

What were you two doing
in there? one of the domes
demanded.

Why just talking - like
friends would, I suppose.
Glad, ^{I see - just a little} ~~frantically~~ ^{enthusiastic,}
~~I suppose.~~

Yes, ~~it's~~ ~~plutonic~~ much
a plutonic friendship, I ventured,
Mr. G. J. John, Smith said.

Johnny here was just saying,
dear, that you've got the most
perfect Fairy in both Americas.

I promise you mum a wife.

The door rattled. In walked
mama and Annabelle. Mama
carried a cane. I guess her
arthritis was flaring.

The twelve English dances.

Broth: 'Wha- What!'

I got em down in the car.

All twelve of 'em?

Sure. Henry lets get going.
Wait. Did you say you only had twelve, ^{Smithy,} well for
John ~~buried~~ ^{girls} ~~apart~~ ^{be enough for us?} - Whi: That's all there is.

Smithy, dropped his modoleen
and ~~gave~~ ^{and} ~~them~~ ^{them} ~~the~~ ^{Hally Conis on / matetoband}

^{Lave} across the ~~river~~ ^{person}, after all, the constable
^{has weathered worse beatings.}

Grabs her with both hands.
Sherwood, ^{we want you to know that} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~foggy~~

Men: of yours we know there is ^{his} a
pat - I mean - a heart of gold.

John ~~Abby~~ ^{Abby} ~~thinks~~ ^{thinks} ~~folloes~~.

Getting into trouble, we are, Sir, not ~~reconciled~~ ^{reconciled} of
the honor, ^{the faith, the trust,} ~~you~~ ^{this day} ~~have~~ ^{restored} ~~upon~~
^{us.} ~~What~~ Will you take em?

Mama and Miss Perkins went
into the city this afternoon ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~beatments~~

Mama's arthritis. Would ~~the~~ our
apartment be all right. "

Nov. 17, 1934.

The Twelve English Dances.

Freeman Backhouse Isherwood, III
the American prototype of Reggie.

Knock on door.

Smitty: "Whose there?"

no answer.

Johnny: "Look & see."

Smitty: Roaring: "It's a bear."

"Let him in."

In walks Freeman.

"Good evening, Mr. Bear."

"Ha Ha."

Where did you get the garment.

Mama ^{just} gave it to me, today.

Don't you know that the last
raccoon was ~~slain~~ ^{assassinated} on this
campus ten years ago? That's
a beauty on 'em.

Mama said it'd keep me warm.

Ha Ha.

What was the occasion. Did you tell
~~you must have~~ ~~told~~ ~~been~~ that
the fur E's you got at ^{Harvard} ~~your~~
~~mittens~~ meant Elegant.

Aw, cut it out, I got one N. ^{Johnny}

What happened.

It was a true & fake thing. I tested
a coin & answered them all true.

With negative results, I gather.

Aw, listen fellows -- They're
waiting down in the car.

Who's they?

The ^{fatigue} ~~wild~~, ~~fat~~, snake-like, ^{twisted} ~~spine~~ the
dried, dead leaves along the ^{frozen} streets, the dried
~~dead~~ leaves rattling the skeleton of ^a summer
that was dead.

One-drag \equiv engine ^{snort} puffing like a ^{wounded} ~~stalled~~
or

Genevieve's fat man.

40 hrs. of savage enjoyment.

HAIRCUT
dentist

"Fanny has married an ass,
Smitty whooped."

"Whats that?" Freeman

"Smitty said you've married
the finest Fanny in both
Americas."

Pric Gray 80¢

Mont Ward 11/27/39.

24.19

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Everything ~~was~~ ^{went} going along fine this way until February, ~~when~~ ^{the second semester had} ~~started~~ ^{under way}. Then, ~~one~~ ^{Wednesday} night, ~~when~~ ^{when the first was on the go}, ~~Smitty and I~~ returned from the law library with Smitty, having ~~and~~ ^{Bill and} picked him up at Mertie's pool room, I found a ^{engraved} calling card under our door.

I read it and sank weakly into a chair. Smitty took the card and read: Freeman Backhouse Sherwood, III

Smitty looked at me. "Who the hell is that, ^{Johnny} ^{new} - a ^{brother} ^{protector?} ^{brother} ^{collector?"}

Smitty demanded.

"Get me a drink," I gasped.

Look, there's something ^{written} on the other side.

"Dear John:

I've left Howard - ^{the Magna} ^{decided} ^{for her arthritis.} ^{she} ^{enrolled} ^{in school here and} ^{we've} ^{taken} ^{an} ^{apartment} ^{at} ^{Annabelle} ^{is} ^{coming}. ^I ^{found} ^{of} ^{myself} ^{going} ^{to} ^{become} ^a ^{playwright}. ^{The} ^{theatre} ^{is} ^{so} ^{vital}.

Please be my guest at the cinema tomorrow night. I'll call for you at 8:30. Freeman."

"The blow has fallen" I whispered.

"Who's Annabelle - a babe?"

"Mama's companion." ^I ^{gasped} ^{Placed} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{original} ^{Olympic} ^{games}. ^{He} ^{gives} ^{Freeman} ^{his} ^{birth}.

"And who's this Freeman?"

Patience, I reached over to the cedarwood cabinet, grabbed ~~the~~ a bottle, and tilted out a quick one.

"Gentlemen don't squiggle out of bottles."

2nd. draft.
Nov. 20, '39.

The Twelve English Dancers.

During my senior year in law school at ^{Midwest University} ~~Smitty~~ and I roamed ^{with a fellow called Smitty} together. While both of us belonged to fraternities, we had ^{wearily} ~~floundered~~ our backs on all that ^{had} and ^{flat} rented a little in a bungalow owned by a widowed and impoverished instructor in the engine school. For Smitty and I had arrived at that state of sustained omnipotence and somewhat fatigued worldliness where the curious antics of funny-paddling undergraduates bored us no end.

Our quarters reflected the quiet dignity and taste of ^{a couple of cultured fellows} ~~men~~ who were but months away from becoming ^{circumspect} full-fledged lawyers. ~~Over~~ A few etchings and a ^{circumspect} ~~resembling~~ ^{boisterous} nude adorned our walls. ^{Parents were of course Smitty takes.} We had achieved the pipe-rack, smoking jacket stage, and we kept a bottle or two of whiskey ^{alongside our desk} in a little teakwood stand. ^{beside our study desk.} Besides our plump law books, our bookcase held some back-copies of Transition and other little magazines; Jurgen, The Well of Loneliness, Sons and Lovers, Joyce and Stern and some early Hemingway.

For while Smitty and I were a little young to belong to the lost generation, there was the only shrine at which we ^{felt we} could worship. I suppose we belonged to the ^{neither} ~~lost~~ ^{Or perhaps we were merely midland. At any rate} ~~nor~~ ^{our} ~~found~~ generation. ^{was} ~~one~~ concession to "college" was Smitty's flat-backed mandolin, which he plinked ^{and plunked} with the greatest of ~~some~~ effort.

This Smitty was one of those odd, lazy-like-a-fox fellows who could putter along for weeks without studying, spending endless hours shooting pool, craps or bill; getting mildly drunk; reading the deathless new literature; or cutting classes and going into the city for a "treatment," he called it. But on the night before an examination he would mix himself a tremendous highball and spend an hour or so casually reading over my class notes — and then go in the next day and bang out a better grade than I. It was really most ^{dis} ~~dismaying~~.

without benefit of parents.

Another devil habit of Smitty's ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{to} bringing ^{all manner of strange and} ~~home~~ ^{quirky} ~~and~~ ^{things} ~~and~~ ^{ones}. One ^{time} ~~night~~ ^{he} ~~might~~ ^{bring} ~~home~~ ^{from the} ~~a~~ ^{single} ~~beam~~ ^{at the edge of town,} and spend half the night ^{turning up into} talking with him, ^{by} feeding him whiskey, and writing things ~~down~~ ^{in his note-book}. Trying to find out what ^{there then was the} made him tick. ~~One~~ ^{triumphantly} ~~night~~ ^{produced a} he ~~brought~~ ^{Home} a ~~magic~~ ^{trick} magician — and the next day ~~was~~ ^{discovered} a set of cuff-links and eleven dollars ~~were~~ ^{gone,} ~~as if~~ ^{as if} by magic. But his favorite stunt was to fetch home a local justice of peace who he called Macketh, ^{a wiry little Scot,} who had a ~~Scottish~~ ^{Scottish} brogue as thick as his ^{tongue} ~~throat~~ would be when he and Smitty parted in the wee hours. Smitty would spend hours drawing out this little man, which were really no chore at all, listening to ^{what Smitty called} his remarkable theories of natural justice. Smitty really should have joined a circus.

Smitty and I went along ⁱⁿ ~~this~~ ^{direction} ~~way,~~ ^{February} rolled around, the second semester got underway, and all was well. That is, until one Wednesday night when I ~~had~~ ^{home} returned ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{judging at} law library. I picked up Smitty at the poolroom, and we walked across the campus ^{diagonal} with nothing more ^{serious} on our minds ~~than~~ ^{the prospect of} a mild highball when we got ~~home~~ ^{to} our rooms.

I found that I unlocked the door to our quarters, and went in and switched on our study light. "What's this?" Smitty had ^{an engraved} ~~me~~ ^{card}. "I found it under the door." ^{at the} I glanced ^{at the} ~~card~~ and sank into a chair. Smitty took ^{it} ~~the~~ ^{card} and read: "Freeman Backhouse Sherwood III" "Who the hell is that, Johnny, a bee collector?" "Get me a drink," I gasped. "Look, there's something on the other side — shall I read it?" "Nothing matters now," I said.

"Dear John:

I've left Harvard — Mama decided the climate ^{was} ~~is~~ too raw for her arthritis. I've enrolled in the university and we've taken an apartment. Annabelle is with us. I've decided to become a playwright. The modern theatre is so vital.

Please be my guest at the cinema tomorrow night. I'll call for you at 8:30.

Freeman."

"The blow has fallen," I whispered.

Smitty looked at me severely. "Johnny, you've been leading a secret ^{healthy} life. Who is this ^{modest} worshipper of the modern drama?"

"I wanna drink."

"And who's Annabelle — a babe?"

"Mama's companion," I muttered. "Played in the original Olympic games. Giv's Freeman his Saturday night bath."

"Come now, who the hell is this Isherwood?"

Palsied, I reached over to the teakwood stand, ^{grabbed} ~~gaffed~~ a bottle and tilted out a quid one.

"Gentlemen don't squiggle out of bottles," Smitty coldly observed.

Why the Raccoon

Smitty provided to ~~try~~ ^{try with} ~~Smitty~~ ~~to~~ ~~try~~ plumbing

~~He~~ ~~tried~~ ~~with~~ the possibility of

his middle name, but ^{Smith} concluded

that it was something that ~~should~~ ~~not~~

^{should} best stand unmailed — after all, we

were no longer ^{little boys} ~~children~~ ~~so~~

settled for "Why the Raccoon."

The next evening ^{after dinner} I returned ~~A~~ alone to our rooms to wait for Isherwood. Smitty had fled ^{squawling} from the dinner table when I had suggested ^{that} he join us at the "cinema".

I sat staring sightlessly at Lorenzoni's Cases on Conflicts. Eight-thirty arrived and no Isherwood. I smoked a pipe. Ten of mine and no Isherwood. My ~~hope~~ ^{spirits} mounted.

"Hi, Johnny."

He was chewing gum.

It was Isherwood. He came in, glanced ^{casually} at me - I had not seen him in over ^{two} ~~four~~ years - and walked over and stared at the nude on our wall. I gazed at his broad back, fascinated.

He wore a black Hamburg hat, a light tan camel-hair coat and, rare phenomenon on the campus, pearl grey spats. ~~And he was as handsome and curried and well-shaven as ever.~~ ^{the page old Isherwood -}

Still looking at the nude. "Hell, I got lots of pictures better than this ^{photo graphs -} some real lules."

"How's your mother? And Annabelle?"

"I spose there's lots of fast babes on the campus, eh Johnny. Spose you could line ^{up} some ~~up~~ for me? I got a new Packard, you know. Sports touring. It's a lule."

I looked at the time.

"I think we'll have to be ^{moving} ~~going~~, Freeman, if we're going to the movie."

Airily. "Movie's lousy, Johnny. The girls don't come on till ten."

"What girls?"

In the flesh - and I don't mean maybe. Ha.

"Why the ^{Jewels} English Dancers." Chewing his gum. "Vanderbilt act. ^{in the flesh.} I've ^{seen} ~~seen~~ ^{them} three times already this week. They're certainly lules."

The intermission in the drama was accounted for.

"A - Freeman, if you'll come away from the wall I'll mix you a drink."

Guess not, Johnny. Mamma's raise hell. Her nose's much better'n her arthritis. Ha.

You wouldn't mind
My hand firmly around the neck of
a bottle. "You wouldn't object if I took one —
would you, Freeman. How would you —"

Freeman was into ~~the~~ ^{his} books now.
"Go 'head, Johnny. Ha. You got some hot books
here, eh, Johnny. Wait'll I show you some of mine.
They don't mean ~~no~~ ~~the~~ words. I'll bring 'em
over tomorrow night — along with my
pictures. What's ^{the} matter, Johnny."

"Oh —"
Just choked over my drink, Freeman.
Guess I can't take it. Let's go out — I need ^{a little} ~~some~~ air.

Swell. ^{I'll} Show you the new Packard. ~~It's~~
It sure ^{is} a pippin.

"It bet its a lulu," I said, switching out
the lights.

Space.



It was not that

~~It would be a mistake to conclude that~~
Sherwood was, ~~merely~~ an American ~~type~~ prototype of
Reggie, sans monade. ~~As a matter of fact,~~ ^{For one thing, he} talked
very little ^{and} ~~his~~ ^{as a matter of fact, and} preoccupation with girls and the
prospect of a roll in the hay was not ~~so~~ ^{exactly} ~~foreign~~
~~confined to his~~ ^{confined to his} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~country~~ ^{country} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{is}
a national phenomenon confined to ~~him~~ ^{him}.

I guess one of the things that made him appear so
uncutably asinine to me was a sense of disappointment
a feeling of ~~envy~~ ^{envy} that this big, blonde, blue-eyed
~~giant~~ ^{giant} ~~apparently~~ ^{apparently} had the mind of a ~~gnat~~ ^{gnat}; that
this handsome framework ~~of~~ ^{of} was just that and
nothing more, wasted, while such ^a brilliant
intellect ~~as~~ ^{as} mine was obliged to dwell in such
an unimposing shell...

The twelve English dances were
lulus, indeed.

The next night, Friday, I bolted from the dinner table like a wounded gnu.

"Where you going, Johnny," Smitty shouted after me, following me into the hall.

"I'm gonna get drunk — and stay out all night. You can look at Isherwood's ^{dirty} pictures.

I should be delighted.

I slammed the door.

I went over to the law library and tried to study ~~some~~ constitutional law. But it was no go. The constitution, that sturdy instrument, would have to take another beating. I then went over to Smitty's ^{and bought a cue,} pool room, ^{place was practically empty, the} but the cushions seemed ^{as lifeless as} ~~dead~~ the few players, who ^{all} looked ^{to me} like yellowed and conceivably Isherwood. I next ^{trudged} ~~went~~ up to my fraternity house, where my young brethren were ^{all} in a dither preparing for a house dance that evening. Their juvenile enthusiasm ^{soon} drove me from the place, ^{reminding} ~~me~~ ^{of} myself.

A One of the older boys followed me to the door. "Aren't you dancing tonight, Johnny. What's the matter, you look sort of pale."

"I'm afraid I'm suffering from Isherwood's disease," I said.

Oh, that's too bad. Have you had a doctor?"

"Alas, it is incurable," I said, walking sadly away.

I wandered around the campus like the ghost of an old grad. Several times I thought I saw Isherwood approaching, and I hid behind trees. Ten o'clock found me ^{somehow} in front of the ^{theater} Majestic, the temporary home of the twelve English dancers. Like a man in a trance I paid my money and went in, and like a man ^{rapidly} ~~coming~~ coming out of a trance, found my way ^{on} ^{from sleep} to the front row. The curtain was ^{just} ^{very beautiful} rising on ~~the~~ twelve English dancers.

I had ~~also~~ ^{always} had an ^{obscure} notion that all English girls were horse-faced ^{and} either bow-legged or knock-kneed, and as ^{big and} chimney as a chorus of female impersonators. These girls were really honeys, and they could dance beautifully. They had some attractive solo numbers, ~~but their~~ ^{ensemble dancing} ~~was the tops.~~ ^{It} was a revelation of ^{perfect} timing and rhythm and precision — and youth-ful grace and ~~steady~~ enthusiasm.

When the curtain went down I ~~felt~~ ^{concluded} that I might live.

When I ^{neared} ~~got~~ home I stalked the place to see if Isherwood's car was about. No car. Nevertheless I crept down our ^{creaking} corridor and listened at ^{my} ~~the~~ door. Horrors. I heard voices. I was about to turn and flee when Smitty flung open the door. There sat Macbeth, the Scot, his honor, the justice of peace.

"~~What~~ ^{What} are you standing there for? ^{What} didn't you ^{walk} ~~come~~ ^{in?} ~~John~~."

I was looking for my key, ~~that~~ I mumbled.

"You lie, Varlet. You were listening for Isherwood. Well, he hasn't been here — yet!"

I entered, greeted Scotty, locked the door, put the study lamp on the floor to dim the light, and leaped into Smitty's bed.

"Nivis," I said to Smitty, "bring me the biggest drink in the house."

"Tis a pleasure, milord. At once, sir."

"Scotty, did you ever have any English girls? How are they?" I said

Scotty's brogue defies reproduction.

"Lots of them, ^{when they're in the mood,} lad. ^{Next} to the Scotch

girls ~~girls~~ they're the best.

Smitty looked at me accusingly as he

