informal}

over his glasses

"Are we ready to proceed, gentlemen?" Judge Bratherton leaned forward and softly inquired, glancing down at the prosecutors table and then over at mine.

~~reluctantly~~ → ~~decided~~

Both Prosecutor Eugene Canda and I well knew that ~~the~~ ^{his} question was purely rhetorical; that His Honor's ^{real} message ~~was~~ ^{ran} rather more like this: "Look, young lawyer fellas, your overworked judge's overworked judge's docket is already overcrowded, time presses, ~~is pressing~~, and I'm now ready to hear this cotton-picking case ^{damn well} so you better be ready - ~~an no bloody excuses.~~"

Eugene Canda and I sprang to our feet like toy figures released from a ^{mechanical} box and, amidst a cascade of "Your Honor" and the like, assured ~~the~~ ^{our} judge that we were not only ready but panting to proceed.

← and, mind, no ^{bloody} excuses."

X

Chapter 1

a stickler for punctuality,

Court ~~was~~ had been scheduled to open at 9:00 AM, but Judge Brotherton was already ten minutes late according to the electric clock on the rear courtroom wall. Just about the time I was trying with the heretical that

Then, ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{point} ~~the~~ ^{time} I began trying with the heretical nation that he might have forgotten ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{stated} ~~stated~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{hearing} ~~hearing~~, I was richly punished for my sins: a tall mahogany door breached open and his Honor himself entered at ^{full} ~~full~~ ^{sail} ~~sail~~, the heavy door closing behind him with a prolonged sigh reminiscent of the hiss of an old-time stage villain.

Then, ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{point} ~~the~~ ^{time} I began trying with the heretical nation that he might have forgotten ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{stated} ~~stated~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{hearing} ~~hearing~~, I was richly punished for my sins: a tall mahogany door breached open and his Honor himself entered at ^{full} ~~full~~ ^{sail} ~~sail~~, the heavy door closing behind him with a prolonged sigh reminiscent of the hiss of an old-time stage villain.

(his black robe billowing)

Randolph Kirk.

Sharp at nine the sheriff
marched into court through a rear
~~mahogany~~ door, preceded by
my client. At least he didn't have
the pass book in hand.

I thought, noting that my handsome
noting ^{above} that my ~~handsome~~ ^{far leaner}
~~handsome~~ ^{though} ~~client~~ ^{was} nearly as tall as the
massive ^{tooth} ~~client~~ ^{who} towered up high that
naturally he was known as "Long" ^{Wallenstein}
whereas ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~client~~ ^{client} was a ~~totoput~~ ^{totoput}.

Sheriff Wallenstein

~~constantly~~ paraded my client across the
courtroom, all but juggling his
slip ^{with his} ~~sheriff~~ ^{hand} as he went, and
finally ^{then} ~~with~~ ^{the} wave of a ^{framing} ~~hand~~ ^{hand} ~~waver~~,
delivered my client beside me
at the defense table.

whipping out and

"Morning, Fritz," Sheriff
Matt Dillon greeted me, giving me
a denture-dislodging slap on the
back -- the man's capacity for
carn was boundless -- and all
but passing me a campaign card.

"Havin' the little old Cleopatra Barron
of Iron Cliffs coming ^{down} this
mornin'?"

"Hi, Matt," I said, nodding,
marvelling over ~~this~~ his indefatigable
capacity for harm, wondering vaguely
whether he campaigned ~~there~~ in that
bed, watching Tom stride over to the
prosecution table and all but
embrace the embarrassed young
prosecutor, sinking into a chair
alongside him and, ^{leaning close,} earnestly
whispering in his reddening ear.

playing the little game,

"Good morning, Randy," I said, turning to my client, who sat with a kind of rueful smile also watching the sheriff's pantomime.

"Ah," he said, "Good morning, Mr. Harvey." ~~"Do we melt to up your feet?"~~ "almost ~~seemingly~~ like the sheriff himself. ~~we have been~~"

"Have a good weekend?" I inquired, said, fighting back with a feeble fake, all the more feeble since he'd been ~~confined~~ ^{confined} ~~held~~ in the county jail without bail ever since his arrest over a month before. -- last resort,

"Rudowitz," he responded bravely. "One melts such an ~~at~~ absorbing variety of people in the sheriff's court ~~hold~~, especially in a ^{isolated} one-room window third-floor cell commanding such a breath-taking view of Lake Superior." He patted his heart. "Simply aerates the soul."

"Same guys got it made,"
I murmured, reaching in my
briefcase for my baby files,
plopping the file on our polished
mahogany ^{wood} table, flipping ~~over~~
open a manila folder to sneak
in a quick review before our
tardy judge showed up.

"good morning, Randy," I
half whispered to my client. "Have a
good weekend?"

"Radiant," my client
~~whispered back~~ with a ~~pleasant~~
smile ^{graciously} responded, to my little
joke. "One mutt's such

"Radiant," my client ^{said} ~~graciously~~
~~responded~~ at my ^{managing a little smile}
~~whispered back~~ ~~managing a~~
- - ^{had} been confined in an isolated cell
in the county jail since his arrest
over a month before - - "One
mutt

for the benefit of the spectators, with the ^{headquarters} ~~wall~~ of a ^{the door} bastion
Sharp at noon the
sheriff marched into court through
a ^{mahogany} ~~oak~~ door, preceded by my client
- at least he ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{from} ~~from~~
in handcuffs, I thought
and, ^{while} ~~all~~ ^{the} ~~entire~~ ^{sheriff} ~~parade~~
badge ^{paraded} ~~paraded~~ ^{across} ~~across~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
courtroom and ^{with} ~~delivered~~ ^{him} ~~from~~ ^{into}
a mahogany chair beside me at
~~our~~ ~~my~~ ~~own~~ ~~chair~~ ~~to~~ ~~take~~ ~~the~~ ~~defense~~
~~over~~ ~~the~~ ~~mahogany~~ ~~defense~~ ~~table~~.

"Good morning, Randy," I
half-whispered to my client

Sharp at nine the sheriff
and my client entered the courtroom
by a side door, marched into
the courtroom through a side door,
along with my
client, Randolph Kirk, and
delivered the latter into a
mahogany chair beside me at
my counsel table. Randy,
the "band manager" I said
in a half-whisper that people
seen unconsciously

more ~~of his~~ ^{of his} indigestible ham, wondering
whether ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ bed,
"Morning, Fritz," Sheriff Matt
Williamson said, grabbed me,
patting my arm.
~~giving me a pat on the arm.~~ "Harris

"Hi, Matt," I said,
the Clarence Barron of Iron Cliffs
county, ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Munday~~ ^{Munday} morning?"

"Hi, Matt," I said, watching
him ~~strut~~ ^{strut} over to the prosecution
table, and all but embrace the
~~state~~ ^{state} ~~prosecutor~~ ^{prosecutor}, and then ~~sat~~ ^{sat} ~~at~~ ^{at}
a chair beside ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~prosecutor~~ ^{prosecutor}
sinking into a chair beside him
and earnestly whispering in his ear.

"Good morning, Raydy," I said,
turning to my client, who ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~also~~ ^{also}
watching the sheriff's ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~air~~ ^{air}
with a kind of respectful smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Barron,"
he said, playing the game.

folder for a quick review before
the hospital got under way. began.

X

purpose of attempting to stimulate the recall of his client's memory."

~~Meanwhile~~ I glanced at my client, sitting next to me, to see how he was taking it, and found him ^{with} sitting with ~~his~~ a bowed head, and one hand covering his eyes, his head sinking even lower at the ~~mention~~ as the judge uttered the name of the woman, he was supposed to have killed. ~~He was~~ ~~pushed~~ ~~from~~ ~~reaching~~ ~~over~~ ~~and~~ ~~giving~~ ~~him~~ ~~a~~ ~~reassuring~~ ~~pat~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~judge~~ ~~pushed~~ ~~an~~ ~~impulse~~ ~~to~~ ~~reach~~ ~~over~~ ~~and~~ ~~give~~ ~~him~~ ~~a~~ ~~reassuring~~ ~~pat~~, at the same time wondering ~~whether~~ ~~I~~ ~~did~~ ~~so~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~good~~ ~~taste~~, having ~~seen~~ ~~too~~ ~~many~~ ~~similar~~ ~~cases~~ ~~wherein~~ ~~the~~ ~~jurors~~ ~~were~~ ~~swayed~~ ~~by~~ ~~them~~, or ~~rather~~ ~~so~~ ~~as~~ ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~waste~~ ~~any~~ ~~time~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~courtroom~~ ~~when~~ ~~a~~ ~~jury~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~present~~ ~~to~~ ~~get~~ ~~a~~ ~~kick~~ ~~in~~ ~~its~~ ~~collective~~ ~~throat~~.

Impulsive
of my
myself

already
beheld

to be swayed by them.

X

The judge paused and ^{absently} reached for his water glass and raised it to his lips, but found it empty, and I heard a stifled titter ^{from} behind me. Scowling, the judge ^{Draining}, the judge grabbed up and uncapped his gleaming metal thermos jug and held it ^{up} with the flourish of a ^{high-pouring} club bartender, but no water came. The titters increased.

High-pouring

The judge then glared down at his half-dozing bailiff and delivered an ^{incomprehensible} message that ^{who also doubled as} waterboy, and delivered an ^{incomprehensible} message that so activated the latter, but I hoped ^{there were} no lip readers present. In ^{nothing} flat the erring bailiff had left his roost, snatched up the ^{judge's} jug, and ^{walked} out the same mahogany, and I found myself ^{leading me} reflecting that ^{even his} back ^{was} the ^{best} of the ^{show} seemed less ^{significant}. Meanwhile the judge, whether too parched or too ^{perplexed} to continue, ducked his head over his notes, so I took advantage of the ^{unprompted} recess to crane around and size up the audience.

im →

putting in a
battered book.

one day asking

on the mystery.

having

country

X

The prevalence of mahogany
had long puzzled me, and I
recalled ~~my~~ ^{my} partner
Jerman to enlighten me. After all,
he had been a growing boy ~~when~~
when the "new" courthouse ^{was built}.

heavily

"How come, pard?" I had
inquired. "How come all the ~~best~~
goddam mahogany up here in a
wooded area of northern Michigan
long noted for the excellence of its
annual hardwood and pine?"

of timber

"Easy, chum," he had replied. "Only
by importing an exotic and far more
expensive variety from halfway round
the world could the local political
gnomes who had the say ^{think} they
could adequately impress us ^{with}
fasting taxpayers with the ^{memorable}
of their ^{own} good deeds."

"I see," I said, ^{and} ^{let} ^{the} ^{subject} ^{drop},
being a little afraid that ^I ^{was} ^{more} ^{than}
^{just} ^{curious}.

* * *

X

remembered

"The law sagely copies the early churches," I suddenly recalled that my law partner Jeremiah Dundle often used to proclaim in his nasal fashion when ~~the~~ ^{a declamatory} ~~signature~~ was upon him, "among the pleasing into submission by a mixture of mystical ritual, highflown rhetoric -- often ~~repeatedly~~ delivered in ^{repeatedly} bad Latin -- and just plain hogwash." ^{two-story tall}

All our courts lack are ~~two-story tall~~ pipe organs, I recalled saying the last time ~~he~~ ^{she had} delivered himself on the subject.

AWING →

mostly resonantly

wisely ~~sweeply~~

"Mortgaged," ^{pipe organs,} the old boy had quickly put in, quick as a wink, so ~~It~~ ~~wrapped the subject~~ ~~which I saw I couldn't~~ ~~no possible way to win.~~ ^{since I agree} ~~I couldn't win.~~

"Yes, sir," I said meekly, realizing I couldn't win.

(B: The 3 asterisks means to drop an extra space, so that there is roughly about an inch between the last It and what follows.)

x

Chapter 1 sins

court trying

The opening of court was already
 over ten minutes late, and just about
 the time I began speculating with the
 heretical notion that Judge Protherton
 a stickler for punctuality, ~~might~~ ^{for once actually} have
 forgotten ~~his~~ scheduled hearing I was
 punished for my unwelcome thoughts:
 A tall mahogany door breathed open.
 and his Honor himself burst out of it
 at full stride, the heavy door sighing
 closed behind ^{with a} prolonged ~~series~~
 reminiscent of ^{the} old-time stage
 villain.

actually
richly

PRESTO) →

closing
sigh

→ the hiss of

of course, that

from a high

really

Mills was gotten up in the latest.

garb apparently decreed for any dynamic young man in the land who hopes to make it.

There was

~~substituted~~; these the optically patterned, were polyester jackets ^{doublets} ~~wouldn't~~ ^{didn't} haul down to ~~turn~~ a masquerade ten years ago; ^{the}

along with equally optic slacks some kind of beaded pendant instead of a

the usual

Traditional courtroom high-backed pink-checked
and the sitting next to his old friend, lanky
Hugh Sutter, who gave me a brief two-
fingered salute. All that separated them
from my counsel table, in fact, was
the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~low mahogany railing~~ ^{low mahogany railing} with
its ~~pair of mahogany gates~~ ^{pair of mahogany gates}, one on
either side.

~~Several~~
~~several rows behind them~~
The courtroom was virtually
empty, I noted, probably because there
had been no publicity about our
hearing, although a few rows behind
Jeremiah and I did spot the
inevitable gaggle of whispering blue-
haired women who seem, I swear, to
lurk in the panelling of ~~every~~ ^{every}
courtroom in the land, ~~emerging~~ ^{emerging} only
when sensational doings are afoot.

Behind the ladies I saw only a few
stray couples and singles, I think, I
guess, probably mostly hobby hooker-
playing courthouse employees snatching

inevitable
I sighed inwardly and
filled mahogany-laden courtroom, and
continued to ease the sparsely-
two several rows behind Jeremiah and
Doc spotted the ~~secret~~ gaggle of
whispering blue-haired women who seem, I
swear, to lurk behind the
panelling of every courtroom in the
land (mahogany or otherwise),
emerging only when sensational
dramas are afoot.

The rest of the onlookers

x

Oh, there was my ^{nodding and smiling} ~~smiling~~ law partner,
Jeremiah and his old friend ~~Hugh~~ ^{Mac} ~~Mac~~
Satter sitting just behind me ⁱⁿ the very
~~the~~ front ~~black~~ row of ^{high-backed} mahogany benches

heavily wooded

The prevalence of mahogany brought to mind a recent pronouncement on the subject by my partner. "Since we happen to dwell in a remote area of northern Michigan noted for the excellence of its native hardwood and pine," he had declared, "naturally when the new courthouse came to be built ^{there} was a ~~little~~ ^{big} bay of the local ^{timber}."

naturally

political gnomes who decide such things insisted that ~~that~~ ^{in the new courtroom complex that is} that the courtroom ~~be~~ ^{be} the minutest sliver of wood be an exotic and super far more expensive variety imported from halfway round the world. ^{He shook his head in wonder.}

"Only that ^{could} they impress us poor ^{with} ^{the} ^{expansiveness} of their ^{good} ^{taste}." ^{with fingers who paid ^{for} ^{it} ^{with} ^{the} ^{expansiveness} of their ^{good} ^{taste}."}

The prevalence of mahogany ~~at~~
around me reminded me of a question
~~comment~~ I had asked French when
we first became partners.

"Why all the goddam mahogany,
pard?"

When they built the new canton
around the turn of the century the
local political grandees
mahogany made me recall a recent
pronouncement on the phenomenon
by my partner, Jeremiah.

"Since we dwell in one of
the most remote areas of northern Michigan
especially noted for ~~its~~ the high quality of
spruce, its native hardwoods, pine,
naturally ~~the~~ the local ^{political grandees} stationers
who built the canton they had to
import the wood for the canton
interior from half way round the
world.

Wanted with me
Trump himself
on importing the
spruce wood for the
Canton wood
from halfway

mere bark had

The prevalence of mahogany
had long puzzled me, and I once
asked my partner French about it,
who had been a long time in the "new" woods.
How came all the goddam
mahogany, pard? "I had inquired,
"Especially ~~in~~ here in a heavily
wooded area of northern Michigan
long noted for the excellence of its native
hardwood and pine."

more shells.

"Easy, chum," he had replied.
"Only by importing an exotic and
far more expensive variety of wood
from halfway round the world
could the local political gnomes
who planned the new courthouse
adequately impress the taxpayers with
the infallibility of their ~~good~~ judgment
and the ~~superiority~~ of their taste."

"I see," I said, for I was ^{more than} a little
~~overly~~ ^{thick} afraid I saw.

her of the fame of child with the use of hypnosis.
"Well, what do you
know? I had murmured,
right because I hadn't known.X

UBIQUITOUS mysteriously whispering
was virtually empty. Not even Miles
Cuppy, the ubiquitous ~~crime~~ reporter
of ~~about~~ for the Morning Gazette was
present, I was glad to note. In fact,
aside from a few scattered singles,
and the usual gaggle of blue-haired
bachelors who seem to emerge from the
courtroom panelling ^{itself} during any
sfnational courtroom ~~test~~ doings,
I recognized only two people: my
white-mustached law partner, Jeremiah
Dovnell, sitting ^{proudly} ⁱⁿ the front row
next to ~~his old friend~~ ^{my own} ~~Doc~~ ^{star}
witness, Canky old Doctor Hugh Seltzer
himself. In fact it was Jeremiah who,
during our many ^{earlier} ^{office} ^{sessions} ⁱⁿ ^{spirit} wrestling
with our baffling case, had confided to
me the bizarre ~~news~~ ^{word} that news
that his old friend Doc had was and
had been for many years an avid
student of what I had always regarded
as the dark art of hypnosis.
"What's more," Jeremiah had
added, "Doc not only tells me he attended
your mother when you were born, which
you already know, but that he relieved

probably ^{mostly} ^{through} ^{planning} ^{employment} ^{on} ^{extensive} ^{circle} ^{break}

x
 Dundle,
 silver-mustached
 Ah, there was my law partner,
 Jeremiah, smiling and nodding, sitting
~~suff to his old friend, Max Saller~~
 in the very front row of high-backed
 mahogany ^{suff to his old friend, lanky}
 old Hugh Saller, who gave me a two-fingered
 salute. Behind ~~to~~ I probably noted that
 there had been no publicity about
 today's hearing and the courtroom was
 virtually empty except for the ^{regular}
 inevitable ^{blue-haired} ^{women} ^{who} ^{still} ^{seem} ^{to} ^{come} ^{from} ^{the} ^{lark} ⁱⁿ
^{the} ^{parlor} ^{from} ^{whose} ^{through} ^{years} ^{long}
^{any} ^{slushy} ^{and} ^{long}
 courtrooms. Beyond them were
 mostly court-hand employees playing hockey, I
 guessed. Then I saw Miles Coffey, the
 ubiquitous young reporter on the Mining Gazette,
 sitting ^{over} ^{next} ^{to} ^{the} ^{main} ^{entrance} ^{door},
 pad and pencil in ^{his} ^{hand}, and my
~~thoughtful~~ ^{dreams} of no publicity faded.

~~Miles nodded, and I nodded~~
~~back~~

half-dozing

which ^{he found} ~~was~~ empty, ^{absently} picked up his

The judge paused and moistened his lips with his tongue and ~~reached for his~~ glass of water. ~~Scanning it empty, he~~ ~~He then~~ ~~grabbed up and tilted his metal~~ ~~jug.~~

reached for and jug ~~and uncapped his gleaming metal thermos~~ ~~jug~~ and held it on high ^{like a knight - club herald,} ~~but no water came.~~

The judge ~~As the onlookers tittered~~ ~~the~~ judge, his lips quivering manically, glared down at his bailiff, who also doubled as ~~his~~ official waterboy.

The ~~bailiff~~ ^{count} ~~rose~~ ~~bringing~~ ~~the~~ ~~jug~~ ~~and~~ ~~tilted~~ ~~it~~ ~~down~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~judge~~ ~~and~~ ~~uttered~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~words~~ ~~as~~ ~~before.~~ ~~By~~ ~~his~~ ~~haste~~ ~~it~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~hiss~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~stage~~ ~~roll~~ ~~was~~ ~~still~~ ~~going~~ ~~on.~~ ~~Meanwhile~~ ~~the~~ ~~judge,~~ ~~whether~~ ~~too~~ ~~parched~~ ~~or~~ ~~too~~ ~~peevish~~ ~~to~~ ~~bother~~ ~~go~~ ~~on~~ ~~talking,~~ ~~scowled~~ ~~and~~ ~~ducked~~ ~~his~~ ~~head~~ ~~over~~ ~~his~~ ~~notes.~~ ~~Meanwhile~~ ~~I~~ ~~took~~ ~~advantage~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~undeclared~~ ~~recess~~ ~~to~~ ~~crane~~ ~~around~~ ~~and~~ ~~eye~~ ~~up~~ ~~those~~ ~~present.~~

struck me

~~struck me~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~the~~ ~~hiss~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~stage~~ ~~roll~~ ~~was~~ ~~still~~ ~~going~~ ~~on.~~ ~~Meanwhile~~ ~~the~~ ~~judge,~~ ~~whether~~ ~~too~~ ~~parched~~ ~~or~~ ~~too~~ ~~peevish~~ ~~to~~ ~~bother~~ ~~go~~ ~~on~~ ~~talking,~~ ~~scowled~~ ~~and~~ ~~ducked~~ ~~his~~ ~~head~~ ~~over~~ ~~his~~ ~~notes.~~ ~~Meanwhile~~ ~~I~~ ~~took~~ ~~advantage~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~undeclared~~ ~~recess~~ ~~to~~ ~~crane~~ ~~around~~ ~~and~~ ~~eye~~ ~~up~~ ~~those~~ ~~present.~~

and uttered his

x

Judge Brotherton again pursued this time for a sip of water, but ^{found that} his glass was empty, so he reached for ^{the} water pitcher, but no water came. Whereupon the onlookers tittered, and Judge glared at the delinquent bailiff, who doubled as judicial water-boy, who in turn grabbed the empty pitcher and raved out the ~~set~~ mahogany door the judge had entered by, but this time even the hiss of the stage villain seemed less sibilant and more hurried. So the judge, who was either too parched or feigned to proceed, scowled and bowed over his notes, so I mentally stretched and craned around to see who was present. ~~to whom I~~ ^{Memorabilia} ~~craned around~~ I took advantage of our impromptu recess to look around and size up who was present.

some

Memorabilia

X

in the front row of
benches

The judge again paused to consult his notes so I craned around ostensibly to ~~turn the time~~ consult the clock on the rear wall but really to size up the audience. Ah, there was ^{my} law partner Jeremiah sitting next to his old doctor friend (and, I hoped, my star witness) Hugh Salter. Both nodded a greeting and I cast the rest of the courtroom.

I was relieved to see but a handful of people in court, and especially ^{so} to note the absence of the reporter for the Mining Gazette. For publicity is not what I sought for my client

X

Judge ^{Broatherton} ~~Maitland~~ paused and
reached for his water pitcher, which he
avidly tilted, but no water came, whereupon
the three ladies in the front row tittered
and the parched judge glared down at his
delinquent sheriff, who raced up and
grabbed the empty pitcher and
disappeared out a ^{side} mahogany door,
returning in a ~~quadruple~~ flash and himself
filling ^{filling} his Honor's glass, whereupon thirst
was ^{duly} quenched, face was saved, and
judicial tranquility ~~was~~ restored.

"Call your first witness," the judge said.

"Doctor Hugh Salter," I arose and
announced.

cleared his throat, nodded at the court reporter to alert that worthy that hostilities were imminent, ~~might~~ then leaned forward and

Judge Brotherton flipped open his manila folder and ~~looked forward so~~ his head so low ^{and for so long} over his bench ~~so that~~ he ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~make~~ ~~out~~ ~~its~~ ~~contents~~ that the uninitiated might have ~~thought~~ ^{supposed} he was praying. But the older hands knew ~~was~~ ^{rather} this merely to ~~disguise~~ ^{conceal} the ~~contents~~ ^{contents} so that he might ~~brush~~ ^{brush} up ~~his~~ ~~hair~~ ~~with~~ ~~out~~ ~~giving~~ his nearsightedness away.

He then looked up and took a sip of water, moistened his lips, adjusted his glasses by ~~giggling~~ ^{giggling} the ~~bars~~ ^{bars} with his left hand, drilled his right ear with his little finger, rubbed his palm across his ~~throating~~ ^{throating} bald the bristles of his nearly bald head, and emitted a final trumpet clearing up his throat. Over ~~hearing~~ ^{gathering} The amens were ~~good~~ ^{good}, ~~and~~ ~~hearing~~ ~~was~~ ~~about~~ ~~to~~ ~~begin~~. I ~~see~~ ^{see} that our belated hearing might be about to begin.

"Trial judges opening their courts for the day," my gracular partner Jeremiah had earlier observed, "Carry on with all the tics and twitches of a baseball pitcher ^{about to go} into his windup." "Amen," I had said.

making me think rapidly of my own rapidly turning locks

deftly quickly

marvellous preliminary

raising his paper and then

X

"Very well," the judge said, taking a final squinting glance ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{at} ~~petitioner's~~ ^{at} notes. "This special July term of the circuit court for Van Cliffs County, Michigan, is convened for the purpose of hearing the petition of Frederic Ludlow, a duly licensed attorney admitted to practice at this bar."

the ~~all~~

At the ^{public} mention of my name I ^{felt myself blushing,} wriggled in my ^{chair} and ^{set up} straighter in my ^{chair} ^{guess} ^{I guess} ^{simply} ^{as a} ^{stone} ^{at} ^{the} ^{kindergarten.}

a thing I can't hang on to

"By his petition," ^{the judge continued,} Mr. Ludlow seeks an order of this court requiring the sheriff of this county to allow petitioner access to his jail along with another qualified person for the purpose of examining one Randall Kurb, client of petitioner, presently confined there without bail and awaiting trial on a

~~looked with~~ ~~and then~~
~~and that~~ of the woman he was supposed to have killed
of one Constant Spurrin,
charge of ^{the} first degree murder and
for the further purpose of
attempting to stimulate the recall
of said his client's memory.

I glanced at my client,
sitting next to me and at the
moment with ^{with} his head ^{resting} ^{the edge of}
~~his~~ eyes ^{and} his elbow ^{on} ^{an} ^{bar}
counsel table. At the mention of
his name his head sank even
lower ^{and} his ^{shoulders} ^{drooped}
convulsively and I ~~thought~~ wondered
whether he was about to break down,
a courtroom ^{troubling} ^{maneuver}
reserved ^{I had thought} for the lawyers of people
charged with murder, and then
only when ^{an attorney} ^{was} present.

a watchful

largely

x

unknown to petitioner,

"Petitioner further avers,"
Judge Bratton ~~drone~~ on, "that
he has made diligent effort on his
own to examine and stimulate the
recall of his client; that he believes
that his client is ^{ready} ~~unable~~ to
assist him in his defense, but that
~~because of some reason, whether~~
because of amnesia, shock,
somniaambulism, unconsciousness or
~~still some other reason,~~ petitioner's
client has been and remains
~~totally~~ unable to remember his whereabouts
or activities during the critical
period involved, namely, during
the time of the alleged murder."

I glanced across at Eugene
Canda, the ^{curly} red-haired young
prosecutor, who sat at the
opposing counsel table next to his

flat magnificent

cheat, Sheriff Matt Wallenstein, the
latter for once without his Matt Dillon-
type cowboy hat, which I'd ~~heard of~~
assumed up to now ~~that~~ he wore when in bed.
Matt caught me flinching and ^{returned} ~~gave me~~ a
quick, ^{springy} ~~friendly~~ smile and a little wink, as though to
say, "Look, chum, ~~we're~~ ^{whom may be} crossin' swords today, but
other days, ^{we} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~men,~~ ^{let} ~~stay~~ sore at you ol' pal Matt, and
above all, Fritzzy boy, don't forget to slip me
a vote during the electoral ^{days} ~~days~~ of November."

X

Plus a gaggle of hooey-players
whispering
courthouse employees,

"Petitioner further avers, "the judge pushed on, "that he is advised that memory lost through amnesia, shock, somnambulism, unconsciousness or the passage of time may sometimes be recovered by hypnosis" -- at this point I heard a stifled gasp from the rear of the sparsely filled courtroom --

"and that one Hugh Salter, a retired medical doctor with years of experience in the study and application of hypnosis, might be able to induce such recall in the accused; and that petitioner ^{furthers} believes that such an effort is essential to a proper preparation of a defend^{ant} to the pending murder charge."

The judge took another sip of water, so

On the pretence of ~~checking~~ ^{consulting} the courtroom clock on the rear wall I ~~looked~~ ^{craned} around and confirmed that the courtroom was virtually empty. There had been no publicity about my petition or today's hearing and, other than the young reporter from the Mining Gazette and a ~~trio~~ ^{trio} of blue-haired women sitting in the front row, I saw ^{my clerk with me,} ~~only~~ old Doc Salter himself, sitting with his old alongside his old cronie and cubbage opponent, Cornelius ^{Cornell,} ~~Montgomery~~, who happened also

X

a stickler for punctuality,

Chapter 1.

The opening of court was already ten minutes overdue, and just about the time I began speculating whether Judge Brutherton had forgotten our scheduled hearing, a tall mahogany door breathed open and His Honor himself entered at full stride, the heavy door sighing closed behind with the prolonged hiss of an old-time stage villain.

Chapter 1

X

punctuality

new
billow

signing closed
began

Just as I was wondering whether
that ~~sticker~~ ~~for~~ ~~promptness~~
Judge Brattleton, a ~~sticker~~ ~~for~~
~~promptness~~ hadn't forgotten
our scheduled court hearing, a tall
mahogany door breathed open and Ned
Honey himself entered in full stride,
the door closing behind him with a ~~boom~~
with ~~the~~ ~~noise~~ of an old-time stage villain.

He was carrying a legal-sized
manila folder half hidden in the folds
of his ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~swishing~~ ~~black~~ ~~robe~~ ~~which~~
in turn cracked discreetly with ~~each~~ ~~step~~
As he gained and mounted the steps to his
high mahogany bench he stumbled a little--
the poor man was dreadfully near-sighted
but ~~disclaimed~~ ~~of~~ ~~stutter~~ ~~it~~ and ~~penally~~
stared, flushed and glaring ~~at~~ ~~me~~ ~~up~~ ~~his~~ ~~bench~~
and his high-backed chair, his ~~staring~~
awfully magnified by his thick hornrimmed
glasses.

"Stalled ^{held up} at a railroad crossing
by ~~an~~ ~~stalled~~ ~~red~~ ~~oil~~ ~~train~~," he murmured to
me in particular, not by way of ~~present~~
apology, ~~the~~ ~~my~~ ~~husband's~~ ~~regulars~~ ~~well~~
knew, but ~~so~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~ ~~might~~ ~~marvel~~

occasionally
tricks of fortune along with him over ^{still another of these} ^{annoying} ~~the unforseen~~ ~~tricks of~~ fate that could conspire to make him late...

As we sat ^{doing their duty} ~~marvelling~~ Judge Brotherton ~~nodded~~ ^{granted} the bailiff a curt nod, ^{and the latter} promptly arose and gavelled the sparsely-filled courtroom to its feet.

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye!" he bawled. "The honorable circuit court for the county of Iron Cliffs is now in session!" He then dealt his ^{rather} butcher block -- I never have learned the technical name of the demand thing -- a final whack, whereupon everyone plumped to their seats with a grateful sigh. ~~Our allotted hearing was about to start.~~

^{suddenly} ~~The law eagerly copies the early churches,~~ recalled that my law partner ^{Armenian} ~~Armenian~~ ^{blunder} ~~used~~ ^{often} ~~to~~ ^{nasally} ~~proclaim~~ at the drop of a hat, "awing the groundlings into submission by a mixture of mysticism, bad Latin and just plain hogwash."

196 X

buoyant thatch of ~~hair~~ of

Judge Brotherton looked up from his notes and took a sip of water and, moistening his lips and adjusting his glasses, emitted a prompt clearing of his throat, at the same time ~~was~~ ^{expectantly} running his hand ~~lightly~~ ^{predictably} through his silver-white hair, ~~disturbing~~ ^{disturbing} not a lock.

"Gentlemen, ~~he softly inquired,~~
"are we ready to proceed?" he softly
inquired, glancing down at the
~~his question was purely~~
~~re-stated, of course, as any lawyer~~
~~who practised~~
prosecutor's table and then over at
mine and ~~then~~ peering absently out
at the courtroom clock stuck high on
the far wall. Peering is precisely the
word, because anybody who knew how
the judge also knew ~~that~~ ^{that} the old judge near-sighted
old boy ^{mean} would ~~be~~ ^{have been} ~~sure to~~ ^{have} ~~made~~
made ^{at} the target ^{of} the clock ~~let alone~~ ^{the} ~~all~~
the time. ~~to have~~ ^{to have} ~~discovered~~ ^{the} ~~what~~ ^{time.}
~~it was.~~

behind us.

X 76

gentle

your overworked
Judge's

I also knew that his question about our readings was purely rhetorical. What ^{the man} he was really saying, his message decoded, ran rather more like this: "Look, fellas, ~~my doubt~~ is ^{awful} crowded and time is pressing, and I'm now ready to hear this cotton-picking matter so you ~~gent~~ ^{gent} ~~hear~~ ^{hear} ~~gent~~ ^{gent} dammed well better be, and no questions ~~gent~~ ^{gent}."

Eugene Conda and I sprang to our feet like two figures released from a ~~toy~~ ^{toy} box and, amidst a murmured chorus of "Your Honor" and the like, assumed the ^{reverent} sidge that ~~we were not only~~ ^{were we} ~~ready~~ ^{to proceed} ~~to proceed~~ ^{to proceed} ~~to proceed~~ ^{to proceed} to do so.

on the dramatic spring
the villain as ^{then} ^{stately} ^{drawn} closed with the ^{long} ^{prolonged} ^{press} of a stage

a tall mahogany door near the ^{side} front of the courtroom ^{breathed} open and Judge Brubaker entered -- I almost said 'made his entrance' -- his black silk robe ^{with} ^{following} ^{and} ^{electrically} as he strode to the ^{bench} tall mahogany bench, mumbled it ^{and} ^{stood} ^{stiffly} at attention as the ^{gavel} ^{pounded} ^{the} ^{floor} ^{speaking} ^{to} ^{their} ^{ill} ^{and} ^{amulet} ^{the} ^{old} ^{man} ^{of} ^{the} ^{court} ^{chanted} ^{spell} ^{following} ^{his} ^{usual} ^{chorus} ^{of} ^{near-yes} ^{dear} ^{that} ⁱⁿ ^{session}.

the courtroom
of ^{chanted} ^{spell} ^{of} ^{the} ^{old} ^{man} ^{of} ^{the} ^{court}

"The law, ^{capitally} ^{the} ^{churches}, my ^{old} ^{law} partner Jeremiah Duncle ^{often} ^{proclaimed} at the ^{drop} ^{of} ^a ^{hat} ^{by} ^a ^{mixture} ^{of} ^{pomp}, ^{mysticism} ^{and} ^{just} ^{plain} ^{medieval} ^{hog} ^{wash}."

drop of a hat

"The law eagerly copies
the early churches," my law
partner Jeremiah Dundee
often proclaimed at the drop of
a hat, "awing the peasantry
into ~~total~~ submission by a
fine mixture of mysticism, bad
Latin, and just plain ^{sharpsby} hogwash."

Just as I was wondering
whether Judge Braddock had
forgotten our scheduled
court hearing, a tall mahogany
door breathed open and the
Honorable himself ^{entered} ~~made his~~
entrance in full stride, the
door closing behind him
with a ^{hissing} pneumatic sigh, like
the ~~off-stage~~ ^{sibilant} ~~was~~ ~~remembered~~
of old-time stage villains.

on its
pneumatic
springs

made his entrance

staidly old-fashioned

A tall mahogany door
near the front of the courtroom
opened a pin and his Honor
appeared in full stride, the
clerk meanwhile closing behind
him with a lingering sigh, not
unlike the hiss of an ~~exit~~ stage
curtain. Judge Brantley was
carrying a ~~bundle~~ legal-
sized manila folder, his

Under one

he stumbled and almost
fell.

~~following black gown given up~~

~~black ~~with~~ robe ~~swaying~~~~
^{crackling}

~~the steps to his height, stumbling~~
^{with each}

a little behind his back flushed and

He stumbled a little as he

mounted the steps to his height ^{making}

the poor man was dreadfully near-
sighted but hated to show it --

and finally stood glaring, ~~and~~

~~at the courtroom~~, his eyes
~~looking~~ ~~appearing~~ ~~ambushly~~, magnified
by the thick lenses of his hornrim
glasses.

He nudged curtly at the
waiting bailiff, who arose and
gavelled the sparsely-folled
courtroom to its feet.

"Dear ye, dear ye, dear ye,"
that worthy bawled. "The
honorable circuit court for the
county of Iron Cliffs is now
in session!" ~~whereupon~~ the
then clerk hit his butcher block counter
a final whack, ~~and~~ ^{whispered} ~~and~~ ^{gratified} ~~and~~
down.