

1st draft
Oct. 19, 1943.

The Burning Earth

Chapter 1.

I often wonder what became of Miss Ungles. We never known a woman like her. I haven't seen or heard of her since I graduated from Hematite high school. She was my ^{twelfth} grade English teacher. ~~in twelfth grade.~~ Neither has anyone else that I know of. I don't mean ^{to infer} that she went away just because I graduated from high school ^{and left} anything like that. I don't mean that ^{at all.} I mean she did leave Hematite after she finished her school ~~year~~ ^{that June, and nobody has heard from her ever since.} ^{Why she left, probably knows that had signed a contract to return that fall.} I know. ^{I hope not.} ^{she may have} married or something. I hope so.

Miss Ungles was my twelfth grade English teacher. She was tall and slender and very dark. She had ~~big~~ dark eyes that ~~looked~~ ^{seemed} to ~~go~~ ^{go} right through you when she looked ^{at you, you know,} ^{horn-rimmed} glasses, the kind that go over your ears, and they made her eyes look big and kind of blazing ^{like} when she looked at a ~~person~~ ^{you} way.

At the time I thought she was kind of old, but as I look back she ~~wasn't~~ ^{couldn't have been} really much older than us high school kids. She had come to teach at Hematite right out of college - the University of Chicago, I think it was - and she had only ^{taught in Hematite} ~~been~~ ^{there} three years, so she couldn't have been much over ^{twenty-four or} twenty-five, at the outside. ^{things - if you know them well, at least}

It's ^a funny, when you're a kid you often thought anyone over thirty should have been taken out and shot or ^{escorted into} ~~put~~ ⁱⁿ a ^{nice, comfortable} lethal chamber. Everyone but your parents and your friends parents, I mean. Yet as you grow older and get over thirty yourself, and then ^{perhaps down} approach forty and ^{and} start ^{the} slide to fifty, ^{and} the

Take out in Hollywood. Some of those ~~gay~~ fellows actors playing the parts of ^{gang,} dashing lovers could be grandfathers without too much ^{help} at all. Perhaps some of them are. ^{idle sort of} Lethal chamber recedes into the background. ^{maybe all this} ~~Perhaps~~ it is Nature's way. Or perhaps it is all the miraculous breakfast foods ^{and} and sulphur drugs and vitamin compounds ^{and other stuff} people are gulping these days, like mad. Personally, I'll settle for Nature's way.

The lucky ones, as they grow older, always keep thinking that they are just in their prime. They may be getting bald or wearing girdles twice the size they once did or ~~sporting~~ ^{sporting} ~~gleaming~~ ^{gleaming} rows of ~~dismounted~~ teeth, but there are those, the lucky ones, who always think that the present moment, here, now, this instant, is the high point, both physically and mentally, of their ^{entire} lives.

~~Often~~ But I don't think ^{my} English teacher, Miss Unger, was that way. Somehow I ~~seem~~ ^{seem} to think she was meant to live a ~~brief~~ ^{brief} brief, exciting life - that she wanted it that way. This may surprise those who remember Miss Unger, ^{as} she ~~was~~ ^{always appeared} so quiet and sort of older than she was, and dressed in clothes and hats that were always different than the current mode. ~~Not~~ that she dressed in any flashy way. She was just different. For instance, ^{at the time} I remember ^{that} most ~~girls~~ ^{and} women were wearing bluffs of felt hats, like inverted flower pots, ^{that} they pulled down ^{over} over their eyes, like ^{the} ~~soldiers~~ ^{soldiers} wear to protect themselves from flying ~~chapel~~ ^{chapel}. I never saw Miss Unger wear one of those things. She would wear a soft little dark turban, ^{or} a small, feminine ^{with} - looking soft fur hat. ~~Or sometimes she would~~ Then often she would wear one of those peasant kerchiefs knotted over her head, like the old Finnish women do up here. That was years before everyone started ^{to} it ^{become} fashionable for women and girls to be running

dressed
around like refugees, like they do now, at football games and everything. But most
of the time I remember that Miss Ungles wore no
hat at all. Especially in the winter when it was
snowing. Sometimes I would walk to school with her.
She lived but two blocks away ^{from our house} in a small
apartment over Dr. Bittner's house. (~~That was before~~
~~she~~ before he got arrested for aborting a ~~to~~ woman who
died later, ~~because he was~~ Dr. Bittner was a bachelor, ^{and he was} not a
real doctor, but a veterinarian.
You could almost count on it, when it was
snowing, she would ^{particular} come swinging down the street with her
long ^{stride,} ~~steps~~ bareheaded, the snow pelting into her face
and ^{making} ~~hair~~ ^{hair,} ~~and~~ ^{and} it got so I would count on it, walking
with her, I mean.

"Hello, Paul. How are you today?" she would ask,
smiling up at me. I say up, because, though she was tall,
I was taller, almost as tall as my father, and thin as a deer
after a hard winter.

Why, Dr. fine, Miss Ungles? Man, I walk to
school with you?

Of course, Paul, Dr. fine getting to look forward
to having you walk with me.

Patricia
Thorne

It was still dark and raining hard
unless Paul climbed onto the ^{water} tank of the passenger locomotive.

Dear Miss Unger,

I guess you will ^{be surprised to} ~~feel pretty bad~~ to learn that
I am in jail. The

At times I ^{speculated that} figured it didn't ~~mean~~ ^{even} fool him; that he wore it in a spirit of whimsy and fun, just to lend a sort of carnival atmosphere to the jail.

Danny McSwain, ^{the jailer} on the day shift, was ^{passed} ~~passing~~ along the corridors, ^{with an} ~~with~~ ^{unlock} who had served his time.

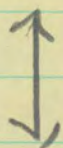
"Danny!" I said.

Danny came over to my cell. He was a ^{red-} ~~red-~~ ^{red-} wisted Irishman, about sixty, ^{who wore elastic arm-bands} ~~with~~ ^{and wore} ~~it~~ and also a reddish-gray wig which fooled no one but himself. "What is it, ^{Paul} my lad?" he said, smiling at me. ^{Why} he said Paul, it ^{rhymed with awl.} I was already one of his favorites, an enviable and undemocratic position, for it meant many small favors, such as tobacco and writing paper, and an occasional chance ^{to exercise} ~~to~~ in the jail yard.

~~But~~ "Are you ^{still} sure, Danny, ~~that~~ you have no relatives in Hematite?" I said. "You mean that ^{there} goddam ^{mining} town ^{way} ~~back~~ up in Michigan what spawned eye?" I guess I didn't tell "Sure, Danny. ^{But every time} My father's ^{my uncle Joe -} ~~brother~~ ^(This is a fine family of study) ~~brother~~ ^{her} ~~brother~~ ^{brother} on the ~~best~~ police force back home. Finest looking cop on the whole force. And his the the spittin' image of you, Danny. S'fact.

~~Swain, Paul~~
This wasn't bad going. My father's brother had never married, was in the insane asylum, in fact, and the first genuine McSwain I had ^{laid eyes on} ~~met~~ was Danny.

"Swain, swain, lad," Danny said, but he was pleased. I tol' you, ~~in~~ I ain't never set foot in Hematite, never heard of it - an' what's more, don't want to. Can't you see I'm busy. What do you want? Tell me, Paul. I smiled. "I want to write another letter Danny."



"Dear Miss Unger,

I guess you will be ^{as} surprised as I am, when I ^{stop} think of it, to learn that I am in jail. I am ^{here} in the Cuyahoga county jail, in Cleveland, Ohio. That's in Cleveland, Ohio. I'm serving ~~sixty~~ ^{thirty} days for stealing a ham. The ~~done~~ ham turned out to be growed, too. My fine was \$25.00 and costs of 4.05, but I couldn't pay it, and didn't want my Mother to know, so they put me in here. I have only seven more days to go. I'm ashamed to let you know about this, but sometimes I figure you'll understand.

I'm not sure ~~if~~ whether this letter will reach you, but I suppose your family will forward it to you, wherever you are. I'm ashamed to let you know about my being in jail, but I figure you'll understand. I think of you quite often, Miss Unger, and I'm lonely.

I quit After the ore boat loaded ^{at the Central Pier} in Cleveland, I had only \$11.00 and some cents. I met some fellows in Gordon Park, I think it was, down by the waterfront, mostly sailors and bums, and we used to sleep ~~over~~ on the park benches, and pool.

Paul
Excluded two quarters at the ^{gates of the} giant ore
loading dock by the simple expedient of picking
up a ^{down} two inch plank ^{before the saw came and bolting} and walking past them with a
After a long walk, he came to the dropping ^{high} interior of the dock, ^{with a high} and ^{dropped} climbing
immense stairs, he finally reached the top
of the dock.

The James J. Hill rode high, still to be loaded.
Gulls floated and wheeled around the gallery,
supplementing ^{but not blending with} the efforts of a crew ^{attempting to} parrying the
roof red. Lake Michigan lay still and glittering in
the June ~~of~~ sun, gently beaming. Paul breathed in

the pungent
shore stench.

"Yes, sir, son?" ^{the man said.} ~~The man~~ were a ~~battering~~

"Am looking for a job on the lakes."

"Pretty young, son. You've never been on the
lakes."

Twenty-one. No, ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~second~~ ⁱⁿ ~~year~~ ^{ago}.

We need a coal passer. Ever work a big boiler?

One summer at ^{an iron} ~~the~~ ^{mine} mine in Chippewa.

"How high is your ash gun?" Paul had heard this
was a ^{professional} ~~good~~ question. The ash gun was a chute that
carried ashes and clinkers from the boiler room into
the water.

"Ten feet. Want the job?"

Yes, sir.

We way anchor at 3:00 a.m. I'll show
you your quarters.



Hills Kid.

hand will - this - dry - never - end work.

The bats flitted and circled in oiled flight over the town square, feeding greedily on the swarming moths and mosquitoes attracted there by the glare ^{of} ~~from~~ ^A Doc Holliday's medicine show. The banjo-shaped gasoline flares guttered and spat fitfully in the chill summer night's breeze, noisily devouring those swirling insects which had not fallen prey to the bats. Far above the heads of the knot of townspeople the hunting nighthawks circled and screeched and endlessly soared.

Paul stood in the crowd up near the edge of the platform with the other young boys. His gray eyes were unblinking as he drank in the magic of the show, the tufted swoop of his cowlick protruding from under the shapeless peak of his checkered cap.

Doc Holliday's colored Dixieland Ragtime Band blared out the final chorus of ~~their~~ "Alexander's Ragtime Band" from their vapor-steaming horns and twanging banjo -- eye-rolling, shivering, devoutly wishing they were back in Dixie. Their music done, they crowded in gangling haste to the comparative warmth of the changing tent.

The ~~great Herr Doktor~~ ^{Doc Holliday,} himself, privately nettled, but beaming at his retreating assistants, winked broadly at his audience, nodding at its answering chuckle. After the last darky had left, he pushed back his sombrero, removed his cigar, and strode to the front of the platform. Hooking his thumb through his colored vest, he rocked thoughtfully on his booted heels, gazing with sightless eyes over the heads of the waiting people. His was now the misty eye of the healer. Fun was fun, see -- but there was the word, there was the message. There was Banyan!

Paul eagerly absorbed every ~~word~~ gesture, every ~~pause~~ ~~every word~~ of the great Herr Doktor. Here was the persuasive, successful leader of men; the actor, the master of timing, ^{subtle nuance,} modulation, mood. With visible effort the great man withdrew from his ^{tinged} dream, cleared his throat into a large silk handkerchief, and began to speak.

"Lay-dees and Gentlemen!

"Before we move on to the next act, which follows immediately, we wish to tell our many friends in Chippewa how glad we are to be back again in Michigan's northern peninsula; how much we look forward each year to visiting your invigorating clime; to breathing once again your clean pine-scented Lake Superior ^{air -- that} air which spells ^{the} that greatest of God's gifts" -- he paused and closed his eyes -- "abundant health!"

^{9. Amen.}
Smiling benevolently, he surveyed the group of boys down in front of him. He put on his Uncle ^oHoll voice; generous, bluff, hearty. "I wonder if one of you young boys would help me out tonight. Looks like my ^{hand} hand's got to thaw out between acts." The crowd rumbled its appreciation of this ^{great, gold-toothed good roving} ^{humor.} ^{his eyes lit on Paul's eager, small face.}

"Here, you -- give me your hand, young man. ^{Do right} You're going to interne under ol' Doc Holliday." He reached down and grabbed Paul's helplessly upraised arm and lifted him -- "ups-a-daisy" -- unto the platform. Paul stood blinking down at his giggling, envious comrades, his face surging with color. He ^{spied one of} spotted his father's bartender, ^{grinning} Charley LeRoy, farther out in the crowd. He swallowed and smiled faintly ^{the} ^{sibler} smile of dismay.

Doc Holliday reached out his big palm to Paul. "My name's Doc Holliday, pardner. Put her there. What's yours?"

"Paul Biegler, Sir."

"How old are you?"

^{Eleven}
"Twelve, sir," Paul answered.

"Don't 'sir' me, Polly. Now suppose we get to work. Would you reach in that carton ^{there please,} ~~there~~ and ^{fetch} get me a bottle of my life-giving medicine -- Banyan?"

"Yes, sir," Paul said, scrambling to the carton, glad to hide ^{in action} the delightful terror of his embarrassment, ~~in action~~. He rummaged in the carton and drew out a tall bottle of black fluid and handed it up to Doc Holliday. Doc lay the bottle in the palm of one big hand and ^{lovingly, he patted it.} patted it with the other. He looked out at the audience. ~~Thin-faced~~ ^{Thin-faced} Paul Biegler stood

there, spindly in his corduroy knee-pants and red-knitted pull-over sweater, drinking in the words of the great man along with the pungent, delicious aroma of raw gasoline from the lamps.

"Good friends of Chippewa, due to the scarcity of the rare and exotic ingredients which go into Banyan, caused by that great war which conflagrates those distant shores" -- he swept his

long arms towards the eastern horizon -- "we are, alas! not able to offer you as much of our health-giving medicine this year as we have in the past."

He fixed them with ^{his} broad, gold-toothed smile.

One only.

"And so we regret that we must restrict each lucky person to one bottle of Banyan. Our supply is limited. But the quality is even better than ever. And the price remains the same -- one dollar per bottle. Yes, sir, ladies and gentlemen -- Banyan is still ^{only} one dollar per bottle."

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His voice boomed rapidly, now, in a kind of a chant, on sure and steady ground. "Here is the medicine that rids you of your aches and pains, releases the internal juices, tunes up the system, unclogs the human pipes and valves -- in a word, Banyan. Banyan, Banyan, made from the roots of that ancient tree ^{which flowers} flowering in the Holy Land" -- the wretched ^{shivering} Dixieland band had again lined up under the canopy of moths -- "~~Banyan, that soothing elixir of life,~~ that ancient remedy blessed by the wisemen of old -- Banyan, one dollar per bottle. Banyan cures or your money back. Who's the first? Here! Thank you, sir -- take her away, Dixieland -- who's the next? Right -- and four are five. ⁴ Another carton, Polly boy. Banyan, Banyan! Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. Ring the cane, the cane you ring, the cane you carry away! ^{get Banyan, that soothing elixir of life.} Columbus took a chance -- why not you. -- ~~4~~ Banyan, Banyan..."



* * *

"Take a chance, bud -- Columbus did."

Down the hatch,

There it ^{was:} ~~is~~ was it partially, at least, a key to American character? Take a chance. ^

Let 'er go, Gallagher! *Try everything over! Down the hatch!*

"Listen, Colton, old man -- confidentially -- you'd better buy Mowhawk Mines, preferred..."

racial and national

Students of ^{social} groups who prefer their folkways in capsule form take comfort in their canny Scot, the stolid Dutchman, the voluble Frenchman; the brawling Irishman, the gay Italian, the dashing Spaniard.

" -- To one side, pardner -- I aims to ride over that thar bridge, ^{come} hell or high water --"

Or the austere Swede, the stubborn ^{Briton,} Britain, the brooding Teuton; the mystic Jew, ~~or~~ the gloomy Russian, Or the proud Pole, the impassive Chinese, the silent Arab; or the joyous Hawaiian, the sad-glad Negro, and -- hear, hear -- the treacherous Jap. Or ^{perchance,} the devil-may-care American... //

But is it the devil-may-care American? Is not the American ^{composite} ~~the composite of~~ all of these and more? *Is he not gay, sad, ^{glad,} voluble, silent, mystic, joyous, austere, ^{treacherous, cunning,} proud, brawling, proud?*
"Wha' foh you ast all dem foolment questions, Boss?"

At 11:15 that night Paul Biegler, age eleven, crept into the kitchen door of his parents' house, clutching in his hands a bottle of magical Banyan. Stealthily he ^{slipped} padded through the pantry, dropped his cap on the dining-room floor, hated the loud-ticking ^{old} Seth Thomas clock on its shelf, squeaked up the worn ^{aloft, the tiptoe} unpadded wooden back stairs to the "boys' room," wincing in *Triumphantly bearing his bottle of banyan & breathing blackness* the darkness with every creaking step, ~~thence~~ ^{thence} into the darkness of his bedroom, thence into the capable plump arms of his waiting mother, Belle...

Right after breakfast the next morning Fiina, the Finnish hired girl, steaming pail beside her, knelt to the task of removing a vast black blotch from the boys' room floor.

The Banyan tree is a stubborn tree,
To get its growth takes a century.
And if you ever spill its juice,
To get it out -- well, there ain't no use. ~~---~~

Fiina scrubbed and scraped and rubbed the worn pine boards. "What kind crazy bizness doze Biegler boys being up to now?" Such was her puzzlement, this blonde, perspiring uninitiate into the mysteries of Banyan.

Banyan first ^{shed its light upon} ~~came into~~ the Biegler home in July 1915.

THE BURNING EARTH

by Robert Traver

CHAPTER ONE

The bats flitted and circled in oiled flight over the town square, feeding greedily on the swarming moths and mosquitoes attracted there by the glare of Doc Halliday's medicine show. The banjo-shaped gasoline flares guttered and spat fitfully in the chill summer night's breeze, noisily devouring those swirling insects which had not fallen prey to the bats. Far above the heads of the knot of townspeople the hunting nighthawks circled and screeched and endlessly soared.

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"Lay-dees and Gentlemen!

"Before we move on to the next act, which follows immediately, we wish to tell our many friends in Chippewa how glad we are to be back again in Michigan's northern peninsula; how much we look forward each year to visiting your invigorating clime; to breathing once again

your clean pine-scented Lake Superior air -- that air which spells the greatest of God's gifts" -- he paused and closed his eyes -- "abundant health!"

Amen.

Smiling benevolently, he surveyed the ^{inevitable} group of boys down in front of him. He put on his Uncle Hal voice; generous, bluff, hearty. "I wonder if one of you young boys would help me out tonight. Looks like my band's got to thaw out between acts." The crowd rumbled its appreciation of this great, gold-toothed good humor. It made him one of them, a sturdy, hardy Northerner. His roving eyes lit on Paul's eager, small face.

"Here, you -- give me your hand, young man. Tonight you're going to interne under ol' Doc Halliday." He reached down and grabbed Paul's helplessly upraised arm and lifted him -- "ups-a-daisy" -- unto the platform. Paul stood blinking down at his giggling, envious comrades, his face surging with color. He spied one of his father's bartenders, grinning Charley LeRoy, farther out in the crowd. He swallowed and smiled faintly the sweet sickly smile of confusion and dismay.

Doc Halliday reached out his big palm to Paul. "My name's Doc Halliday, pardner. Put her there. What's yours?"

"Paul Biegler, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve, sir," Paul answered.

"Don't 'sir' me, Polly. Now suppose we get to work. Would you reach in that there carton, please, and fetch me a bottle of my life-giving medicine -- Banyan?"

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"Good friends of Chippewa, due to the scarcity of the rare and exotic ingredients which go into Banyan, caused by that great war which conflagrates those distant shores" -- he swept

his long arms towards the eastern horizon -- "we are, alas! not able to offer you as much of our health-giving medicine this year as we have in the past."

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His voice boomed rapidly, now, in a kind of a chant, on sure and steady ground.

"Here is the medicine that rids you of your aches and pains, releases the internal juices, tunes up the system, unclogs the human pipes and valves -- in a word, Banyan. Banyan, Banyan, made from the roots of that ancient tree which flowers ^{only} in the Holy Land."

The wretched, shivering Dixieland band, hearing its cue, again lined up under the ^{flapping} canopy of moths. The voice of medicine rolled on.

"Banyan, that age-old remedy blessed by the wise men of old -- Banyan, one dollar per bottle. Banyan cures or your money back. Who's the first? Here! Thank you, sir -- take her away, Dixieland -- who's the next? Right -- and four are five. Another carton, Polly boy. Banyan, Banyan! Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. Ring the cane, the cane you ring, the cane you carry away! Get Banyan, that soothing elixir of life. Columbus took a chance -- why not you. Banyan, Banyan..."

"Take a chance, bud -- Columbus did."

There it was: was it partially, at least, a key to American character? Take a chance. Try everything once. Down the hatch! Let 'er go, Gallagher!

"Listen, Colton, old man -- confidentially -- you'd better buy Mowhawk Mines, preferred..."

Students of racial and national groups who prefer their folkways in capsule form take comfort in their canny Scot, the stolid Dutchman, the voluble Frenchman; the brawling Irishman, the gay Italian, the dashing Spaniard. Or the austere Swede, the stubborn Briton, the brooding Teuton; the mystic Jew, the gloomy Russian. Or the proud Pole, the impassive Chinese, the silent Arab; or the joyous Hawaiian, the sad-glad Negro, and -- hear, hear -- the treacherous Jap. Or, perchance, the devil-may-care American...

"To one side, pardner -- I aims to ride ~~over~~ that thar ^{hoss,} bridge, come hell or high water."
~~But~~ Is it the devil-may-care American? Is not the American all of these and more? Is he not gay, sad, mad, glad, voluble, silent, mystic, cynical, joyous, austere, treacherous, canny, brawling, proud? But is not his gambling instinct, his love of taking a chance, one of his most dominant characteristics? Were not all of America's immigrants, from Columbus and ^{the} Mayflower ^{on} down, reckless gamblers in destiny?

"Wha' foh you ast all dem foolment questions, Boss?"

At 11:15 that night Paul Biegler, age twelve, crept into the kitchen door of his parents' house, clutching in his hands a bottle of the ~~Holyland's~~ hoist for health, Banyan. It was his night's wages -- hot from the hands of the healer himself. Glib salesman's phrases raced through Paul's excited brain. Stealthily he slipped through the pantry, dropped his cap on the dining-room floor, hated the loud-ticking old Seth Thomas clock on its shelf, squeaked up the worn unpadded wooden back stairs to the "boys' room," wincing in the darkness with every creaking step. "Thank goodness the old man's out at camp," he thought. Triumphantly bearing his bottle of Banyan aloft, he tiptoed into the breathing blackness of his bedroom; thence into the capable plump arms of his waiting mother, Belle. She was not at camp. And, O blight of ignorance, Belle had never heard of Banyan...

"You nighthawk you -- where have you been!"

Contrary to the tenets of all modern tracts on juvenile care and upbringing, there was a vigorous, resounding maternal whack, the crash of breaking glass, the sigh and shift of sleeping brothers, followed by a spreading Banyanish silence. Doc Halliday's assistant healer was in the doghouse.

Benediction.

Right after breakfast the next morning Fiina, the Finnish hired girl, steaming pail beside her, knelt to the task of removing a vast black blotch from the boys' room floor.

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To get its growth takes a century.
And if you ever spill its juice,
To get it out -- well, there ain't no use.

Fiina scrubbed and scraped and rubbed the worn pine boards. "What kind crazy bizness doze Biegler boys being up to now?" Such was her puzzlement, this blonde, perspiring uninitiate into

the mysteries of Banyan.

Banyan first cast its shadow upon the Biegler home in July 1915.

1-4-44

Paul came gradually to sense that the essence of people's lives was secret and un-
seen, locked far below the surface in dreams and memories as deep as Hell itself: that
the day-to-day brawling, working, eating, bragging, drinking fellow was but a fragment of
the whole man, like the lapped frozen peak to the great submerged iceberg, the quiet cone
to the festering volcano, the slender projecting spire to the engulfed cathedral. ~~People~~
his parents, his brothers,
simply did not know each other. He did not know his friends: they knew him not at all. And
there was no help for it.

For he was haunted, too, by the slow realization that the human modes of communicating
this seething buried life, one to the other, were still but little removed from a series of
grunts or the caveman's crude scrawls and drawings on his ancient, smoke-grimed wall.

Must there only be occasional, fugitive, fleeting gleams? How to tell? how to say?
How shall I articulate my beautiful, ghastly dream? Who will tell me his? There was slow,
quiet terror in the thought: Was not all this the key to the essential loneliness of man?

An unhappy Irishman called Joyce tore out his vitals trying to tell ...
How to tell? how to say? [^] Was this, then, the reason for the terrible compulsion -- why men
strive, sweat, blunder, lurch and stumble, blindly fall, yet rise and strive again -- to
mould, fashion, carve, build, to create? They must try to say, they must try to tell...

Thoughts like these made Paul despair of ever becoming a writer. Christ, what was the
use! Laggard words, the ordinary resources of language, seemed but faint tinklings and
little bells, lost and helpless to convey this vast deep realm of dream and shadow. It
seemed to him, sometimes, that entire new symbols, even new modes, of human communication
were imperative.

Men did not tell because they could not tell.

"But there is music," he mused, "yes, music -- it is the closest we have yet come..."

At times, in his monstrous longing towards release, towards utterance, he thought he would
try to become a composer.

Paul gradually came to be shocked at the preoccupation of most people over the dreary business of making a living. It filled so much of their lives, their talk, their recreation. It was not that he regarded earning one's living as a matter for jest. He had seen too much of its earnestness about him. He supposed it was just as brutally necessary as breathing or going to the bathroom. Yet people did not constantly talk and think about those bodily functions. It was a matter of proportions...

He was always to be suspicious and, at times, a trifle envious of the ambitious, the successful; of those who wanted to "get ahead" or those who got ahead. Most of his playmates had their ^{an "eye"} eyes "on the main chance." Paul often wondered what the main chance was. Was one's destiny on earth confined to earning a living, buying a house or a dozen houses, accumulating a bank balance and a lot of stocks and bonds? And then dying? Paul could not believe it. He was afraid to believe it. If he believed he felt he would be lost.

By this time he had read a number of *cleverly* cynical and satiric books and articles by men who derided this American preoccupation with money and worldly goods. Their diatribes were usually associated with gibes at Rotarians and other uplift organizations. Mencken was their chief apostle. And they made out a *plausible* case. ^{Ridicule was their weapon.} But Paul did not share with them their apparent feeling of rancour or glee over ^{the} this sorry state of affairs. His feeling was one of abiding dismay and sadness. He felt sorry for them. He was appalled at the waste of living. There was no fun, no joy...

That was it! It was the joylessness of their existence -- the ^{hideously} dull, groping, splintered lives they led. There was no hilarity, no spontaneity, no zest, no giving out... Their occasional fits of *buffoon* laughter had one eye on the clock or the cash box. There was, God dammit, no honest ^{unrestrained} joy.

It was the one great characteristic of Oliver's that Paul applauded and envied -- the thing that made Paul forgive him so much else -- the man's Gargantuan capacity for enjoyment. There was a wild goat-like joy in his eating, ~~joy~~ in his drinking, undoubtedly there was joy in his sexual encounters, in his fishing and hunting -- even in his epic rages. The man lived...

* * *

The thunderous applause subsided. The audience lights of Carnegie Hall gradually dimmed. Only a waiting, rustling hush prevailed. Paul Biegler raised his baton. He was slightly stooped and gray about the temples, inwardly ravaged by his secret, searing visions, yet still slender and handsome in his evening clothes. Two hundred -- count them, two hundred! -- trained musicians watched for his signal. Then slowly his arms descended and rose as the string section -- or perhaps just the muted first violins -- whispered and sighed the haunting, aching opening strains of his latest composition, the tone poem ^{"Colors of the Night"} ~~"The Burning Earth."~~ No, no, no -- ^{Debussy had already used that one!} ~~that was going to be his book!~~ How about "A Walk on the Ocean Floor"? Yes, that ^{Claude Achille would like that one.} ~~would make a shambling bum out of Debussy.~~ This was its electrifying world premiere...

Strong men broke down and sobbed. Beautiful women ^{plucked and} tore at their heaving bodices ^{and} ~~or~~ quietly swooned. For tonight they were made to understand many locked and hidden places of the heart, and shame had dropped away...

It was a warm, earthy-smelling Saturday morning in the early spring, when Paul was fifteen, that he ran away from home. It was not the ordinary, planned, stealthy sneaking away that his ^{older} brothers had used. It had all happened in an instant. And his father had escorted him part of the way with a dung fork. Paul had not exposed the current hired girl to pregnancy, or anything romantic or colorful like that. At that tender age his older brothers still took care of the romance department. It all happened over a gluttonish old horse called, of all things, Bud.

Oliver had got this Bud horse, a sway-backed gelding, in a trade with Weiler, the ^{feed man,} brewer, several months earlier. It had soon developed that Bud was less of a horse than an animated intestine. Each day, if given his way, he could eat nearly his weight in oats and hay, a phenomenon which Oliver's pride as a keen trader refused to accept until the day Paul ran away.

During the night this curious animal had gnawed his halter rope, got loose in the barn, rooted and gouged into four or five sacks of oats, and lo! when Oliver and Paul had opened the barn door that fateful spring morning, there stood this bloated Bud beast in the middle of the barn floor, calmly slavering and drooling oats, more oats, and still some more oats. The place was a steaming sea of mingled oats and manure. Paul thought wildly: Seven dinosaurs with the dysentery could not have contributed more to the crops of tomorrow!

Oliver and Paul stood spellbound in the open barn door. As they looked this engaging animal, blinking thoughtfully, reached his snout into a half-buried sack at his feet, nuzzling for a little tid-bit to vary his diet -- and came up with another dripping maw of oats. Paul looked at his father. Oliver had drawn the back of his big hand across his eyes and, as they say in the love stories, uttered a low moan. In fact he uttered quite a series of low moans, gradually mounting in volume and intensity until he was soon filling the early spring morning air with the music of his lament.

It is a monument of understatement to say that Oliver could swear. When he swore his curses crackled, they gave out darting blue lights, the air was filled with static electric shocks. As Paul stood there his heart surged with a fearful pride. Never could there be a rival to this wealth of invective. "This great man, my father, is the poet laureate of profanity," Paul thought. Just then Oliver turned on Paul...

Paul was to blame! Paul -- the blankety blank spawn of a hasty and ill-considered marriage! the drooling, addle-pated heir to his vast possessions! -- a son who didn't even know how

to tie a blankety blank halter rope. Oliver's sulphurous flow lent a new dignity to mere imbecility.

"An' by the roarin' Jesus," Oliver rushed on, "you'll pick up every last oat if it takes all summer long! I'll be bitched, bugged and bewildered if a fumblin' whelp of mine is goin' to throw my money into a pile of ----!" It was Paul's turn to utter a low moan.

Paul knelt to his task as Oliver tenderly led Bud, the horse, into his stall, where he tied him, watered him, patted him, whispered softly to him. Paul was numbed by this disgusting display of perverse sentimentality. He took an empty water pail and gingerly tried, so to speak, to separate the chaff from the wheat. Looking for a needle in a hay stack, he concluded, was but child's play. "And give me a hay stack any old day." Oliver came and stood over Paul, leaning on a dung fork. Out of the corner of his eye Paul could see Oliver's long legs planted wide apart on the swollen mound of his misery. "Who was this fellow Miss Robinson had been teaching us about," Paul thought frantically " -- the lucky guy who had only to clean out the Augean stables?"

Suddenly Paul felt a surge of nausea. He wanted to lie down. Anywhere.

"Get a move on you," Oliver said. Paul saw that he ^{and} not the horse [^] was to be the sole object of his father's spleen.

Paul knelt there, swaying, in the manure. He did not move. He was close to retching.

"Get a move on you, I said," Oliver said in a rising voice.

Whitefaced, Paul stood up and looked at his father. Behind him in the wavering background stood the animal, Bud, gnawing the wood of his stall with his big, yellow teeth; standing there in all his greedy, oat-bloated, dung-coated splendor.

"You!" Paul said to his father, slowly, his boy's voice cracked and vibrant, his gray eyes boring into his father's angry blue eyes. "You and your horse, Sir, can go straight to hell!" Paul turned and bolted, darted out of the barn, with Oliver hot on his heels, wildly brandishing his dung fork. Boarders in the Taleen House nextdoor ^{rushed} ~~ran~~ to their windows, drawn by the tumult, and remarked their progress with interest. Oliver chased Paul out of the barnyard, cursing him ^{Grandpa's old} across the railroad tracks in front of a slowly approaching freight train, past ~~Weiler's~~ ^{and Bender's} brewery, around the old fire hall, and back across the tracks once again. Paul could hear he was losing ground. He looked over his shoulder. By an act of divine intervention,

the freight train was coming between them. Oliver, thwarted, stood panting by the tracks, homicidally holding his dung fork like a javelin. It was too far to throw. When he saw Paul looking back, he shook his clenched fist and wildly shouted, above the rumble of the moving cars, "I -- I'll go you to hell!"

The freight train drew alongside and cut Oliver from view. The engineer was nodding and grinning and shaking his two hands at Paul. "~~Atta boy,~~" his lips said. ^{Paul} ~~Paul, white faced,~~ ran and caught on to the rung of the first box car and started to climb. He climbed with a heavy heart. There was a big lump in his throat. Here, at a time when he might never see or hear his father again, when he expected him, somehow, to reach new heights of invective, to open up new vistas of vehemence, the best Oliver could manage was, "I'll go you to hell!"

As the westbound freight train passed the Division Street crossing, and gathered speed, Paul sadly concluded that this, in the last analysis, was the inevitable way of life!

12/27/43

~~screamed and whistled and screamed~~
~~hunting~~

~~whirled and screamed and endlessly roared.~~

~~in~~ ~~vicious~~ ~~flight~~

The bats ~~whirled~~ ^{flitted} and ~~circled~~ over the town square, feeding ~~long~~ ^{quickly} on the glare of Doc ~~Holloway's~~ ^{Holloway's} Medicine Show. The ~~gasoline~~ ^{banjo-shaped} flares guttered ~~fitfully~~ ^{and spat} in the ~~cool~~ ^{chill} ~~summer~~ ^{northern} night's breeze, noisily devouring those swarming insects which had not fallen to the bats. Far ~~above~~ ^{above} the heads of the ~~knot of people~~ ^{the knot of people}, the hunting ~~screeching~~ ^{might} ~~screech~~ ^{harks} of their ~~whirring~~ ^{whirring} wings ~~could be heard~~.

~~Doc Holloway's~~ ^{Doc Holloway's} ~~banjo-shaped~~ ^{banjo-shaped} ~~flares~~ ^{flares} ~~guttered~~ ^{guttered} ~~fitfully~~ ^{fitfully} in the ~~cool~~ ^{chill} ~~summer~~ ^{northern} night's breeze, noisily devouring those swarming insects which had not fallen to the bats. Far ~~above~~ ^{above} the heads of the ~~knot of people~~ ^{the knot of people}, the hunting ~~screeching~~ ^{might} ~~screech~~ ^{harks} of their ~~whirring~~ ^{whirring} wings ~~could be heard~~.

~~the music~~ ^{hunting, learning} ~~Doc Holloway's~~ ^{Doc Holloway's} ~~banjo-shaped~~ ^{banjo-shaped} ~~flares~~ ^{flares} ~~guttered~~ ^{guttered} ~~fitfully~~ ^{fitfully} in the ~~cool~~ ^{chill} ~~summer~~ ^{northern} night's breeze, noisily devouring those swarming insects which had not fallen to the bats. Far ~~above~~ ^{above} the heads of the ~~knot of people~~ ^{the knot of people}, the hunting ~~screeching~~ ^{might} ~~screech~~ ^{harks} of their ~~whirring~~ ^{whirring} wings ~~could be heard~~.

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the excitement of the changing act.

Looking

"Lay-dees and gentlemen of Chippewa"

Before we move on to the next act, which follows immediately, I ~~would~~ ^{would} like to tell ~~my~~ ^{our} friends in Chippewa how glad we are to be back again in northern Michigan; how much we look forward

the greatest of God's gifts, abundant

to ~~the~~ ^{you} invigorating climate, ^{to breathing} your clean
pure-lake Superior air which spells ~~it~~ health!

He pained, puffed on his dead
eyes and nostrils.

Due to the scarcity of ^{rare herbs and some} ~~materials~~ ^{ingredients}
caused by that great war which
conflagrates those distant shores - he
swept his long arms ~~across~~ ^{across} the
ground ~~distance~~ of the eastern horizon - "we are,
alas, not able to offer you as much of our
health-giving medicine ^{this year} as we ^{used} ^{to} be in the past.

I regret that we must ^{limit} ^{them} ^{with} ^a ^{kindly} ^{smile}.
Our supply is limited, ^{But} ^{the} ^{quality}
is even better. And the price ^{remains} is the same - one dollar
per bottle. ^{Only} ^{one} ^{bottle} ^{per} ^{person}.
Ladies and gentlemen - ^{Barry} ^{is} ^{still} ^{one}
dollar per bottle.

12 and 3
The sprawling upper peninsula of Michigan is a historical museum, a geological freak and a political waif. During the course of the volcanic convulsions and rumbling growing pains of a continent, uncounted centuries ago, Nature, in a cynical, ~~almost gleeful~~ mood, craftily contrived to bury huge deposits of rich iron and copper ore and many other minerals deep into the broad bosom of the Upper Peninsula. When the last of a series of great ice sheets reluctantly relaxed its iron grip on the Peninsula, and slowly withdrew to the North, Nature, with an innocent smirk, hid her handiwork under a lush growth of trees, largely conifers: cedars, hemlocks, tamaracks, ^{grint} white-pines, Norways, balsams, spruces, jack-pines; and hardwood maples, elms, ^{birches} ~~oaks~~, and hickories. Then there were the slender white and yellow birches. Nature marked this huge glacial retreat with thousands of lakes and hills and plunging waterways. As a tail-lashing farewell, the last of the ^{downed} glaciers completed the gouging out and final delineation of an inland sea, the largest in the world; one which ever since has been hurling itself at the rocky northern boundary of this secret treasure chest — the Upper Peninsula. Men came to call this turbulent sea Lake Superior.

For centuries only the Indians — mostly of the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes — passed along this way, hugging the south shore of Lake Superior in its rare moods of quiet in their large bark canoes, or padding silently beneath the sighing cathedral roofs of shaded forest trails, on ancient carpets of pine needles. The Peninsula was a broken, wild and harsh land. There were swamps to be skirted, rapids to be ridden, falls to be portaged; fishing, trapping, hunting; feasting, ritual, dancing; camps to be built and torn down; children to be born, dead to be buried; all this as the Indians made their way to and from the lower Great Lakes and the swampy headwaters of the Mississippi, beyond which lay the wide buffalo plains. There were no clocks to hurry their passage, and time was the period between dawn and dark, between birth and death. It did not matter.

So far and hidden were they that for many years the coming of Columbus and the white man was a forest legend, the campfire gossip of toothless old men, the rumor of an occasional tribal vagabond, all as fugitive and meaningless as the evening whisper of a rustling pine. But finally the white men did come, and the old men were right: Strange, restless, bearded men called Frenchmen, followed by Englishmen, from far across the Eastern sea, bringing the Indians God and whisky, bright baubles and disease, gunpowder and treaties; taking their game and fish and furs, their camp-sites and even their women. Their gentle priests could not

contain them. It was not long before the members of a new white tribe, the Americans, came to add to the Indian's woes. Like maddened giants, consumed by some fatal inner lust, these strangers came, always pressing, crowding, pushing ever westward.

The British fought the French and Indians; the French fought the British and Indians; the Americans fought all three. Craftily these mad strangers pitted Indian against Indian, sowing dissension, tribal hatred and bloodlust. The American Indian was being brought the "new order" of his time.

The fierce resistance of these peninsula Indians was a stirring and now-forgotten forest saga, long since embalmed in the murky pages of history. Forgotten were the wild night raids, the shouting painted warriors in a thousand canoes, the feats of incredible bravery and dark treachery; the nights and days of fire, famine, and bitter cold. For a few Indians the love of homeland could not surpass the love of whisky. The rest, the vast majority, finally found that the silent arrow could not still the barking sting of the white man's musket...

The peninsula Indian was defeated. Indeed, he was nearly exterminated. There were no monuments to mark his passage. All he left behind was a few bleached bones and scattered arrowheads for ^{the} tourists to paw over. The gloss of history -- "historical perspective" is the phrase -- cast its soft patina over these proceedings, and finally forgave the Indian his sin in fighting for his home and for his freedom. The conquest of this portion of the northern Middle-West was remembered merely as a series of skirmishes against a handful of reluctant barbarians, a pot-shot at a few ungrateful heathens -- a minor footnote to the grand larceny of a continent.

All this time Nature smiled and fluttered a lidless eye. Save for the ancient copper workings of the Indians -- she did not worry about them -- her secret of buried treasure was still intact.

↓ Space but no stars.

The Upper Peninsula was finally conquered; a beaten waif; a foundling on the doorstep of a growing young nation. All about it territories and states were being carved out of the Northwest Territory, of which it had become a part. None of these sought to annex the U. P. In appearance and geology it most resembled the Laurentian Uplands of Canada, but was separated from Canada by Lake Superior. Nobody wanted the ^{lonely,} rugged, ~~inhospitable~~ U. P.

Michigan became a territory in 1805 -- but shunned the ~~lonely~~ U. P. At length Wisconsin Territory took the U. P. under its reluctant wing in 1836, like a dubious hen adopting an ugly duckling. In the meantime Michigan Territory's admission to statehood was delayed when she became embroiled in a bitter controversy with the new state of Ohio over the latter's northern boundary. Feeling ran so high over this disputed land -- the so-called Toledo strip -- that border patrols were organized, shooting occurred, and a minor war seemed imminent.

When that phrase still possessed a quaint charm, Congress viewed these proceedings with alarm. It decided it must take a "firm stand." So Congress stepped in and flatly told Michigan she would not be admitted to statehood unless she would surrender her claims to the Ohio strip. ~~So there.~~ Michigan still stoutly refused to concede Ohio's claims. Congress was equal to the occasion. For that august body had already adopted as its motto: When in doubt,
~~Compromise!~~ (Don't "c")

The politicians in Congress huffed and puffed and blew through their whiskers -- and offered Michigan the U. P. as a compromise. Michigan was cut to the quick. The Upper Peninsula! That howling wilderness of snow and cold! Why, it wasn't even physically attached to Michigan -- look at the Straits of Mackinac which separated the two! Anyway, gentlemen, our fine neighbor, Wisconsin, already owns the U. P. Perish the sordid thought.

But, alas! Congress discovered that Wisconsin was delighted to abandon its foundling on Michigan's doorstep. Michigan ruefully ^{concluded} ~~decided~~ that it wanted statehood more than the coveted Ohio strip, ~~so~~ ^{so} when Michigan was finally admitted to the Union in 1837 she found ~~literally as a political afterthought~~ ^{possessed -- literally as a political afterthought --} that she ~~had~~ ^{had} a three-hundred-odd-mile-long appendage attached to the northern tip of her mitten -- the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

The lusty young state of Michigan determined to make the best of a bad bargain. She would look and see what was on this damned Peninsula. What was there to these ancient rumors of copper and iron deposits? In 1841 a young state geologist called Douglas Houghton ^{was sent} ~~went~~

North, following the old Indian trails, and during the next three years ^{he} discovered large deposits of copper in the Lake Superior region. In 1844 a surveyor called William Burt observed his compass making frantic gyrations as he and his party stood on a lofty peninsula hill near what later became Negaunee. ^{the presence of} Surveyor Burt ~~nodded his head~~ ^{his companions.} at the ~~others.~~ ^{Only iron}

^{could account for that phenomenon.} ^{So} After countless brooding centuries, the first of the Peninsula's rich copper and iron deposits had been found. More discoveries followed in quick succession. Michigan's fathers broached a cask of rum and congratulated themselves on their acute vision. That ancient Cinderella ^{a in disguise,} the Upper Peninsula, had at last ^{united with} found her dream prince!

Nature compressed her thin lips, smiled wryly, then shrugged and turned away. After all she had kept her secret a long, long time. How many million years was it? Ho hum. If worst came to worst she could always conjure ^{up} a new ice sheet or two. But first she really must go West and investigate the intriguing possibilities of these dust storms. That was a new wrinkle. The Peninsula could wait a bit. ^{Nature} She could bide her time...

CHAPTER 2.

the saloon
the gold leaf, read as follows:

Oliver Biegler -- Saloon
Fine Wines and Choice Liquors
~~BEER - Beer~~ FREE LUNCH

Just inside the door stood a tall
standing broad mirror, which served to
screen the iniquities within. On this
mirror, the gold leaf, with the
following:

Oliver Biegler's saloon stood on the west side of Main Street in Chippewa, Michigan. *The entrance was in the middle, and there were potted ferns in the windows on each side.* North of ~~it~~, *the saloon*, on the corner next to the town square, stood the brick Miners' State Bank. There were fourteen saloons on the town's Main Street, and many more on the other streets. Today all of them were busy. For it was pay day at the iron mines, and hundreds of miners were downtown cashing their checks, paying bills, buying new boots and socks and heavy miner's underwear -- and, *most of them,* much to the dismay of the temperance workers, "sneakin' a few dollars on the old woman" for a bloody drink or two!"

Oliver Biegler stood at the front end of his bar, up near the cigar counter, playing smear for drinks with three miners. He was a tall, big-boned man, slightly over fifty. Occasionally he glanced up from his game, looking the length of the bar at his three perspiring bartenders -- the two regular bartenders, *Canadian* Frenchman Charlie LeRoy and *man* Cornish Will Tregembo -- and the relief bartender, who helped out on pay days and Saturday nights, George Douglass. The big Swiss music box, against the opposite wall, was working overtime, *obedient to nickels,* the shuddering metal discs creaking up and down between each ~~nickel~~ selection. The long, high room rang with the clink and buzz of drinking men. The worn mahogany bar ran nearly half the depth of the building. At the far end of the bar stood the free lunch counter, flanked by the massive ice-box. Beyond that was the partitioned *green-tabled* poker room. At the back *of the saloon* was a small kitchen and the "Sunday door," leading out into the alley *at the rear.* "Green Seal" square

Behind Oliver, against the wall, stood the big iron safe, with the dish of colored fruit painted on its door, which was slightly ajar. It was a warm afternoon in late June. Oliver had been cashing checks all day. *He kept them in a worn cigar box, in the safe.* Each check cashed meant that he had to take at least one drink. *The* *of his shirt* His shirt cuffs were turned up once on his big wrists. His face was *somewhat* flushed, and he was gently drunk.

Charlie LeRoy edged up *along* to the bar and whispered to Oliver. *He wiped his dark Indian face with his* "Polly's here, Oliver -- says Mrs. B. wants you to come home -- it's the kid's birthday -- having a little doing. Go 'head, Oliver -- I can handle alone during the supper hour." Oliver's bartenders had *a deal of* great respect for Oliver's wife, Belle. *quit* "That Mrs. B. -- she's a real lady, I tell you." *They always said this to each other with a sort of belligerence, as though someone had challenged the proposition.* Oliver nodded at Charlie and looked down the bar for his youngest son, Paul. Oliver *glanced* *at* *turned to finish* smiled, tossed down a drink, and *resumed* his game of cards.

NEW SHEET

2 draft

as a ^{slow} long ^{iron} ore drag, with two locomotives in front and a ^{pusher} behind ^{hinged} and ^{curved} its way to ^{to} Escanaba and the ore ^{to} locks, then to be loaded into the ^{long} ore ^{boots}.

The ~~Bigger~~ large frame Bigler house stood on a corner at the bottom of Blueberry Hill, just a block north of the Northwestern tracks, which ran

through the center of the town. As Paul and Oliver approached Paul clutching his birthday present,

~~to~~ the crossing, old Dan Kane hobbled out of his ^{shanty} wooden legs ^(He resolutely) held up his ^{worn} flag in

glaring at Paul and his father. ~~Paul~~ ^{Old Dan} was ~~one of~~ the

fantastically injured industrial cripples, ⁱⁿ which the town abounded. Dan had an

He had the ^{face} of an old pirate ^{and he} always shouted whatever he said. Irish brogue as rich as Mulligan stew. He and

Paul were good friends. Sometimes it pleased old Dan ~~to~~ fancy himself a wounded Civil

war veteran, and he held Paul enthralled as he recounted ^{always in great detail, the desperate} the campaign in which he was

so gallantly wounded. Each ~~campaign~~ engagement was different but ^{was} always concluded, with a wink and

with a ^{shout} "we routed the divils." One day he told Paul he had got ^{his injuries} injured when he had yelled "To hell with

Ireland! Down with the Pope!" in a Dublin whorehouse. Paul ^{had} laughed ^{uncertainly} and ^{had} run home to ask Belle, his

mother, what a whorehouse was. "Who told you that?" "Where did you hear that, son?" Belle had asked, brushing back the hair on her high broad forehead

in ^{white} Presbyterian horror. Paul told her Dan's story. She had pressed her lips into a horrible grimace

with a ^{shout} "we routed the divils." One day he told Paul he had got ^{his injuries} injured when he had yelled "To hell with Ireland! Down with the Pope!" in a Dublin whorehouse. Paul ^{had} laughed ^{uncertainly} and ^{had} run home to ask Belle, his mother, what a whorehouse was. "Who told you that?" "Where did you hear that, son?" Belle had asked, brushing back the hair on her high broad forehead in ^{white} Presbyterian horror. Paul told her Dan's story. She had pressed her lips into a horrible grimace

one side; one arm on the other; a neat trick.

in her ^{efforts} ~~to keep~~ ^{a sober face,} ~~from laughing,~~ but ~~it~~ laughter
had welled up in her ^{slumped} ~~stout~~ body in gusts and
gales, and she ~~had~~ ^{finally} ~~had~~ sat ~~out~~ on the
floor and Paul had to run and get her
a glass of water and her bottle of favorite ^{red verivolate} pills.

"Don't listen to that immoral old
blatherkite!" she had ~~finally~~ ^{finally}
chortled. "What's 'immoral,' Mama? What's
'blatherkite?'" Paul had asked, and she
was away again, ~~and she had~~ Paul ^{had} fled the
house and reported back to Dan. Dan
had grinned, muttered 'Protestant pups' under
his breath, dug in his long purse, ^{looked at Paul,} and given
Paul ~~him~~ a dime. Another time --

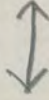
Oliver nudged Paul in the ribs,
"Are you going to stand there, ^{dreaming} all day, son?
The train is by, ~~my little dreamer~~"

"Hello, Oliver!" Dan shouted. "Who's that
foolish young bye ye got ^{wit} ye?"

"Hello, Dan. He's my new bartender - just
up from Green Bay. ~~He's eleven years old today.~~
It's his birthday today. He's - his - how old
are you, son? Eleven? - He's eleven years old
today, Dan."

Dan's mirth was uncontrollable. 146

slapped his good leg with his flag and
ruled ^{and} almost fell. "That's a good one, Oliver Biegler!"
Dan ^{squeaked the neighbors to, who bear witness.} ~~Bejaysus~~ "Be-jaysus, he has so many
byes he cant ~~keep~~ keep track of them!"



Oliver ~~to~~ and Paul turned into the
Biegler back yard. Oliver went into the house with the
afternoon newspaper ^{"The Iron Ore" for Belle.} ~~while~~ Paul ran around to the ^{side} fenced
yard with his birthday present. Gummars
Taleen was there waiting for him. Gummars
helped Paul claw open the bundle. ^{There in a box lay} ~~It was a~~ black
brand new baseball and bat and ^{leather} pitcher's glove.

"Bats!" Paul shouted, asserting the
youthful prerogatives of ownership. ~~He~~ ^{pitch,} Gummars
seriously concluded. Paul lined up at home
plate at the front of the yard, ^{under the top elder tree. He spit} Gummars
faced him halfway down the yard, ^{in his hands.} ~~and~~ ^{scowling professionally as he} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~elaborately~~
wound up. ^{Gummars} ~~he~~ pitched. Paul swung.
There was a ^{dull} wooden 'bonk' as the bat struck
the ~~ball~~ ball. ~~They~~ ~~turned~~ With a fatal
premonition they watched in ~~suspended~~ frozen
horror as the ball sped ^{in suspended, creamy like flight} towards the house,
under the open porch, and ~~erected~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~

into ^{the} sitting-room window. The crash ~~and~~ and
rain of glass attracted Mrs. McGroarty who was ~~hanging~~
taking down her wash ⁱⁿ across the street. Paul, in
the clarity of his horror, saw her cross herself.
She knew Oliver Bigler's temper. All ^{of} the
neighbors did.

Paul ~~noticed~~ ^{saw} that Grogan had turned
a greenish ~~quite~~ white. He saw that he ^{was} still holding his
new hat out in front of him, ^{at the end of its sewing.} Then he noticed
~~the~~ his father standing on the side porch, looking
at him. Paul winced and waited for the

"~~For Christ's sake, son~~
tumult to start. His father was speaking. In a
low voice. It was a miracle.

"— she's laying on the sitting-room
floor in a dead faint. ~~Get up~~ Run ^{up} and
get Doc ~~Smith~~ Gourdean. Oh, for Christ's
sake— Run!"

CHAPTER 2.

The
 Oliver Biegler's saloon stood on the west side of Main Street in Chippewa, Michigan. The entrance door was in the middle, and there were potted ferns ^{suspended by sticks} standing in the tall windows on ^{either} each side ^{of the door.} Just inside the door ^{there was} stood a broad standing mirror, framed in ornate mahogany, ^{and} which served ^{ing} to screen the iniquities within. On this mirror, in gold leaf, was printed the following:

Oliver Biegler -- Saloon
 Fine Wines and Choice Liquors
 Beer -- Free Lunch

9 North of the saloon, on the corner next to the town square, stood the brick Miners' State Bank. There were fourteen saloons on the town's Main Street, and many more on the other streets. Today all of them were busy. For it was pay day at the town's iron mines, and hundreds of miners were downtown cashing their checks, paying bills, buying new boots and socks and heavy miner's underwear -- and most of them, much to the dismay of the temperance workers, "sneakin' a few dollars on the ol' woman for a bloody drink or two!"

Oliver Biegler stood at the front end of his bar, up near the cigar counter, playing smear for drinks with three miners. He was a tall, big-boned man, slightly over fifty. Occasionally he glanced up from his game, looking the length of the smoky bar at his three perspiring bartenders -- the two regular bartenders, French-Canadian Charlie LeRoy and Cornishman Will Tregembo -- and the relief bartender, who helped out on pay days and Saturday nights, George Douglass. The big Swiss music box, against the opposite wall, was working overtime, obedient to nickels, the shuddering metal discs creaking up and down between each selection.

Some travelling artist had ^{Insert B-1}
 9 The long, high room rang with the clink and buzz of drinking men. The worn mahogany bar ran nearly half the depth of the building. At the far end of the bar stood the free lunch counter, ^{covered by cheese cloth against the throwing flies. This was} flanked by the massive ice-box. Beyond that was the partitioned, green-tabled poker room. At the back of the saloon was a small kitchen and the "Sunday door," leading out into the alley at the rear.

Behind Oliver, against the ^{bar} wall, stood the square iron safe, with the dish of colored fruit painted on its door, which was slightly ajar. It was a warm afternoon in late June. Oliver had been cashing checks all day. He kept them in a smooth, worn "Green Seal" cigar box, in the safe. Each check cashed meant that he had to take at least one drink. The cuffs of his shirt were turned up once on his big wrists. ^{Oliver's} His face was somewhat flushed; he was gently drunk.

NO 9

Some travelling ^{saloon} artist had filled the entire ^{front} ~~front~~ wall, opposite
^{the bar,} with his alcoholic visions; a gloomy, dank, malarial
^{woods} ~~forest~~ scene of no forest which grew in northern Michigan,
illuminated only by a troubled moon which peered from
^{raging,} troubled clouds.

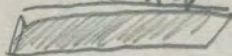
Sigi barret 6.368

Sigi squam 6.367

Beer cases & bottles

(49)

WILL-FRED



42

21

Insert B-2

Oliver finished his ^{card} game ~~and game~~ in a crescendo of ^{snorts and} knuckle-rapping plays. He grinned and shook his head. He turned and closed the safe door, spun the dial, took his battered Panama hat from the top of the safe, and nodded to Paul.

Go Outside ^{on main street} Paul had to run to keep up ^{with} his father's long strides. ^{He glared up at his father.} "Mom wants you to bring home the paper - and a ^{hardware,} package from Joachim's ^{Pa.}

~~Oliver~~



Charlie LeRoy edged up along the bar and whispered to Oliver. He ^{mopped} wiped his dark Indian face with his soiled bar apron. "Polly's here, Oliver -- says Mrs. B. wants you to come home -- it's the kid's birthday -- havin' a little doing. Go 'head, Oliver -- I can handle alone during the supper hour." Oliver's bartenders had a great deal of respect for Oliver's wife, Belle. "That Mrs. B. -- she's a real lady, I tell you." They always said this to each other with a sort of quiet belligerence, as though someone had challenged the proposition.

Oliver slowly nodded at Charlie and glanced down the bar at his youngest son, Paul. Oliver smiled, tossed down a drink, and turned to finish his game of cards.

Paul had come in the alley door. He stood by the free lunch counter drinking a bottle of cream soda one of the bartenders had given him. He drank slowly, out of the bottle, savoring its cool sweetness, enjoying the tingling sensation in his nose as he regurgitated. All the while he listened intently to the music box. To Paul its tinkling trills were compounded of the music of the spheres. The laboring machine was playing "The Emperor Waltz" -- one of his favorites. Paul swayed his head ever so slightly, closing his eyes. He drank in the delicious, stale, boozy smell of the place, a combination of beer, mustard, cold ham, pickled herring, whiskey, tobacco smoke, over-loaded spittoons, and sweating men. It was heavenly, rivalled only by the smell of Tilford's Drug Store...

Insert B-2

Insert

at one of the corners of the tables next to the tall coal stove.



The large frame Biegler house stood on a corner at the bottom of Blueberry Hill, just a block north of the Northwestern tracks, which ran through the center of the town. As Paul and Oliver approached the crossing, Paul clutching his birthday present, old Dan Kane hobbled out of his shanty on his wooden leg. He resolutely held his warning flag aloft in his one good arm, glaring at Paul and his father, as a long, slow, iron ore drag, ^{cut him from view. The train had} with two locomotives in front and pusher behind, ^{as it} hissed and cursed its way towards distant Escanaba and the ore docks, there to be loaded into the ^{waiting} long ore boats. ^{fleeing} Paul stood there with his father ^{listening to the rhythmic rattle and din of the car trucks.}

Old Dan was one of the many fantastically injured industrial cripples in which the town abounded. He had got his on the railroad. One leg on one side; ^{an} ~~one~~ arm on the other; a neat trick. Dan had an Irish brogue as rich as mulligan stew. He had the face of an old pirate, and he always shouted ^{his most idle comment.} ~~whatever he said.~~ He and Paul were good friends. Sometimes it pleased old Dan to fancy himself a wounded Civil War veteran, and he held Paul enthralled as he re-
counted, always in great ^{and colorful} detail, the desperate campaign in which he was so gallantly wounded. Each engagement was different but was always concluded, with a wink and a nudge, with a shouted "We routed the divils!"

One day he told Paul he had got his injuries when he had yelled "To hell with Ireland! Down with the Pope!" in a Dublin whorehouse. ^{"They almost assassinated me," he declared.} Paul ~~had~~ laughed uncertainly and had run home to ask Belle, his mother, what a whorehouse was. "Where did you hear that, son?" Belle ~~had~~ asked, brushing back the hair on her high broad forehead in white Presbyterian horror. Paul told her Dan's story. She ~~had~~ pursed her lips into a horrible grimace in her efforts to keep a sober face, but laughter ~~had~~ welled up in her plump body in gusts and gales, and she had finally sat on the floor and Paul ~~had to run~~ ^{ran to} and get her a glass of water and her bottle of favorite red Vericolate pills. "Don't listen to that immoral old blatherskite!" she ~~had~~ finally chortled. "What's 'immoral,' Mama? What's 'blatherskite'?" Paul ~~had~~ asked, and ^{Belle} she was away again. Paul had fled the house and reported back to Dan. Dan ~~had~~ grinned, muttered 'Protestant pups' under his breath, dug in his long ^{leather} purse, winked at Paul, and ^{had} given him a dime. Another time -- --

Oliver nudged Paul in the ribs. "Are you going to stand there dreaming all day, son? The train is by."

"Hello, Oliver!" Dan shouted. "Who's that foine young bye ye got wit ye?"

Oliver winked at Dan.

"Hello, Dan. He's my new bartender -- just up from Green Bay. ^{Yup.} It's his birthday today. He's -- he's -- how old are you, son? Eleven? ~~He's~~ He's eleven years old today, Dan."

Dan's mirth was uncontrollable. He slapped his good leg with his flag and reeled and almost fell. "That's ^{shure is all right all right!} a good one, Oliver Biegler!" he shouted. Dan beseeched the neighbors to bear witness. "Bejaysus, he ^{got} has so many byes he can't keep thrack of them!"

Oliver and Paul turned into the Biegler back yard. Oliver ^{expertly flipped a clove into his} ~~went~~ ^{(took a few more cloves and} into the house with the afternoon newspaper, "The Iron Ore," for Belle. Paul ran around to the fenced side yard with his birthday present. Gunnar Taleen was there waiting for him. Gunnar helped Paul claw open the bundle. There in a box lay a brand new baseball and bat and ^a black leather pitcher's glove.

"Bats!" Paul shouted, asserting the youthful prerogatives of ownership. "I borrow to pitch," blond Gunnar sensibly concluded. Paul lined up at home plate at the front of the yard, under the box elder tree. He spat in his hands. Gunnar faced him halfway down the yard, scowling professionally as he elaborately wound up. Gunnar pitched. Paul swung. There was a dull wooden 'bonk' as the bat struck the ball. With a fatal premonition they watched in frozen horror as the ball sped in suspended, dream-like flight towards the house, under the open porch, and into the sitting-room window. The crash and rain of glass attracted Mrs. McGeorty who was taking down her washing across the street. Paul, in the clarity of his horror, saw her cross herself. She knew Oliver Biegler's temper. ^{From long experience,} ~~All~~ ^(All of the neighbors did.) of the neighbors did.

Paul ^{noticed} ~~observed~~ that Gunnar had turned a greenish white. He saw that he himself was still holding his new bat out in front of him, at the end of its swing. Then he ^{observed} ~~noticed~~ his father standing on the side porch, looking at him. Paul winced and waited for the tumult to start. His father was speaking. In a low voice. It was a miracle.

" -- she's laying on the sitting-room floor in a dead faint. ^{An' not a drop of liquor in the house.} Run up and get Doc Gourdeau. ^{Run!} Oh, for Christ's sake ~~run~~"

Paul came gradually to sense that the essence of people's lives was secret and unseen, locked far below the surface in dreams and memories as deep as Hell itself; that the day-to-day brawling, working, eating, bragging, drinking fellow was but a fragment of the whole man, like the lapped frozen peak to the great submerged iceberg, the quiet cone to the festering volcano, the slender projecting spire to the engulfed cathedral. People simply did not know each other. He did not know his parents, his brothers, his friends; they knew him not at all. And there was no help for it.

For he was haunted, too, by the slow realization that the human modes of communicating this hidden life, one to the other, were still but little removed from a series of animal grunts or the caveman's crude scrawls and drawings on his ancient, smoke-grimed wall.

Must there only be occasional, fugitive, fleeting gleams? How to tell? how to say? How shall I articulate my beautiful, ghastly dream? Who will tell me his? There was ~~slow~~ quiet terror in the thought: Was not all this the key to the essential loneliness of man? How to tell? how to say? An unhappy Irishman called Joyce was tearing out his vitals trying to tell... Was the seething ecstasy of this buried life, then, the reason for the terrible compulsion -- why men strive, sweat, blunder, lurch and stumble, blindly fall, yet rise and strive again -- to mould, fashion, carve, build, to create? They must try to say, they must try to tell...

Thoughts like these made Paul despair of ever becoming a writer. Christ, what was the use! Laggard words, the ordinary resources of language, seemed but faint tinklings and little bells, lost and helpless to convey this vast deep realm of dream and shadow. It seemed to him, sometimes, that entire new symbols, even new modes, of human communication were imperative.

Men did not tell because they could not tell.

"But there is music," he mused, "yes, music -- it is the closest we have yet come..." At times, in his monstrous longing towards release, towards utterance, he thought he would try to become a composer.

Ah, that was it! A composer of music. What a beautiful reverie. *It was one of his favourites.*

1-27-44
draft

They ~~also~~ did such wonderful things: Building shacks, ~~playing~~ ~~fast~~ with words for the "gang", making wet-cell batteries to run their telegraphs; selling magazines to get a magic lantern; giving carnivals and circuses; gathering and selling ^{whiskey} bottles to the saloons.

But most of all Paul wanted to ~~grow up~~ and be able to play with his brothers Freddy and Nick. ~~But~~ ^{But} Freddy was seventeen and Nick was fifteen,

^{virile} Yet these dreams of manhood and literary fame were ^{seemed} fleeting and far off. →

Most of all Paul wanted to grow up and be able to play with his brothers Freddy and Nick, and their jolly companions. ~~But they did not want him, he could eat all the fattening~~ ^{and fatten} ~~held the~~ ^{Paul} ~~beers~~ that ~~But~~ grow as he might (and ^{Paul} was nearly as tall as Nicky, who was fifteen), ^{his brother} they ^{really} seemed to keep ahead of him. They did not want him. — That was it — they don't want me...

Freddy and Nick and the Cooley boy and Dick Crabbe were going out to Fire Center to hunt for a week and pick blueberries. Paul wanted to go. Belle had ^{finally} said he could if it even all right with Oliver.

It was all right with Oliver — "I'll be glad to get the ^{little} lazy whelps out of my sight!" — but Paul didn't go to Fire Center ⁱⁿ ^{his mouth and} ^{the word is "don't,"} ^{he said} ^{he said}.

Listen, Mom, Paul had ^{over} heard Nicky ^{pleading} with Belle, "Please don't make us take Polly ^{along}." "Please!" "He'll spoil it all." ^{over} Mrs. Cooley ^{don't} make us buy Edgerton all over. ^{Don't} Mrs. Crabbe ^{don't} make us nursemaids for Downing. Why ^{don't} he play with the kids his own age? ^{Anyway, Mom,} "Nicky ^{added} hopefully, "there's bears out there — big, black bears!"

Belle considered this, ^{pursed and} ^{Paul saw} ^{Belle} ^{pursed} her lips ^{and} ^{tried} to keep from smiling. "Well, ^{maybe,} ^{it's} too dangerous to let any of you go — don't you think?"

"No, no, Mom — they ain't that bad," ^{said} ^{Paul} ^{and} ^{he} ^{said} ^{it's} ^{just} ^{that} ^{you} ^{can't} ^{see} ⁱⁿ ^{Polly} ^{Boy} ^{and} ^{he} ^{is} ^{all} ^{over} ^{the} ^{bed} — oh, can't you see, Mom!"

Nicky was the worst. Freddy was rarely guff with Paul, and sometimes let him tag along when the gang went swimming. But Nicky, being the team leader than Freddy, was jealous of his seniority, intolerant of Paul's plans.

They were in the sitting room. Paul had heard Nicky pleading with Belle. "Please!" "He'll spoil it all."

Paul, "It's — ^{it's} ^{just} ^{that} ^{you} ^{can't} ^{see} ⁱⁿ ^{Polly} ^{Boy} ^{and} ^{he} ^{is} ^{all} ^{over} ^{the} ^{bed} — oh, can't you see, Mom!"

Paul ~~had~~ tiptoed out to the kitchen, and ~~to~~ out the back door. His ears were hot, his cheeks were flaming. He ~~sat on the~~ went over and sat on the clothes-rail platform, dangling his legs, back and forth. "They don't want me. They don't like me. Nobody likes me. I'm a stranger in this house. I'm not even their child. They found me one morning lying on the back porch. They won't tell me - they're keeping it from me. I don't belong here - -"

"Why don't you run and play, son?"

It was Belle, ^{she had come out and down} standing on the back porch smiling at him. "Go bounce your ball off the roof. Don't sit there ^{morning} ~~by yourself~~." Paul sat watching her mother. ^{She was smiling at him, making little nods.} She was wearing a ^{home} dress, and ^{had} neglected to put ^{in the pocket} on the ^{fabre} corset thing she wore after her ~~best~~ ^{first} operation. ^{Her left} The left side of her chest was flat like a man's.

"I was just thinking, Mom," Paul said. "I was just thinking that I don't want to go berry picking." Paul ~~kept~~ watched his thin legs as they kicked back and forth. "I was just thinking, it was a lot more fun staying at home."

Belle stood smiling at him, ^{Paul, looked at his mother.} ^{with her head slightly tilted.} ~~and~~ so that the long dimple showed in her right cheek. Paul "I've got the same dimple in my ~~right~~ cheek," Paul thought. "I'm really her son. They didn't find me on the back porch."

he won't know. "Listen, son, ~~is~~ your father's out at camp - do you want to take his field glasses and go out on Pilot Knob?" Belle said.

Paul leapt off the clothes-rail and ran towards his mother. "Oh, Mama, can I really take Oliver's field glasses?" ^{Oliver's - German imported, Remart made glasses.} There were among ^{his} Oliver's most cherished possessions, high on the ^{long} list of the Beigler boys' taboos. Mama must be in a fine mood today. The old man's field glasses! Who the hell wanted to ^{go} ^{pick} ^{blumbern's} anyway.

1st.
Jan. 25, 1944

He had weak kidneys, and ~~with the bed~~ still occasionally wet the bed at night, a condition which Belle ruefully lay to the port wine interludes. When Paul was eleven

The summer that Paul was eleven, he was as usual shocked and surprised to ^{discover} ~~learn~~ that his fifth grade teacher had promoted him to sixth, ^{to the room of} Miss Eddy, the principal of Ridge Street School. Paul was anxious to grow up for three reasons: He wanted to be a ^{big} strong man like Oliver; he wanted to be able to be a ~~strong man~~ like play with his older brothers; and he wanted to be a great writer like James Oliver Curwood.

~~None of these ambitions~~

There seemed to be little ^{early} prospect that any of these ambitions would be realized. ~~For at this~~ Paul was a ^{big-eyed} gangling, ^{He was} youngster, small-boned like Belle, and his thin arms and thin legs in their corduroy knickerbockers looked like ^{the} pipe stems. ^{of Pop's} Belle sought to use him as a walking laboratory for her latest health concoctions — "Mother ^{got} to put some flesh on your poor little bones, ^{son} — and ^{she} once even ^{tried} to ^{persuade} Oliver to buy a goat, ^{after} she had ^{read} a ^{newspaper} account of ^{of} ^{something} that a 115-year-old Turk had got that way, ^{drinking} ^{vast} quantities of goat's cheese and milk and cheese. ^{After} ^{looking} ^{at} ^{the} ^{old} ^{links}, ^{Paul} was ^{grateful} ^{to} ^{hear} his father's thunderous no.

who
for once

"You read too much, son" Belle would ^{constantly} say to him, and ~~indeed~~ it was probably true, too much, that is, but not too well. Paul had ~~devoured~~ Long ago Paul had read every book of fairy tales in the Carnegie Library. (Years later Paul was "Andrew Carnegie's Library!" Oliver would shout, being a slavish admirer of Teddy Roosevelt and his big stick. "Out of all the ~~oil~~ ^{blood} millions of tons of oil he took out of the ^{good} town, it's the only ^{good} thing the bastard ever gave back!")

Paul had romped through Horatio Alger until he thought that some special genius lay in his

little schoolmates who wore "neat clean", threadbare clothes, but clean and neatly patched." They were all, he concluded, ^{all} hellbent for marrying the boss's daughter and getting elected to Congress, a prospect which even then left Paul quite cold. Then had come ^{the saga of} Tom Swift and his adventures with ^{miscellaneous} giants, ^{fantastic inventions and} infernal machines, ~~and~~ which ran into many volumes, ^{not to mention} the Rover Boys, Dick, Tom and Sam. ^{serious-minded} Dick was the oldest, in love with ^{in a pure, Eagle scout way,} Dora Stanhope ~~and that would be~~ ^{a curiously useless creature named} Frederic. Paul concluded ~~that Tom was~~ The brothers ^{and little Dora} Rover ^{and} were constantly being badgered ^{and harried} by the diabolical machinations of ^{called} the bully, Dan Baxter, ^{able} assisted by a "toady" whose name had ^{finally} escaped Paul.

~~Then~~ Paul waded through the "opium dreams of Jules Verne and "The Arabian Nights," Then came ^{unforgettable} the magic thralldom of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. Belle couldn't we get him to eat during that magic time. More lately he had discovered ^{much to Celia's approval,} the great out-of-doors, and Paul became by turns ^{Paul became} Hopalong Cassidy, who could ^{slugging} the hero of "The Spoils," ^{He soon became} and a vicarious authority on ^{cattle brands} Alaskan sled dogs and placer mining. Tarzan had not yet emitted his first single roar to a startled world.

As he read these flood of books, and many ~~to~~ more, Paul wanted desperately to see these far places and then write about them like the gifted authors he had read. James Oliver Curwood was his latest literary idol. Paul shivered with his hero's as they ^{out} mushed ~~into~~ the frozen north, racing ^{even when} against time to get across the Mackenzie before the spring breakup... The closest Paul had got to literary expression was a story written the year before in fifth grade. It was ^{casually} entitled, "Lost All Night In a Swamp with a Bear." After that there seemed but little to add, except possibly "gr-n-n," but Miss Welch seemed to like it, and after all it was a start...

How did

brother
Rover

and then

Paul's
fantasy
he
thought
of
them
as
they
shorten
Paul's
fantasy
he
thought
of
them
as
they
shorten

about the eye out of a gopher's eye, Alvin's face a big green

South
or
anyway
mean

she could make the best orange sherbets in the world, run a big house full of boys, give scores and hundreds of music lessons and two recitals a year, live with Oliver —

Paul felt that

~~These incipient literary yearnings to~~
Belle was to blame for ~~the~~ most of these incipient literary yearnings. ^{only} The summer before she had written a scenario for the moving pictures. It was true. ~~That Paul had~~ There was ^{little} nothing, Paul felt, ^{that Paul didn't} ~~his~~ mother could ^{not} do, and now she had added authorship to her accomplishments. It was true. Paul had ^{actually} seen her in the ^{desperate} throes of authorship, had ^{even} ^{lifted} the heavy manuscript tied with blue ribbons, which had been typed by Lainger Belden's stenographer — one thick copy for Hollywood, ^{a breathless} ^{another} copy for Belle, and the third for Orville. ^{deaf Mrs. Frembath}

"my collaborator," Belle called him —

~~Callabrat~~, the son of ^{Belle's} one of her old friends and neighbors. Paul had ~~never~~ liked Orville. Orville was an actor. He had been "in stock" and was home "resting between engagements." Paul ~~never~~ warmed up very much to Orville. He was a languid youth, who reminded Paul of ~~the~~ a picture of the man who shot Lincoln, ^{which} he had seen in Leslie's ~~year~~ Magazine Yearbooks. Or

~~One afternoon, Paul had come in~~

~~One afternoon Paul had come home rather late from swimming~~
Paul ~~never~~ warmed up very much to Orville. He had been insulted by him.

Sheets of paper lay on the parlor rug.

He was late for supper, and

~~It was late in the afternoon.~~ Paul had been swimming all afternoon in Cooper Lake. ^{There was no supper on the table.} He was hungry, and it was Thursday, the hoied girls' day out. Oliver was out at the South Camp on a fishing trip. ^{Paul peered into the front rooms,} ~~There was no supper.~~ Belle sat at her high secretory writing furiously. Orville ^{The rays of the shaft of light} ~~was~~ lit a patch on the parlor floor. Orville

had taken up ^{his stance} stood in this ^{glow of} ~~patch~~ dusty light, holding the precious script in his hands, ^{and reading} ~~and reading~~ ^{his hands were} ~~his hands were~~ trembling, ^{he began to speak.} his voice was ^{low and} vibrant, like Reverend Hayward at the Presbyterian Church: Simpson

"The ^{only} Doctor ^{folded} ~~little~~ removed his stethoscope and gently pulled the white sheet over little Ella's white face. He turns to Ella's ^{wiping} mother, throws out one hand and ~~at~~ bows his head.

"(Caption) Mrs. Worthington - this is the end - little Ella's suffering is finally --"

At this point Paul shouted, "Ma, I'm hungry - please give me something to eat!" ~~He~~ As a matter of fact ^{Paul} had quite lost his appetite, but some irresistible ^{impulse} ~~compulsion~~ had ^{compelled} ~~made~~ him speak.

Orville ~~had~~ wheeled on Paul - Orville never expected mere turns - and looked at him, up and down. ~~Then~~ "Listen, kiddo," he ~~had~~ said, " - go peddle your papers!" Then he ~~had~~ ^{abruptly} turned on his heels. ^{Paul} waited for a curtain ^{to drop. Instead} ~~to drop.~~

~~But~~ Belle had dropped everything and rushed out and gave ^{Paul} a fine supper, ^{a supper} with not one ^{a single one of} her ~~best~~ health receipts in it. The death of little Ella had had to wait... ^{this particular} ~~It was to wait many years.~~ ^{seemed} ~~concerned~~ ^{concerned} Ella ^{seemed destined to} ~~live to~~ ^{live to} ripe old age. ^{In despair} Orville had finally gone back on the road. Belle was convinced that the moving picture people had stolen her brainchild. Every time she went to a picture ^{in McMillan's Opera House} ~~after that~~ ^{movie} ~~in which a little girl departed this life~~ - and there was quite a ^{tragic} ~~death rate~~ ^{at the time} - she would ^{indignantly} murmur "Plagiarism" and take Paul's hand and hurry from the place. ^{Once} ~~She~~ ^{she} ~~went to~~ ^{went to} see Lawyer Belden about it...

Insert C-1

must have been dreaming, he
 was just a toddling baby,
 nothing like that
 had ever happened
 Paul knew she was lying to him - "for your own good" - and that it did happen
 recollection of his uncle Karl - a tall,
 slender, ^{brooding} man, with wavy hair, who would
 come and ^{stare} down at Paul ^{with large staring eyes} in his crib, ^{and sometimes suddenly}
 laughed ⁱⁿ a high and, frightening, ^{falsetto} laugh,
 and made wood-like gestures in the
 air with his arms. Paul did not know ^{then}
 that at these times Karl was leading a
~~large~~ symphony orchestra. ^{Paul} The last
 memory ^{he} had of Uncle Karl was ^{a bizarre scene} on a
 boat. ^{It seemed that} Oliver and Belle had taken Uncle Karl
 on a ~~late~~ voyage on the Great Lakes for
 his "nervousness." They had taken Paul along
 Grandma Fraleigh had come up ^{to Chippewa} from
 Detroit to take ^{stereoscopic} care of the ^{hazy} boys while they
 were gone. ^{This part was all very} ^{dearly} ^{brilliant} in Paul's memory.
^{This part was} ^{clear, with a} ^{wharf.} The boat was docked at a tall wooden
 wharf. ^{Paul and his parents were in their stateroom looking out of} ^{the portholes}
 The sidewalk ^{was} held up by tall
 wooden poles, ^{and there was a strange, fishy smell and the sound of tapping} ^{water}
 and there was ^{water} under the
 sidewalk. A large turtle was ^{slowly} swimming
 under the sidewalk. Small boys were ^{and about}
 diving off the wharf into the ^{dripping} water to ^{then} recover
 coins tossed ^{by the boat's passengers.} Suddenly
 a grown man had leaped off the boat into the
 water. He was all dressed up and even ~~had~~

I know how you'd like to compare
 but why write
 his recollection

This part was
 clear, with a
 wharf.

the portholes
 water

~~boat~~ wore a hat. There was a furious
splashing. "Oliver!" Belle had cried. "It's Karl-
his in the water!" Oliver had ^{said} "Come, Dad" and
stateroom and Belle had ~~gone~~ tried to
get Paul away from the porthole, but he
during this ^{thrilling}, and
would not leave until Oliver and some
sailors had fished the ^{dripping, shivering} man out of the
waters. He ^{dying} ~~had~~ ^{and the turtle had gone} away and people
had stopped throwing coins. ^{After that} Paul never
saw his Uncle Karl again....



Leave space before "soap yourself, etc"

2 draft theme

CHAPTER 2.

Even at this age Paul was perplexed, as he was always to be, by the part that raw chance played in his life, in the lives of his parents, his brothers and friends and, as he gradually came to see ^{it!} in the lives of every person who ever lived upon the earth. Why, why, why? he would ask himself. Why am I here? Where am I bound? Where are all of us going? What strange destiny drew my mother and father together in this boisterous mining town in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan? *He pondered these things and found no answer.*

Sometimes he would haltingly confide his troubled questionings to Belle, but she spoke sharply to him and told him a boy so young should not entertain such thoughts. "It isn't healthy to dwell upon yourself so much, son. Run out and play. Bounce your ball off the roof." Belle had a fixed notion that action was a panacea for all ills of the spirit. *She had had to use it often enough herself.* Paul gradually grew secretive and kept his own counsel. But the strange thoughts still persisted.

Paul knew, from Belle's constant repetition, the ^{surface} story of how his mother and father had met; the manner of their courtship and marriage; of how his father, Oliver, had brought Belle to live in his big house with her three step-sons, Paul's half-brothers, *young Oliver, Gregory and red-headed Emmett. They were* the children of Oliver and his first wife, the sweet Irish girl who had died of "the consumption."

Ever since he could remember, back when Belle would give him his daily bath down in the dining-room, in a large porcelain washbowl, by the warmth of its surging wood stove, she had told him stories of her family, his father's family — of his Uncle Karl, Oliver's brother, who was in a sanitarium for those who were sick in their minds. "That means," Paul slowly puzzled out, "that my uncle Karl is crazy, he's in the nuthouse." Somehow this intelligence made him feel proud, vaguely different from and superior to his little playmates who could not ^{valid} lay claim to uncles languishing in ^{insane} asylums.

→ Insert C-1 as she gave him his bath.
"Soap yourself, Paul," Belle would command, wringing out the washcloth and pushing her graying hair back on her forehead with a damp hand. "It's 9:30 and I've got a piano lesson to give at ten." Shortly after Paul had been born, Belle had started giving piano and vocal lessons in the little music room just off the sitting room, *on the old ebony Bechstein upright.* Paul learned every piece in Czerny by heart — and he never played a note. Even from upstairs he could detect some hapless child's error, and visualize Belle's impatient admonition and the occasional rapping of uninspired knuckles. "One and two and one and two," he would hear her droning and chanting hour on end to the disconsolate throng of aspiring little Rachmaninoffs and Paderewskis who filed

in and out of the Biegler house, ^{blinky leather with their music rolls,} haunting his boyhood with ^{daily} sounds of discord and a ^{million} ~~billion~~ sour notes.

"Tell me, Mom, how you and Oliver came to get married," he asked Belle one rainy day. All of the boys called their father Oliver or "the old man" when he was not around -- a practice which Belle vainly tried to ^{halt,} ~~stop.~~ Paul must have been six or seven, which meant he had quite recovered from his epic wine jag. Belle was in the kitchen ironing the last big wash-
ing while the Finnish hired girl was down in the cellar laundry, banging the wooden tubs ^{about} and muttering over the next washing. ^{Paul sat on the high wood-box, next to the kitchen range, watching his mother iron.} Paul loved the ~~smell and the order~~ of ironing. "Tell me, Mom," he repeated, "how did you and Oliver meet?" ^{He} ~~starched, burned-clothes~~ ^{starched} ~~a dozen times.~~

Belle smiled at him. "Oh, I've told you that already, youngster, Now you run along and play." ^{mother got a}

"No you haven't, Mama," Paul lied steadily. "Not all, you haven't. There was a snowstorm -- I remember that," Paul started, urging her on. "Let's see -- you were lost in a snowstorm, wasn't that it? ^{Paul knew it.} ~~And Oliver found you.~~ ^{This was violently incorrect and}

Belle got a ^{hot} new iron off the kitchen range, tested it with a moist finger, and started on one of Oliver's shirts. They were so large that Paul always aspired to use one of them as a tent.

"I had just finished my course at the Detroit Conservatory of Music" -- Belle began, smiling to herself, almost talking to herself -- "and your Grandpa Fraleigh ^{Belle's father} had just come in off the road and told me that they wanted a music teacher ^{for the schools} in Chippewa, 'way up in the northern peninsula of Michigan ^{in a place called Chippewa} --"

"Chippewa!" Paul cried. ^{why} "Why that's where we live, Mama!" It was part of the formula; he said it every time, just at this juncture.

"That's right, son," Belle ran on, as Paul settled back in the kitchen chair and smiled to himself. "Grandpa had just got back ^{home} from ^{Chippewa} there, and Mr. Scribner had told Grandpa about it ^{then} himself." Mr. Scribner was the superintendent of schools ^{of Chippewa.} "Grandpa was the out-of-town representative of the Ferris people, you know," Belle ran on. "Grandpa was an underpaid travelling salesman for a tight-fisted seed company, ^{more like it,} Paul thought to himself, being something of a ^{small} realist at seven.

"So I sat down and wrote Mr. Scribner about myself -- and guess what happened?" Belle said. ~~and~~ went on.

"They didn't take you," Paul ^{quickly} said. This was a variation of the theme, and was clearly not cricket, and Belle looked at him [^] ~~sharply~~ ^{closely}.

"They did too take me," Belle said, [^] ~~folding~~ ^{pressing her lips and} the shirt and spanking it [^] ~~with~~ ^{smartly} the hot iron. "Out of seventeen applications, mind you, they accepted your mother." Paul [^] ~~wondered~~ ^{as he had wondered dozens of times} again where he would have been if they hadn't; if his grandfather Fraleigh, "the out-of-town representative," had not run into a [^] ~~man~~ ^{schoolman} called Scribner. If -- --

"The beautiful maple leaves were tinted and falling when I arrived in Chippewa," Belle went on. The cycle of the northern seasons had always affected Belle deeply, and she rhapsodized a bit, falling into the easy conventional literary cliches of her girlhood. "The hills and woods were a veritable riot of color." Belle paused over her ironing, and her gray eyes grew unseeing. [^] "The place was wildly beautiful, [^] ~~I~~ ^{a strange, rugged, harsh land.} loved it at once -- and always have. It was like" -- she paused again -- "it was as though I were coming home..."

Paul drew in his breath sharply and hugged up his knees on the [^] ~~chair~~ ^{woodtop}. She has never said that before, he thought. That was a beautiful thing she just said -- why, it's true, it's true!

"What happened after that, Mama?" Paul softly said.

"Oh yes, son." She was working on one of Oliver's nightshirts now. His dress shirts could contain [^] ~~a~~ ^{only} side-show, [^] ~~but~~ his nightgowns could house the entire main attraction, Paul thought.

"Well, I got a lovely front room at dear old Mrs. Donovan's -- and I started my new [^] ~~music~~ work. That's all there was to it, son."

Belle [^] ~~looked~~ ^{glanced} at the [^] ~~kitchen~~ ^{crisis-ticking} clock. "One of those damned piano kids are coming," Paul thought. [^] "I [^] ~~know~~ ^{just} they are."

"No, Mama -- [^] ~~that~~ ^{that isn't all there is to it.} you haven't met Oliver yet," Paul said [^] ~~to~~ ^{to his mother.}

"Well, sir," Belle went on rapidly, "with my first November here came the first big blizzard I had ever seen. It was so big -- why, son, you know the kind of snowstorms we get up here," she concluded lamely.

"Yes, Mama, I know," Paul said.

"I was coming home from school. It was during the [^] ~~snowstorm~~ ^{noon-hour}. The blinding snow was streaming out of the northwest. I was holding an umbrella out in front of me, like this."

Belle motioned and laughed. "You know, son, no one up here ever uses an umbrella in a snow-storm -- I was that green. I was on my way to Mrs. Donovan's, passing the backyard of our house -- where we live now -- and I bumped right into a tall man coming out of ^{the} ~~our~~ backyard." Belle was talking rapidly now. "I stumbled. He caught me in his arms. He held me tightly. It was snowing. We looked at each other. He said he was sorry. He let me go." Belle paused and sighed.

"When I got to Mrs. Donovan's, I asked her who lived there -- where we live now -- and the dear old lady crossed herself and told me ^{it was a widower with three little sons. She} Now who do you think it was?" Belle asked.

"Oliver Biegler -- my old man," Paul responded loyally, curiously regarding his mother, who had become strangely beautiful and young again as she stood ^{bending} ~~there~~ over her ironing.



She told me his name.



By the time he was eleven, Paul had heard the story many times, and had ~~even~~ grown somewhat weary of it. Sometimes he ^{became} ~~was~~ irked with Belle, thinking ^{to himself}, "Why on earth did ~~you~~ ever marry such a crabby, vile-tempered man as Oliver? Why couldn't ^{my} father have been a gentle, considerate, generous man? Paul had another thought too, one that colored his entire boyhood: Why couldn't my father have been almost anything but a saloon-keeper?"

Paul knew that his playmates' parents must have discussed his low estate at home, because ^{he} ~~they~~ would have one of ^{the} fiercest, ^{flexible} childish quarrels ^{with one of them}, the worst they could seem to think to say was: "You're nothing but a dirty saloon-keeper's son!"
 Or: ^{"Polly's} ~~you~~ old man keeps a saloon! Red-nose Polly, red-nose Polly!"
 No ^{one} ~~one~~ ever thought to shout ^{at his playmates}: "You're a miner's son, ^{- or} a grocer's son, ^{- or} even a street-cleaner's son. Saloon-keepers were the lowest of the low."

Even ~~in~~ ^{of the time} the very school books taught Paul that there was no ~~help~~ hope for him. Anyone that dabbled in alcohol inevitably became a mental and moral ^{degenerate,} monster, and his ^{spawn was doomed,} ~~children were~~ ^{naught but} to be gobbling idiots, ^{and} lurching, shambling imbeciles. Some of the books would ^{even} show ^{pictures of} yards and yards of intestines, a glowing, healthy red, ^{These were the guts of the righteous,} ~~unsullied by the demon~~ room. On the next page would be an illustration of ^a ~~gray~~ ^{looking something} mess, like a platter of neglected salami sausages. These were ^{dreary} the ~~bonds~~ ^{of} the boozers. Paul smarted over these ^{effusions} as though he ~~were~~ had been struck with a lash. He never told Belle about them. His ^{older} brother Fred ^{had} ^{done so} and he had witnessed it...

Old Doctor Gourdeau had asthma, and he was puffing and wheezing dreadfully as he and Paul hurried into the Biegler sitting room. Belle was sitting by the broken window calmly reading the Iron Ore. The curtain billowed gently in the evening breeze. Paul was glad to observe that Oliver was nowhere in sight. One of his brothers and his half-brother Gregory were eating in the dining-room.

"Good evening, Doctor." Belle smiled pleasantly. "I'm sorry we had to bother you. I guess I must have fainted."

Doctor Gourdeau clutched at his moustache and earnestly shook his head. He had delivered Belle of her three sons -- and the little girl, the one that had died, who was born before Paul, her last child.

"Was mattair, Mis' Beeglair," he said in his hoarse, froggy bass, "'isteria, no? Was dat 'usband of yours boddering you again?"

Belle's gray eyes rolled up in her head, and her body began to shake. She snorted and vaguely waved one plump hand toward the broken window. Paul could see things were coming to no good. It always frightened him when Belle got one of her laughing spells. "Doctor," he said, "I batted a ball through the window glass. I -- I guess I knocked Mama out or frightened her." Paul turned to his mother. "What happened, Mama? Please tell us."

"War," Belle muttered helplessly, rocking in her chair as the newspaper fell from her lap. "Th-thought we were being sh-shot at."

The fallen newspaper lay open on the carpet. Paul and Doc Gourdeau stared at its headlines.

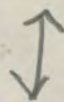
"FRANCE, ENGLAND, RUSSIA AND GERMANY AT WAR!"

Old Doctor Gourdeau continued to stare at the newspaper. Paul looked at him. As he looked, the doctor seemed to shrink and sag and to curiously age. He held out towards Belle his dry physician's hands, cupped and close to his body, one shoulder slightly hunched. She had stopped laughing and was watching him intently, her face white and drawn.

"God, God, God," he said wearily, closing his wet eyes. "De earth -- it is burning once again." He turned and slowly went past the stares of Paul's brothers through the dining-room, out the side door, the screen door slammed, trudging along the wooden porch past the broken window and out of sight.

Paul was eleven years old on August 5, 1914.

So ~~firmly~~^{insistently} was the conviction of his ~~strong~~^{inevitable} mediocrity
borne upon him, ~~drilled into to him~~^{annually} that Paul felt that he ^{and classmates} became a
sort of ^{embarrassing} curiosity to his teachers, each time he managed
to move from one grade to the other. The fact that he found
his school work easy, and that he was ^{always} among the leaders
of his class gave him little comfort. He ^{supposed that} ~~felt~~ ^{and his brother} he was merely
the exception to prove the rule. Paul felt something like
a Kallibak who had made good. ☺



Paul, then, knew ^{all too well} how his parents had met
and married, ^{but he} still did not know ^{why, why, why?} why. Belle
loved to sit and talk with her [#] boys, and time on end, as
^{she talked,} he pondered the fickle destiny that mated the son of
an [#] immigrant German brewer - his grandfather
Biegler with the daughters of a New York Dutch Dutchman
- his ^{grandfather} Fraleigh -
whose family had settled on the Hudson River before the
American revolution. And why did this German
brewer meet and marry the tall, imperious German
woman, ^{Katrina Zien, whom} he had met on the ship, coming to America in
1845? What ^{play} ~~part~~ of fate had brought the
budding young ^{seed} salesman to ^{the} meet and marry
a young Scotch girl, Margaret Brown, and bring her
from New York out to Detroit? Was he hurrying ^{to} so
that he could be in Chippewa ^{in time} to hear of a teaching job
for a daughter yet unborn? No, Paul decided, that would

* * *

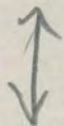
As he was running by the Ridge Street school, Paul was suddenly caught and held in his tracks. With a throaty, preliminary jungle cough, the steam whistle at the Blueberry Mine had begun its evening Angelus. Then, as Paul stood there, another mine whistle growled its answer to this challenge, then another and another and still another, gathering volume, gradually swelling and filling the town with their mighty symphonic roar. Paul was always deeply stirred by the vast calliope chords of the mine whistles. Through this great wail of sound there always ran a surging, vibrant pulse, a throbbing overtone, which prevailed until the last whistle had hurled its echo at the lonely, bald iron hills which surrounded the town. Paul exhaled sharply, and darted on towards Doctor Gourdeau's house.

be at once too comforting a thought and too monstrously
egotistic,

When Belle ~~last~~ ^{first} came to Chippewa,
she "had an understanding" with Will Lamoree,
^{He was the most successful of her ~~best~~ deserted Detroit swains.}
a rising young Detroit photographer. Paul had
seen his picture in Belle's album - a hirsute,
be-moustached, wing-collared young man ^{striking a heroic pose,} ~~like~~ who
looked exactly like all of the pictures of ^{all of the} men in all
of the ~~other~~ ^{ever} albums he had seen. Paul would wince
when Belle would say, "That's the young man
that might ~~of~~ have been your father, son."

~~Some~~ Sometimes she would musingly say:

"~~The~~ Will was very much in love with me.
I - I wonder what it ^{would have} had been like if I had
married him?" Paul wondered too.



Ah, that was it! A composer of music.

The thunderous applause subsided. Only a waiting, rustling hush prevailed. The audience lights of Carnegie Hall gradually dimmed. Paul Biegler raised his baton. He was slightly stooped and ^{somewhat} gray about the temples, inwardly ravaged by his secret ^{slaring} visions, yet still slender and handsome in his evening clothes. Two hundred -- count them, two hundred! -- trained musicians watched for his signal. Then slowly his arms descended and rose as the string section -- or perhaps just the muted first violins -- whispered and sighed the haunting, aching opening bars of his latest composition, the tone poem "The Burning Earth." No, no, no -- that was going to be his book! How about ^A "Walk on the Ocean Floor"? Yes, that would make a shambling bum out of Debussy.... This was its electrifying world premiere...

Strong men broke down and sobbed. Beautiful women tore at their heaving bodices or quietly swooned. For tonight they were made to understand many locked and ^{hidden} secret places of the heart, and shame had dropped away...



Belle Biegler was the family historian, recorder, recollector, and arbiter in all things intellectual. She was the court of last resort on all questions pertaining to grammar and usage. She really had an amazing recollection. Her mind was a patchwork of things remembered. And she could parse a sentence so that it bristled like a battleship on war maneuvers. *It was more than Paul could ever learn to do.*
 In the language department the boys early found that Oliver rated A in emphasis but was deplorable in spelling, syntax and construction. "Ask Mom, she knows."

Belle, as was her way, had saved all of Oliver's few love letters. She had carefully stowed them away in a shoe box tied with traditional blue. Then she couldn't find them. "Tsk, tsk, tsk -- now where did I put those letters?" It took the combined efforts of Paul and two older boys to unearth them -- under a mattress in ~~an old~~ ^{his discarded} crib in the dusty attic. Nestling with them they had found a cracked ~~old~~ ^{broken} hot-water bottle. Love must not cool, Paul thought. When the family spirits were at a low ebb (and Oliver was safely out at camp), Belle would occasionally read some of the love letters at the dinner table. They never failed to start a wild Bieglerian hooting. ^{Oliver had once taken a book-keeping course in Milwaukee, the intellectual advantage} Oliver's beautifully written double-entry letters were gems of cloying copybook sentiment, tiny hymns to unsullied womanhood, as warm and pulsating as a notice of overdue box rent. Belle had even found the book ^{in the tall bookcase in the music-room} out of which he had copied them. "Professor Cuyler's 'Letters For All Occasions.'" A pretty tome it was, with ^{love} little ~~naked~~ ^{shameless} cupids swimming ^{naked} on the cover. In all of them Woman was a shrine, the lofty keeper of the stork, to which evil Man tremulously addressed his abject petitions.

Belle would sit at her end of the table, near the pantry door, endlessly smoothing the tablecloth, brushing away imaginary bread crumbs, drinking her steaming Bulgarian tea -- ^(MISS H: IS IT "FORMULAE"?) ~~and~~ ^{one of the endless assortment of dreary health news and formulas which she consumed with a taming} ~~and~~ ^{reading the} old love letters. Most of the time she would laugh heartily, but sometimes her gray eyes would grow misty. Again she would read from Professor Cuyler's book -- excerpts of letters which she ^{read} thought Oliver should have sent ^{her}. One of Oliver's classics ran as follows:

"The grave beauty of your mien, your sweetly solemn smile, distracts me so that I cannot properly attend to my duties as (here state business or profession)." Oliver had gone the whole hog and copied everything, directions and all. Perhaps, Paul thought, he shied at the word 'saloon-keeper.' The only original note that had crept into this one was in the salutation. "Dear Angle," it ran.

But "Dear Angle" had married her Oliver. He had proposed to her on a Sunday drive around beautiful wooded Iron Cliffs Drive. "He looked so big and strong, driving his fast

of course he never lived of opportunity like father

horses," Belle told her children. She had forsaken Will Lamoree and her orderly little regiment of suitors in Detroit. The advice of all her new Chippewa friends had gone unheeded. "I tell you, Belle, he's nothing but the keeper of a low dive. He cheats at cards, he chases fast women -- and he beats them, too. And he -- he's not even your own religion!"

Kate Donovan, who ran the Donovan House where Belle lived in Chippewa, was chief among Belle's self-appointed saviors. She was a wispy, good-hearted, hank-haired little widow of sixty, with the thin, busy wet lips which seem peculiar to certain Irishwomen. When Kate was excited, she had a slight brogue, which was to say that she always spoke with a slight brogue. "Don't marry that man, Belle! No good can come out of it. Those there Bieglers is all crazy. He's a pup, he is! (Kate's pups always rhymed with 'hoop'.)

"I tell you he kilt his first wife, that he did. A fine Irish girl she was. Three sons in four years! God help ye, lass." Belle had pursed her lips and quietly nodded.

Belle married Oliver on Midsummer's Day in St. Xavier's church. The ceremony was blessed by Father Keul, and Oliver took his music-teacher to his big frame house on Hematite Street and told his three young sons, "Here is your new mother." They stared at her. The following March Belle presented Oliver with their first son, Frederic.

~~In rapid~~ In less than two years Nicholas was born.
Then had followed ^{Katherine} ~~Margaret~~, the little girl, who
had died of "convulsions" while teething. Then Belle
had gone to Chicago where Doctor Murphy removed
her left breast; a cancer of the breast, he said it
was. On her return, Doctor Gourdeau insisted

that she have a separate bedroom ^{under no circumstances} and ~~not~~
to have, under any circumstances, another child. When Paul
~~any more children.~~ came along, Doctor Gourdeau was beside himself
"Dat ^{brute - dat 'uge} German beast - 'e should 'Atle wan
beeg t' rashin'!" he said, flashing his dark eyes.

It was a sentiment which Paul was to
warily share with him many times.

with rage.

Jan 18, 1944

1st
2 draft

Chapter 2

as he gradually came to see,

Even at this age

Paul was perplexed, as he was always to be, by the part that raw chance played in his life, in ~~that~~ ^{the lives} of his parents, his ^{brothers and} friends, ^{and} in the lives of every person who ever lived ^{upon the} earth. Why, why, why? Why am I here? Where am I bound? ^{where are all of us going?} What strange destiny drew my mother and father together in this boisterous mining ^{community town} camp in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan?

Sometimes he would haltingly confide his troubled questionings to Belle, but she spoke sharply to him and told him a boy ~~so~~ young should not entertain such thoughts. "It isn't healthy to dwell upon yourself so much, son. Run out and play ^{your} Bounce ~~a~~ ball off the roof." Paul gradually grew secretive and kept his own counsel. But ^{strange} the thoughts still persisted.

~~Even~~ Belle's Paul knew, from constant repetition, the story of how his mother and father had met; ^{the manner of their courtship and marriage.} how they were married and how he had brought ^{Belle} her to live in ^{his} this big house with her three step-sons, Paul's half-brothers ^{the} children of Oliver and his first wife, ^{the great tragedy} who had died of "the consumption."

that activities a panorama for all its of the spirit.

Even on the moment of our earliest kiss,
~~When sighed the winter had into the flowers,~~
Sut the dry seed of must unwelcome this;
And I know, though not the day and hour,
That I must

Ever since he could remember, ^{back} when Belle would give him his daily bath down ⁱⁿ the dining-room, ^{in a large porcelain washbowl,} by the warmth of ^{its surging} the wood stove, ~~there~~. She had told him stories of her family, his ^{father's} family, of ~~how~~ his Uncle Karl, Oliver's brother, ^{who} was in a sanitarium for those who were sick in their minds. "That means," Paul slowly puzzled out, "that my ^w Uncle Karl is crazy, he's in the nutthouse." Somehow this intelligence made him feel proud, ~~somehow~~ vaguely different ^{and} from ^{and superior to} his little playmates who could not lay claim to undes languishing in insane asylums.

"Soap yourself, Paul," Belle ^{with a dorp hand,} would command, wringing out the washcloth and pushing ~~the~~ her graying hair back on her ^{dorp} forehead. "It's 9:30 and we've got a piano lesson to give at ten." Shortly after Paul had been born, Belle had ~~taken up~~ ^{started} giving piano and vocal lessons ^{little} in the music room just off the sitting room. Paul learned every piece in Czerny by heart - and he never played a note. ~~He could~~ Even from upstairs he could ^{detect some hapless child's} spot ~~for~~ errors, and visualize Belle's impatient admonition, ^{and the} occasional rapping of ^{ungrasped} knuckles, "One and two and one and two," he would hear her

~~The Bigler home in Clappan, Montague Street~~
~~on the~~

Oliver Bigler was a little drunk. It was
pay-day at the mine and he and his two
regular bartenders and a relief bartender had
had a busy day at the saloon.

droning and chanting ^{the tongue as if} how an end to the
disconsolate ^{through} ~~file~~ of ^{aspirating} ~~trump~~ little Rachmaninoff
and Paderewski who filed in and out of the
Biegler house, haunting his ^{at most bell-like} neighborhood with sounds
of discord and ^{at most bell-like} sour notes.

"Tell me, Mom, how you and Oliver
came to get married," he asked ^{Belle rains} ~~her~~ one day.
^{He Paul} ~~He~~ must have been ^{six or seven} ~~five~~, and had ^{quite big} recovered

All of the boys
called their
father "Oliver" or
"the old man"
when he was
not around - a
practice which
Belle vainly
tried to stop.

from his epic wine jag. Belle was in
the kitchen ^{ironing} ~~while~~ the last ^{washing} while
the Finnish ^{wooden} ~~hired~~ girl
was down in the cellar ^{banging the tubs and} ~~laundry~~ muttering
over the next ^{washing} Paul loved the smell of ironing.
"Tell me, Mom," he repeated, "how did you and Oliver meet?"

Belle smiled at him. "Oh, I've told you
that already, youngster. Now you run ^{along} and play."

~~Paul eyed her~~

"No you haven't, Mama," Paul lied
steadily. "Not all, you haven't. There was a
snowstorm - I remember that," Paul started, urging
her on. "Let's see - you were lost in a snowstorm, wasn't
that it?"

Belle got a new iron off the kitchen range,
tested it with a moist ^{large} finger, and started on one of
Oliver's shirts. ^{They were so big that} Paul always aspired to use one of them as
a tent.

~~at~~

~~at~~

Main Street began at of Chippewa, Michigan
began at the ~~at~~ Angelina mine pit at the south
end of ^{Chippewa} ~~the town~~ and terminated in the cemetery at
at the ^{town's} north limits. The business section

"I had just finished ^{my course} at the Detroit Conservatory of Music" — Belle began, ^{smiling to herself, almost talking to herself} "and your Grandpa Fraleigh (Belle's father) had just come in off the road and told me that they wanted a music teacher in Chippewa, way up in the northern peninsula of Michigan — —"

"Chippewa!" Paul ^{cried} ~~said~~. "Why that's where we live, ^{my mama} it was part of the formula; he said it every time ^{just} at this juncture."

"That's right, son," Belle ran on, as Paul settled back in the kitchen chair and smiled to himself.

"Grandpa had just ^{got} ~~come~~ back from there, and Mr. Scribner had told ~~him~~ Grandpa ^{about it} himself. Mr. Scribner was the superintendent of schools."

"Grandpa was the out-of-town representative of the D. M. Ferris ~~and~~ ^{people,} ~~company,~~ you know,"

Belle ran on. "Grandpa was ~~the~~ an ~~under~~ underpaid travelling salesman for a tight-fisted seed company." Paul thought to himself, ^{being something of a realist at times.}

"So I ^{sat down and} wrote Mr. Scribner about myself — and guess what happened?" Belle said.

"~~Yes~~ "They didn't take you," Paul said. This was a variation of the theme, and was clearly not cricket, and Belle looked at him sharply.

"They did to take me," Belle said, folding the shirt and spanking it with the hot iron.

~~The love of work, security, peace and
freedom~~

Olini Beigles let himself out of the
backdoor of his saloon in Clippewa, Michigan.
~~and~~ He was a tall man, ~~at~~ slightly over fifty.
~~It was a warm, June afternoon~~
~~He stood in the alley behind his~~ It was late
in the afternoon of a warm June day. He wore
an old Panama hat, but was coatless. He wore
a vest with a tiny compass dangling from his
gold watch-chain.

"Out of seventeen applications, ^{accepted} would you, then, ~~take~~ your mother. Paul wondered ^{again} where he would have been if they hadn't; ~~where~~ if his grandfather Fraleigh, "the out-of-town representative," had not run into a man called Scribner. If - -

"The ^{beautiful} maple leaves were tinted and falling when I arrived in Chippewa, Belle went on. The cycle of the ^{northern} seasons ^{had} always affected Belle deeply, and she rhapsodized a bit, ^{falling into} ^{easy} the conventional literary clichés of her ^{girlhood} day. "The hills ^{and woods} were a ^{veritable} riot of colors." ~~She~~ ^{Belle} paused over her ironing, and her gray eyes grew unseeing. "The place was wildly beautiful. I loved it at once - and always have. It was like ^{as though I were} - she paused again - "it was ~~like~~ ^{like} coming home..."

Paul drew in his breath sharply and hugged up his knees on the chair. She ~~had~~ never said that before, he thought. That was a beautiful thing she ~~had~~ just said - why, it's true, it's true!

"What happened after that, Mama?" Paul ^{softly} said.

"Oh yes, son." She was working on one of Oliver's nightshirts now. His ^{dress} shirts could contain a side-show; his nightgowns ^{could} ^{house} ^{the} ^{entire} main attraction, Paul thought.

"Oliver Bigler ~~of~~
Chico to mine and Bigler
Bldr"

the iron mining town of
Oliver Bigler's saloon in Chippewa, Michigan
stood on the west side of Main Street, the second
door south from the ^{brick} Miners' State Bank which
stood on the corner, ^{on the south side of} facing the town square.

Oliver stood at the end of the long bar, ^{up near}
the cigar counter ^{playing} smearing for drinks with three iron miners.

"Well, I ~~q~~ got a lovely front room at dear old Mrs. Donovan's - and I started ^{my new} ~~to~~ work. That's all there was to it, son."

Belle looked at the kitchen clock. "One of those damned piano kids are coming," Paul thought. "I know they are."

"No, Mama - you haven't met Olivia yet," Paul said.

"Well, sir," Belle went on rapidly, " ^{with my} ~~my~~ first November ~~there~~ came the first big blizzard I had ever seen. ~~That~~ It was so big - why, son, you know the kind of snowstorms we get ^{up} here," she concluded lamely.

"Yes, Mama, I know," Paul said.

"I was coming home from school. ^{It was during the} ^{morning.} The blinding snow was streaming out of the northwest. I was holding an umbrella ^{out} in front of me," Belle ^{mentioned and} laughed.

"You know, ^{son,} no one ^{up here} uses an umbrella in a snowstorm - I was that green. I was ^{on my way to Mrs. Donovan's} passing the backyard of our house - where we live now - and I bumped right into a ^{tall} man. ^{I stumbled.} He caught me in his arms. He held me tightly. It was snowing. We looked at each other. He said he was sorry. He let me go." Belle panted and sighed.

"When I got to Mrs. Donovan's, I asked her who lived there - where we live ^{now} and the dear old lady

Olivier Bigler stood at the end of the long bar in his saloon in Clippewa

"Olivier Bigler - Saloon
Fine Wines and Choice liquors
Beer"

Olivier Bigler's saloon stood on the west side of main Street in Clippewa, Michigan, north of it, on the corner next to the town square, ~~stood~~ ^{was a strong} the brick Minnie's State Bank. There were seventeen saloons on main street, and today all of them were busy. ^{for} It was payday at the big ~~Blanching~~ ^{iron} mines, and hundreds of ~~miners~~ ^{miners} were downtown cashing their checks, paying bills, buying new coats and shoes and ^{heavy} miners' underwear - and, ^{complacently} "relaxing a few dollars on the old woman" for a few drinks. ^{big-boned} He was a tall man, slightly over fifty.

Olivier Bigler stood at the front end of his bar, up near the cigar counter, playing ^{for drinks} smooch with three miners. The bar ^{was mahogany} ran ~~the~~ ^{the} nearly the entire depth of the long building. Behind Olivier, ^{against the wall} stood the big iron safe, ^{with the dish of colored fruit painted on its door} slightly ajar. ^{which stood} He had ^{professing bartenders - the two regular bartenders - the Charles & Ray and Will J. Sengster - and the relief bartenders - who huddled out on} been cashing checks all day. Each check ^{casted} meant that he had to take at least one drink, ~~and~~ this fact was flushed and he was slightly drunk.

Occasionally he opened the length of the bar at his third up food and game

might, George Sengster
Ray-dog and Sengster
and the relief bartenders -
who huddled out on
professing bartenders - the
two regular bartenders - the
Charles & Ray and
Will J. Sengster -
and the relief bartenders -
who huddled out on

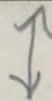
crossed herself and told me, how who
do you think it was?" Belle asked.

"Oliver Biegler, my old man," Paul
responded loyally, ^{curiously} regarding his mother,
who had become strangely beautiful and
young ^{again} as she stood there over her ironing.

~~A long~~ stood at the bottom of Blueberry Hill,
The Bugler home, ~~was~~ just North of the tracks, which ran
At the ~~Northwestern~~ ^{Northwestern} railway crossing a long ~~drag~~
ore drag held them up, a double-header, the
~~two engines hissing~~ ^{two} two large lead locomotives
hissing and cursing like dragons as it

that end went through the center of the town.

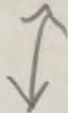
② / abrupt



As he was running by the Ridge Street school,
Paul was ^{suddenly} caught and held in his tracks, ~~by the~~
with a ~~deep~~ ^{preliminary} throaty, ^{preliminary} jungle cough, the steam whistle
at the Blueberg Mine, ~~which lay at the end of the street~~ ^{the towering shaft} ~~of which stood at~~
had begun its ~~six o'clock~~ evening Angelus. Then another ^{As Paul stood there,}
mine whistle growled its answer to this challenge, then
another and another and still another, gathering volume,
gradually swelling ^{and filling the town with their} into a mighty symphonic
~~It was six o'clock.~~ ^{the wailing of}
roar. Paul was always deeply stirred by ^{the} ~~these~~
^{the dust} ^{of the mine whistles.} ~~these~~ ^{this great wail of sound} ^{there} ^{always}
~~great~~ ^{vibrant} ^{and} ^{pulse,} ^a ^{throbbing} ^{overtone,} which prevailed
until the last whistle had hurled its echo
~~among~~ ^{at} the lonely, bald iron hills which
surrounded the town. Paul ^{exhaled} sharply,
and darted ^{on} ~~down~~ towards Doctor Gourdeau's house



(2)



asthma

Doctor Gourdeau had ~~not~~ learned to

dreadfully ^{Old} Doctor Gourdeau ^{had asthma, and he} was puffing and wheezing as he and Paul ^{hurried into the} ~~the~~ sitting room. Belle was sitting by the broken window ^{calmly} reading the Iron Ore. The curtain billowed gently in the evening breeze.

Paul was glad to observe that Oliver was nowhere in sight. ^{One of his} ~~his~~ brothers and his half-brother Gregory were sitting in the dining-room.

"Good evening, Doctor," Belle smiled pleasantly,

~~"Did you hear the news"~~ "I'm sorry we had to

bother you. But I was just reading about the ^{other} ~~of three~~ girls,

I guess I must have fainted.

Doctor Gourdeau ^{clutched at his mustache} ^{earnestly} shook his head. ^{He had delivered Belle's} ^{and the little girl,} ^{who had died,} ^{was born before} ^{Paul, her} ^{last} ^{child.}

"Was mattan, Mis' Beeclair," he said in his hoarse, froggy bass, "isteria, ~~age~~, no?" "Was dat 'usband of yours boddering you again?"

It always frightens Belle and she always laughs at one of her spells.

Belle's gray eyes rolled up in her head and her body began to shake.

And she snorted and vaguely waved one plump hand toward the ^{broken} window. Paul could see ~~the~~

thing ^{was} ^{no good.} "Doctor," he said, "I batted a ball through the window ^{of} ^{glass.} I - I guess I knocked ^{Paul turned to his mother.} her out or frightened her. "What happened, ^{Mama} ^{Mama?} Please tell ~~me~~ us."

"war" Belle muttered, ^{helplessly,} rocking in her chair from her lap. "Th- thought ^{we were} being sh-shot at." ^{The paper lay upon the carpet.} Paul and Doc Gourdeau stared at

~~Early on~~

~~In 1845 a young immigrant from Germany,~~

~~Nicholas Bigler,~~

Fate, the ~~long~~ slender filament of blind chance, sent many strange peoples into this harsh new land. Early among them came Nicholas Bigler, a young brewer from Germany, with his ~~bride~~ tall bride he had met on the Atlantic crossing, Katrina.

^{its}
~~the~~ headlines of the open newspapers.

"FRANCE, AND ENGLAND, ~~DECLARE~~
RUSSIA AND
~~WAR ON~~ GERMANY AT WAR!"

~~It was June 29th. 1914.~~

Old Doctor Gourdeau ^{continued to} stared ^{at} at the newspapers. ^{Paul} looked at him. As he ^{looked} the doctor ^{seemed to shrink and} say ^{to curiously and} as he stood there. He held out ^{his} ^{dry physician's hands,} ^{one shoulder slightly hunched,} ^{and} close to his body, ^{towards Belle} ^{she} had stopped laughing and ^{was} watching him intently, her face white and drawn.

"God, God, God," he ^{said} wearily, ^{closing his wet eyes.}

"~~De earth~~ ^{earth} it is burning once again."
He turned and ^{slowly went past the stairs of Paul's brother's} ^{the screen door slammed,} walked ~~out~~ through the dining-room, out the side door, ^{tudging} along the wooden porch past the broken window and out of sight. ^{Paul was eleven years old on}
~~It was~~ August 5th. 1914.