

P. 97AxB  
(Rewrite)

Far below <sup>beneath</sup> us a low-flying gull glided languidly  
along and, ~~then~~ with ~~the~~ <sup>spurred</sup> ~~secondary~~ <sup>spread</sup> ~~flash of~~ wings, lit on the  
crest of a wave, where it bobbed and dipped like a homeward  
dray. <sup>thrust of</sup>

P. 38X

Clouds of strident gulls hovered noisily overhead,  
curving and dipping as though dangled from invisible strings.

P. 38X

We stared out across <sup>over</sup> the great moon-bathed  
pulse and heave of this vast mid-continental sea.

P. 391

its recognition is indeed an integral part of the  
poet of statchood

The haunting words of Matthew Arnold resided back  
on me: "Alas, is even love too weak / To unlock the heart and let it  
speak?"

### Cornish lit

X Re-write p. 12 and on bot. of p. 11 change, bottom  
line, the word "un-English" to "different" as I use the  
former term in my re-write of p. 12.

Incl.  
2/13/65

X

I find, please

It becomes  
P. 330A  
& B, etc

Cash sat, <sup>squinting at</sup> ~~staring~~ me <sup>hollowing</sup> through clouds of smoke. "Willy, if you don't mind my gettin' personal, <sup>son,</sup> why don't you relax more? You're all tensed up over this case. Tain't good for you or it."

"I laughed. "Maybe I ought to take up serious drinking."

"No, I mean it, son. Why don't you meet some of the young people of the town -- there's lots of 'em -- and maybe find yourself a nice girl?"

"I'm busy. Moreover I never seem to get around to meeting any."

"You mean you've never been invited up on the Hill? -- a nice young eligible bachelor like you?"

"Now that you speak of it, no, Cash, I never have."

He nodded sagely. "Ah, I'm beginnin' to see the light. You know why you haven't? I should <sup>have</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>realized it long</sup> before now."

"Why?"

"Tain't alone the fact your skin's a <sup>big</sup> mining corporation, and one in which all the best people on the Hill own stock -- though that's bad enough."

"Why then?"

"Because you've dared to take the part of a despised Indian against ~~them~~, the whites, <sup>your own</sup> kind, that's why. ~~You've~~ ~~denied~~ ~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~or~~ ~~lose~~ they'll never forgive you for that. Never."

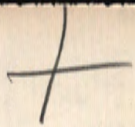
"Alas, my <sup>own</sup> ~~future~~ <sup>appears</sup> ~~desolate~~. <sup>As</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>hemlock</sup>."

He clucked his tongue. "You'll never draw their wills, never square their daughters, never <sup>any</sup> ~~draw~~ their doors. You're a pariah, son, a renegade, a traitor to your tribe."

"I shrugged. "Guess I'll have to turn Indian, Cash."

"Looks like. At least you <sup>ain't</sup> ~~aren't~~ apt to be one of those <sup>sellin'</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>your</sup> ~~profession~~ for a mess of pottage."

Wagner



"What do you mean?"  
 loomin' He leaned forward earnestly, <sup>poised</sup> holding his  
 smoking pipe <sup>aloft</sup> like a dart. "I mean the trouble I  
 see ahead for our own profession, the law."

Elbows on the table,

1st  
2/12/65

suddenly grown

seeming to  
fierce lights darting from her eyes.

X

I find  
Call 97A  
x B, etc

There was nothing for me to say and I remained silent. She faced me, breathing deeply, her expression hard and bitter, her fists clenched and unclenching. "But you could not understand <sup>she went only to</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>None</sup> of you ~~could~~ <sup>She faintly about the words.</sup> understand. None of you <sup>quite deep</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>gave a damn.</sup>! Her breasts rose and fell and her <sup>breath</sup> ~~breathing~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~total~~ <sup>total</sup> sobbed. "I -- I hate you! I hate all of you."

It was too wrenching to watch her and I turned and ~~stared~~ <sup>stared</sup> out over the lake, the great, glittering lake that had once been the ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> ~~sole~~ <sup>sole</sup> ~~highway~~ <sup>highway</sup> of her ~~ancestors~~ <sup>ancestors</sup> before the white man ~~had come~~.

I felt her hand on my arm. "William," I heard her saying, "I am sorry. I could cut out my tongue for what I <sup>did</sup> ~~said~~. I did not mean it, I swear I didn't. Sometimes I seem to go out of my mind."

I turned and faced her. "Of course you meant it, and I can't blame you. Can I tell you something, Laughing Whitefish, <sup>something I've never told anyone,</sup> <sup>even myself?</sup>"

"Tell me."

"I don't blame you for the way you ~~feel~~ <sup>feel</sup> if I were all Indian I ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> swear I would ~~feel~~ <sup>feel</sup> so bitter ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> I ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> rather be in jail or dead. That is how I ~~really~~ <sup>really</sup> feel. Do you believe me?"

"I believe you, William Pol." <sup>to help me</sup>

"But you must <sup>try to</sup> trust me because I cannot have your trust and faith. I cannot continue in your case. It is too much for me to fight them and you too. I am not that strong."

"I trust you, William Pol."

"Good. I <sup>brought</sup> ~~have~~ something for you." I fumbled at

Lat.  
2/12/65

f

2 final  
58A  
59x60  
x61

She regarded me gravely. "No, he wanted to leave."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Try and guess -- it <sup>might</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>help</sup> your case to know."

She glanced at me quickly as though ~~she~~ <sup>I</sup> thought I was joking. I looked at her steadily. "Try," I repeated.

"Well, there's ~~lots~~ <sup>still</sup> lots of work to be done on the case, I guess, and there is his <sup>leg</sup>. Perhaps it's hard for him to get around."

"I thought of that, anything else?"

"Perhaps he didn't want to risk all that time and work for so doubtful a chance of return."

"I doubt that -- he doesn't <sup>strike me as one</sup> who frets about a fee."

She smiled faintly, gave me a stony smile. "Aren't all you whites <sup>forever</sup> after the almighty dollar?"

"This girl was deeply embittered and hurt, I saw, and

"Do you <sup>honestly</sup> think all whites are alike?"

"Aren't you?"

"Do you think -- are <sup>all</sup> Indians alike?"

Quickly: "No, of course not."

If I smiled. "Then <sup>I think maybe</sup> you have your answer. When did he first get in the case?"

"Nearly two years ago -- shortly after my mother, I mean <sup>after</sup> Blue Heron died."

"And he hadn't filed suit yet?"

She seemed to be relaxing a little. "No, it seemed he ~~can't~~ <sup>couldn't</sup> ever <sup>quite</sup> make up his mind. It seemed <sup>as though</sup> more than his leg was missing. "His spirit?" "Perhaps."

I said  
I said my answer.

"Anything else?"

"I don't understand."

"Any other reason you can think of why he left the case?"

She ~~hesitated~~. "Well," she began, and then ~~she~~ hesitated. "I don't like to gossip," it

"Neither do I but ~~this~~ could be important. Was it his drinking?" She ~~looked~~ regarded me with troubled eyes. "Was it?" I persisted.

"Yes."

"How ~~did~~ do you know?"

that he was out, yet I would  
a sign on his door <sup>anyway, only</sup>

She was talking more easily. "Often I went to his office ~~at~~ and would find it locked and hear the sounds of his snoring. It happened many times." She shrugged. "So what was I to think?"

"You have <sup>also</sup> heard of his <sup>drinking</sup> ~~as~~ I have?"

"Yes," I am afraid he had the same affliction ~~as~~ my father had."

"~~Please~~  
Tell me about your father."

There wasn't much to tell, and she had seen him but a few times and barely remembered him. She told me of the last time she had seen him <sup>alive</sup>, only days before he was killed, when he had given her the paper <sup>that year before</sup> the white men had given him.

"My people believe he was killed because he took part in desecrating the Haunted Mountain, the home of the gods of thunder and lightning."

"You mean the iron mine <sup>built at</sup> on the mountain ~~that~~ he showed the white men?"

"Yes."

"Do you <sup>really</sup> believe that ~~it~~ killed him?"

She half smiled. "I am Indian, you know."

I smiled.

"~~And~~ I'm sorry -- I ~~forget~~ forgetting that <sup>all</sup> Indians <sup>are</sup> alike."

+

A flicker of a smile crossed her face  
She ~~laughed~~ <sup>smiled</sup> ~~laughed~~ and <sup>she</sup> rose and I put out  
my hand and she took it. "I'll do my best," I said.  
"Thank you," she said, and <sup>presently she left.</sup> ~~took her leave.~~ I  
sat at my desk for a long time lost in thought.

1st.  
2/12/65

J

2 final  
Is 57A

powerful

Mingled

grave

She stared for a long moment at Cassin Wendell, who sat staring <sup>looking</sup> stonily ahead. Then she turned the <sup>lamps</sup> of her eyes upon <sup>an</sup> <sup>their</sup> glare. <sup>very</sup> I looked <sup>fully</sup> <sup>at</sup> me and I felt as if my soul <sup>was</sup> being probed. Suspicion and distrust and hope were <sup>mingled</sup> flitted across her <sup>face</sup> like passing shadows, <sup>and</sup> I squirmed <sup>inwardly</sup> under her steady gaze. "Yes," she said, almost harshly, "it is my wish that you take my case."

"Thank you," I said, feeling almost reprieved.

"I am only a teacher in a <sup>poor Indian</sup> missionary school," she continued <sup>more softly</sup>. "Any <sup>will</sup> <sup>will</sup> pay you get from the case must come from winning it." "Do you still want to be my lawyer?" It was more <sup>of a</sup> challenge than <sup>question</sup>.

"Yes," I said, <sup>commanding myself to</sup> looking <sup>her</sup> full in the eyes. Her face softened almost into a smile. "I am <sup>only</sup> here because I hope <sup>if I win</sup> to help my school and my people. For myself <sup>old</sup> I <sup>don't</sup> care."

"I <sup>think I</sup> understand," I said.



Lat  
2/12/65

2 final  
p. 39A

II Rancor  
a heavy fog  
it hung in the air like a fog. <sup>with distance</sup>  
I sensed that my shipmates hated Indian -- all Indians.

~~The rancor I sensed that my shipmates held~~  
~~toward the Indians -- all Indians -- was almost~~  
~~palpable;~~ <sup>in the past</sup> It was true that the Indians had practiced  
unimaginable cruelties on the white and each other, and  
further <sup>they</sup> ~~went~~ <sup>could</sup> ~~still~~ <sup>do</sup> ~~do~~ so. But I felt <sup>somehow</sup> so far as I  
had <sup>ever</sup> ~~thought~~ <sup>seriously</sup> of it ~~at all~~ -- that <sup>they</sup> ~~in a real sense~~ <sup>did so largely</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>became</sup>  
whites had forced <sup>them</sup> the Indians to these <sup>desperate</sup> ~~savageries~~. They  
had forced them by ~~coolly~~ <sup>coolly</sup> usurping their <sup>land</sup> ~~territories~~  
and ~~by~~ <sup>relentlessly</sup> pushing them ~~ever~~ <sup>westward</sup> ~~on~~  
into <sup>collaboration</sup> ~~collaboration~~ with ~~each other~~ <sup>their own</sup> ~~hand~~.

<sup>blanket</sup> But this indictment of a whole race <sup>howling</sup> this blind  
presumption of guilt, sickened and disheartened me.  
The bitter truth was that ~~we~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>converted</sup>  
savages out of <sup>many of</sup> these children of nature, <sup>into</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>savages</sup> and if some  
of them were ignorant and dirty and thieving and cruelly  
treacherous, we had <sup>largely</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~so~~. And <sup>most</sup> ~~we~~  
forever <sup>to</sup> ~~appear~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~guilt~~ <sup>for that</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>unrelenting</sup>  
hostility <sup>to a whole people?</sup> I could ~~not~~ <sup>believe</sup> ~~it~~. Moreover it was  
contrary to the <sup>elementary</sup> ~~tenets~~ <sup>of any</sup> ~~faith~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>properly</sup>  
worshipped by...

X

Maybe he regards you as a possible rival.

The idea is preposterous, isn't it?

She looked at me steadily. "I didn't say that," <sup>William</sup> "you just did." She arose and walked over by ~~to~~ my desk. "I do hope Mr. Wuddell comes soon. I'll send him out for food. You haven't eaten <sup>anything</sup> ~~food~~ since that night. Moreover there's nothing here. I don't know what you've been living on.

"Air and dreams, as becomes an imaginary rival.

"Please, William . . .

Lat  
Feb. 7, 65

on yellow,  
please

Glancing ~~back~~ away I noticed for

6

For the first time I ~~noticed~~ <sup>tall</sup> a man standing <sup>quietly</sup> over  
by the window, his back towards us, looking out at the  
lake. I looked at him inquiringly and Cosima saw my  
look.

Metopan

"Metopan," she called out, and he turned around,  
and I saw that he was a young Indian, probably my  
age or <sup>even possibly</sup> younger. "Meet William Pal," Cosima continued,  
"lawyer for Laughing Whitefish in her case." Then she spoke  
briefly in Indian, apparently saying the same thing, since ~~she~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~heard~~ <sup>heard my name</sup>

"How do you do?" I said when she was done.  
He <sup>looked me up and down and</sup> <sup>then</sup> nodded gravely, without speaking, and turned back

and again, <sup>contemplated</sup>

toward the lake. "Metopan is a sort of distant  
relative I discovered," ~~Cosima~~ <sup>she</sup> rattled on on Madeline  
Island, "and he came along to  
take care of this <sup>forgetful</sup> old woman's." She paused and  
smiled so broadly <sup>that her eyes</sup> <sup>shut</sup> <sup>and he</sup> <sup>reminded me so much of</sup> <sup>that I also brought</sup>  
William Pal <sup>she</sup> <sup>also</sup> brought  
Marji Kawabangam in his younger days <sup>of</sup> <sup>she</sup> brought  
fetched him along <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> hopes he and Laughing Whitefish might  
get married."

"Cosima!" said Laughing Whitefish.

But Cosima <sup>the matchmaker</sup> was not to be put off, and she appealed to me.

"They'd make a handsome pair, <sup>don't</sup>  
you think, <sup>do</sup> William Pal?"

"I -- I'm <sup>certain</sup> <sup>sure</sup> they would," I <sup>managed to say</sup> said.

"And their children would be <sup>so</sup> beautiful, don't  
you think?"

"I'm sure they would."

"Cosima, stop it at once," Laughing Whitefish  
said, <sup>amplified</sup> <sup>glancing</sup> at me.

I held out my hand to Cosima. "Thank you  
for coming and now I must leave. It's less than an hour  
to dream up a way to try and solve this case." I turned  
to my client. "Meanwhile you might pray." I glanced  
toward ~~for~~ Metopan but he was still studying the lake, <sup>and</sup>  
<sup>in the</sup> <sup>way</sup> of <sup>this</sup> <sup>might</sup> <sup>be</sup>  
hurried on my way, wildly thinking that <sup>on</sup> <sup>this</sup> <sup>day</sup>  
when I <sup>would</sup> <sup>maybe</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>losing</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>than</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>client's</sup> <sup>case</sup>

1st  
2/7/65

1 on yellow, floor-

I touched

Laughing Whitford, seemed deep in thought, sitting  
by my side, and I leaned over and touched her <sup>arm</sup> ~~hand~~.  
She started and looked at me inquiringly. "Did she <sup>really</sup> mean it?"  
I whispered.

"Did who mean what?" she whispered back.

Did Corina bring  
"That ~~the~~ <sup>bracket</sup> her silent relative over here  
to marry you?"

She shrugged and closed <sup>briefly</sup> her eyes. "You heard  
what she said, William. <sup>that</sup> "It is all I know."

But hold  
"Did you ever know <sup>him</sup> before?"

She shook her head.

"Are you going to marry him?" I persisted.

She half smiled. "How can I tell -- <sup>for one thing</sup> he hasn't asked  
me yet."

"But look, you scarcely know the man, <sup>he</sup> may  
be brutal and mean and -- and even drink."

"before" He hasn't asked me yet. As for <sup>my</sup> not knowing  
him <sup>that</sup> is of the way of my people. Often the first  
time a <sup>bride</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>asked</sup> her husband <sup>on</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>wedding</sup> day."

But  
"The whole thing is <sup>so</sup> <sup>ghostly</sup>. Why I never heard --"

Just then the judge swept in <sup>swiftly</sup> and strode  
reaching up to the bench.

1st.  
2/9/65

1 yellow.  
Leave lots of  
room, please

Chap 24A

+

moon-drenched

in my clumsy way  
great high

It was a mild winter night, with a moon lighting  
up the lake, so I walked down to visit Miles Cobby, taking  
the long way along the lake shore. Miles <sup>found</sup> was trying up  
some new trout flies, and I helped him with that for a  
spell and then we played <sup>full of playing</sup> cribbage. It was past ~~midnight~~  
when we finished, with that, and he saw me to the door.

"Sorry you lost, Willy," Miles said.

"Don't give it a thought, Miles. You usually beat  
me, it's nothing new."

"I don't mean <sup>or bluff</sup> that, I mean ~~losing~~ your case."

"Thank you, Miles. I'm sorry too."

"Good luck on your appeal."

"Thank you, Miles, <sup>but how</sup> how did you know I was  
going to appeal?"

"Well, winners <sup>have to</sup> tell their clients you know."

"Sly Medlett, you mean?"

"I ain't supposed to say, Willy."

<sup>and</sup> "I shouldn't have asked. Goodnight, Miles."

"Goodnight, Willy, and good luck."

Clouds had arisen and obscured the moon and  
<sup>on the way home</sup> I got my feet wet walking <sup>into water</sup> puddles <sup>in</sup> along the <sup>thawing and</sup> packed  
road. ~~roadway~~ <sup>soggy</sup> Carrying my <sup>stealth</sup> overshoot I puddled up my

creaking stairway in the dark -- the landlord had  
imposed a midnight curfew on the hallway light -- <sup>and</sup> <sup>darkened</sup>  
I felt like a felon as I groped my way down the <sup>long</sup> hallway  
to my quarters. Fumbling <sup>for my</sup> I was standing at my  
door ~~for~~ fumbling <sup>for</sup> my key when I heard the soft sound



Insert A

7

"It hasn't occurred to me that it was he.  
Is Cosma and he still here?"

"No -- they left <sup>for home</sup> the next day."

"Did he ask you to marry him?"

"Yes. He spent half the night asking me. That's  
why I know it wasn't he who attacked you."

"Are you going to?"

"Am I going to do what?" If "Marry him?"

"Oh, I don't know, William. He is a stranger to me.  
I -- I put him off. Now don't talk so much, you  
must try to rest."

"I feel <sup>much</sup> better ~~at~~ already, I want to talk."

"I'm so worried, William. Do you have any  
enemies you haven't told me about? When had you been  
that night?"

"Well, several of my piano accounts  
got a little irritated, but none threatened to do me in."

"When were you that night?"

[ Now back to complete that Insert Page ]





Saturday!

"You mean I've been unconscious all that time?"

"Most of the time. Sometimes you half come to and babble <sup>unintelligibly</sup> about our case -- and other things."

"How long have you been here?"

"Since <sup>early</sup> yesterday morning when Mr. Wendell came for me. I drove out to tell me about your -- your accident. He'll be along shortly to spell me off."

"But how did he know?"

attended you and

"Madame Desjardins <sup>went and got</sup> ~~help~~ <sup>the scuffling and</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>found you lying</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>by your door</sup> a pool of <sup>blood</sup>. She got Doctor Land out of bed and it was he who <sup>stuck</sup> your head. She probably saved your life -- <sup>she</sup> ~~that~~ and the <sup>thick</sup> fur cap you were wearing. Ah, I hear him coming now."

I heard the <sup>steady</sup> thump-thump and the rattle at the door, and Cash burst in, carrying groceries in a stupid paper bag. "Ah, awake at last, I see, Willy."

"Thought sure <sup>for a spell</sup> we was goin' to lose you. How's the old noggin?"

"Fine, fine. No worse than your own head some mornings I've seen you."

"Ah, he'll live Lattie, you see, <sup>his</sup> getting sassy already. Now you run along for a bit, and I'll torment the patient for an hour or two."

She left shortly, ~~after~~ and Cash drew up a chair and took off his mask of raillery.

"Who did it, Willy?" he whispered sibilantly.

"I don't know."

"Honest?"

"Honest, Cash."

"Could it have been me, Inebrian?"

7

"I wouldn't want to say. L. W. feels  
badly enough all already. Does the sheriff  
know?"

"No, we've told no one." He leaned  
closer. "Willy, it was an Indian who assaulted  
you."

"How do you know?"

"~~He found~~  
"You were found clutching this in  
your hand when Madam Duzarichni found you  
lying in your hall." He ~~thrust~~ dangled by  
its broken drawstring a dershni pouch of the  
kind worn by Indians. "In it is a piece of  
twist tobacco -- their favorite -- and three rusty  
gang fishhooks. There's no doubt it was an  
Indian."

"Did you tell L. W. About this?"

"No."

"Will you promise not to?"

"Well, yes, if you want me to?"  
how I had been

"I think it was an Indian, <sup>likely</sup> I said,  
and I told him ~~about~~ <sup>being</sup> ~~just~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~case~~ <sup>of</sup> the soft  
courtroom the day we lost the case; of the soft  
padded <sup>padding</sup> footsteps -- moccasins? -- the guttural  
lense, the feel of dershni -- and now the <sup>typical</sup> tobacco  
pouch with its broken drawstring;

<sup>put a</sup>  
"But Willy, why not tell L. W. <sup>?</sup> <sup>maybe</sup>  
she can help <sup>stop</sup> this ~~more~~ dangerous nonsense."

7

I shook my head and the pain stabbed me.  
"No, Cash, Remember, you promised, 'Not a word.'"

"All right, but why?"

"Because all it would do is distress her,  
perhaps, with some idea of saving me,  
and ~~even might~~ make her forsake the appeal.

If someone wants to bill me I guess maybe they  
-- look how easily they got President Lincoln? --  
can do it, and getting out of the case would only  
make it worse. Moreover she has no one <sup>left</sup> to turn  
to."

"That's <sup>still</sup> old Cash," he said.

"No, Cash, I'm all the more determined  
to stay in and fight this case. In a way I can't  
blame the Indians for wanting to kill somebody.  
I suppose ~~they~~ this one thought I threw the case. In  
a way he wasn't so far off."

"Don't talk that way, boy. But mind  
the word, as I promised. Ah... I think I hear her  
coming back already. She's been here day and night,  
Willy, I can't even chime her away..."

"I feel better already." Hello, Lotti, ~~but~~  
chase this evil old man away -- he's kidding me  
with his stall old Army jokes."

1st. T  
Feb. 9, 1965

T

Chapter 24 A

1 yellow

When I left the Cozzens House I discovered  
 it was a mild winter night, with a great high moon ~~was~~ had  
<sup>lit</sup> and I decided to <sup>decided to</sup>  
~~lighting~~ up the lake, so I walk~~ed~~ down to visit Miles <sup>walking slowly as</sup>  
<sup>I took</sup> Coffey, taking the long way along the moon-drenched lake shore <sup>possibly this</sup>  
 I found ~~X~~ <sup>was</sup> bending over his vis <sup>and</sup> found Miles tying up some new trout flies, and in my clumsy  
 way I helped him [with that] for a spell and then we fell  
 to playing cribbage. It was past midnight when we finished,  
 and he saw me to the door.

write down names and numbers

"Sorry you lost, Willy," Miles said.

"Don't give it a thought, Miles. You usually beat me,  
it's nothing new."

"I don't mean cribbage, I mean your case."  
<sup>at</sup>

"Thank you, ~~Miles~~. I'm sorry too."  
<sup>naturally</sup>

K

"Good luck on your appeal."

"Thanks, Miles, but how did you know I was going to appeal?"

"Well, <sup>lawyers</sup> winners have to tell their clients <sup>about</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>when</sup> they're won, you know."

<sup>^</sup>  
<sup>victory</sup>  
<sup>sent a telegram,</sup>  
"Guy Nesbitt, you mean?"

<sup>really</sup>  
"I ain't supposed to say, Willy."  
<sup>^</sup>

<sup>guess I</sup>  
"And I shouldn't have asked. Goodnight, Miles."  
<sup>^</sup>

"Goodnight, Willy, and good luck."

7

~~Dark~~ Clouds had arisen and obscured the moon and on the way home I got my feet wet walking into <sup>lurking</sup> water puddles in the [thawing and] <sup>uneven</sup> pocked road. Carrying my soggy overshoes I stealthily <sup>crept ~~was~~ up the</sup> padded up my creaking stairway in the dark-- <sup>our anguished</sup> the landlord had imposed a midnight curfew on the hallway <sup>impooverished</sup> light--and I felt like a <sup>footpad</sup> ~~fallen~~ as I groped my way down the

darkened hallway to my quarters. ~~I was standing at my door~~ <sup>I stood at my door</sup> Suddenly ~~door~~ <sup>door</sup> fumbling for my key, <sup>when</sup> I heard the soft padding sound of swiftly running feet, like someone running barefoot.

The sound ~~was~~ <sup>came</sup> coming rapidly my way, <sup>quickly flattened</sup> and I pressed myself against the wall beside my door. Now ~~Someone~~ <sup>Someone</sup> was groping at my door, <sup>impatiently wrenching at</sup> trying the knob, and then <sup>he</sup> brushed against me, <sup>and I could feel his ~~hot~~ breathe on my face.</sup> In sudden fear I grabbed for him and held on tightly.

feel my arm

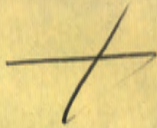
~~crying out, "what do you want?"~~

violently the and door. ~~There was no answer and wordlessly we wrestled violently,~~  
~~swaying and thumping against the walls in the dark. Then I~~  
~~heard a guttural phrase I could not understand and felt a~~  
~~sharp glancing blow on the side of my head and I began fighting~~  
~~for my life. Suddenly I felt another blow and then beheld~~

~~a great torrent of light, as though in one vast sunburst~~  
~~all the stars of heaven were raining earthward simultaneously...~~  
 that staggered me. Rallying, I  
 conceived <sup>now</sup> that my assailant had a weapon.

\* \* \*

He was trying to disarm me. I tried to pin him down with my hands, but he broke away. I grappled, half dizzy from the force of the blow, and I could hear the dull thud of his feet hitting the wall where I had just stood. I grappled for his legs and found one and tried to upset him. I could only restrain him till he fell down...  
 grunting with each blow.



I opened my eyes.

Undressed and  
in bed lying  
I was lying

It was daylight when I awoke lying on the cot in my office. My head was throbbing horribly and I felt it gingerly and discovered it was bandaged. <sup>heavily bright</sup> Sunlight ~~was~~ <sup>poured</sup> pouring in my window, and before it stood Laughing Whitefish <sup>silently</sup> looking out.

"Lotti," I said.

She <sup>swiftly</sup> came over and knelt <sup>by my cot</sup> by her eyes <sup>looking anxious</sup> dark-ringed and boring mine. <sup>and knelt beside my cot,</sup> "Who did it?" she asked, almost fiercely.

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

"Was--" she drew ~~in~~ a deep breath--"was it one of my people?"



7

[ I tried to shake my head but couldn't for the  
pain. ] "I don't know, Lotti. I cannot say."

"If it was you must get out of my case—we cannot  
let ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> Haunted Mountain kill you too."

"No, Lotti, I'm not getting out of your case. We  
haven't begun to fight, remember?"

"It isn't worth it, William, and I know my people.  
I have ~~an awful~~ <sup>a dreadful</sup> feeling it was one of them."

"If someone wants to harm me, Lotti, <sup>my</sup> getting out of  
~~your~~ <sup>the</sup> case isn't going to help. And if I stay ~~in it~~ <sup>in</sup> I might  
just win <sup>the</sup> you know."



Are you going to  
marry him?"

After all he's a perfect

"Oh, I don't know, William. He's a stranger to me." She looked away.

"I—I put him off. Now don't talk so much, you must try to rest."

"I feel ~~much~~ better already <sup>and</sup> I want to talk."

"I'm <sup>terribly</sup> worried, William. Do you have any enemies you haven't told me about? <sup>Where</sup> ~~When~~ had you been that night?"

"Well, several of my piano <sup>debtors</sup> ~~accounts~~ <sup>occasionally</sup> got a little irritated, but none <sup>had ever</sup> threatened to do me in. <sup>Actually I don't think</sup>

"~~Where were you that night?~~"  
my attacker <sup>meant to kill me --</sup> -- he could easily have stabbed or shot me. His idea seemed <sup>to be</sup> to be to maim or punish me."

<sup>had you been</sup>  
"What if his idea <sup>he might have</sup> killed you, where <sup>the fact is he almost did</sup> ~~was~~ you that night?"

/

"Last night after <sup>my</sup> dinner with Cash I went and played  
cribbage with Miles Coffey, <sup>about midnight</sup> and walked home <sup>alone</sup> and while  
opening my door was <sup>suddenly</sup> attacked by someone <sup>in the dark.</sup> That's all I  
know."

"Not last night, William, <sup>it was</sup> the night before, on Thursday.  
It's <sup>now</sup> Saturday afternoon."

"Saturday! You mean I've been unconscious all that time?"

"Most of the time. Sometimes you half came to and  
babbled incessantly about our case--and other things."

"Like what?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Oh, about your bayhood in Ann Arbor and  
how you've never been on a straw ride. Lots  
of <sup>fabulous</sup> <sup>things</sup>." <sup>at least I was talking sense --</sup>  
"Well, I haven't <sup>ever</sup> been on a straw ride."  
"How long have you been here?"

-- Jim met me during this up --

+

"Since early yesterday morning when Mr. Wendell  
drove out to tell me about your--your accident. He'll  
be along shortly to spell me off."

"But where have you slept?"

"I haven't. I dozed some in your office chair."

~~"But how did he know?"~~

"You poor girl. How did Cash <sup>learn</sup> ~~know~~ about me?"

"Madame Dujardin went and got him. It was she  
who heard the scuffling and then your moaning and found you

lying by your door in a pool of blood. She got Doctor Laird  
out of bed and <sup>it</sup> was he who attended you and sewed your

*deep  
up the gash in*

head. She ~~probably~~ <sup>may have</sup> saved your life--she and the ~~chick~~ fur

<sup>hat</sup> ~~cap~~ you were wearing. Ah, I hear <sup>his</sup> ~~him~~ coming now."

7

I heard the ~~steady~~ <sup>familiar</sup> thump-thump and ~~the~~ <sup>then a</sup> rattle at the door, and ~~Cash~~ <sup>is</sup> burst ~~out~~ <sup>Cash</sup> carrying groceries in a striped paper bag. "Ah, ~~wake~~ <sup>come to</sup> at last, I see, Willy. Thought sure for a spell we was goin' to lose you. How's the old noggin'?"

"Fine, fine. <sup>Probably</sup> feels no worse than your own head ~~some~~ <sup>on certain</sup> mornings I've ~~seen you.~~"

"Ah, he'll live, Lotti <sup>how bold an' sassy</sup> you see, he's getting ~~sassy~~ <sup>my dear,</sup> already. Now you run along for a bit, and I'll torment the ~~patience~~ patient for an hour or two."

She left shortly, and Cash drew up a chair and ~~took off~~ <sup>quietly ripped</sup> his mask of raillery. "Who did it, Willy?" he whispered sibilantly.

T

"I don't know."

"Honest?"

"Honest, Cash."

"Could it have been an Indian?"

*guess that unless I was sure.*

"I wouldn't want to ~~say~~ Laughing Whitefish feels badly enough already. Does the sheriff know?"

"No, we've told no one." He leaned closer. "Willy, *Am* *pretty* *sure* it was an Indian who assaulted you."

"*Why do you say?*"

"~~How do you know?~~"

+

"You were <sup>still</sup> clutching this in your hand when Madame Dujardin found you lying in your hall." He <sup>produced and</sup> dangled by

its broken drawstring a deerskin pouch of the kind <sup>usually</sup> worn

~~the~~ by Indians. "In it is a piece of twist <sup>spare</sup> tobacco—their

favorite—and three rusty gang fishhooks. <sup>and a length of rawhide to fix</sup> There's no <sup>real</sup>

~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> doubt ~~it~~ was an Indian."

"Have you <sup>told</sup> ~~did you tell~~ Laughing Whitefish about this?" <sup>anything</sup>

"Not yet -- <sup>haven't had a chance.</sup>"

"Then don't."

"Why?"

"First <sup>me</sup> will you promise not to?"

Grudginsky: <sup>really don't</sup> "Well, yes, if you want me to, <sup>Frank</sup> tell me..."

Don't know and fixing snowshoes on the trail.



/

~~that~~ <sup>now</sup>  
"I think ~~if~~ <sup>too,</sup> it was an Indian, Cash," I said, and I  
told him how I had been jostled while leaving the courtroom  
the day we lost the case; of the soft padded running  
footsteps--moccasins?--the guttural curse, <sup>remembered</sup> the feel of <sup>soft</sup>  
<sup>legging--</sup> deerskin--and now the typical tobacco pouch with its broken  
drawstring <sup>made</sup>

<sup>don't we</sup>

"But Willy, why ~~not~~ <sup>don't we</sup> tell Laughing Whitefish? Maybe she  
can ~~help~~ put a stop to this dangerous nonsense. <sup>the man might have</sup>  
<sup>killed you.</sup>"

I shook my head and the pain stabbed me. "No, Cash.  
Remember; you promised. Not a word."

<sup>Willy,</sup>

"All right, but why?"  
^

91 "Look, Cash, telling her will do no good and  
"Because all it would do is distress her, and perhaps  
only and sadden her more.  
with some idea of saving me, it might even  
make her forgo the appeal and we mustn't  
can't let that happen. And if  
someone wants to kill me I guess maybe they can do it  
look how easily they got <sup>one lone man</sup> President Lincoln?—and getting out  
of the case would <sup>might</sup> only make it worse. Moreover she has no  
one left to turn to. <sup>I've simply</sup> got to stay."

"There's still <sup>always</sup> old Cash," he said. <sup>bravely</sup>  
"No, Cash, I'm all the more determined to stay in <sup>bravely</sup> and  
fight this case. <sup>the</sup> <sup>you can help me</sup> all you can, and <sup>hope you'll</sup>  
wanting to <sup>hurt</sup> somebody. I suppose <sup>it</sup> <sup>thought</sup> I  
threw the case. In a way he wasn't so far off."

"Monsieur, why? Nobody was to blame  
for losing this case unless, lovely irony, it was  
old Cosima, <sup>full-blooded</sup> Indian herself. So [hook in]

*X*  
*mighty fond of*

[hook me]

*don't*  
"Don't talk that way, boy. But mum's the word, *as I promised,* *as* He held up his hand.

*already.*  
I promised. Sh... I think I hear her coming back *already.*  
She's been here day and night, Willy. *I think she's gone, boy. Try as I might, I*  
*can't even drive*

*couldn't drive*  
her away..."  
^

*much*  
"I feel better already. *in* Hello, Lotti, *please* chase this  
evil old man away--he's killing me *telling me all* with his stale old

*my,*  
Army jokes. *in* *hungry as a lion.*"  
^

2/10/65

2 final

Call 301 A

~~any~~ rumour 302.  
A B, etc.

6

Laughing Whitefish seemed ~~deep~~<sup>lost</sup> in thought, sitting ~~at~~  
my side, ~~and~~ I leaned over and touched her arm. She started  
and looked at me inquiringly. "Did she ~~really~~ mean it?" I  
whispered.

"Did who mean what?" she whispered back.

"Did Cosima bring ~~her~~<sup>really</sup> silent ~~relative~~<sup>the</sup> over ~~here~~<sup>one</sup> here to  
marry you?"

She shrugged <sup>warily</sup> and briefly closed her eyes. "You heard  
what she said, William. ~~It is~~<sup>It's</sup> all ~~that~~ I know."

"But had you ~~ever~~ known him before?"

She shook her head.

"Are you going to marry him?" I persisted.

z

She half smiled. "How can I tell--for one thing he hasn't asked me ~~yet~~"

"But, look, you scarcely know the man. He may be brutal *and never take a bath -- and mean--and--and even drink!*"

"He hasn't asked me yet," *she coolly repeated.* "As for my not knowing him before, that is the way of my people. Often the first time an Indian bride ever ~~was~~ <sup>saw</sup> her ~~husband~~ <sup>man was</sup> ~~is~~ on her wedding day."

"But the whole thing is simply ghastly. *Laughing Whitefish, all that is past. too primitive and it's that sort of thing you're trying to change, don't you see?* ~~heard~~ *why I never* possibly be serious about --" *you can't*

Just then the judge swept in briskly and strode rustling up to the bench.

stat

(NOW TAKE, <sup>hooking in, bal. of</sup> OLD bal. of 301, A to A, <sup>and</sup> on to end of short 302, both attached)

I arose in the hushed courtroom. "Your Honor," I  
*my mind in a turmoil,*  
began, "I shall not waste time reviewing the background of  
this case. I came in here on a

302



Can't we  
get some  
Lottis  
in here?

Please re-do, 2 in final

+

Reaching the corridors back of the courtroom looking for *my client*

~~Laughing Whitefish~~ I encountered Henry Harwood, who nodded gravely and silently pointed to the closed door of a lawyers' conference room. Opening the door I saw Cosima and Laughing Whitefish sitting on a bench <sup>against the far wall,</sup> ~~near the window~~ alternately laughing and crying in each other's arms.

Shirman, I do not share your fear of repetition. I must say what is needed for my scene.

Laughing Whitefish fought to compose herself. "This is my lawyer, William Poe, Cosima," she finally said. "He is my friend."

Cosima arose and curtsied and briefly pumped my hand. *At closer range I could feel the tiny hieroglyphics that time had etched about her eyes.* "I could cut my tongue out if I said anything that has hurt my Laughing Whitefish," she said. "Oh why didn't I answer your letters? I'm just a stupid forgetful old woman."

"It wouldn't have made any difference, Cosima," I said. "This case was apparently decided by things that happened before Laughing Whitefish <sup>she or I was</sup> and I ~~were~~ born. Nobody <sup>can</sup> ~~could~~ alter that."

"You are kind to say so, young man. Ah, <sup>we</sup> must go now and catch my train back home—that little lawyer is waiting to take <sup>us</sup> me to the depot. It's a long <sup>journey</sup> ~~way~~ with many waits and changes."

Laughing Whitefish looked mournfully at her, seeming again on the verge of tears. "Cosima don't leave me, please don't leave me," she almost wailed, at the moment looking as appealing and plaintive as a little girl. Watching this

P



[sudden] revealing show of loneliness, my heart was wrenched.

I longed to take her in my arms.

Instead Cosima put her plump arms about Laughing Whitefish, holding her close and patting her. "There, there, child, but I must go. Children still keep getting born and foolish old Cosima must still be on hand to help. Take heart, little one, you will always have Cosima [and this young man William] on your side. You know I love you and so does he—I can see it ~~gleaming~~ in his eyes. Look, can't you see it, <sup>too</sup> laughing Whitefish, my little orphaned fawn?"

I want.

"Cosima!" said a mortified Laughing Whitefish.

Cosima turned her shrewd black eyes upon me. "But you do love her, don't you, <sup>Mr. De?</sup> William?"

"Cosima!

"I—I'm afraid I must plead the fifth amendment," I said, feeling myself flushing desperately. [Moreover right now I must try to dream up a way to save this case.] I held out my

P? slightly Condescending?

hand. "Thank you, Cosima," I said. [You are a good honest woman and I'm glad you came. Now if you'll excuse me I'll run along and get to work. I'll see you at one, Laughing Whitefish.] In the meantime you might pray."

"They'll only be a minute," I said to Henry Harwood as

I passed him in the corridor, wishing devoutly that I could read his mind <sup>only</sup> but half as acutely as [discerning] old Cosima had just read mine.

(now to yellow)

began,

for want of words

forgive

I must

"I termed my client."

John: It occurs to me that it might be most effective to have L.W. capitulate & show her love at the lowest moment that of their defeat. What you think?

f

My glance wandered from this poignant scene and  
~~and~~  
Glancing away I noticed for the first time a tall ~~man~~  
*slender man* ^ *I noticed*  
standing quietly over by the window, his back towards us,  
*arms folded,*  
looking out over the lake. I looked at him inquiringly  
and Cosima saw my look.

METOXON

"Metoxon," she called out, and he turned around, and  
*lean swarthy with a face like a curved dagger,*  
I saw ~~that~~ ~~there~~ a young Indian, probably my age or ~~possibly~~  
*younger.*  
"Meet William Poe," Cosima continued, "lawyer for  
Laughing Whitefish in her case." ~~She~~ she spoke briefly in  
Indian, apparently saying the same thing, since I again heard  
my name.

"How do you do," I said when she was done.

He looked me up and down slowly *almost disdainfully. Then he*  
*and* nodded gravely, without  
speaking, and *coolly away* *to his* *son of*  
*feel myself flushing.* ~~then turned back and again contemplated~~ the lake. I could

911

"Metoxon is a sort of distant relative I discovered on Madeline  
Island," Cosima rattled on, "and he came along to take care of  
this silly forgetful old woman." She paused and smiled so  
broadly that her eyes became wrinkled *slits.* " *H*  
and he reminds me so  
much of Marji Kawbawgam in his younger days that I ~~also~~ brought

*the (too) that*  
him along in hope he and Laughing Whitefish might get married." *She*  
*laughed at her resourcefulness and slapped* *rocked her bench*  
*and*  
her knee.

T

"Cosima!" said Laughing Whitefish.

But Cosima the match maker was not to be put off, ~~and she~~  
*Before his death Metoron's uncle was chief*  
appealed to me. *They'd make a handsome pair, don't you*  
think, William Poe?"

"I—I'm certain they would," I managed to say. *Sort of a union*  
*Indians*  
~~marrage~~ *of royalty.*"

"And their children would be beautiful, don't you think?"

*turn and*  
"I'm sure they would *be very* beautiful," I said *mechanically*  
*longing to bolt from the place.*

"Cosima, stop it at once," Laughing Whitefish said, *flushing*  
*and*  
glancing anxiously at me.

*of the Madeline's Grand Indian's*  
*just*  
*Laughing Whitefish's uncle once was here.*

7

I held out my hand to Cosima. "Thank you for coming  
and now I must leave. I've less than an hour to dream up a way  
to ~~try~~ save this case." I turned to my client. "Meanwhile

you might pray." I glanced toward Metoxen <sup>who</sup> but ~~he~~ was still  
studying the lake as I hurried on my way <sup>might</sup> wildly thinking <sup>my cheeks burning,</sup>  
that this <sup>could</sup> <sup>lucky</sup> <sup>could</sup> <sup>not only lose my</sup> ~~might~~ be the day when I ~~would lose more than my~~ <sup>thought</sup>  
~~client's~~ case <sup>but my client as well.</sup>

thinking

I

2/10/65  
2 final

+

an old Indian custom, William, that when an orphaned Indian girl is asked to marry she should consult her mother's oldest friend before deciding. Are you willing to go visit Cosima and see what she says?"

"It's a bargain," I said, "for I have now learned that old Indian customs have the mighty force of law, that your idlest custom is a command, my dear." [I moved closer.

~~"There is also an old white custom that the man kisses the woman when he plights her his troth. Is that too a bargain, my darling?"~~  
<sup>he loved</sup>

~~"It's a bargain--darling," she whispered, lifting her face up to mine in the eerie glow of the Northern Lights.]~~

(NOW TO YELLOW)

New end.  
1-27-2/10/65

<sup>stood watching</sup>  
We ~~watched~~ the strange celestial lights  
for a time and then she spoke in a low voice.

Ever since I nursed you when

"Do you love me, William?"  
"Of course I love you, I love you, <sup>exactly</sup> I love you."  
"You know," she said <sup>dreamily</sup>, "I've  
known you <sup>all along</sup> that <sup>you</sup> <sup>did</sup> love me ever since  
nursed you when you <sup>the time</sup> <sup>when</sup> you were  
unconscious. In your delirium you told me <sup>beautifully</sup> all  
about it. But <sup>then</sup> I guess I knew <sup>all</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>long</sup> <sup>before</sup>  
~~then~~ <sup>at</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>time</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>loved</sup> <sup>me</sup>."  
"I'm <sup>again</sup> <sup>losing</sup> <sup>consciousness</sup>," <sup>again</sup>, "I said,  
moving closer. "Before I do, I must say that there's  
an old white custom that the man kisses the  
woman he loves when he pledges her his  
troth. Is <sup>that</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>bargain</sup>, my darling?"

"It's a bargain -- darling," she whispered,  
lifting her face up to mine in the eerie  
glow of the Northern Lights.

there's lots of 'em --  
you ought to relax more.

to illy, why don't you get yourself a  
nice girl and meet some of the young people of  
the town and <sup>maybe</sup> find yourself a nice girl?

I'm busy. Moreover I never seem <sup>get to</sup> meet any.

"You mean yamie never been invited up  
on the hill?"

"Now that you speak of it, no, I never have."

"Hm... See. "Wanna know why?"

"Why?"

To be added.

Jain's ~~so much~~ <sup>alone</sup> that your swim' a corporation, and  
a corporation <sup>one</sup> in which all the best people on the  
ball own stock ~~in~~ -- though that's bad enough.

What then?

"Because you'd taking the part of ~~an~~ a  
despised Indian against the whites, that's why. They'll never  
forgive you <sup>for that</sup> never."

Union loss

"My future is ~~black~~ <sup>looks</sup> absolute."

He eluded <sup>his tongue</sup> permanent  
"You're a pariah, son."

"guess I'll have to turn Indian, Cash."

"Call me Obadiah the pariah."  
"Who is me." Coolest!

Looks like.



1st. 2/10/65

2 final (call P. 322A)

✓

undisturbed --

~~Fact~~

Cash and I planned to dine together at the Cozzens <sup>having so that we might</sup> talk over the case -- our first real chance since the swift courtroom events of the Tuesday before -- and I ~~told L. to about it,~~ invited L. to join us.

"I'm sorry, William, but <sup>I've finally</sup> persuaded Cosima to stay over for a few days, and tonight I promised to make her a venison supper. I'm <sup>really</sup> very sorry."

"Were you able to <sup>Q</sup> persuade her <sup>remnant</sup> to stay over, too?" "I couldn't resist asking."

"While I didn't <sup>try</sup> especially ask him, he is staying over, as I assumed he <sup>might</sup> ~~would~~ since his job is ~~was~~ to take care of Cosima," she coolly replied.

"One of his jobs, you mean?"

"Yes, one of his jobs, William. Thank you for reminding me. And now I must go."

When she had left Cash and I started walking <sup>drifted over</sup> to the Cozzens <sup>to</sup> and I tried to put the cool disdainful Metopon out of my mind. Cash had other ideas.

TOXIN

Max Jopin or whatever <sup>just</sup> "What's this here, <sup>Metopon</sup> you and Lotti were sparrin' about?" he demanded. I told him. "Is he <sup>Indian</sup> young, single and Indian?" I nodded. "Is he figgerin' to marry her?" I nodded glumly and held the hotel door open for the <sup>old</sup> <sup>boy</sup> to enter. "Well, at least he ain't marrying her for her money," he said. "Sounds like a real love match to me."

2 final  
Call first page  
337A + rest  
337B, C, D, etc.

+

When I left the Cozzens House I ~~discovered~~ <sup>found</sup> it was  
a mild winter night. A great high moon <sup>lit up the</sup> sky and  
<sup>paused as I passed</sup> Philo Everett's darkened home,  
lake and I decided to walk down to visit Miles Coffey.

I took the long way <sup>around</sup> along the moon-drenched lake shore, with its jagged  
walking slowly as I passed Philo Everett's darkened <sup>and</sup>

<sup>smokeless</sup> house. I found Miles <sup>crouching</sup> over his vise  
in his green eyeshade, <sup>contriving to look like a counterfeiter,</sup>  
trying up some new trout flies. In my clumsy way I helped

him for a spell and then we fell to playing cribbage.

It was past midnight when we finished <sup>and</sup> he saw me to  
the door.

"Sorry you lost, Willy," Miles said.

"Don't give it a thought, Miles. You usually beat me,  
it's nothing new."

"I don't mean at cribbage, I mean your case."

The night was beautiful and  
mounds of ice looking like frozen waves.  
Although he was mostly  
frozen

✕✕ "Thank you. I'm naturally sorry too."

"Good luck on your appeal."

"Thanks, Miles, but how did you know I was going to appeal?"

"Well, lawyers have to tell their absent clients when they've won, you know."

"Guy Nesbitt sent a victory telegram, you mean?" /

"I ain't really supposed to say, Willy."

"And I guess I shouldn't have asked. Goodnight, Miles."

"Goodnight, Willy, and good luck."

6

Clouds had risen and obscured the moon and on the way home I got my feet wet walking into lurking water puddles in the <sup>and snow-covered</sup> pocked ~~aspen~~ road. Carrying my soggy overshoes I stealthily crept up the creaking stairway in the dark--our impoverished landlord had imposed a midnight curfew on the hallway light--and I felt like a footpad as I groped my way down the darkened hallway to my quarters.

f

to fit

I stood at my door fumbling <sup>to fit</sup> for my key. Suddenly I

heard the soft sound of swiftly running feet, like someone

running barefoot. The sound <sup>was coming</sup> rapidly <sup>and in sudden alarm</sup> came my way. I

~~quickly~~ flattened myself against the wall ~~beside my door.~~

Someone was ~~not~~ <sup>understand.</sup> groping at my door, impatiently wrenching at

the knob, <sup>muttering in a language I could not</sup> Then he brushed against me and <sup>felt</sup> my arm <sup>and drew away.</sup>

I could feel his hot breath on my face. <sup>It smelled strongly of whisky</sup> <sup>sudden</sup> ~~In sudden fear~~ <sup>clutched by fear</sup>

I grabbed for him and held on ~~tightly.~~ <sup>for dear life.</sup>

7

Wordlessly we grappled in the dark, in a kind of crazy

dance, swaying and thumping violently against the walls  
 and door. I heard a guttural phrase I could not <sup>fathom</sup> understand  
 and felt a sharp glancing blow on the side of my head that  
 staggered me. Rallying, <sup>I fought</sup> ~~I began fighting~~ for my life,  
<sup>aware</sup> now that my assailant <sup>was armed with</sup> ~~had~~ a weapon. I tried  
 to pin his arms but with another <sup>angry</sup> grunting cry he strained  
 and broke away. I quickly crouched, still half dizzy  
 from his blow, <sup>and</sup> I could hear him <sup>futilely</sup> hitting the wall where I  
 had just been standing, grunting with each blow. I  
<sup>clove</sup> grabbed for his legs and found one and, heaving <sup>mightily,</sup> with all  
 my ~~might~~, tried to upset him. If I could only somehow

restrain him till help came... Suddenly I beheld a great <sup>sunburst,</sup> a  
<sup>shooting cataract</sup> torrent of light, as though <sup>torrents</sup> cataracts of ~~shooting~~ stars  
 were raining earthward in a vast celestial <sup>downpour</sup> sunburst...

\* \* \*

8

I opened my eyes. It was daylight. I was undressed and in bed in my office. My head was throbbing horribly and I felt it gingerly and discovered it was heavily bandaged. Bright sunlight poured in my window. Before it stood Laughing Whitefish, silently looking out.

"Lotti," I said.

She came over swiftly and knelt beside my cot, her eyes dark-ringed ~~and~~ looking anxiously into mine. "Who did it?" she asked ~~almost~~ *fiercely, her fists knotted.*

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

"Was—" she drew a deep breath—"was it one of my people?"

t

"I don't know, Lotti. I cannot say."

"If it was you must get out of my case—we cannot  
let the Haunted Mountain ~~kill~~ <sup>destroy</sup> you too."

"No, Lotti, I'm not getting out of your case. We  
haven't begun to fight, remember?"

"<sup>But it</sup> isn't worth it, William, ~~and~~ I know my people, I know them...  
I have a dreadful feeling it was one of them."

"If someone wants to harm me, Lotti, my getting out  
of the case ~~isn't going to~~ <sup>won't</sup> help. And if I stay I might  
just win, you know."



/

"Oh, William, I'm <sup>terribly</sup> so worried. Thank goodness it  
^  
wasn't Metoxon--he spent the evening with Cosima and me  
and slept on a cot in my schoolroom."

"It hadn't occurred to me that it was. Why should  
he be mad at me?"

"I don't know, William." She looked away and then back  
at me. "Maybe he regards you as a possible rival."

"The idea is <sup>sort of</sup> preposterous, isn't it?"  
^

She looked at me steadily. "I didn't say <sup>it was,</sup> ~~that~~, William,  
^  
you ~~just~~ did." She arose and went over and stood by my desk.  
"I do hope Mr. Wendell <sup>returns</sup> ~~comes~~ soon. I sent him out for food.  
^  
You haven't eaten anything solid since you were hurt.  
Actually I found little or nothing ~~here~~ <sup>[for you]</sup> to eat.  
I don't know what you've been living on."

/

I bunched my fingers and <sup>airily</sup> opened them.

"~~Art~~ and fairy dreams, as becomes an imaginary rival."  
^        ≡        ^        I suppose,

She held up <sup>her</sup> ~~one~~ hand. "Please, William, don't..."  
^

"Is Cosima and this Metoxon still here?"

"No—they've left for home."

"Did he ask you to marry him?"

*She sighed.*

^ "Yes. He spent half the night asking me. That's ~~why~~ *how*

I know it wasn't he who attacked you."

"Are you going to?"

"~~Am~~ Am I going to ~~do~~ what?"

t

"Are you going to marry him? <sup>of course?"</sup>

*She shook her head wearily.*

"Oh, I don't know, William. After all he's a perfect stranger to me." She looked away. "I--I put him off.

*Please*  
^  
Now don't talk so much, you must try to rest."

"I feel better already and I want to talk."

"I'm terribly worried, William. Do you have any enemies you haven't told me about? Where had you been that night?"

"Well, [several of] my piano debtors occasionally <sup>get a little riled,</sup> ~~get~~ a little <sup>has</sup> irritated, but none ever threatened to do me in.

Actually I don't think my attacker meant to kill me--he could easily have stabbed or shot me. His idea seemed <sup>rather</sup> ~~to be~~ to maim or punish me."

+

"Whatever his idea he might have killed you <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~  
~~fact is he~~ almost did. Where <sup>were</sup> ~~had~~ you ~~been~~ that night?"

"<sup>last night</sup> ~~Last night~~ <sup>Cash and I</sup> after ~~my~~ dinner with ~~Cash~~ <sup>about the case</sup> we talked a  
~~parted.~~  
while and then I went and played cribbage with Miles  
Coffey. About midnight I walked home alone and while  
opening my door was suddenly attacked by someone in  
the dark. That's all I know."

"Not last night, William. It was the night before,  
on Thursday. It's now Saturday afternoon."

"Saturday! You mean I've been unconscious all that time?"

"Most of the time. Sometimes you half came to and  
babbled incessantly about our case—and other things."

"Like what?"

"Oh, about your boyhood in Ann Arbor and—I'm not making  
this up—how you've never been on a straw ride. Lots of  
foolish ~~foolish~~ things."

*I swear*

*It is an emptiness in your life.*

*You should*

"Well, at least there I was talking sense—I haven't  
ever been on a straw ride. *and I learn to.* How long have you been here?"

"Since early yesterday morning when Mr. Wendell drove  
out to tell me about your ~~your~~ accident. He'll be along  
shortly to spell me off. *I must <sup>go</sup> change my clothes."*

"But where have you slept?"

"I haven't. I dozed some in your office chair."

7

"Your poor girl. How did Cash learn about me?"

"Madame Dujardin went and got him. It was she who heard the scuffling and then your moaning and found you lying by your door in a pool of blood. She got Doctor Laird out of bed and it was he who attended you and sewed up the ~~gash~~ gash in your head. She may have saved your life--she and the fur hat you were wearing. Ah, he's coming now."

I heard the familiar thump-thump and then a rattle at the door, and in burst Cash carrying a load of groceries in a striped paper bag. "Ah, come to at last, I see, Willy. Thought sure for a spell we was goin' to lose you. How's the old noggin'?"

*I felt my head.*

"Fine, fine. Probably feels no worse than your own [head]  
on certain mornings."

"Ah, he'll live, Lotti—you see how bold an' sassy he's  
gettin' already? Now you run along for a bit, my dear,  
and I'll torment the patient for an hour or two."

She left shortly, and Cash drew up a chair and quickly  
ripped off his mask of raillery. "Who did it, Willy? he  
whispered sibilantly.

"I don't know."

"Honest?"

"Honest, Cash."

X

"Could it have been an Indian?"

"I wouldn't want to say unless I was sure. Laughing  
Whitefish feels badly enough already. Does the sheriff  
know?"

*stealthily  
glanced around and*

"No, we've told no one." He *glanced around and* leaned closer. "Willy,  
I'm pretty sure it was an Indian who assaulted you."

"Why do you say?"



7

"You were still clutching this in your hand when  
Madame Dujardin found you lying in <sup>out there</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>the</sup> hall." He fumbled in  
his pocket and drew forth and dangled by its broken  
drawstring a deerskin pouch of the kind usually worn  
by Indians. "In it is a piece of twist tobacco--their  
favorite--and three rusty gang fishhooks and a spare  
length of rawhide for fixing snowshoes on the trail.  
<sup>in my mind it</sup>  
There's no ~~hope~~ <sup>hope</sup> doubt ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> was an Indian."

"Have you told Laughing Whitefish anything about this?"

"Not yet--haven't had a chance."

"Then don't."

"Why?"

/

"First will you promise me ~~not to~~?"

Grudgingly: "Well, yes, if you really don't want me  
*tell her about it*  
to, Now tell me..."

"I ~~was~~ think it was an Indian, too, Cash," I said,  
and I told him how I had been jostled by a strange Indian  
while leaving the courtroom the day we lost the case; of  
the soft padded running footsteps--moccasins?--the  
guttural curses, the remembered feel of soft deerskin  
leggings--and now the typical tobacco pouch with its broken  
drawstring. *"Sagru, Cash, that it was an Indian."*

"But Willy, why don't we tell Laughing Whitefish? Maybe  
she can put a stop to this dangerous nonsense. The man might  
have killed you. *He might even get.*"

/

I shook my head and the pain stabbed me. "No, Cash.  
Remember <sup>g</sup> you promised. Not a word."

"All right, Willy, but why?"

"Look, Cash, telling her <sup>/</sup> will do no good and only  
distress and sadden her ~~more~~. Perhaps with some idea of  
saving me it might even make her forsake the appeal and  
we mustn't <sup>can't</sup> let that happen. ~~And~~ <sup>if</sup> someone wants to kill  
me I guess maybe they can--look how easily one lone man  
got at a <sup>heavily</sup> guarded President Lincoln?--and my getting out  
of the case might only make it worse. <sup>Rhetoric, confession of defeat...</sup> Moreover she has no  
one left to turn to. I've simply got to stay. <sup>Also I want to.</sup>"

*He blinked thoughtfully.*

"There's still old Cash," he said bravely.

f

"No, Cash, it's my fight and I'm determined to stay in  
the case. Naturally I hope you'll help all you can. And  
in a way I can't blame the Indians for wanting to hurt  
somebody. I'd ~~like to hurt~~ <sup>feel like hurting</sup> someone, too. I suppose he thought  
I threw the case. In a way I guess he wasn't so far off."

"Nonsense, Willy. Nobody was to blame for losing the  
case unless ~~the~~ <sup>— the —</sup> lovely irony <sup>^</sup> it was old Cosima, a  
full-blooded Indian herself. So don't talk that way, boy.  
But as I promised, mum's the word." He held up his hand.  
"Sh... I think I hear her coming back already. She's been  
here day and night, Willy. I think she's mighty fond of  
you, boy. Try as I might, <sup>e</sup> I couldn't drive her away..."

*and thank the Madam for me till I  
can do so myself.*

"I feel much better already... <sup>^</sup> Hello, Lotti, please  
chase this evil old man away--he's killing me telling ~~his~~ his  
stale ~~old~~ Army jokes. <sup>Let me at some food --</sup> ~~My~~ I'm hungry as a lion."

<sup>^</sup>

1st  
Feb. 11, 65  
1 yellow  
~~1 female~~  
Call 337A, B, etc

on doctor's orders,

### Chapter 26

After <sup>nearly</sup> ten days of a restless  
~~inactivity~~ enforced idleness and  
convalescence, I <sup>went</sup> ~~went~~ out to see L. W. to report on our  
progress on the case, or rather the lack of it.  
I <sup>was</sup> greeted by the usual reception

committee of slaving ~~the~~ yellow dogs,  
which I held up <sup>thoughtfully</sup> with a heavy  
sapling I had <sup>cut</sup> on the way. A sullen  
Indian <sup>woman</sup> ~~man~~ appeared and <sup>watched</sup> me defend  
myself, and she <sup>stared</sup> at me with  
undisguised hostility when during a lull I  
asked to ~~see~~ <sup>for</sup> my client.

"She  
gone, gone," she finally granted,  
ambiguously pointing skyward.  
"Mukwa?" I then said, remembering  
my youthful interpreter. She disappeared  
behind ~~some~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~inquiry~~ and presently the  
boy Mukwa <sup>skipped up</sup> ~~returned~~ alone.

"Is she all right?"  
"yes, fine  
as ever."  
"Where's Laughing Whitefish?" I said.  
"She's gone away, Mr. Pol."  
"Where ~~has she gone?~~ did she go?"  
"I don't know."  
"How long has she been gone?"  
"Nearly a week."  
(Nearly a week!)  
"Did she go to Madeline Island  
to see Cosmia?" I said, thinking of Metakon.  
"I don't know," she may have?  
"When is she coming home?"  
"I don't know."  
"Who's teaching in her place at  
your school?"

"She's  
back soon."

+

"Nobody. She closed it."

"Does that <sup>greatly</sup> grieve you, Mubwa?"

grinning: "I love it - all the <sup>other</sup> ~~kids~~ <sup>to</sup> do too."

"Thank you, Mubwa. Please tell her I was here."

"You're welcome, Mr. Doc, and I'll tell her."

I left the encampment and hid my  
I ~~struggled~~ <sup>struggled</sup> slowly back to town  
I thought of everything but the case. Why  
hadn't she told me she was leaving and  
where she was going? Supposing I <sup>had</sup> needed her  
for something <sup>important</sup> concerning the case? Had she  
gone to Madeline Island to marry Metopon?  
What <sup>other</sup> powerful force <sup>would have</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>abruptly</sup> closed  
down the school of ~~she~~ which she was so  
proud and <sup>so</sup> mysteriously ~~disappear~~?

scribble for possible reference. No 1

I returned <sup>back to my</sup> to the office <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ plunged <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ hands  
into the appeal. I <sup>found</sup> ~~found~~ <sup>discovers</sup> ~~discovers~~ I <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~  
been <sup>scribbling</sup> ~~scribbling~~ <sup>absolutely</sup> ~~absolutely~~ on a scratch pad. I <sup>stared</sup> ~~stared~~ at it.  
Charlotte Metopon <sup>versus</sup> ~~versus~~ Iron Cliff  
Jackson Ore Company. "I had written.  
I <sup>scrambled</sup> ~~scrambled~~ <sup>savagely</sup> ~~savagely~~ the paper <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ my hand and sat gazing  
~~staring~~ <sup>staring</sup> moodily out the <sup>sooty</sup> ~~sooty~~ window."



"I quit it a little  
Did you neglected to tell your children pupils  
or anyone your reason for leaving?"

Her color deepened. "I left in a hurry."  
I felt in my bones she was <sup>not being frank with me.</sup> lying. "And  
you also <sup>saw the talkative</sup> Metropam?"

She faced me dejectedly. "Well, naturally  
I saw him."

"And he <sup>again</sup> asked you to marry him?"

"Naturally."

<sup>if you are married.</sup> I held my breath <sup>as I asked the next question.</sup> "And <sup>you married him?</sup> you  
<sup>professionally</sup> cleared my throat <sup>and pushed up a pencil.</sup> "You  
<sup>professionally</sup> see, I'd <sup>not merely saying</sup> suggest your marriage on  
the appeal <sup>if you'll excuse me</sup> ~~in that manner~~. Are you?  
~~and Metropam married.~~ <sup>If so how would you spell your full married name?</sup>

<sup>staring looking</sup> She sat ~~staring~~ looking at me with a  
<sup>expression.</sup> crumpled ~~look~~ that was almost pleading. <sup>There</sup> filled her  
eyes and her lips trembled. Suddenly she <sup>got up</sup> and  
rushed to the doorway. She paused and  
turned and tried to smile. When she spoke the  
words seemed wrenched from her ~~throat~~.

innermost core.  
"No, no, <sup>no</sup> you <sup>you</sup> foolish man," <sup>she almost</sup> "Then she  
turned and <sup>from the door</sup> walked over to the window and  
<sup>the doorway</sup> stared out at the rear <sup>accumulation of manure was</sup> end of  
Stable. The <sup>swelling winter</sup> ~~manure~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>gross</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>little</sup> ~~shot~~ <sup>of</sup>  
magnificent <sup>proportion</sup> <sup>gloomily</sup> I observed.

bourne



11  
T  
Donna:

The end is wrong and has to be redone in the light of my recent changes. I think it would <sup>ultimately</sup> save time if you re-did this few pages once in yellow. I hand you <sup>these last</sup> pages so you can see them in context, but do only what is needed. Thus don't re-do <sup>old</sup> 400, but do that small remaining portion of 401, then take up the yellow to the end, then don't do the good part of old 402, but re-do on yellow the bottom part of old 403 & so, on yellow, to the end. Confusing?

wrong. After residin' with rectitude too long there comes  
a wild compulsion to kick over the traces. I feel a powerful  
one tuggin' at me now, pullin' me under. And if I must drown  
in somethin' I'd <sup>rather</sup> much prefer it be booze than virtue."

*sorrowfully shaking her head*  
"Oh, Cash, Cash," she said, her eyes brimming with tears.

"God bless you, my children," he said, turning away,  
waving his hand languidly like a strolling baron. "Proceed,  
Mr. Coffey, lead on, lead on."

*called out in*  
"Have one to the memory of Philo P. Everett," I said  
a farewell shot.

*paused in his flight and half turned.*  
The old man turned back, "True, lad," he soberly agreed.

"And another to Cosima and another to Dr. Naughton—who in a  
way really saved us—and, ah yes, another to Mr. Justice Campbell  
and still another to Laughing Whitefish and—ahem—her brilliant  
lawyers ~~and~~" *He again turned to lead, but once more*  
Cash ~~paused and sheepishly folded his telegram~~  
away. "Silly old man," he murmured, smiling wistfully. He  
then resolutely squared his shoulders and stomped out after  
Miles, leaving Laughing Whitefish and me alone. We stood  
listening to his tapping fading down the hall.

*the sound of*  
Laughing Whitefish stood brushing <sup>her</sup> the tears away. There were  
circles under her eyes *were deepening* "Come, my dear," I  
said. "It's been a long crowded day and you'd better get  
some sleep. I'll walk you home."

*repeat*  
Still she stood there, rubbing her eyes, regarding me like  
a forlorn child who'd just broken her doll. "But poor old Mr. Cash,"  
she said, "now he's going to go and spoil everything. And he's  
been so good."

401

7

East

"Mr. Wendell," Laughing Whitefish said, "before you go please tell William <sup>the real reason</sup> why I took that sudden trip after his accident last winter."

"But you made me promise not to," he said, once again arrested in flight.

"I ~~will~~ <sup>now</sup> release you from it."

"Very well," he said, facing me. "Willy, after you got conked on the head last winter Laughing Whitefish visited every Indian village and encampment and settlement <sup>clean</sup> from the Straits <sup>of Mackinac</sup> to Northern Wisconsin <sup>and told</sup> them to lay off you. She <sup>warned</sup> ~~told~~ them if ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>did you any</sup> ~~smack~~ <sup>harm</sup> as disturbed a hair on anyone, ~~you~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~should~~ <sup>should</sup> personally ~~cut~~ <sup>kill</sup> them out and ~~kill~~ <sup>kill</sup> them."

"Punish them," Laughing Whitefish hastily corrected him. ~~Do not~~

"I heard different, my dear, and moreover I believe you would have." With that he resolutely squared his shoulders and stomped out after the waiting Miles, leaving us alone. We ~~listened~~ <sup>stood listening</sup> until the sound of tapping faded down the hall. I turned to her.

"Then there was no sick relative?"

"No, William."

"You did it for me?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me then?-- I was lashed and corroded with jealousy."

"I should have," <sup>William</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> never been good at lying.

+

"Why didn't you?"

"Your pride, William. A man has his pride. I didn't want you to think you were hiding behind a woman's apron strings. So I made up that clumsy story you never <sup>quite</sup> believed ~~about~~ <sup>But</sup> sick ~~relations~~ <sup>I had to save you from my people.</sup>"

~~"No, I didn't believe~~

"You know <sup>all along</sup> it was an Indian?"

"Yes, I was certain it was. But I could never ~~find~~ <sup>discover</sup> which one so I <sup>went out and</sup> warned all of them." She smiled wistfully. "And <sup>now</sup> you're here and <sup>and safe</sup> Din here and family were won."

There were <sup>deep</sup> circles under her ~~own~~ eyes and she stood rubbing them like a sleepy child. I put my arm ~~around~~ <sup>about</sup> her and led her to the door. "Come, my dear. It's been a long crowded day for both of us. I'll walk you home."

"Poor <sup>old</sup> Mr. Cash," she murmured. "How he'll go and make himself sick and spoil everything."

"I'm not so sure," I said slowly, taking her hand. "Nor am I <sup>so</sup> ~~sure~~ any longer that one should meddle with the divine right of ~~everyone~~ <sup>occasionally</sup> to be a damned fool in his own way. Come, my sweet Latti."



an old Indian custom, William, that when an orphaned Indian girl is asked to marry she should consult her mother's oldest friend before deciding. Are you willing to go visit Cosima and see what she says?"

"It's a bargain," I said, "for I have now learned that old Indian customs have the mighty force of law, that your idlest custom is a command, my dear." *You see... That is...*

[We stood watching the strange celestial lights for a time and then she spoke in a low voice. "Do you love me, William?"

"Of course I love you, I love you, wildly I love you,"

*I* "You know something, William," she *said* *mused*, "I've known all along ~~that you love me~~—ever since ~~the time~~ I nursed you ~~when you were unconscious~~. *and in* In your dilirium you told me *beautifully* *you did. It was the first time I dared think* all about it. But then I guess I knew all the time that you did." *I thought let myself love you. And I do, I do.*

"I'm afraid I'm losing consciousness again," I said, moving closer. "Before I do," *there's* there's an old white custom that the man kisses the woman he loves when he plights her his troth. Is *that* *at* a bargain, ~~my~~ darling?"

"It's a bargain—darling," she whispered, lifting her face up to mine in the eerie glow of the Northern Lights.

*I paused and finally I said the words: "I love you."*

I final  
please.

Laughing Whitefish returned to her school the

Chapter 26

After nearly ten days of a <sup>restless</sup> enforced idleness  
 and convalescence, <sup>under the</sup> doctor's orders, I <sup>drove</sup> went out to see  
 Laughing Whitefish <sup>her</sup> to report on our progress on <sup>her</sup> the case,  
 or rather the lack of it. I was greeted by the usual  
 reception committee of slaving yellow dogs, which I  
 held at bay with a heavy sapling I had thoughtfully cut on  
 the way. A sullen Indian woman appeared and silently watched  
 me defend myself, staring ~~me~~ with undisguised hostility  
 when during a lull I asked for my client.

following Monday, at my residence, and

"She gone, gone," she finally grunted, <sup>tr</sup> ambiguously

<sup>tr</sup> pointing skyward. <sup>at the sky.</sup>

"Mukwa?" I then said, remembering my youthful  
 interpreter. She <sup>tr</sup> ~~disappeared~~ <sup>silently</sup> behind a wigwam and presently  
 the boy Mukwa showed up alone.

7

"Where's Laughing Whitefish?" I said.

"She's gone away, Mr. Poe."

"yes, I know." *Anxiously:*

"Is she all right?"

^

"Yes, fine as ever."

"Where did she go?"

"I don't know."

"How long has she been gone?"

"Nearly a week. *Took her snowshoes and a pack and left--that's all I know.*"



X

"Did she go to Madeline Island to see Cosima?" I

said, thinking of Metoxon.

"I don't know--she may have. She didn't say."

¶ "She didn't tell anyone?"

¶ "Not that I know of."

"When is she coming home?"

"Sorry, Mr. Pol,  
I don't know."

"Who's teaching in her place at your school?"

"Nobody. She closed it."

"I suppose  
Does that greatly grieve you, Mukwa?"

Grinning:  
"I love it--all the others do too."  
^

"Thank you, Mukwa. Please tell <sup>your teacher</sup> her I was here."

"You're welcome, Mr. Pol, and I'll tell her. <sup>(Mr. Pol, could I please</sup>  
question?" <sup>ask you a</sup>

"Surely, Mukwa. I've been asking plenty <sup>of you.</sup>

He pointed. "That bandage, what's the matter with your head?"

"I fell on the ice and conked it. It's nothing at all."

"Conked?"

"Conked, <sup>suddenly</sup> Mukwa. I've been conked on the head."

"Does it hurt?"

"~~Mostly in my heart,~~"

"A little, but <sup>I guess</sup> my heart hurts more."

"<sup>even</sup> ~~Oh~~ real sorry, Mr. Poe."

Upon leaving I creaked against  
I left the encampment and hid my sapling for possible  
emergencies and future reference. As I trudged slowly back to town I

thought of everything but the case. Why hadn't she

told me she was leaving and where she was going? Supposing

I had needed her for something important concerning the

case? Had she gone to Madeline Island to marry <sup>the disdainful</sup> Metoxon?

What other powerful lure would have made her abruptly

close down <sup>her</sup> the school of which she was so proud and so

mysteriously disappear? <sup>Worst of all, bloody</sup> ~~And~~ what <sup>was it</sup> business of it of course

<sup>was it</sup> ~~was it~~ <sup>bloody will</sup> that my client <sup>should visit or marry</sup> visited ~~as married~~ whomsoever  
she pleased? That was the bitter <sup>st</sup> pill...

+

Back at my office I plunged ~~even harder~~ <sup>fervently</sup> into the ~~waiting neglected~~ <sup>wounded</sup> ~~appeal.~~ <sup>maybe the therapy of work would mend</sup> ~~During an interlude I discovered I had been~~ <sup>my heart.</sup>

scrawling absently on a scratch pad. I stared at it in horror.

"Mrs. Charlotte Metoxon versus Jackson Ore Company" I <sup>over and over</sup> had written. <sup>over and over.</sup> "Charlotte Kawlawgan Metoxon" <sup>versus Jackson Ore Company</sup> I crumpled the paper ~~savagely in my hand~~ <sup>flung it away and</sup> and sat gazing moodily out the sooty window.

\* \* \*

*2 final.*

*[Handwritten mark]*

It was late one afternoon when I heard a timid knock  
on my office door.

"Come in," I said, and my client entered and ~~quietly~~  
*quietly*  
sat ~~herself~~ *herself* across from me. "Hello, Lotti," I said  
casually. "I hear you've been away."

"Yes, William, I had to go visit a relative who was  
sick."

"I trust he *has* ~~or she has~~ *uneventfully* recovered."

"She did, thank you. Mukwa told me you were out to  
see me."

"Yes--nearly a week ago. I wanted to get you up-to-date  
on your case."

+

"Well, I'm here, William," she said simply.

I told her what little there was to tell and then  
 both of us sat <sup>in silence.</sup> ~~awkwardly~~ silent. Presently the air of  
 constraint <sup>grew so strong</sup> ~~grew so strong~~ <sup>between us</sup> ~~that we were avoiding each~~  
 others eyes. I pretended to take some notes and <sup>once</sup> ~~then~~ looked up and  
 again we sat <sup>in the full glare of our mutual</sup> ~~facing each other.~~ <sup>embarrassment.</sup> ~~un-~~ <sup>easy.</sup>

"Look, Laughing Whitefish," I <sup>huskily</sup> blurted

"have you been to Madeline Island?"

"Yes, William, I got that far."

<sup>Like a triumphant public prosecutor:</sup>  
 "Ah, your poor sick relative lives there, I suppose?"

F

She colored and looked away. "No, but she lives so close I decided to push on and visit Cosima."

*pursuing*  
The district attorney went *baying* along the scent.  
"Isn't it a little odd you neglected to tell your pupils or anyone your reason for leaving?"

Her color depened. "I left in a hurry."

*could feel*  
I ~~felt~~ in my bones she was *lying* ~~not being frank with me.~~  
"And you also saw the talkative Metoxon? *suppose?*"

She faced me defiantly. "Well, naturally I saw him."

"And he again asked you to marry him?"

"Naturally."

I held my breath as I asked the next question.

"And <sup>professionally</sup> did you marry him?" I professionally cleared my throat and picked up a pencil. "You see, I'm not merely prying—I'd have to suggest your marriage on the appeal if you are married. Are you?" <sup>211</sup> ~~married~~

She sat looking at me with a crumpled almost pleading expression. Tears filled her eyes and her lips trembled. Suddenly she got up and rushed to the doorway. She ~~paused and~~ turned and tried to smile. When she spoke the words seemed <sup>to</sup> wrenched from her innermost ~~core~~. <sup>being</sup>

"No, no, no—you ~~are~~ <sup>blind</sup> foolish man," she almost wailed. Then she turned and <sup>blew</sup> ran from the place. I walked over and <sup>heard the street door slam and</sup> stared out the window at the rear end of Hodgkins Livery <sup>steaming</sup> Stable. <sup>Mr. Hodgkins</sup> The winter ~~in~~ accumulation of manure, <sup>I gloomily observed, was by way of</sup> was assuming magnificent proportions. <sup>I gloomily observed.</sup>

11

+

"Have one to the memory of Philo P. Everett," I called

~~the~~ in farewell.

The old man paused and half turned. "True, lad," he soberly agreed. "And another to Cosima and another to Dr. Naughton--who in a way really saved us--and, ah yes, another to Mr. Justice Campbell and still another to Laughing Whitefish and--ahem--her brilliant lawyers." He again turned to leave.

"Mr. Wendell," Laughing Whitefish said, "before you go please tell William the real reason why I took that sudden trip after his accident last winter." <sup>u</sup> ~~Plenty~~ "

"But you made me promise not to," he said, once again arrested in flight.



+

"I now release you from ~~the~~ your promise. Please tell him."

"Very well," he said, facing me. "Willy, after you got conked on the head last winter Laughing Whitefish set out <sup>alone</sup> and visited <sup>just about</sup> every Indian [village and] encampment and settlement clean from the Straits of Mackinac to Northern Wisconsin

and told them to lay off you. She warned them <sup>telling</sup> <sup>greatly</sup> <sup>told them how much she trusted you</sup> if anyone did you <sup>of them</sup> <sup>hunt them down</sup> any harm she'd personally seek them out and kill <sup>him</sup> them."

"Punish <sup>him</sup> them," Laughing Whitefish hastily corrected him.

He shook his head.  
"Gaint the way I heard it."

"I heard different, my dear, and moreover I believe you <sup>I also heard tell that a few Indians got so</sup> would have. With that <sup>the old boy</sup> he resolutely squared his shoulders and stomped out after the waiting Miles, leaving us alone.

We stood listening until the sound of tapping faded down the hall. I turned to her.

~~"Will she be damned," I repeated, turning to her. [Hook in with what follows]~~

"Will she be damned," I said.

"Faith in fact, my dear," he said.

"Orator Wendell!" she said.

Regal... you were and... you will work... For good measure all...  
...you they had access to Canada.

+

~~[Helen]~~ <sup>moved closer and</sup>  
<sup>I</sup> lifted her chin and looked in her eyes.  
<sup>never was any</sup>  
"Then there was ~~no~~ sick relative?"

Contritely:

"No, William," she said, backing away.

"You did it <sup>all</sup> for me?"

"Yes, William <sup>is</sup> -- for us."

"But dear girl,

<sup>perhaps</sup>  
<sup>when you knew</sup>  
"Why didn't you tell me, ~~then~~? -- I was lashed and  
corroded with jealousy?"

<sup>guess</sup>  
"I should have, William. I've never been <sup>any</sup> good at  
lying."

<sup>Then</sup>  
"Why didn't you?"

She purred. "How maybe I wanted  
you to be a little jealous... Anyway,

Right, Donna

She spread her hands.

"Your pride, William. A man has his pride, I didn't  
want you to think you were ~~hiding~~ <sup>had to hide</sup> behind a woman's ~~apron~~ <sup>skirts.</sup>

I didn't tell you <sup>because of</sup> that.

So I made up that clumsy story your never quite  
believed. ~~But I had~~ <sup>do something to</sup> had to save you from my people."

"You knew all along it was an Indian?"

~~Yes~~ <sup>Especially when I met such sly woman</sup> I was certain it was. But I could never discover  
~~who it was.~~ <sup>I tried find out what</sup> She shrugged. "So I  
which one so I went out and warned all of them." She smiled

down my trousers then  
I didn't know it.

wanly. "And now you're here ~~and safe~~ <sup>and sound</sup> and I'm here and  
finally we've won."

~~I~~ <sup>and shook my head,</sup> stared at her, the eternally baffled male. ~~[Head on]~~  
~~"Well it be -" I said, shaking my head. [Head~~

No 91

(Hook in)

X

There were deep circles under her eyes and she ~~stood~~  
<sup>rubbed</sup>  
~~rubbing~~ them like a sleepy child. I put my arm about her  
and led her to the door. "Come, my dear. It's been a  
~~long~~ crowded day for both of us. I'll walk you home."

"Poor old Mr. Cash," she murmured. "Now he'll go  
and make himself sick and spoil everything."

"I'm not so sure," I said ~~slowly~~, taking her hand.  
<sup>any more than I'm sure that</sup>  
"Nor am I so sure any longer <sup>that</sup> that one should meddle with  
<sup>in his own way, once in a while.</sup>  
the divine right of everyone to be a damned fool ~~occasionally~~  
~~in his own way.~~ Come, ~~my~~ sweet Lotti."

X

"No," I said. "No, I really don't think he will. There is much I don't know about <sup>living</sup> ~~this life business~~ but I rather agree with what he just said—to be halfway happy in this world a person must ~~try to~~ do what he must ~~do~~." I took her hand. "I think I'm also learning a little that it <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ probably not only vain but <sup>probably downright</sup> foolish to meddle with the divine right of everyone to be a damned fool in his own way. Come, my <sup>sweet Lotti</sup> dear."

Once past the town's outskirts we could see the eerie shafts of the Northern Lights glittering far out over the lake. Occasionally we could hear the waves searching against the sandy shore, their subdued and gentle slap-slap sounding like distant applause. Walking slowly we came to Presque Isle and climbing, continued past the dark and silent Indian encampment on up to Laughing Whitefish's favorite lookout <sup>high above</sup> ~~along~~ the rocky <sup>northern</sup> eastern shore. There we stood hand in hand.

"Look," Laughing Whitefish said, pointing out at the sky.

Far out over the lake the filmy smoky shafts of the Northern Lights wavered and raced in trailing scarves of light, shifting and melting across the flaming sky in great dripping organ pipes of silent melody—folding, leaping, coiling, gliding vaporously like gauzily-veiled invisible dancers on <sup>a</sup> ~~some~~ vast celestial stage. We stood watching the awesome spectacle until I reluctantly broke the spell.

"What will ever become of you, Laughing Whitefish?" I asked huskily. "What are you going to do?"

402

X

She was silent for a time before she spoke. "I think first I'll go visit Cosima before my school starts. <sup>I promised her I would --</sup> That's if there's time before our case comes back from Lansing."

She had not exactly answered my question. "There will be time," I said, wondering how I might better speak what was crowding upon my mind and heart.

"What are you going to do, William?" she now asked me.

It was my turn to fall silent. When my words came they did in a wild rush, in a tone of compulsive banter ~~which~~ I was far from feeling. Were there occasions in life too serious ever to be serious? ~~Wasn't there ever a time when~~ "I think I'll go visit Cosima, too--but I want to do it as part of our honeymoon, Laughing Whitefish," I ~~lightly~~ began. "I've always wanted to marry an heiress and write a book--and now I've just discovered I'm in love with one and have just lived through the other," I ran on. "Perhaps you can even teach me to spell. Will you, Laughing Whitefish?"

7

"Will I teach you to spell, William?" she inquired softly.

"Will you let me go with you to see Cosima?" She remained silent. "Will you, Laughing Whitefish?" I pleaded. "Please, please, I do so much want to, believe me, my dear."

Under the pallor of strange light she stood looking out over the lake. Far out there the whistle of an unseen ore boat sounded a distant throaty bleat. In the stillness I heard a dog barking back at the encampment. The rocky <sup>slow</sup> hit and thud of the surf below ~~sounded~~ sounded oddly like the clatter of falling boards. When finally she turned back to me and spoke her voice too had a certain huskiness. "There's an old Indian custom, William, that when an orphaned Indian girl is asked to marry she should consult her mother's oldest friend before deciding. Are you willing to go visit Cosima and see what she says?"

/

"It's a bargain," I said, "for ~~I~~<sup>she</sup> have now learned that  
old Indian customs have the mighty force of law, that your  
idlest custom is a command. You see... That is..." I  
paused and then blurted the words. "I love you."

"I know, William," she said. "I've known all along—ever  
since I nursed you and in your dilirium you told me <sup>over and over</sup>  
did. It was the first time I dared let myself <sup>ever</sup> <sup>dream of loving</sup> love you.  
And I do, I do."

<sup>oh</sup>  
I moved closer.  
"There's an old white custom that the man kisses the  
woman he loves when he plights her his troth. Is that a  
bargain, darling?"

"It's a bargain—darling," she whispered, lifting her  
face up to mine in the eerie glow of the Northern Lights.



X

vast

It was too wrenching to watch, he and I  
 turned and stared broodingly <sup>out</sup> across the restless  
~~foam~~ <sup>at</sup> and heave of the <sup>sea</sup> lake, at this ~~still~~ <sup>stretched</sup>  
~~restless~~ glacial sheet of hammered silver, at this sea  
 of indescribable blue -- bluer even than  
 the fabled mountain lakes of Italy --  
 at ~~at~~ <sup>this</sup> once unfettered highway of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> lakes  
 tormented girl's ancestors. A low-flying  
 gull glided languidly along and, with flash of  
 upthrust wings, suddenly lit on a slow swell,  
 bobbing and dipping like a tethered decoy.