

The Tunnel of Love

I sat in my car and looked around the big empty farmyard. The place looked curiously deserted; not only were there no old cars, jinked or otherwise, but no cows, no chickens, no farm machinery, no kitchen garden, no potato fields. There was not even no salina. There wasn't even the typical ^{usual} slavering farm dog of ^{uncertain} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~nowhere~~ ancestry who ~~usually~~ came rushing out ^{at me}. The ^{placating} ~~usual~~ "Come doggie, now doggie, there doggie, nice doggie" was not needed, nor the ^{habit} of tolerant appreciation ^{and} of such a ^{firm} spirited guardian of the ^{family} hearth. There was not even a cat.

The place looked deserted and I sat wondering whether to stay or leave. I looked at the square frame house, quaint and functional as a battleship. I saw a ~~work~~ There were curtains on the windows, but even deserted houses sometimes had those. Then I noticed a wisp of smoke rising from one of the chimneys, and I sighed, alit, heaved out the heavy sample case, mounted the wooden back porch ^{put down the sample case} and rapped smartly on the door.

While waiting I silently rehearsed my opening ^{spell lines} ~~lines~~, all in accordance with the gospel contained in the Salesman's Manual furnished by the company. ~~The spell~~ ^{spell} The ~~thing~~ was dreadfully corny, ^{stilted and extravagant,} but it seemed to work. "Good day, madam. My name is ~~Paul~~ Paul Keller and I'm this ~~town~~ ^{well-known} ~~town's~~ county's representative of the Mohawk Woolen Mills of Milwaukee who deal in high-class low-priced quality clothing for Mom and Dad and ~~that~~ little Tad -- the entire family." (Here lift sample case and advance a few steps, as if about to enter, the manual ordained. "If the householder does not yield, proceed with Step Two.")

I pondered a moment and proceeded with Step Two.
"As a token of my Company's deep appreciation of the
custom and good will of you good people over the years, it
has authorized me to present you with its compliments
a free gift" -- I always winced a little over that phrase;
when were ~~these~~^{these} gifts ~~that were~~^{were} other than free? -- "designed
especially for you. I have it here in my sample case and
May I come in and present it to you? Absolutely free
and no obligation to buy." (Here for my money followed
the best line in the manual -- it was as though its
composer suddenly rebelled at the dreary dreary
commercial sludge he was writing, so adjip with its
primitive salesman's psychology, that he ^{had} determined to speak
his mind if it cost him his job: "If the ^{householder}
still refuses to yield, fold your tent and ^{pronto} get ^{pronto}
the hell away from him, her or it and on to the next
pigeon. There probably is no pube anyway.")

Big night ^{little old} at the ranch last night.
Pay day at the iron mines.

The door opened and there stood a bejownd blond woman clad in a kimono and smoking a cigarette.

"Hi there, Slim," she said, stretching and yawning.

"Hi, there," I said.

"Sorry to keep you waiting but I guess I overslept. ~~But I guess a~~ ^{poor} working gal's got to get her beauty nap. Whatcha got in the steamer trunk, Slim?"

Are you selling something or ^{just} moving in early to avoid the rush. ^{Oh, but you're a college boy, working your way ^{through school} every} She ~~mentioned~~ ^{said} me to ~~later~~. She said all this ^{said all this} ~~swift~~ She ^{said} spoke swiftly, without pause or punctuation.

"Come in, come in, and take the weight off your feet."

I picked up my sample case and ^{red checked} bolted into the place, tripping a little on a ^{round} slippery rag rug, and sank into a kitchen chair. ^{at a large table covered with oil cloth.} She got a coffee pot off the stove and poured two cups, sat opposite ^{my} him, took a ^{long} sip of her coffee, ~~but~~ raising the cup with both hands, lit a new cigarette, offering me one, which I declined with a shake of my head.

"Jim Row," she said. "What's yours?"

"Paul," I said. "Paul Keller."

She pointed at the black sample case.

"Open the goddam thing, Pally. Can't you see Jim dying of curiosity?"

"Of course," I murmured, and I knelt ^{on the kitchen floor} and unlatched the clasps of the bulky case and threw back the lid. ^{loudly} It was as though I had opened a ^{loudly} jewel case. With a squeal of delight she ran and knelt beside the case, ransacking its contents, holding up a stray silk stocking, dropping it, coming up with a ^{patented} no-slip pink garter belt, dropping it, plunging again, streaming samples -- all like a little girl playing with ^{an avalanche} new of doll's clothes. She dove again and came up with a gleaming pair of scarlet silk bloomers, ^{delightedly} holding them up, wigwagging them this way and that. She turned to me.

"And you are working your way through college."
"Yes -- you guessed it."

"Do you think these would fit the backside of poor little butt-sprung Rose? Do you, ^{really,} Polly?"

I explained that ~~everything~~ ^{all} the things in the ^{mail} ~~order~~ ^{only took orders} care were only my samples, and not for sale; that ^{if} I sold one of my samples I would be out of business on that item until I replaced the ^{missing} sample; and that these particular scarlet bloomers were one of my ^{still} lead items. As I went on explaining, ^{the bloomers she had looked lower and lower,} her face clouded with disappointment, and I was afraid she ^{was going} ~~might~~ cry.

"But could you get ^{me} a pair just like these—real fast? Could you, Polly?"

I explained that for a small additional fee her order could be marked rush and ^{that it} should reach her in but a few days. I

She brightened at this, ^{and} the bloomers rose. Then her face clouded again. "But how will I know ~~that~~ they'll fit?"

I glanced at her spacious hips,

"I can find out," I said caustically, glancing down at her spacious hips.

This sent her into gales of ^{uncontrollable} laughter. When she could speak again she said, "Oh, you cute ^{precious} little fox, you, Polly! You can find out! Oh, this is too rich, too priceless, I got to share this with the others." Still clutching ~~carrying~~ the scarlet bloomers, she rose and ran down a narrow hallway leading off the kitchen, and stood calling ~~up~~ at the foot of a staircase. "Come on down, girls! Santa's ^{hipper} here -- a cute ^{college} kid -- and things, fresh from the North Pole!"

Meanwhile I rearranged my ^{disordered} samples, and placed the bulky ^{open} case on the large ^{table}, got out my order book and tape measure, and sat sipping my coffee, reflecting that this was the first house of prostitution I had ever wandered into.



The rest of the "girls" straggled down singly in various stages of dishabille. The last to appear ^{signed} was the youngest and prettiest -- "Polly, this is Claire" -- and the only one ^{who was} fully clothed. ^{On the campaign} she might have been taken for a ^{gentle} ^{belonged to} ^{well} ^{and} ^{one} of the more coveted sororities. It was not that Sue or Peggy or even Rose herself were ^{particularly} old; it was rather that they ^{appeared to be} ^{looked} -- how could I put it? -- coarser, cruder, more shopworn, more manhandled, -- yes, that ^{was} ^{it}.

I reflected that
Back
At school

Claire was also the only one who did not order anything; throughout the pawing and squealing over samples, the gales of laughter over my ^{druggerly} tape-measuring, my adding and subtracting and amending of orders, she sat quietly sipping her coffee, withdrawn, aloof, reserved -- like a ^{member} stranger waiting among strangers in ^{some} distant bus station. I fought and put down an impulse to draw her out, to penetrate her ^{quiet} reserve, to find out more about her and her background.

Surely this was this "how-did-you-drift-into-this-way-of-life?" ^{male} curiosity ~~was~~ must be one of the dreariest gambits a prostitute had to endure from the men who ^{casually} rented her. Wasn't it enough, ^{to know} that she was a working whore lady and I a working college boy, each trying in his own way to make a fast buck and keep the show on the road?

I added up my various orders, closed my
sampler case, and ^{cleared my throat,} ~~made~~ ready to leave.

"What
If Rose got the message" "When do we pay?" Rose ^{she} inquired.

"You pay me ^{a deposit of} one-quarter of the total
order now and the balance on a collect basis when
the order is delivered," I explained. I did not add that
this down payment was my total commission, and that I
had just had the best day of my brief career with
the Mohawk Wooden Mills.

"What does the total come to?" Rose asked.

"Exactly one hundred dollars," "None of
the girls had inquired of the prices of any items as they
had ordered them.

"So we owe you twenty-five dollars now,
then, Polly?"

"Exactly."

She paid me ^{off.} in ^{wrinkled} one dollar bills -- many
of them hematite stained from the iron-miners who had
presumably last carried them -- and accompanied me to the
kitchen door.

Prohibition

Paul listened to men
talking endlessly

about bouquet and
blends, — &

proofs, and all the
rest of the mysteries
of booze about which
~~he and they~~ - and he -
knew so damned
little. They were
like children *playing school.*

The ^{closed} circle of life--
from the womb
woman to the
womb of earth.



Each summer they swarmed ^{out} across the country ^{side}
~~side~~ like locusts, selling

It was the era of summer jobs for college boys. They sold everything from magazine subscriptions to vacuum cleaners, ^{life} insurance to insect repellents. ^{anything to make a buck} While most colleges and universities, including Michigan, had loan funds and undergraduate scholarships, ^{for the most part} they were dolled out frugally, and ^{it seemed to Paul that} one had to be some sort of genius to qualify. Paul was no genius. This was in the days

One summer he worked on a ^{Chippewa} road gang building Tarriva streets, but this involved handling hot tar, ^{at} which Paul possessed a faculty for getting more on himself than on the pavement. At the end of the summer he discovered he had spent most of his earnings buying gloves and overalls to cover with tar.

Upper suburbs could win handsome advantages for successfully getting their money.

About four ^{that} in the afternoon ^{uncertainly}
 Paul drove into the ^{big empty} farm yard, shut off
 the Model T, and sat looking ^{disconsolately} around. ~~There was no~~
 The place looked deserted: ~~there were~~ ^{no} cows,
 no chickens, no ^{truck} garden, no potato ^{fields}. There
 wasn't even the typical ^{slavering} yellow farm dog of ~~antecedents~~
~~antecedents~~ ^{invariably} who ^{came} rushing ^{out} at him from
^{nowhere.} ^{The usual} "Come Rover, now Rover, nice Rover" ^{was}
 was not ~~even~~ required. Paul ^{sat} ^{doubtfully} ^{wondering} whether to stay
 or leave. He looked at the ^{square farm} house and saw a ^{thin} wisp of
 smoke ^{rising} coming ^{from} one of the ^{gaunt brick} chimneys. With a sigh
 he got out of the car, heaved the black fiber board
 sample case out of the back seat, mounted the wooden
 back board, porch, ^{put down the} ^{sample case,} and ~~knocked~~ rapped smartly
 on the kitchen door.

Antecedents

in accordance with the gospel contained ^{in the} ^{Salomon's Manual} ^{furnished} ^{by}
 "Good day, Madam! In the Iron Cliffs county representative
 of the ^{well known} ^{high-class low-price} ^{Mom and Dad and little kid}
^{received} deal in clothing for the entire family. I've
 just ^{fresh samples} ^{of the} ^{new} received ^{as} whole new fall line, ^{direct} ^{up-to-date}
 factory, and I'd be happy to ^{give you and} ^{show them to you if I may.}
 ("Here lift the sample case and take a few steps forward,
 as if about to enter," the manual ordered. "If the householder
 does not yield, proceed with Step Two.") "As a token of its
 deep appreciation of ^{the} ^{of you good people} good will and custom ^{over the years,}
 the Company had authorized me to present ^{to} you with its
 compliments a free gift -- ^{as a law student} Paul always ^{wanted} ^{a little over} ^{praise:}
 gifts ever other than free? -- "made designed especially for
 you. May I come in and ^{present} it to you?" (Here followed
 the best line in the manual ^{at least} for Paul's money: "If the
 householder still ^{refuses} to ^{yield,} get the hell away from
 him, her or it ^{and} ^{on to} the next call.")
 There probably ^{was} ^{no} ^{Paul.}

The company. There was no obligation whatsoever to buy.

The door opened and Paul involuntarily took a few ^{quick} steps back. There stood a buxom blonde woman with virtually no clothes on at all. True, she had on a kind of loose, ^{flimsy} kimono, but it wasn't ~~closed~~ engaged in front, and under that there seemed ^{to be} little or ^{no} ~~nothing~~ ^{clothing} at all.

"Hi there, Slim," she said, stretching and yawning.

"Hi there," Paul said.

"Sorry to keep you waitin', Slim, but we had a rough night ^{at the old ranch} last night. Pay day at the iron mines. Ain't a ^{poor} workin' girl's got to get ^{her} beauty nap."

She laughed at her sally and pointed at Paul's sample case. "Whatcha sellin', Slim? Or are you ^{an eager} ~~an~~ early client plannin' to move in early to avoid the rush." She stood aside and motioned him to enter. "Come in, come in, Slim. Don't be standin' there gawkin' at me like a ^{dog-behind-the-ear} ~~farm~~ boy."

Paul grabbed up his sample case and entered.

She motioned him to a kitchen chair -- "Take the weight off your feet, Slim" -- and got a coffee pot off the stove and poured two cups ^{stamin'} of coffee. ^{Then} She sat across from him and took a sip of her ~~stamin'~~ coffee, raising the cup with both hands. She lit a cigarette and offered Paul one and he shook his head. Again she pointed at the black sample case.

"Open the goddam thing, Slim. Ain't you see I'm dyin' of curiosity?"

"Of course," Paul murmured, kneeling and unlatching the hasps of the case and throwing the lid back. It was as though he had thrown open Pandora's Box. With a squeal of delight she ran over to the sample case and ~~she~~ rifled the contents, ~~strewing~~ ^{strewing} samples like a little girl playing with her dolls' clothes. She came up with a pair of scarlet bloomers which she held up, ^{admiringly} turning them this way and that. She appealed to Paul,

"Do you think these would fit the ^{our little} ~~butt~~-spring Rose? Do you, Slim?"

"I could find out," Paul murmured cautiously.

This sent her into a gale of laughter - "You
could find out, could you, you ^{cut} little fox? Oh, that's rich -
I ~~predict~~ ^{predict} a bright future for you, Slim." She ^{rose from} left the
sample case and ran into another room. "C'mon down,
girls!" Paul could hear her calling. "Santa's here with
~~his samples~~ ^{all kinds of toys and things}, fresh from the North Pole."

That ^{July} day Paul worked the predominantly
Finnish farming country, ^{lying} southeast of Hematite, the
iron mining town just east of Chippewa. His luck
wasn't very good; the farms were ~~not~~ small, mostly
devoted to dairying or selling eggs or raising potatoes.
A good many of the farmers worked in the iron mines

Little Mr. Paulson ran a corner grocery store
and lived over it

The Tunnel of Love

The little black open touring car rattled and bounced along the dusty township road, groaning up the frequent hills and ^{gearing in force,} ~~plunging~~, then plunging down ^{the other side} ~~in~~ a great rattling whirl. The old Model T always put on a ^{good} ~~great~~ show. Paul patted the black fibre-board sample case lying on the seat beside him. He was ^{just} entering the rolling farming country lying southeast of Chippewa. Most of ^{these farmers} ~~them~~ were Finns and many of them worked ~~in~~ seasonally ^{one or the other of} the surrounding iron mines. While these good farmers didn't quite know it yet, Paul had chosen this fine ^{warm} July day to unveil for them the latest products of the Mohawk Woolen Mills - "High class low-cost quality clothing for the entire family, from Morn and Dad to the Finest Tad."

the Company
as their flyers

This was the era of the college boy working his way through school, and Paul, ^{reflected, and he} was one of this ^{seasonal} valet army. Each summer college boys swarmed out across the countryside working at all manner of jobs ranging from digging ditches to tanning ^{and preening} himself playing ^{at} life guard, from ^{being a} section hand on a railroad to hopping bells in swank resort hotels. But mostly he sold things: magazine subscriptions, household brushes, kitchen pots and pans, accessories for ^{gracious} ~~outdoor~~ romping and dining ^{graciously} on one's lawn, anything and everything. Since the law and salesmanship possessed at least one attribute in common -- a reliance on the arts of persuasion -- Paul had perhaps been instinctively drawn to selling things. As he drove along he reviewed some of ~~them~~ these jobs. In fact, looking back, it seemed he had been peddling ^{stuff} during summers since grammar school days.

This summer the Mohawks Woolen Mills had swam into his life. The summer before it had been the Mother Goose Self-wringing mop. Paul winced at the recollection: the association had been a ^{near} disaster, financially, and at the end of the summer he had been obliged to ^{his personal} unload ^{at} ~~them~~ below cost on a local hardware dealer. He wondered vaguely whether he was still stuck with them.... Not that Paul was being disloyal to the memory of the Mother Goose Self-wringing mop: he still felt ^{glowing monument to} it was a ^{the ideal of puritan} model of Yankee ingenuity and cleanliness. The ^{big} trouble was that people didn't seem to want to buy the damn ^{things} ~~it~~. It had shortly swept over him that the mop was becoming obsolete, on the ^{very} verge of extinction, one might ^{say} just ~~it~~. Moreover he ~~so~~ had swiftly discovered that the few primitive people who still used ^a mop ^{tended monotonously} already ^{to have} had one, while the growing anti-mop bloc possessed a dogged resistance to his efforts to reconvert them. It was like trying to sell buggy whips to ~~new~~ car owners. Certainly the fifty-cent profit involved ^{worth all} wasn't ^{the} anguish.

Business had been excellent, but a monotonous law of economics had ended the bonanza: there was a limit to precious family photographs needing to be enlarged.
The Valley of Love touring

The little ~~to~~ ^{black open} car bounced along the dusty township road, groaning up the inclines, at the top ^{momentarily} seeming to pause and pause, and then plunging down ~~the~~ in a rattling whirl. The old Model T always put on a good show. Paul patted the black fibre-bound sample case lying on the seat beside him. ~~Today~~ ^{on this fine July day} while they didn't quite know it yet, ~~today~~ the farmers living southeast of Chipewa were to be given the ~~matchless~~ ^{great} privilege of ordering to their hearts' content the matchless products of the Meadow's Woolen Mills.

Last summer Paul had brought them the Mother Goose Self-wringing maps. The reception of this monument to Yankee ingenuity had been something less than spectacular, and this summer Paul ^{had decided to bring} brought them diversity, ^{had shortly} ~~to~~ ^{rather monotonously} that most people who used maps at all would already have one, while the anti-map bloc possessed a resistance to his efforts, ^{at conversion} ~~at conversion~~ ^{the season before had been} the summer of the color enlargement of Precious Family Photographs. ^{Business had done good but there was a limit of precious photographs} ~~This~~ ^{was} the summer during which Paul learned about the surprising number of people who ^{preferred} ~~preferred~~ ^{colored} enlargements of their grandfathers, ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{to} come out as though the old gentleman had always worn lipstick. ~~But he~~

Paul ~~stared down~~ ^{suspected they were} ~~were~~ ^{were} spiritual cousins of those people who stand around funeral parlors peering down at the rouged and bedaubed victims of the embalmer's art and then explain ^{aptly}: "Dad, he looks natural?"

2/7/67

The Tunnel of Love ^{open} in his Model T,

It was a warm, ^{bright} morning in ^{mid} July. Paul
 bounced along the dusty township road, ⁱⁿ the ^{lound} ^{for the} ^{roffing} ^{lying}
 Finnish farming country, southeast of Chippewa.
 While these ^{sturdy} ^{fitness} ^{didn't} ^{know} it yet, today they
 were to have the ^{golden opportunity} ^{of} ^{buying}
 ordering all the ^{stunning} ^{products} of the Mohawks Wooden Mills,
 Inc. that their ^{covetous} hearts desired. Paul patted the
 black fibre-board sample ^{lying} ^{on} ^{the} ^{seat}
 and looked up in time ^{colliding} ^{with} ^{defecating}
 slowly crossing the ^{country} road in front of him. The creature
 was ^{calmly} ^{was} ^{chewing} ^{at} the same time: sluggish,
 patient, ^{of} ^{like} ^{Bovine} was the word.

"Pigs is well named," Belle used to often
 quote a former hired man as saying, herself going
 into ^{gales} ^{of} ^{laughter}. ^{So} ^{so} were cows, Paul reflected;
 they were so ^{incredibly} ^{bovine} -- yes, that was the word.

^{Paul's} ^{little} ^{car} ^{rattled} ^{up} ^a ^{sharp} ^{incline}
 and down the other side. Paul overtook and passed two
 farm boys on ^{toiling} ^{and} ^{grunting} bicycles, ^{accompanied} ^{by} ^a ^{dog},
 fishing pole ^{lying} ^{across} ^{the} ^{handles}. He waved at
 them and he ^{could} ^{see} ^{them} ^{waving} ^{back} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{rear}
 flaky ^{rear-view} ^{mirror}. The dog pursued him for quite a
 distance, ^{barling} ^{furiously}, ^{he} ^{went} ^{on} ^{devouring} ^{his} ^{tail}, ^{and} ^{then}
 he suddenly desisted, ^{running} ^{back} ^{toward} ^{the} ^{boys} ^{for}
 approbation.

He was deep in ^{Finnish} ^{farm} ^{country} now, his
 plan being to drive to the far ^{end} ^{of} ^{it} and work
^{his} ^{way} ^{back}. These farms were small, few of
 them over forty acres, Paul guessed, and in their
 sameness they gave off ^{the} ^{illusion} that
 they had been ^{planted} ^{carefully}
 road by some giant sower: ^{each} ^{farm} ^{house} ^{with} ^{its}
 frame ^{the} ^{paint} ^{was} ^{usually} ^{unpainted} ^{flaked} ^{and} ^{peeling},

SOWER →

with its igloo-like manure pile,

the cluster of low outbuildings, the big naked barn, the host of dung-coated cows, and always, of course, the square chimneyed summa, or Finnish steam bath. Almost every ^{turned over} many on their sides or completely ^{turned over,}

Each farmyard too, had its ^{standing around} ~~quote~~ ^{of old} junked cars, each sprouting ^{worse} clumps of ^{from} tall grass ^{looking like} hair from the cars of old men. Paul speculated whether ^{some curious form} ~~part of~~ social status was involved; ^{around} ~~in~~ ^{the} more ~~old~~ junk cars, the ^{over} ~~lower~~ position. ^{possibility} He ~~was~~ intrigued ^{probably} ~~until~~ ^{with} he guessed that it ^{showed} ~~showed~~ ^{the} ~~relative~~ ^{relative} poverty and slovenliness of the farmer who lived there. Most people ^{traded} ~~found~~ in their old cars and trucks when they ^{a new} ~~needed~~ one. But ~~who~~ ~~bought~~ ~~them~~ what happened to all these ^{traded} ~~old~~ ~~traded-in~~ cars? They were ^{in turn} bought, of course, by people who couldn't afford new ones. And driven until ^{last} ~~any~~ ^{vestige} of trade-in value had vanished. ^{naturally} So they were left to lie there, nobody wanted them.

Paul, ^{drove on,} rather ^{preening} ~~prided~~ himself on this neat ^{was approaching} of logical induction. He ^{on an impulse} ~~approached~~ a farm that had no cars - 'twas a miracle! -- strewn about the farm yard, old or new, and ^{on an impulse} he decided to put his theory into practice: he ^{traded} ~~traded~~ into the farmyard. If he was ^{then} ~~was~~ ^{good} ~~right~~ these people bought only new cars. They were, ^{neater} ~~neater~~ ^{and} ~~neater~~ ^{presumably} ~~neater~~ ^{had} ~~more~~ ^{more} money than their neighbors -- wouldn't they

The Valley of Love

This was the era of the college boy working his way through school, all or partly. Each summer he swarmed out across the countryside working at all manner of jobs, ^{oranges} from digging ditches to playing at life guard, from section hand on a railroad to hopping bells at resort hotels. But mostly he sold stuff: magazine subscriptions, household brushes, aluminum pots and pans, insurance, anything and everything.

Since the law and salesmanship had at least one thing in common, a reliance on the arts of persuasion, Paul was ^{perhaps} ^{instinctively} drawn to ~~sell~~ selling things.

During successive summers he sold life insurance, the Mother Goose Self-wringing Mop (a gem of Yankee ingenuity), magazines, ^{color} enlargements of family photographs, and ready-made clothing "for the entire family." Insurance companies were ^{often} drawn to ^{hiring} working college boys ^{as summer salesmen}. Because they figured, usually rightly, that their friends and relatives would take ^{at least some kind of} the policy out of pity. The summer Paul sold insurance he worked for the Solar Insurance Company, which had just come out with a new ~~non-medical~~ non-medical life insurance policy. This meant that any applicant could get a policy without a searching medical examination. There was only one gimmick in the deal: if any applicant had been previously rejected by another company he had to declare this fact, upon peril of losing his new coverage, and submit to a routine physical checkup: blood pressure, mental tests, that sort of thing.

tell fine dad

What had saved the "Summer of the Mos" from becoming a total disaster had been ^{Paul's generous} ~~his~~ friend Leigh Burwood. Leigh lived ^{with his parents} in a fine old house in Iron Bay, ^{the county seat,} ^{in picturesque} ^{pitched on bluffs overlooking} Lake Superior. He was ^{and} ^{only child and also} ^{the only other boy from the county then in the} ^{town} ^{Arbor.} ^{law school.} His father was one of the county's ^{and wealthy} ^{as per his background} leading lawyers: shrewd, bluff, ~~and~~. Leigh ~~had~~ moved in considerably more rarified circles in Ann Arbor than Paul ever dreamed of, but the two boys ^{remained} ~~were~~ on cordial terms and during the summer months