

All were watching me with large liquid eyes.

When I raised my ^{head} eyes I saw that I was in a large natural amphitheatre surrounded by ^{the same hedge-like} close-growing cedars. As my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom I saw ^{that} along the edge of this vast amphitheatre stood hundreds of deer: bucks, does, yearlings -- even spotted fawns ^{there on spindly legs.} In the center ^{of the clearing there was} a mound of earth upon which stood ^{facing me} a great white deer. ^{of the deer they was} The tracks I had been following led to this great deer. I glanced down at my rifle and discovered that I was holding a thin poplar branch.

"Advance, man," said the deer. "We are greatly honored by your visit to our domain."

~~Heaving me~~

I shuffled forward

Nov 3, 1949

Raising my head, I found myself in a large gloomy natural amphitheatre which was surrounded by tall ^{thick} a wall of evergreens. In the centre of this ^{vast} clearing, ~~stood~~ a large white deer on stood, my deer, coolly facing me. I blinked my eyes. The deer, ^{the largest buck I had ever seen,} was pure white. The ~~daylight~~ faint light glittered on his antlers.

~~clearing~~

I raised my head ^{the gray} and found myself in ^{or} ~~the~~ ^{vast} clearing, ^{gloomy} a large natural amphitheatre, ^{like a sort of stockade,} entirely surrounded by tall evergreens and cedars, ~~daylight had not yet~~ In the center of this clearing a large deer stood facing me. I blinked my eyes. The deer, the noblest buck I had ever seen, was pure white. I had been tracking an albino deer. ^{at a shaft of light seemed to fall on them, and I saw the its small, and great spreading} The great deer stood coolly, almost disdainfully, ^{appraising me, its antlers} facing me. ^{to shaft of light glistened on its wet mangle, and} I raised my rifle and ^{levelled it} pointed at the deer. I blinked again. My rifle had turned into a slender poplar stick!

The deer of the forest

lined

Just then I felt a ^{sharp} prod in my buttocks, and wheeling swiftly I saw two more bucks immediately behind me, ^{impatience} motioning me forward with their antlers. Then, in the gathering daylight, I saw that the ^{edges of the} clearing ^{was} were lined with deer; scores and hundreds of deer: bucks, does, yearlings, and even spotted fawns. I felt ^{another} prod, harder than the ^{first} ~~first~~, and I quickly moved ~~into~~ toward the white deer, ~~the two bucks~~ escorted by the two bucks. I drew near the great white deer. He spoke.

"Your name is Robert Draver." It was ^{strictly} not a question.

I ^{humbly} nodded ^{my} head.

"You have ~~been~~ hunted ~~down~~ my ~~brother~~ brothers and ancestors for ten seasons. - and have slain eight of us. - and crippled many more."

I hung my head in shame.

"You have separated ^{whole} families, brought sorrow into our domain, and once ^{by mistake} you even shot a nursing mother."

The Deerhunt

I lay in my bunk, listening to the wild snoring of Leo and Jack; listening to the field mice gleefully exploring the mysteries of our provisions; listening to the hellish clanking of the camp alarm clock. My hatred for exploring mice and ticking clocks and snoring men was reaching homicidal proportions. I must get a grip on myself. I resolutely closed my hot eyes. Then Leo emitted a curdling snore. Ah, at last--outright strangulation was setting in. I opened my eyes and lay watching our wooden hunting underwear and socks executing a grotesque ballet hanging from the rafters, fitfully lit by a dancing slit of light from the camp stove.

This, I thought, sleepily reviewing my blessings, This is roughing it; this is camp life; this is the first night in deer camp. This, too, is probably the terminal result of too much boiled cabbage and too many blends of blended whiskey. Tomorrow, I thought, was the fiteenth of November, the first day of deerhunting. Tomorrow fifty thousand--count them--red-coated hunters from lower Michigan would join Leo and Jack and me and thousands of other upper peninsula hunters in the annual chase. Tomorrow this army of he-men, armed with elephant guns, would go forth to hunt and scourge the most graceful and defenseless and least offensive animal in the entire northwoods. The annual slaughter was about to begin. The--the annual slaughter...

Suddenly I found myself sitting on the camp floor. There was a great frisking and scampering of startled mice. I sat there on the cold wooden floor rubbing my eyes like a bewildered child in a moist suit of Dr. Denton's. The figure intrigued me. "Mama, I said, lurching to my feet. There was a muttered curse from either Leo or Jack. "To hell with you, Buckshot," I said, creaking and groping my way across the camp floor to the water pail.

"Ah-h-h!" I stealthily opened the camp door and went outside.

The night was big and still and the stars had tipped and wheeled greatly across the sky. It had snowed and the diamond points glittered faintly in the starlight. I stood there and wrote my name in snow; That is, all but the last three letters, for even the most literate must occasionally run out of ink. I stood there stupidly, wretched and shivering, watching the stars gleaming through the naked branches of the tall hardwoods.

There was one particular star. It was a star which always stared at one unblinking, cold and far and timeless; a star the name of which I never knew or ever wanted to learn. To know the mere name of a star or a bird or a flower, I somberly reflected, was to know a little less than nothing; it was to barter the awareness that lies in just looking at the mystery and wonder of Nature for the glib ignorance of man's fury to classify and label. "Yes, I know all about that star--its name is Orion." I stood there shivering, in a

in a mood for poetry. Tonight was a night for poetry. A jingle from the extensively unpublished works of one Robert Traver came unbidden to my mind.

"O, impersonal and distant star,
So far, so far out yonder,
What being stands on thy curve tonight,
And stares at Earth? I ponder."

Our log deercamp stood on a knoll a mile or so west of Silver Lake.

It had been built many years before, of cedar, and had been the main office of a logging company. The bunkhouse, the barns, the cookhouse had fallen into ruins many years before. The white pine had been logged. The tumult and the shouting of the spring drive had faded and died away. The old lumberjacks--where were they?--had faded and died away. Our camp was all that was left--a low, dark, mice-ridden relic--mouldering among the white pine stumps and tall hardwood. An owl who-whoed far down the valley toward Silver Lake and I hurriedly scrambled back into the camp.

Again I rattled the water pail, and carefully fixed the draft in the stove so that our underwear would cease its obscene dance. Then I craftily hid the alarm clock under a spare blanket. I glanced at the snoring forms of Leo and Jack. The neatest way to silence them would be to use a deer rifle. Where was the ammunition? But then there would be the inquest and all the explaining. And all the unpleasant publicity, too. "Crazed hunter

led me north, north, north. I finally crossed a narrow creek and found myself in strange country. I had never hunted there before. The trees seemed taller. The deer tracks grew fresher. I slipped my rifle off safety and pressed ahead. I came to a little knoll. On top of this knoll stood a wall of close-growing cedars. Like a hedge. The fresh tracks led into this hedge. Shrugging, I ducked my head and followed.

It was dawn of the fifteenth of November--the first day of deer season. An army of fifty thousand red-coated hunters had poured over the Straits of Mackinac to reinforce the hunting troops of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The annual slaughter was about to begin...

Leo and Jack and I had arrived at camp the night before. Our camp stood in the tall hardwood just west of Silver Lake. It was built of cedar and used to be the office of the old Dead River Logging Company's main camp. It was all that was left--a low, dark, cedar camp mouldering among the white pine stumps and thick hardwood.

I had not slept well the first night. Perhaps it was sheer excitement; perhaps it was the corned beef and cabbage; perhaps it was that I had lost nearly five bucks in smear; perhaps it was the charge of blended whiskey I had absorbed sitting too close to the stove. Perhaps it was all of these things.

A half dozen times I had been up groping for the water pail. I envied the regular snores of Jack and Leo. ^{wildly} I hated their bovine cloddish oblivion. Back in the bunk I fell asleep and then rolled out on the floor, ^{new} then out to stare at the stard. ^{It had snowed and I wrote my name in the snow. All but the last three letters.} When I wasn't out star gazing or prowling and creaking around the dark camp--which was lit only by a dancing slit of light from the ^{wood} stove--I dreamed uneasily about regiments of giant ten-point bucks goosestepping past my bunk. Daylight was ^{finally} coming when I last stalked sleep. ^{Leo and Jack still snored like thoughtless pigs.} I must have dozed and stirred uneasily and rolled, for once again I found myself out of the bunk ^{and} sitting on the floor. To hell with it, I'd get up and go hunting.

moist
sweats
gleams

sitting

It was dawn of the fifteenth of November--the first day of deer season. An army of fifty thousand red-coated hunters had poured over the Straits of Mackinac to reinforce the hunting troops of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The annual slaughter was about to begin...

Leo and Jack and I had arrived at camp the night before. Our camp stood in the tall hardwood just west of Silver Lake. It was built of cedar and used to be the office of the old Dear River Logging Company's main camp. It was all that was left--a low, dark, cedar camp mouldering among the white pine stumps and thick hardwood.

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A half dozen times I had been up groping for the water pail. I envied the regular snores of Jack and Leo. I hated their bovine cloddish oblivion. Back in the bunk I fell asleep and then rolled out on the floor, then out to stare at the stard. When I wasn't out star gazing or prowling and creaking around the dark camp--which was lit only by a dancing slit of light from the stove--I dreamed uneasily about regiments of giant ten-point bucks goosestepping past my bunk. Daylight was coming when I last stalked sleep. I must have dozed and stirred uneasily and rolled, for once again I found myself out of the bunk on the floor. To hell with it, I'd get up and go hunting.

11-27-49

2 draft

It was ^{down of} the fifteenth of November-- the first day of deer season. An army of fifty thousand red-coated ^{hunters} had poured over the ^{bottom} Straits to join ^{of Mackinac Peninsula} forces with the deer hunting troupes of the ^{Upper} Peninsula of Michigan. The ^{annual} slaughter was about to begin...

Leo and Jack and I had arrived ~~at~~ camp the night before. Our camp stood in the tall hardwood just west of Selvin Lake. It was built of cedar and used to be the ^{main} office of the old Dead Tree Logging Company's main camp. It was all that was left-- a low, dark, cedar camp ^{mouldering among the white pine stumps and} ~~in~~ the thick hardwood

I had not slept well the first night. Perhaps it was ^{sheer} excitement; perhaps it was that I ^{had} lost nearly five bucks in snow; perhaps it was the ^{charge of} blended whiskey I had absorbed sitting too close to the stove. ~~Perhaps it was all of these things.~~ A half dozen times I had been up ~~creaking~~ ^{creaking} around groping for the water pail. I missed the regular ^{I hated their} snores of Jack and Leo. ~~Once I fell out of the bunk. I dreamed for here I was crawling and creaking around the dark camp, lit only by a dancing slit of light from the stove-- I dreamed uneasily about regiments of giant ten-point bucks gowstepping past my bunk. Once again I ^{rolled over} fell found myself out of the bunk on the floor. To hell with it, I'd get up and go hunting.~~

creaking

dozed and

back in the bunk
and star gazing
I hated their snores
I dreamed for here I was crawling
and creaking around the dark camp

Incert A

There was one particular star. It was a star which ^{always} stared ^{at me} unblinking, cold and far and timeless; a star the name of which I never knew or ever wanted to learn. To know the mere name of a star or a bird or a flower, I somberly reflected, was to know a little less than nothing; ~~but~~ ^{it was} to barter the awareness that lies in ^{just} ~~the~~ looking ~~at~~ ^{at} the mystery and wonder of Nature for the glib ignorance of man's fury to classify and label. "Yes, I know all about that star -- its name is Orion." I stood there shivering, in a mood for poetry. ~~For~~ Tonight was a night for poetry. A jingle from the extensively unpublished works of one Robert Traver came ^{dancing unbidden} to my mind.

"
O, impersonal and distant star,
So far, so far out yonder,
What being stands on ^{thy} your curve tonight,
And stares at Earth? I ponder."

(Drama: Then back to "Our log camp, etc --
Ness")

2 draft
Separate

Outside I saw that
there was one lone star in the sky.
My name had been miraculously erased by never snow.
A light snow had fallen.

Leaving the camp I took a compass bearing and
struck ~~west~~ westerly toward the ~~fall~~ Dead River falls.

The tall broadwood looked ghostly in the half-dawn,
^{news one had fallen; some of the old ones were now} ~~some of these~~ ^{confidentially} leaning ^{against the others,}
^{through the year some} ~~some~~ ^{staggering, multi-gripping} whispering, like proud and aged priests, ^{straggling} in the
unhempt grounds of a neglected ^{cloister.} ~~convent.~~ ~~monastery.~~

I had gone about a quarter mile when I struck
fresh ^{deer} tracks. ^{They} Big ones ^{checked my compass} ~~to~~ went due north. I followed
them. They led me north, north, north. I finally
crossed a ^{narrow} creek ^{and found myself in} strange country. I had never been
^{The trees seemed taller.} ~~hunted there before.~~ ^{to} The ^{fresh} tracks grew fresher. I slipped my rifle off
softly and pressed ahead. It came to a little knoll
On top of this knoll stood a wall of close-growing
cedars. Like a hedge. The ^{fresh} tracks led into this hedge.
Struggling, I ducked my head and followed.

"The all-works of man," thoughts, scribbles, ornaments, other-journal of Nihilistic corn.

2nd.
Nov. 2, 1949

1 draft

The Deerhunt

~~Jack and my brother~~

I lay in my bunk, ~~listening to the wild snoring of Leo, and Jack,~~
listening to the field mice gleefully exploring the mysteries of our ~~food~~
~~listening to the wild snoring of Jack and my brother Leo,~~ and to
provisions, ~~listening to the hellish clanking of the camp alarm clock.~~

My hatred for exploring mice and ticking clocks and snoring men was reaching
homicidal proportions. I ~~must~~ ^{had to} get a grip on myself. I ~~resolutely~~ ^{again arranged my blankets and} closed
^{To sleep, perchance to dream...}

my hot eyes. Then Leo emitted a curdling snore. Ah, at last--outright
^{and lay there quietly waiting for Leo to expire. I idly watched}
strangulation was setting in... I opened my eyes, ~~and lay watching our~~ ^{camp} wooden
^{hanging from the rafters,} ~~the~~ ^{of which} shadows were ~~scattered~~
hunting underwear and socks, ^{on the far wall,} executing a grotesque ballet hanging from the
rafters, fitfully lit by a dancing slit of light from the camp stove.

This, I thought, sleepily reviewing my blessings, This is roughing it;
this is camp life; this is the first night in deer camp. This, too, is
probably the terminal result of too much boiled cabbage and too many blends
of blended whiskey. Tomorrow, I thought, was the ^ffifteenth of November, the
first day of deerhunting. Tomorrow fifty thousand ~~count them~~ ^{red-coated}
hunters from lower Michigan would join Leo and Jack and me and thousands of
other upper peninsula hunters in the annual ^{assault on the white-tailed deer.} chase. Tomorrow this army of he-
men, armed with elephant guns, would go forth to hunt and scourge the most
graceful and defenseless and least offensive animal in the entire northwoods.

^{May, in all America. May, in all the world.}
the annual slaughter was about to begin. ~~The~~ ^{Yes, the} annual slaughter...

Suddenly I found myself sitting on the ^{cold} camp floor. There was a great
~~frisking and scampering~~ ^{across the camp floor, like the ~~sound~~ ^{scurrying} of dried leaves} of startled mice. I sat there on the ~~cold wooden~~ ^{drafty}
floor rubbing my eyes like a bewildered child in a moist suit of Dr. Denton's.

The figure ^{greatly} intrigued me. "Mama, I said, ^{falsetto,} lurching to my feet. There was a

muttered curse from either Leo or Jack. "To hell with you, Buckshot," I said,

^{renownedly,} creaking and groping my way across the camp floor to the water pail. I ^{elaborately} clattered the
tin dipper ^{water} against the pail and drank long and greedily.

"Ah-h-h!" I ~~stealthily~~ opened the camp door and went outside.

The night was ^{big and clear} ~~big and still~~ and the stars ^{preparing for dawn,} had tipped and wheeled
greatly across the sky. It had snowed and the diamond points glittered

faintly in the starlight. ^{Shivering,} I stood there ^{in the stillness} and wrote my name in snow; that

is, all but the last three letters, for even the most ^{dogged penmen} ~~literate~~ must
occasionally run out of ink. I stood there ^{in a sort of ~~state of~~ miserable enchantment,} ~~stupidly,~~ wretched and shivering,
watching the stars gleaming through the naked ^{and beeching} branches of the tall hardwoods.

There was one particular star. It was a star which always stared at
one unblinking, cold and far and timeless; a star the name of which I never
knew or ever wanted to learn. To know the mere name of a star or a bird or
a flower, I somberly reflected, was to know a little less than nothing. ~~It~~

^{To know but a name} was to barter the awareness that lies in ^{the ~~mere~~ ^{silent} beholding of} ~~just looking at~~ the mystery and
wonder of Nature for the ^{blind} glib ignorance of man's ^{blind} fury to classify and label.

"Yes, I know all about that star--its name is Orion." I stood there shivering,

~~in a~~

clutched in a ^{loftly} mood for poetry. Tonight was a night for poetry. A jingle from the extensively unpublished works of one Robert Traver came unbidden to my mind.

Center more →
"O, impersonal and distant star,
So far, so far out yonder,
What being stands on thy curve tonight,
And ~~stares at Earth~~ ^{views the Earth} ~~pondered~~ in wonder?"

Our log deercamp stood on a knoll a mile or so west of Silver Lake.

It had been built many years before, of cedar, and had ^{once} been the main office

of a logging company. The bunkhouse, the barns, the cookhouse had ^{long ago} fallen

^{tangled} into ruins, ~~many years before.~~ ^{all great towering} The white pine had been logged, ^{and a million stumps marked their graves.} The tumult

and the shouting of the spring drive had faded and died away. ^{"Timber-a-a!"} The old

lumberjacks--where were they? ^{remote deer} ~~Had faded and died away.~~ Our camp was all that

was left--a low, dark, mice-ridden relic--mouldering among the ~~white pine~~

^{rotting} ~~rotten~~ stumps and ~~tall~~ ^{tall} hardwood. An owl who-whoed far down the valley toward

Silver Lake and I hurriedly scrambled back into ~~the~~ camp. ~~It was good to hear~~
~~the snoring of men, again.~~

Again I rattled the water pail, and carefully fixed the draft in the stove so that our underwear would cease its obscene dance. Then I craftily

hid the alarm clock under a spare blanket. I glanced at the snoring forms

of Leo and Jack. ^{Idm...} The neatest way to silence them would be to use a deer

rifle. Where was the ammunition? But then there would be the inquest and

^{endless} ~~all~~ the explaining. And all the unpleasant publicity, too. "Crazed hunter

"Timber-a-a!"

Winding through the tortuous hardwood
led me north, north, north. I finally crossed a narrow creek and found

myself in strange country. I had never hunted there before. The trees
There were more evergreens. ^{my deer had ~~slowed~~ ^{they had actually} slowed to a walk.}
seemed taller. The ~~deer~~ tracks grew fresher. I slipped my rifle off of

^{of the deer}
^{cautiously} safety and pressed ahead. I came to a little knoll ^{on top of this which}

^{tall} ~~knoll~~ stood a wall of close-growing cedars, ^{rough} like a hedge ^{like an unkempt hedge.} The fresh tracks led

into this hedge. Shrugging, I ducked my head and followed.

I raised my head and found myself in a ^{the place} vast ~~clearing~~ clearing, a ^{dispelled} large natural amphitheatre, the ^{was not yet entirely penetrated by} night gloom of which the gray daylight, ~~but not yet entirely penetrated.~~ ~~The entrance~~ ^{completely} ~~was~~ ~~surrounded~~, encircled by tall evergreens and cedars, like a sort of stockade. In the centre of this ^{great} clearing, a large deer stood ^{quietly} facing me. The tracks I had been following led to where he stood. I blinked my eyes. This deer, the noblest buck I had ever seen, was pure white. A shaft of light ^{quitting} glistened on his wet muzzle and spreading rack of antlers. I could see ^{his} sides heaving as he breathed. The great animal stood coolly, almost disdainfully, appraising me.

Quickly I raised my rifle and levelled it at the deer. I blinked again. My rifle had turned into ^{of all things,} a slender ^{olive branch!} poplar stick!

Just then I felt a sharp prod in my buttocks. I whirled and saw two bucks immediately behind me, urging me forward with impatient tosses of their antlers. In my haste to avoid them, I rushed forward and ^{stumbled and (prone on the dome)} fell. I heard ^{the} a burst of wild, hilarious laughter and for the first time, in the gathering daylight, observed that the edges of the ~~circumfer~~ clearing was lined ^{scores and hundreds of} with deer: young deer, old deer, and medium deer; large deer and small deer; bucks, does and yearlings; there was even several ^{late} spotted fawns. I scrambled to my feet and stood there uncertainly. Again I felt a sharp prod, harder than the first, and I quickly moved ~~in~~ toward the white deer. The two bucks followed closely behind me, ^{forming} ^{military} like a sort of escort. I drew near ^{to} the great white deer and stopped. "You may stop," he said. I froze in my tracks. Curiously enough, I was not ^{in the least} surprised when the deer spoke.

"Your name is Robert Traver." It was not strictly a question.

I gloomily nodded my head.

"You have hunted my people for ten seasons now -- and ^{during that time you} have slain eight of our number."

I hung my head in shame.

~~You have crippled many more of us; you have separated entire families; you have harried our~~

" Consider, then, what I am about to say...
For many years, ^{even before} ^{since} the Indians ^{so} freely roamed
^{these woods,}

^{our ancestors} have pondered how ^{they} might protect
themselves against their ^{human} tormentors, and

This year we at last think we ^{may} have at last
~~found~~ found a way. To you, Robert Traver,
great honor and
falls the distinction of being the first
^{ever} hunter to be tried by a court and
jury of your ^{peers} ^{but fear not, for} ~~peers~~ ^{are you ready to}
~~proceed~~ ^{I assume you that} ^{errand} ^{fairly} ~~and~~

~~I nodded my head.~~ ^{gracious treatment,}
In the ^{unhappy} event ^{of} your ^{conviction?} ~~conviction~~, you will
be given the same ^{the same} ^{chance} that you ^{humans have} ~~so~~
^{long so} ^{generously} accorded us. Are you ready to
proceed?"

Perspiration fell from my chin as
I nodded my head.

" Robert Traver, you have not only
slain my people; you have crippled many
more of ^{our number} ~~our~~ ~~base~~ and left them to ^{die or to slowly} starve
and fall prey to the coyotes and wolves; you
have separated entire families; you have
harried us during

Insert B

The great deer turned and ^{thoughtfully} surveyed the ^{rest assembled,} ~~throng~~ ^{pressed in} of ~~other~~ ^{deer} ~~other~~, which had ^{closed in} ~~pressed forward~~ during the proceedings, until I was completely ~~surrounded~~ encircled by ~~deer~~ ^{an intent} ~~strong~~ ^{intent} of deer.

"Gentlemen of the ^{counts} jury," the white deer said, "you have ^{now} heard the ^{complete} indictment of this hunter. ~~It is the~~ ^{Deliberate fairly and} ~~time has~~ ^{come} now ~~time~~ for you to reach your verdict. ^{Consider it well,} ~~if~~ ^{the defendant} you wish to find ~~him~~ ^{innocent.} not guilty, please answer no; ^{there} if you wish to find him guilty, please answer yes.

^{was an interminable pause.} "Now what is your verdict?"

~~I~~ Fearfully I glanced at the circle of deer and was horrified to see ^{up and down, every last one} ~~every~~ one of them gravely nodding ^{his} ~~their~~ ^(up and down) ~~heads~~ like ^{the a} ~~mechanical~~ deer ^{I had once seen} in a Christmas display at Field's.

"Very well, gentlemen," the white deer said. "Your verdict will be accepted and recorded." He again ^{and confronted} ~~turned~~ ^{to me,}

"Robert Traver, in accordance with the verdict of the jury, I find you guilty on all counts of the indictment. Do you have anything to say before the sentence of the court is passed upon you?"

~~the~~ season of our love making; ^{and} you ^{and your kind} have brought nothing but sorrow and death into our domain.

I continued to ~~too~~ stare at the ground, unseeing.

"Look at me!" the great deer commanded. "I have ^{yet} not finished your arraignment. Last ^{year} fall -- by mistake, it is true -- you shot a ^{doe deer} mother with twin fawns."

I nodded my head in ^{sad} assent.

"And you were just about to murder me."

Again I nodded.

"Then, Robert Traver," the great deer continued,

"I find you guilty on all counts of the indictment. Do you have anything to say before the sentence of this court is passed upon you?"

Drama:
Here take insert B.

¶ Trembling violently, I shook my head, no.

The ^{white} deer spoke slowly, ^{instantly transformed} ^{we} ^{almost wearily} ^{have promised to treat you as fairly} further, that you forthwith yourself in front of your ^{own hunting} camp, from ^{the door of your fellow slayers --} which your brother Leo and your friend Jack ^{will} just ^{be} ^{emerging} -- with ^{loaded} rifles!"

SPACE

(in an instant I found myself standing ^{under} ^{gnarled wild} ^{apple tree in} front of camp.)

~~I was back at camp and~~
Lo, Jack and Leo were coming from camp just coming out the ^{camp} door -- with their rifles!

"Wait!" I tried to shout, but ^{the only sound} that came from me was ^{syringing} the "whew" of a blowing buck.

"Whew, whew, WHEW!" I ^{frantically} shouted, as Jack and Leo simultaneously levelled their rifles at me.

"Whew!" I shouted, as they ^{both} fired.

"Whew," I weakly whispered, ^{or} collapsed on the ground.

"Whew," I ^{again} mumbled sheepishly, as I found myself ^{sitting on the floor of the camp}

In my death throes my eyelids ^{weakly} fluttered open and I ^{dimly} saw Jack and Leo ^{curiously} staring down at me ^{new miraculously} clad in pajamas.

"Whew," I ^{mumbled} sheepishly from my ^{favorite} vantage point on the camp floor. "What a hell of a dream ^{that} was!"

Even the whitepine stumps

This constant sifting of snow

Each whitepine stump, with its foaming mound of ~~beer~~ snow, looked like a giant sidlel of beer.

^{bridal veil}
This constant sifting of snow, coupled with the beerish looking mounds.

^{The} Each, whitepine stump, with ^{their} its foaming mound of ^{snow,} beer, looked like a ^{giant sidlel} ~~foaming mound~~ of beer.

Even the ^{nothing} whitepine stumps, with their foaming mounds of ~~beer~~ snow, somehow contrived to look like giant sidlels of beer.

This, and the foaming beerish-looking mounds of snow on the whitepine stumps,

* The whitepine stumps, look with their foaming mounds of snow, looked like giant sidlels of beer.

This constant sifting of snow, coupled
with the beer-stein

Even
The white-pine stumps, with their foaming
mounds of snow, ^{sometimes} looked like ~~foam-~~
driven giant sides of beer. I was
getting thirsty again!!!

through the hardwoods -- mostly yellow birch and hard
and soft maple --

were composed mostly of yellow birches and hard and soft maples,
with an occasional beech. They

The white pine stumps, ^{ing} fanned ^{over} with ^{their} mounds of
^{looked} snow, like giant foodstove sirdels of beer.

They were mostly yellow birches and hard and soft maple.

[1949]

"I think I understand some of the things that goad you hunters to so
~~relentlessly~~ relentlessly pursue us. In many cases, in most perhaps, it is the
simple lust for meat; in others it is an atavistic urge to stalk and kill;
and in still others, more subtly, to kill a deer somehow at once demonstrates and
massages the ego of the human male. All of it is a curious mixture of juvenility
and plain brutality. And whatever your motives, the results are the same for us:
pain, sorrow and death."

I stared at the olive branch I held in my hand.

"Consider, then, what I am about to say... For many, many years, even
before the Indians so freely roamed these woods, my ancestors pondered how
they might shield themselves from their human tormentors. Only this year do
we think we may

7B

2 draft

"I think I understand some of the things that goad you hunters to so relentlessly pursue us.

In many cases, ⁱⁿ most perhaps, ^{it is} the simple ^{lust} greed for ~~wild~~ meat; in others, ^{it is} an atavistic urge to stalk and kill; and in ^{still} others, more subtly, ~~to~~ to kill a deer somehow ^{at one demonstrates and} massages the ego of the human ~~hunter~~ male. ^{All of} it is a curious mixture of juvenility and plain brutality.

And ~~but~~ whatever your motives, the results ^{are} the same for us: pain, sorrow and death.

I stared at the olive branch ^{I held} in my hand.

"Consider, then, what I am about to say... For many, many years, even before the Indians so freely roamed these woods, my ancestors pondered how they might shield themselves from their human tormentors. Only this year do we think we may

Insert A

The new snow had covered the earth and clothed
and ~~along~~ the silent hardwood in a curiously holiday aspect.

¶ The tall hardwoods looked secretive and ghostly in the half-dawn. The new snow had covered the earth and clung to the beseeching naked limbs of the hardwoods in tufts and cotton-balls, ^{some occasionally falling,} ^{streamers and} ^{and} ^{ending the forest an oddly} ^{giving} investing the scene with a curiously gala holiday aspect. In the silent hardwood the trees were mostly old and tall, and some were rotted and dead and fallen, and some were rotting and dying, still standing, like proud and aged priests. Others leaned, ^{and sighful} ^{wearily} against their fellows, ~~as though exchanging~~ ^{like} ^{wilful,} ^{tippling} ^{old men} ^{exchanging} ^{whispered} ^{obsessive} confidences. The scene was invested with a sense of nameless and infinite ruin.

There was a ^{strange hush, a sort of} ^{whispering} stillness, as I walked along upon the light new snow, cushioned on the matting of so many years' dead leaves. I came upon a great hardwood that had crashed in a recent storm, its trunk twisted and torn and ^{reluctant} ^{pepped} with ^{the} ^{agony} as it had bent finally of its ^{final} ^{surrender} to the obedient and triumphant earth.

"Whew!" a deer blew just ahead of me, ~~and~~ ^{and frozen,} ^{watching} I stood stupidly staring, my rifle listless at my side, ^{bound} ^{gaining incredible speed,} ^{bouncing over} it ^{bounded} gracefully out of sight, its tall white flag ^{aloofly} gaily wig-wagging a fond farewell. "Big one," I said, ^{to} thus keeping ^{my} ^{stupidity} ^{strictly} ⁱⁿ ^{character,} ^{and big} indeed it was, as its large ^{splayed} tracks, ^{showed} ^{with} the wide splayed hoof marks, ^{plainly} ^{showed}.

The tracks led due north. I checked my compass and followed them. They led me north, north, north. ^{Several} ^{times} I was ready to abandon them, ^{but each time} I would hear a distant "whew" and away I ^{keen-eyed} ^{plunged} through the tangle of hardwood, again the mighty hunter determined to make his kill. ^{Folks} ^{call him} ^{Lightnin'} ^{Robert} ^{Traver,} I mused. "He can wheel and shoot the eye out of a gopher at seventy paces!"

Winding through the tortuous hardwood, crawling over and under and detouring around the endless windfalls, I finally crossed a narrow creek and found myself in strange country. I had never hunted there before. ~~(A's near A)~~ I had never been there before.

The tall hardwoods looked secretive and ghostly in the half-dawn. The new snow had covered the earth and clung to the beseeching naked limbs of the hardwoods in streamers and tufts and cotton-balls, some occasionally falling, lending the forest an oddly gala aspect. In the silent hardwood the trees were mostly old and tall, and some were rotted and dead and fallen, and some were rotting and dying, still standing, like proud and aged priests. Others leaned and sighed against their fellows, like willful, tottering old men exchanging obscene confidences. The scene was invested with a sense of nameless and infinite ruin.

There was a strange hush, a sort of whispering stillness, as I walked along upon the light new snow, cushioned on the matting of so many years' dead leaves. I came upon a great hardwood that had crashed in a recent storm, its trunk twisted and torn and ripped with the agony of its final reluctant surrender to the obedient and triumphant earth.

"Whew!" a deer blew just ahead of me. I stood stupidly staring and frozen, my rifle listless at my side, watching it bound gracefully out of sight, gaining incredible speed, bouncing over the tangle of windfalls, its tall white flag gaily wig-wagging a fond farewell. "Big one," I said aloud thus keeping my stupidity strictly in character; and big indeed it was, as its large tracks, with the wide

splayed hoof marks, plainly showed. The tracks led due north. I checked my compass and followed them. They led me north, north, north. Several times I was ready to abandon them, but each time I would hear a distant "whew" luring me on, and away I plunged through the tangle of hardwood, again the keen-eyed mighty hunter determined to make his kill. "Folks call him 'Lightnin' Traver," I mused. "He can wheel and shoot the eye out of a gopher at seventy paces!"

Winding through the tortuous hardwood, crawling over and under and detouring around the endless windfalls, I finally crossed a narrow creek and found myself in strange country. I had never hunted before. I had never been there before.

Written by:
John D. Volker
Schperding, Michigan

Final draft

Three final - heavy. Please page.

THE TRIAL

by
ROBERT TRAVER

I lay in my bunk in the darkened camp, ~~by the~~
~~rolling and tossing~~ ^{and rolling} ~~and tossing~~ ^{and then passing, and} ~~and listening~~: (Donna: now pick up with
the second "listening to the field music, etc. -- It's two "listenings" together.)

3rd ed. 1949.
Nov. 4

Written by:

John D. Voth
Shippen, Michigan

~~Why I Quit Deerhunting~~
~~The Trials of a Deerhunter~~

The Trial

The Deerhunt

Robert Brown

~~listening~~: listening

I lay in my bunk ~~(listening)~~ ^{listening} to the field mice gleefully exploring the mysteries of our provisions; ^{listening} to the wild snoring of Jack and my brother Leo;

^{listening} and to the hellish clanking of the camp alarm clock. My hatred for exploring mice

and ticking clocks and snoring men was reaching homicidal proportions. I had to

get a grip on myself. I again arranged ^(dishevelled) my blankets ^{(composed my tired limbs,} and resolutely closed my ~~hot~~

eyes. To sleep, ~~dammit~~ ^{damn it} and perchance to dream... Then Leo emitted a curdling snore. Ah,

at last--outright strangulation was setting in... I opened my ^{hot} eyes and ^{expectantly} ~~quietly~~

lay there waiting for ^{him} Leo ^{waiting} to expire. I idly watched our long woolen underwear

and socks ^{dangling} hanging from the camp rafters, the shadows of which were executing a

grotesque ballet on the far wall, ^{a fitful} fitfully lit by a dancing slit of light from

~~the~~ ^{the} camp stove, their shadows were performing a grotesque ballet on the far wall.

This, I thought, sleepily reviewing my blessings, this is roughing it; this

is camp life; this is the first night in deer camp. This, too, is probably the

terminal result of too much boiled cabbage and too many ^{inept} blends of ^{blended} ~~blended~~ whiskey.

One deserves the whiskey one drinks...

Tomorrow, I thought, was the fifteenth of November, the first day of deerhunting.

Tomorrow fifty thousand red-coated hunters from lower Michigan would join Leo and

Jack and me and thousands of other upper peninsula hunters in the annual assault on

the white-tailed deer. Tomorrow this army of he-men, armed with elephant guns, would go forth to hunt and scourge the most graceful and defenseless and least

offensive animal in the entire northwoods. Nay, in all America. Nay, in all the

world. The annual slaughter was about to begin. Yes, the--the annual slaughter...
And I was so very tired...

To sleep, perchance to fall out of bed...
Suddenly I found myself sitting on the cold camp floor. There was a great

frisking of startled mice across the ~~camp~~ ^{autumn} floor, like the scurrying of dried

leaves. I sat there on the drafty floor rubbing my eyes, ^{feeling} like a bewildered child

adrift afloat
in a moist suit of Dr. Denton's. The figure intrigued me. "Mama, I said, falsetto,

"Nobby doc today"
lurching to my feet. There was a muttered curse from either Leo or Jack. "To hell

in perfect unison.
with you, Buckshot," I said, venomously, creaking and groping my way across the

of H. my thirst was assuming Death Valley proportions.
camp floor to the water pail. I elaborately clattered the tin dipper against

perfect unison
responded with answering
only
of only
could only somehow disturb their
wrenched
nasal trumpeting...
the water pail and drank long and greedily. "Ah-h-h!" I ^{wrenched} opened the camp door

and went outside, ^{obliquely} ^{heavy wooden} slamming the door. I did contrive to dislodge several

all I achieved was to dislodge several feet of chinking from between
the logs and Jack snored on and on. I moved away from the camp, out of range...
The night was big and clear and the stars, preparing for dawn, had tipped and

Sometime during the night it
a billion
wheeled greatly across the sky. It had snowed and the diamond points glittered

feebly
waning
frosty
faintly in the starlight. Shivering, I stood there in the stillness and wrote my

name in the snow; that is, all but the last three letters, for even the most

dogged penmen must occasionally run out of ink. I stood there in a sort of state

of miserable enchantment, wretched and shivering, watching the stars gleaming through the naked branches of the tall hardwoods. ~~The consistency of it...~~

There was one particular star. It was a star which always stared at one ^{balefully} and unblinking; cold and far and timeless; a star the name of which I never knew or ever wanted to learn. To know the mere name of a star or a bird or a flower, I somberly ^{told myself} reflected, was to know a little less than nothing. To know but ^{quiet contemplation of the mystery} ~~this~~ a name was to barter the awareness that lies in the ^{looking at the mystery} ~~silent~~ beholding of the mystery and wonder of Nature for the glib ignorance of man's blind fury to classify and label. "Yes, ^{yes!} I know all about that ^{constellation} ~~star~~—its name is ^{Sirius, the Dog Star.} ~~Orion~~." I stood there ^{no longer earthbound,} shivering, clutched in a lofty mood for poetry. Tonight was a night for poetry. ^(Looking at the cold star, a dubious rhyme) A jingle from the extensively unpublished works of one Robert Traver came unbidden to my mind.

Donna: Bring the "o" one space to left. The quoted marks can hang over -- looks better.

"O, impersonal and distant star,
So far, so far out yonder,
What being stands on thy curve tonight
And views the Earth in wonder?"

Our log deercamp stood on a knoll a mile or so west of Silver Lake. It had been built many years before, of cedar, and had once been the ^{paymaster's} ~~main~~ office of a large logging company. ^{glittering} ~~The~~ ^{What treasure once lurked there...} bunkhouse, the barns, the cookhouse ~~and~~ had long ago fallen into ^{wild-grown} ~~tangled~~ ruins. All the towering white pines had been logged and ^{endless} ~~a million~~ ^{thousands of} ~~cutters~~

~~rotting~~ ^{decaying} stumps marked their graves. "Timber-r-r!" ^{eager} The bite of the axe and the whine of ^{cross-cut} the saw, the tumult and the shouting of the spring drive ^{-- all} had faded and died away. And the old lumberjacks--where were they?... Our remote deer camp was all that was left--a low, dark, mice-ridden relic--mouldering among the rotten stumps and rotting hardwood. An owl who-
^{empty} whoed far down the valley toward Silver Lake and ^{shivering} I hurriedly scrambled back into camp.

^{for an indecent interval,} Again I rattled the water pail and carefully fixed the draft in the stoge so that our underwear would cease its obscene dance, ^{and} ~~then~~ I craftily hid the alarm clock under a spare blanket. I glanced ^{appraisingly} at the snoring forms of Leo and Jack. Hm... The ^{swiftest} ^{most efficient} way to silence them would be to use ^{any} a deer rifle. ^{But hold -- after all,} Where was the ammunition? ~~But~~ there would be the inquest and the endless ^{the reporters and} explaining. And all the unpleasant publicity, too. "Crazed hunter runs amuck

in deercamp"--or was it "amok"? And anyway, lucky for them, they were quiet for ^{-- probably gathering their resources.} the moment. I sank wearily into my bunk and drew the blankets over my head.

I would play ~~that~~ dead. Instead I must have fallen asleep immediately. ⁹ Into ^{profound} my oblivion there presently ^{marched} appeared a regiment of giant ten-point bucks, haughtily ^{parading} ^{marching} past my bunk in a curious sort of goosetstep, their moist muzzles glistening in the firelight. The last one stopped and protruded his blue tongue at me.

Outraged, I reached for my rifle--and again found myself sitting on the cold
camp floor. "To hell with it," I muttered through clenched teeth. Mice, snoring ~~now~~,
^{undigested} cabbage... It was far ^{wisely} ~~better~~ to get up and go hunting.

Outside I saw that my name had been miraculously erased by newer snow.

"Like all the works of men," I thought, smiling inwardly at this splendid kernel
of philosophic corn. Leaving the camp I took a compass bearing and struck
~~(Here take Inuit)~~
westerly toward the Dead River falls. The tall hardwoods looked secretive and

ghostly in the half-dawn. During the year there had been some new windfalls to
block my way; and some of the older trees now leaned ^{warily} confidentially against the

others, as though ^{exchanging ed. confidences} whispering, like proud and aged priests mildly gossiping in
the unkempt grounds of some neglected cloister. I had gone about a quarter mile

when I struck fresh deer tracks. They were the largest tracks I had ever seen.

From the marks in the new snow I saw that I had jumped the big deer. His tracks,
now running, went due north. I checked my compass and followed them. They led me

north, north, north. Winding through the tortuous hardwood I finally crossed a

~~narrow creek and found myself in strange country. I had never hunted there before.~~

Slowly, slowly I worked west, ^{always ever} on the lookout
alert for deer or fresh tracks. Hadn't my father
always told me that dawn was the best time
to get them?

sheer
the creative unoriginality of

WHOW!

The tall hardwoods looked secretive and ghostly in the half-dawn. The new snow had covered the earth and clung to the beseeching naked limbs of the hardwoods in streamers and tufts and cotton-balls, some occasionally ^{cascading down} falling, ^{with gentle thuds and} lending the ^{scene} forest an oddly gala aspect. In the silent hardwood the trees were mostly old and tall, and some were rotted and dead and fallen, and some were rotting and dying, still standing, like proud and aged priests. Others leaned ^{wearily} and sighed against their fellows, ^(sighing and scraping) like wilful, tippling old men exchanging obscene confidences. ^{the} ^{touching} ^{Protestant} ^{Comedy and tragedy} ^{of nature itself,} ^{a tangled mingling of} ^{death in life...} ~~The scene was invested with a sense of nameless and infinite ruin.~~

There was a strange hush, a sort of whispering stillness, as I walked along upon the light new snow, cushioned on the matting of so many years' dead leaves.

I came upon a great hardwood that had crashed in a recent storm, ^(bending carrying) ^{a dozen young trees} ^{down} ^{to death with it,} its trunk ^{very} ^{its} ^{back} ^{broken,} ^{and} ^{its} ^{trunk} ^{final} ^{twisted} and torn and ripped with the ^{final} agony of its ^{final} reluctant surrender to the ^{waiting} obedient and triumphant earth. ^{The} ^{scene} ^{was} ^{invested} ^{with} ^a ^{sense} ^{of} ^{nameless} ^{and} ^{infinite} ^{ruin...}

"Whew!" a deer blew just ahead of me. I stood ^{stupidly} staring and frozen, my rifle listless at my side, ^{stupidly} watching it ^{a large wraith of a deer leaping} ^{bound} ^{gracefully} out of sight, ^{gaining} ^{it} ^{seemed} ^{to} ^{pass} ^{the} ^{very} ^{air} ^{with} ^{its} ^{grace} ^{and} ^{and} ^{bouncing} ^{jumble} ^{incredible} ^{speed,} ^{bouncing} ^{over} ^{the} ^{tangle} ^{of} ^{windfalls,} its tall white flag ^{gaily} ^{final} ^{gay} wig-wagging a ^{final} farewell. "Big one," I said aloud, ^{thus} ^{keeping} ^{my} ^{stupidity} ~~strictly in character,~~ and big indeed it was, as its large tracks ^{with} the wide

^{prints}
splayed hoof marks, plainly showed. The tracks led due north. I checked my

compass and followed them. They led me north, north, north. Several times I was

^{and return to camp for food and snoreless rest.}
ready to abandon them. But each time I would hear a distant "whew" luring me on, ^{and on,}

^{from circle around}
and away I plunged through the ~~tangle~~ of hardwood, again the keen-eyed mighty

hunter determined to make his kill. "Folks ^{up this way} call him 'Lightnin'' Traver," I

^{"to be"} mused. ^{groundhog} "He can wheel and shoot the eye out of a ~~gopher~~ at seventy paces!"

Winding through the tortuous hardwood, crawling over and under and detouring

around the endless windfalls, I finally crossed a narrow ^{boggy} creek and found myself

in strange country. I had never hunted before. I had never been there before.

The trees ^{somehow} seemed taller, ^{and there} ~~there~~ were more evergreens. The tracks of the great deer ^{had grown} grew fresher. They finally ^{had} slowed to a walk. I slipped my rifle off ~~of~~ safety ^{I heard the deer snap a twig just ahead of me.}

and pressed cautiously ahead. I came to a little knoll on top of which stood a tall wall of close-growing cedars, like an unkempt hedge. The fresh tracks led into this ^{thick} hedge. Shrugging ^{and putting my rifle back on safety,} I ^{nodded} my head and followed.

I raised my head and found myself in a vast clearing, a large natural amphitheatre, the night gloom of which was not yet entirely dispelled by the ^{slow} gray of daylight. The ^{strange} place was completely encircled by tall evergreens and cedars, like a sort of ^{rough} stockade. In the center of this great clearing a large deer stood ~~quietly~~ facing me. The tracks I had been following led to where he stood.

I blinked my eyes. This deer, the noblest buck I had ever seen, was pure white. A ^{fugitive} shaft of light glistened on his ^{moist} muzzle and ^{immense} spreading rack ^{pillars} of antlers. I

could see his sides quietly heaving as he breathed. ^{His eyes were large and wide and wet, and the thin, pale, vapor rising from his nostrils.} The great animal stood

^{appraising me} coolly, almost disdainfully. ^{with its large wet eyes,} ^{It took a step in my direction.} ^{appraising me,} I quickly raised my rifle and levelled ^{and rubbed my eyes with the back of my hand.}

it at the deer. ^{It did not move.} I blinked again. My rifle had turned into, of all things, a slender olive branch!

Just then I felt a sharp prod in my buttocks. I wheeled and saw two bucks immediately behind me, urging me forward with impatient tosses of their ^{sharp} antlers.

In my haste to avoid them, I rushed forward and stumbled and fell prone on

the ~~damp~~ snow-covered ground. I heard a ^{wild} burst of ~~wild, but~~ hilarious laughter and ~~for the first time~~, in the gathering daylight, ^{I saw for the first time} ~~observed~~ that the edge

of the ^{vast arena} clearing was lined with ^{scores} and hundreds of deer: young deer, old

deer, and medium deer; large deer and small deer; bucks, does and yearlings;

~~there were~~ ^{and} even several late fawns. ^{All of them, ~~were~~ ^{stood motionless and reproachfully} ~~were~~ ^{silently} watching me, with ^{large reproachful eyes,} ~~silent interest~~ ^{trembling and} I scrambled to my feet and stood there, un-}

certainly. Again I felt a sharp prod, harder than the first, and I quickly moved

~~forward~~ ^{large} toward the white deer. The two bucks ^{dangerous} followed closely behind me, forming a sort

of ~~military~~ ^{I felt like a felon, ^{dangerous} under ~~my~~ heavy guard.} escort. I drew near to the great white deer and stopped. Curiously

~~enough~~, I was not in the least surprised when ^{he great white} the deer spoke. His voice was low and gentle and yet ^{it} ~~seemed~~ ^{to carry to the farthest reaches of the ^{strange} coniferous place.}

"Your name is Robert Traver." It was not strictly a question.

I glumly nodded my head.

"You have hunted my people for ten seasons now--and during that time you have slain eight of our number."

I hung my head in shame.

"Consider, then, what I am about to say... For many, many years, even before the Indians so freely roamed these woods, my ancestors ~~have~~ pondered how they might ^{shield} protect themselves ^{from} against their human tormentors. ^{Only} This year ^{do} we think we may

"I think I understand some of the things that goad you hunters to so
~~relentlessly~~ relentlessly pursue us, ^{" the great deer went on.} "In many cases, in most perhaps, it is the

simple lust for meat; in others it is an atavistic urge to stalk and kill;

and in still others, more subtly, to kill a deer somehow at once demonstrates and

massages the ego of the human male. ^{strange} ~~what a fine brave fellow am I!~~ All of it is a curious mixture of juvenility
and plain brutality. ^{Perhaps these are some of the reasons for your interminable wars...} ~~But whatever your motives, the results are the same for us:~~ ^{But I digress.}

^{infinite} pain, ^{and} sorrow and death."

~~bit my lower lip and~~
I stared at the olive branch I held in my hand.

"Consider, then, what I am about to say... For many, many years, even
before the Indians so freely roamed these woods, my ancestors pondered how
they might shield themselves from their human tormentors. ^{But only} ~~Only~~ this year ~~do~~
~~we think we may~~

^{we} have at last found a way ^{to protect ourselves.} To you, Robert Traver, falls the great honor and distinction of being the first hunter ever to be tried by a ~~court~~ and jury of your ~~deers.~~ ^{They are All of them are} relatives and friends of the deer you have killed or wounded in the past. But fear not, for I assure you that your trial will be eminently fair.

In the unhappy event of your conviction, you will be given the same chance, the same gracious treatment, that you humans have ^{for} so long so generously accorded us. ^{Nothing could be fairer.} Are you ready to proceed?"

Perspiration fell from my chin ^{my hand which held} ~~as~~ I ^{unto the hand holding the olive branches;} nodded my head.

"Robert Traver, you have not only slain my people, ^{but} you have crippled many more of our number and left them to die or ~~to~~ slowly starve and ^{finally} fall prey to the coyotes and wolves; you have separated entire families; you have harried us during the season of our ^{tenderest} love making, ^{yes,} and you and your kind have brought nothing but sorrow and death into our domain."

I continued to stare at the ground, ~~unseeing.~~ ^{crimson with shame.}

"Look at me!" the great deer commanded. "I have not yet finished ^{with} your arraignment. Last year--by mistake, it is true--you shot a doe deer with twin fawns,"

^{sadly} I nodded my head in sad assent.

"^{both of} you did not know ~~that~~ that these fawns later died of starvation."

^{shook my head.} "And you were just about to murder me."

^{finally} ^{with his indictment} ^{accusations.} "The white deer went on ^{in a low voice.} "And, finally, you were just about to murder me."

Again I ^{dolefully} nodded ^{biting my lower lip,} ~~in agreement.~~

The great deer turned and thoughtfully surveyed the vast assemblage which, ^{during} ~~the trial, had drawn~~ ^{had pressed} in closer, during the proceedings, until I was completely encircled ^{by a silent} ~~by an intent~~ throng of ^{silently and reproachfully} ~~silent~~ deer. ^{The ring of deer} ~~They pressed~~ even closer as the white deer finally spoke to them.

"Gentlemen of the jury," the white deer said, "you have now heard the court's indictment of this ^{unhappy} hunter. The time has now come for you to reach your verdict. Deliberate fairly and consider well. If you ~~wish to~~ ^{should} find the defendant innocent, please answer no; if you ~~wish to~~ ^{should} find him guilty, please answer yes."

No → *Drama!* *It's* *"arrived"* ^{arrived at} ~~There was an interminable pause. "Now what is your verdict?"~~ ^{arrived at} *"Have you reached your verdict?"* ^{The other deer nodded their heads.} *"What is your verdict?"* ^{At last the white deer spoke.}

Fearfully I glanced at the circle of deer and was horrified to see every ^{up and down,} ~~one~~ ^{as a little boy} of them gravely nodding his head up and down like a mechanical deer I had once seen in a Christmas display at ^{Marshall} Field's.

"Very well, gentlemen," the white deer said. "Your verdict ^{of guilty} will be accepted and recorded." He again turned and confronted me.

"Robert Traver, in accordance with the verdict of the jury, ^{of your deers,} I find you guilty on all counts of the indictment. Do you have anything to say before the sentence of the court is passed upon you?"

Trembling violently, ^{despondently} I shook my head, no.

The white deer spoke slowly, almost wearily. There ~~was~~ ^{seemed} even a note of kindness

"O miserable hunter, do ^{you} ^{our} in his voice. ^{we} do not tremble; do not shake. ^{we} have ^{our} promised to treat you as

As always, we ~~we~~ ourselves will do you no ^{harm}. Listen, then, to your sentence:
fairly as you would treat us... It is the sentence of this court that you be

instantly transformed into a ^{large} male deer and, further, that you forthwith find

yourself in front of your own hunting camp, from the door of which ~~your~~ ^{those} fellow

and excellent marksmen-- slayers--your brother Leo and your friend Jack--will just be emerging ~~with~~ ^{with}

loaded rifles! *Farewell and* *stand in sore* *"* *Good luck to you. You will need it.* *of*

Space \updownarrow

Lo! in an instant I found myself standing under the gnarled wild ~~apple~~ ^{apple} tree in front of camp. Jack and Leo were just coming out the camp door--with their rifles!

"Wait!" I tried to shout, but the only sound that came from me was the *horrid* snorting "whew" of a blowing buck. *I tried to turn and flee but my feet seemed weighted with lead.*

"Whew! whew! WHEW!" I frantically shouted, as Jack and Leo simultaneously levelled their rifles at me. *I tried to run but my*

"Whew!" I ~~shouted~~ ^{pleaded} as they both fired.

"Whew," I ~~weakly~~ ^{faintly} whispered as I collapsed on the ground.

Donna: It's "chortled"

In my death throes my eyelids weakly fluttered open and I dimly saw Jack and Leo, ~~curiously staring down at me,~~ ^{standing over me,} ~~now miraculously clad in pajamas.~~ ^{and both laughing heartlessly}

"What's the matter, kid?" ~~Leo~~ ^{Leo} ~~chortled.~~ ^{chortled.} "Here -- you better take this hot drink."

"Whew," I murmured sheepishly, from my favorite vantage point on the ^{cold} camp

floor. "What a hell of a dream that one was!" ~~Let me tell you about it.~~ ^{Really through...}

Me -- I'm all through with deerhunting. ^{Let me tell you} ~~about it.~~ ^{But first gimme that drink!"}

~~THE~~
END

It's just a tuft of hair from the dog that bit you..."

[ca. 1950]

The Deerhunt

I lay in my bunk listening: listening to the field mice gleefully exploring the mysteries of our provisions, to the wild snoring of Jack and my brother Leo, and to the hellish clanking of the camp alarm clock. My hatred for exploring mice and ticking clocks and snoring men was reaching homicidal proportions. I had to get a grip on myself. I again arranged my blankets and resolutely closed my hot eyes. To sleep, perchance to dream... Then Leo emitted a curdling snore. Ah, at last--outright strangulation was setting in... I opened my eyes and quietly lay there waiting for Leo to expire. I idly watched our long woolen underwear and socks hanging from the camp rafters, the shadows of which were executing a grotesque ballet on the far wall, fitfully lit by a dancing slit of light from the camp stove.

This, I thought, sleepily reviewing my blessings, this is roughing it; this is camp life; this is the first night in deer camp. This, too, is probably the terminal result of too much boiled cabbage and too many blends of blended whiskey. Tomorrow, I thought, was the fifteenth of November, the first day of deerhunting. Tomorrow fifty thousand red-coated hunters from lower Michigan would join Leo and Jack and me and thousands of other upper peninsula hunters in the annual assault on

the white-tailed deer. Tomorrow this army of he-men, armed with elephant guns, would go forth to hunt and scourge the most graceful and defenseless and least offensive animal in the entire northwoods. Nay, in all America. Nay, in all the world. The annual slaughter was about to begin. Yes, the--the annual slaughter...

Suddenly I found myself sitting on the cold camp floor. There was a great frisking of startled mice across the camp floor, like the scurrying of dried leaves. I sat there on the drafty floor rubbing my eyes like a bewildered child in a moist suit of Dr. Denton's. The figure intrigued me. "Mama, I said, falsetto, lurching to my feet. There was a muttered curse from either Leo or Jack. "To hell with you, Buckshot," I said, venomously, creaking and groping my way across the camp floor to the water pail. I elaborately clattered the tin dipper against the water pail and drank long and greedily. "Ah-h-h!" I opened the camp door and went outside.

The night was big and clear and the stars, preparing for dawn, had tipped and wheeled greatly across the sky. It had snowed and the diamond points glittered faintly in the starlight. Shivering, I stood there in the stillness and wrote my name in the snow; that is, all but the last three letters, for even the most dogged penmen must occasionally run out of ink. I stood there in a sort of state

of miserable enchantment, wretched and shivering, watching the stars gleaming through the naked branches of the tall hardwoods.

There was one particular star. It was a star which always stared at one unblinking, cold and far and timeless; a star the name of which I never knew or ever wanted to learn. To know the mere name of a star or a bird or a flower, I somberly reflected, was to know a little less than nothing. To know but a name was to barter the awareness that lies in the silent beholding of the mystery and wonder of Nature for the glib ignorance of man's blind fury to classify and label. "Yes, I know all about that star--its name is Orion." I stood there shivering, clutched in a lofty mood for poetry. Tonight was a night for poetry. A jingle from the extensively unpublished works of one Robert Traver came unbidden to my mind.

"O, impersonal and distant star,
So far, so far out yonder,
What being stands on thy curve tonight
And views the Earth in wonder?"

Our log deercamp stood on a knoll a mile or so west of Silver Lake. It had been built many years before, of cedar, and had once been the main office of a logging company. The bunkhouse, the barns, the cookhouse ~~and~~ had long ago fallen into tangled ruins. All the towering white pines had been logged and a million

stumps marked their graves. "Timber-r-r!" The tumult and the shouting of the spring drive had faded and died away. And the old lumberjacks--where were they?... Our remote deer camp was all that was left--a low, dark, mice-ridden relic--mouldering among the rotten stumps and rotting hardwood. An owl who-whoed far down the valley toward Silver Lake and I hurriedly scrambled back into camp.

Again I rattled the water pail, and carefully fixed the draft in the stoye so that our underwear would cease its obscene dance. Then I craftily hid the alarm clock under a spare blanket. I glanced at the snoring forms of Leo and Jack. Hm... The neatest way to silence them would be to use a deer rifle. Where was the ammunition? But then there would be the inquest and the endless explaining. And all the unpleasant publicity, too. "Crazed hunter runs amuck in deercamp"--or was it "amok"? And anyway, lucky for them, they were quiet for the moment. I sank wearily into my bunk and drew the blankets over my head. I would play ~~that~~ dead. Instead I must have fallen asleep immediately. Into my oblivion there presently appeared a regiment of giant ten-point bucks, haughtily marching past my bunk in a curious sort of goosetstep, their moist muzzles glistening in the firelight. The last one stopped and protruded his blue tongue at me.

Outraged, I reached for my rifle--and again found myself sitting on the cold camp floor. "To hell with it," I muttered through clenched teeth. Mice, snoring, cabbage... It was far better to get up and go hunting.

Outside I saw that my name had been miraculously erased by newer snow. "Like all the works of men," I thought, smiling inwardly at this splendid kernel of philosophic corn. Leaving the camp I took a compass bearing and struck westerly toward the Dead River falls. The tall hardwoods looked secretive and ghostly in the half-dawn. During the year there had been some new windfalls to block my way; and some of the older trees now leaned confidentially against the others, as though whispering, like proud and aged priests mildly gossiping in the unkempt grounds of some neglected cloister. I had gone about a quarter mile when I struck fresh deer tracks. They were/the largest tracks I had ever seen. From the marks in the new snow I saw that I had jumped the big deer. His tracks, now running went due north. I checked my compass and followed them. They led me north, north, north. Winding through the tortuous hardwood I finally crossed a narrow creek and found myself in strange country. I had never hunted there before.

The trees seemed taller. There were more evergreens. The tracks of the great deer grew fresher. They finally slowed to a walk. I slipped my rifle off of safety and pressed cautiously ahead. I came to a little knoll on top of which stood a tall wall of close-growing cedars, like an unkempt hedge. The fresh tracks led into this hedge. Shrugging, I ducked my head and followed.

I raised my head and found myself in a vast clearing, a large natural amphitheatre, the night gloom of which was not yet entirely dispelled by the gray daylight. The place was completely encircled by tall evergreens and cedars; like a sort of stockade. In the center of this great clearing a large deer stood quietly facing me. The tracks I had been following led to where he stood. I blinked my eyes. This deer, the noblest buck I had ever seen, was pure white. A shaft of light glistened on his wet muzzle and spreading rack of antlers. I could see his sides quietly heaving as he breathed. The great animal stood coolly, almost disdainfully, appraising me. I quickly raised my rifle and levelled it at the deer. I blinked again. My rifle had turned into, of all things, a slender olive branch!

Just then I felt a sharp prod in my buttocks. I wheeled and saw two bucks immediately behind me, urging me forward with impatient tosses of their antlers.

In my haste to avoid them, I rushed forward and stumbled and fell prone on the snow covered ground. I heard a burst of wild, ~~xxx~~ hilarious laughter and for the first time, in the gathering daylight, observed that the edge of the clearing was lined with scroes and hundreds of deer: young deer, old deer, and medium deer; large deer and small deer; bucks, does and yearlings; there were even several late fawns. I scrambled to my feet and stood there uncertainly. Again I felt a sharp prod, harder than the first, and I quickly moved toward the white deer. The two bucks followed closely behind me, forming a sort of military escort. I drew near to the great white deer and stopped. Curiously enough, I was not in the least surprised when the deer spoke.

"Your name is Robert Traver." It was not strictly a question.

I glumly nodded my head.

"You have hunted my people for ten seasons now--and during that time you have slain eight of our number."

I hung my head in shame.

"Consider, then, what I am about to say... For many, many years, even before the Indians so freely roamed these woods, my ancestors have pondered how they might protect themselves against their human tormentors. This year we think we may

have at last found a way. To you, Robert Traver, falls the great honor and distinction of being the first hunter ever to be tried by a court and jury of your deers. But fear not, for I assure you that your trial will be eminently fair.

In the unhappy event of your conviction, you will be given the same chance, the same gracious treatment, that you humans have so long so generously accorded us. Are you ready to proceed?"

Perspiration fell from my chin as I nodded my head.

"Robert Traver, you have not only slain my people, you have crippled many more of our number and left them to die or to slowly starve and fall prey to the coyotes and wolves; you have separated entire families; you have harried us during the season of our love making; and you and your kind have brought nothing but sorrow and death into our domain."

I continued to stare at the ground, unseeing.

"Look at me!" the great deer commanded. "I have not yet finished your arraignment. Last year--by mistake, it is true--you shot a doe deer with twin fawns."

I nodded my head in sad assent.

"And you were just about to murder me."

Again I nodded.

The great deer turned and thoughtfully surveyed the vast assemblage which had pressed in closer during the proceedings, until I was completely encircled by an intent throng of silent deer.

"Gentlemen of the jury," the white deer said, "you have now heard the court's indictment of this hunter. The time has now come for you to reach your verdict. Deliberate fairly and consider well. If you wish to find the defendant innocent, please answer no; if you wish to find him guilty, please answer yes.

"There was an interminable pause. "Now what is your verdict?"

Fearfully I glanced at the circle of deer and was horrified to see every last one of them gravely nodding his head up and down like a mechanical deer I had once seen in a Christmas display at Field's.

"Very well, gentlemen," the white deer said. "Your verdict will be accepted and recorded." He again turned and confronted me.

"Robert Traver, in accordance with the verdict of the jury, I find you guilty on all counts of the indictment. Do you have anything to say before the sentence of the court is passed upon you?"

Trembling violently, I shook my head, no.

The white deer spoke slowly, almost wearily. There was even a note of kindness in his voice. "Do not tremble; do not shake. We have promised to treat you as fairly as you would treat us... It is the sentence of this court that you be instantly transformed into a male deer and further that you forthwith find yourself in front of your own hunting camp, from the door of which your fellow slayers--your brother Leo and your friend Jack--will just be emerging--with loaded rifles!"

Lo! in an instant I found myself standing under the gnarled wild apple tree in front of camp. Jack and Leo were just coming out the camp door--with their rifles!

"Wait!" I tried to shout, but the only sound that came from me was the snorting "whew" of a blowing buck.

"Whew, whew, WHEW!" I frantically shouted, as Jack and Leo simultaneously levelled their rifles at me.

"Whew!" I shouted as they both fired.

"Whew," I weakly whispered as I collapsed on the ground.

In my death throes my eyelids weakly fluttered open and I dimly saw Jack and Leo curiously staring down at me, now miraculously clad in pajamas.

"Whew," I murmured sheepishly from my favorite vantage point on the camp floor. "What a hell of a dream that one was!"

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My thirst was assuming Death Valley proportions. I elaborately clattered the tin dipper against the water pail and drank long and greedily. "Ah-h-h!" In perfect unison Leo and Jack responded with answering snores. If only I could somehow disturb their bovine nasal trumpeting... I wrenched open the camp door and went outside, slamming the heavy wooden door. All I achieved, apparently, was to dislodge several feet of chinking from between the logs. Leo and Jack obliviously snored on and on. I moved away from the camp, ^{over by the wild apple tree and} out of range. *I would have a few moments silence and peace...*

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The tall hardwoods looked secretive and ghostly in the half-dawn. The new snow had covered the earth and clung to the beseeching naked limbs of the hardwoods in streamers and tufts and cotton-balls, some occasionally cascading ^{earthward} down with gentle thuds, and lending the scene an oddly gala aspect. In the silent hardwood the trees were mostly old and tall, and some were rotted and dead and fallen, and some were rotting and dying, still standing, like proud and aged priests. Others leaned wearily against their fellows, sighing and scraping, like wilful, tipping old men exchanging obscene confidences. Here was the untouched comedy and tragedy of Nature itself, a tangled mingling of death in life...

There was a strange hush, a sort of whispering stillness, as I walked along upon the light new snow, cushioned on the matting of so many years' dead leaves. I came upon a great hardwood that had crashed in a recent storm, bending a dozen young trees down to death with it, its very back broken, its trunk twisted and torn and ripped with the final agony of its reluctant surrender to the waiting and triumphant earth. The scene was invested with a sense of nameless and infinite ruin...

"Whew!" a deer blew just ahead of me. I stood staring and frozen, my rifle listless at my side, stupidly watching a large wraith of a deer leaping out of sight. It seemed to paw the very air with incredible grace and speed, bouncing and bouncing over the jumble of windfalls, its tall white flag wig-wagging a final gay farewell. "Big one," I said aloud; and big indeed it was,

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Slowly, slowly ~~through the hardwoods~~ ^{mostly maple and yellow birch} I worked west, ever on the alert for deer or fresh tracks.

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Add "old"?



Insert? →

decay and



giant
forming
middle of tree.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

[1950] 2

Please return.

THE TRIAL

by

Robert Traver

✓ I lay in my bunk in the darkened camp, tossing and rolling and then pausing and listening: listening to the field mice gleefully exploring the mysteries of our provisions; listening to the wild snoring of Jack and my brother Leo; listening to the hellish clanking of the camp alarm clock. My hatred for exploring mice and ticking clocks and snoring men was reaching homicidal proportions. I had to get a grip on myself. I again arranged my dishevelled blankets, composed my tired limbs, and resolutely closed my eyes. To sleep, damn it, and perchance to dream... Then Leo emitted a curdling snore. Ah, at last--outright strangulation was setting in... I opened my hot eyes and expectantly lay there waiting for him to expire. Waiting, I idly watched our long woolen underwear and socks dangling from the camp rafters. Lit by a fitful dancing slit of light from the camp stove, their shadows were performing a grotesque ballet on the far wall.

disarranged
TUMBLER

?

✓ This, I thought, sleepily reviewing my blessings, this is roughing it; this is camp life; this is the first night in deer camp. This, too, is probably the terminal result of too much boiled cabbage and too many inept blends of blended whiskey. One deserves the whiskey one drinks... Tomorrow, I thought, was the fifteenth of November, the first day of deerhunting. Tomorrow fifty thousand red-coated hunters from lower Michigan would join Leo and Jack and me and thousands of other upper peninsula hunters in the annual assault on the white-tailed deer. Tomorrow this army of he-men, armed with elephant guns, would go forth to hunt and scourge the most graceful and defenseless and least offensive animal in the entire northwoods. Nay, in all America. Nay, in all the world. The annual slaughter was about to begin. And I was so very tired... Yes, the--the annual slaughter...

Suddenly I found myself sitting on the cold camp floor. To sleep, perchance to fall out of bed... There was a great frisking of startled mice across the floor, like the autumn scurrying of dried leaves. I sat there on the drafty

floor rubbing my eyes, feeling like a bewildered child afloat in his suit of Dr. Denton's. The figure intrigued me. "Mama," I said, falsetto, lurching to my feet. There was a muttered curse from either Leo or Jack. "To hell with you, Buckshot," I said, venomously creaking and groping my way across the camp floor to the water pail.

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Our log deercamp stood on a knoll a mile or so west of Silver Lake. It had been built many years before, of cedar, and had once been the paymaster's office of a large logging company. What glittering treasure once lurked there... The bunkhouse, the barns, the cookhouse had long ago fallen into ^{weed-choked} wild-grown ruins. All the towering white pines had been logged and endless thousands of decaying stumps marked their graves. "Timber-r-r!" The eager bite of the axe and the whine of the cross-cut saw, the tumult and the shouting of the spring drive--all had faded and died away. And the old lumberjacks--where were they?... Our remote deer camp was all that was left--a low, dark, mice-ridden relic--mouldering among the rotten stumps and rotting hardwood. An owl who-whoed far down the empty valley toward Silver Lake and, shivering, I hurriedly scrambled back into camp.

omit?
Again I rattled the water pail, for an indecent interval, carefully fixed the draft in the stove so that our underwear would cease its obscene dance, and craftily hid the alarm clock under a spare blanket. I glanced appraisingly at the snoring forms of Leo and Jack. Hm... The most efficient way to silence them would be to use a deer rifle. Where was the ammunition? But hold--after all there would be the inquest and the endless explaining. And the reporters and all the unpleasant publicity, too. "Crazed hunter runs amuck in deercamp"--or was it "amok"? And anyway, lucky for them, they were quiet for the moment--probably gathering their resources. I sank wearily into my bunk and drew the blankets over my head. I would play dead. Instead I must have fallen asleep immediately. *into a deep sleep.*

Into my oblivion there presently marched a regiment of giant ten-point bucks, haughtily parading past my bunk in a curious sort of goosestepp, their moist muzzles glistening in the firelight. The last one stopped and protruded his blue tongue at me. Outraged, I reached for my rifle--and again found myself sitting on the cold camp floor. "To hell with it," I muttered through clenched

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"Have you arrived at your verdict?"

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Trembling violently, I despondently shook my head, no.

The white deer spoke slowly, almost wearily. There seemed even a note of kindness in his voice. "O miserable hunter, do not tremble; do not shake. You have our promise to treat you as fairly as you would treat us... As always, we ourselves will do you no harm. Listen, then, to your sentence: It is the sentence of this court that you be instantly transformed into a large male deer and, further, that you forthwith find yourself in front of your own hunting camp, from the door of which those fellow slayers and excellent marksmen--your brother Leo and your friend Jack--will just be emerging with loaded rifles! Farewell and good luck to you. You will stand in sore need of it."

Lo! in an instant I found myself standing under the gnarled ~~wild~~ apple tree in front of camp. Jack and Leo were just coming out the camp door--with their rifles!

UNRELEASABLE
BOND

"Wait!" I tried to shout, but the only sound that came from me was the snorting "whew" of a blowing buck. Horrified, I tried to turn and flee but my feet seemed weighted with lead.

"Whew! whew! WHEW!" I frantically shouted, as Jack and Leo simultaneously levelled their rifles at me.

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"What's the matter, Kid?" Leo chortled. "Here--you better take this hot drink. It's just a tuft of the hair of the dog that bit you..."

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E N D

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

[1950]

T H E T R I A L

by

Robert Traver

I lay in my bunk in the darkened camp, tossing and rolling and then pausing and listening: listening to the field mice gleefully exploring the mysteries of our provisions; listening to the wild snoring of Jack and my brother Leo; listening to the hellish clanking of the camp alarm clock. My hatred for exploring mice and ticking clocks and snoring men was reaching homicidal proportions. I had to get a grip on myself. I again arranged my dishevelled blankets, composed my tired limbs, and resolutely closed my eyes. To sleep, damn it; and perchance to dream... Then Leo emitted a curdling snore. Ah, at last--outright strangulation was setting in... I opened my hot eyes and expectantly lay there waiting for him to expire. Waiting, I idly watched our long woolen underwear and socks dangling from the camp rafters. Lit by a fitful dancing slit of light from the camp stove, their shadows were performing a grotesque ballet on the far wall.

This, I thought, sleepily reviewing my blessings, this is roughing it; this is camp life; this is the first night in deer camp. This, too, is probably the terminal result of too much boiled cabbage and too many inept blends of ~~blended~~ whiskey. One deserves the whiskey one drinks... Tomorrow, I thought, was the fifteenth of November, the first day of deerhunting. Tomorrow fifty thousand red-coated hunters from lower Michigan would join Leo and Jack and me and thousands of other upper peninsula hunters in the annual assault on the white-tailed deer. Tomorrow this army of he-men, armed with elephant guns, would go forth to hunt and scourge the most graceful and defenseless and least offensive animal in the entire northwoods. Nay, in all America. Nay, in all the world. The annual slaughter was about to begin. And I was so very tired... Yes, the--the annual slaughter...

Suddenly I found myself sitting on the cold camp floor. To sleep, perchance to fall out of bed... There was a great frisking of startled mice across the floor, like the autumn scurrying of dried leaves. I sat there on the drafty

floor rubbing my eyes, feeling like a bewildered child ^{adrift} ~~afloat~~ in his suit of Dr. Denton's. The figure intrigued me. "Mama," I said, falsetto, lurching to my feet. There was a muttered curse from either Leo or Jack. "To hell with you, Buckshot," I said, venomously creaking and groping my way across the camp floor to the water pail.

My thirst was assuming Death Valley proportions. I elaborately clattered the tin dipper against the water pail and drank long and greedily. "Ah-h-h!" In perfect unison Leo and Jack responded with answering snores. If only I could somehow disturb their bovine nasal trumpeting... I wrenched open the camp door and went outside, slamming the heavy wooden door. All I achieved,

apparently, was to dislodge several feet of chinking from between the logs--^{thus} *easing the way in for whole new generations of field mice.* Leo and Jack obliviously snored on and on. I moved away from the camp, over by the wild apple tree and out of range. I would have a few moments silence and peace...

The night was big and clear and the stars, preparing for dawn, had tipped and wheeled greatly across the sky. Sometime during the night it had snowed, the first of the season, and a billion diamond points glittered feebly in the waning starlight. Shivering, I stood there in the frosty stillness and wrote my name in the snow; that is, all but the last three letters, for even the most dogged penmen must occasionally run out of ink. I stood there in a state of miserable enchantment, wretched and shivering, watching the stars gleaming through the naked branches of the tall hardwoods.

There was one particular star. It was a star which always stared at one balefully and unblinking; cold and far and timeless; a star the name of which I never knew or ever wanted to learn. To know the mere name of a star or a bird or a flower, I somberly reflected, was to know a little less than nothing. To know but a name was to barter the awareness that lies in the quiet contemplation of the mystery and wonder of Nature for the glib ignorance of man's blind fury to classify and label. "Yes, yes, I know all about that star--its name is Sirius, the Dog Star." I stood there shivering, no longer earthbound, clutched in a lofty mood for poetry. Tonight was a night for poetry. Looking at the cold star a dubious rhyme from the extensively unpublished works of one Robert Traver came unbidden to my mind.

"O, impersonal and distant star,
So far, so far out yonder,
What being stands on thy curve tonight
And views the Earth in wonder?"

Our log deercamp stood on a knoll a mile or so west of Silver Lake. It had been built many years before, of cedar, and had once been the paymaster's office of a large logging company. What glittering treasure once lurked there... The bunkhouse, the barns, the cookhouse had long ago fallen into ^{weed-choked} ~~wild-grown~~ ruins. All the towering white pines had been logged and endless thousands of decaying stumps marked their graves. "Timber-r-r!" The eager bite of the axe and the whine of the cross-cut saw, the tumult and the shouting of the spring drive--all had faded and died away. And the old lumberjacks--where were they?... Our remote deer camp was all that was left--a low, dark, mice-ridden relic--mouldering among the rotten stumps and rotting hardwood. An owl who-whoed far down the empty valley toward Silver Lake and, shivering, I hurriedly scrambled back into camp.

Again I rattled the water pail, ~~for an indecent interval~~, carefully fixed the draft in the stove so that our underwear would cease its obscene dance, and craftily hid the alarm clock under a spare blanket. I glanced appraisingly at the snoring forms of Leo and Jack. Hm... The most efficient way to silence them would be to use a deer rifle. Where was the ammunition? But hold--after all there would be the inquest and the endless explaining. And the reporters and all the unpleasant publicity, too. "Crazed hunter runs amuck in deercamp"--or was it "amok"? And anyway, lucky for them, they were quiet for the moment--probably gathering their resources. I sank wearily into my bunk and drew the blankets over my head. I would play dead. Instead I must have fallen ~~asleep~~ immediately *into a deep sleep.*

Into my oblivion there presently marched a regiment of giant ten-point bucks, haughtily parading past my bunk in a curious sort of goosetstep, their moist muzzles glistening in the firelight. The last one stopped and protruded his blue tongue at me. Outraged, I reached for my rifle--and again found myself sitting on the cold camp floor. "To hell with it," I muttered through clenched

teeth. Mice, snoring men, undigested cabbage... It was far wiser to get up and go hunting.

↓ SPACE

Outside I saw that my name had been miraculously erased by newer snow. "Like all the works of men," I thought, smiling inwardly at the sheer creative unoriginality of this splendid kernel of philosophic corn. Leaving the camp I took a compass bearing and struck westerly toward the Dead River falls. Slowly, slowly I worked west, ever on the alert for deer or fresh tracks. Hadn't my old father always told me that dawn was the best time to get them?

The tall hardwoods looked secretive and ghostly in the half-dawn. The new snow had covered the earth and clung to the beseeching naked limbs of the trees in streamers and tufts and cotton-balls, some occasionally cascading earthward with gentle thuds and lending the scene an oddly gala aspect. In the silent hardwood the trees were mostly old and tall, and some were rotted and dead and fallen, and some were rotting and dying, still standing, like proud and aged priests. Others leaned wearily against their fellows, sighing and scraping, like wilful, tippling old men exchanging obscene confidences. Even the whitepine stumps, with their foaming mounds of snow, somehow looked like giant seidels of beer. Here was the untouched comedy and tragedy of Nature itself, a tangled mingling of death in life...

There was a strange hush, a sort of whispering stillness, as I walked along upon the light new snow, cushioned on the matting of so many years' dead leaves. I came upon a great hardwood maple that had crashed in a recent storm, bending a dozen young trees down to death with it, its very back broken, its trunk twisted and torn and ripped with the final agony of its reluctant surrender to the waiting and triumphant earth. The scene was invested with a sense of nameless and infinite ruin...

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