

1 m draft please

Chapter 6

Feb 2, 1944

The day that Paul had been <sup>one again</sup> rebuffed by his  
 brothers, <sup>when they had not counted him in</sup> and not allowed to go berrying  
 with them, was also the day that he had met  
 Fritz Bellowson Pilot Knob. In some way, which  
 even Paul could not understand, it <sup>had</sup> marked  
 a turning point in his boyhood. He could  
 not remember that he had made any solemn  
 resolutions or sworn any <sup>rebellious</sup> oaths. ~~He~~  
~~never~~ In fact, he could not remember that he  
 had given <sup>the occasion any</sup> ~~any~~ particular thought. There seemed  
 only that some instinct had <sup>been awakened which</sup> told him that  
 he <sup>should</sup> ~~must~~ become more self-sufficient, that he  
 must not depend so much on ~~his~~ <sup>people,</sup> others, <sup>on</sup>  
 his brothers, even on Belle...

Paul had slept in Belle's <sup>big wooden</sup> bed until he  
 was nearly eight. After that he had occupied  
 a small cot in her bedroom. It was a pleasant  
 bedroom, the largest in the house, and looked out ~~to~~  
 on the tall trees lining the side yard. But Paul  
 wanted to get out of it. ~~He resolved that he should.~~  
 He did not know <sup>exactly</sup> why. He loved Mama as much  
 as ever. He only knew that ~~he must~~ it had  
 become terribly important that he move his  
 bed. He hesitated to speak to Belle about it.



Paul was shocked at the preoccupation of people  
over the business of earning a living. He saw evidence  
of it on every side.

~~Paul came finally to see the go~~



It was November.

School had reopened <sup>in September</sup> and Paul was comfortably situated in the A class <sup>of 4</sup> of fifth grade, <sup>in Miss Eddy's room,</sup> <sup>on the second floor, just over first grade.</sup> Fritz Bellows ~~was~~

sat two seats ahead of Paul in the same row. Elizabeth Gluyas, <sup>the same</sup> Cornish girl, sat between them. She was <sup>7</sup> <sup>years</sup> <sup>old</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>time</sup>. Bernie Redmond, the cigar-maker's son, was

also in the fifth grade, but he attended the Convent school across the tracks by the new firehall. Bernie had not yet met Paul's new friend, Fritz. Paul hoped they would like each other. Miss Eddy was writing on the front blackboard.

Paul passed a note to Elizabeth for Fritz. He saw Elizabeth <sup>unintentionally</sup> touch Fritz's back with her index finger, and <sup>they saw</sup> Fritz casually itch his back and take the note.

"Dear Fritz (<sup>the note</sup> ~~at~~ read):

~~Do you sleep with~~ <sup>How long</sup> with your mother?  
Where do you sleep at home? with your brothers? Please give full information and oblige. This is extra secret.

your friend,

X X X

The elaborate <sup>series of</sup> X was to confuse and confound Miss Eddy and whatever other <sup>coincidental</sup> whose hands might profane their communication.

Elizabeth Gluyas, 7 years old at that time. She passed notes between Paul and Fritz.



Paul guessed that one of the reasons Oliver  
raged so frequently when he was in town was  
his impatience ~~and~~ with these careful  
mailers of the earth. He had to serve them  
their drinks, and listen to their braggadocio



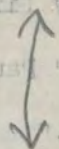
Paul waited for Fritz's answer. Here it was coming, in another series of itchy backs.

"Dear Polly -

With my brother Kenny as long as I can remember, Mother and Dad have twin beds. How about you?

Your friend,

O.O.O.



was a rudimentary

After school, Paul avoided Fritz and ran home. Belle was at the piano <sup>on</sup> giving a music lesson <sup>to some unhappy child who lacked a sense of rhythm.</sup> Paul hurried from the sitting room. ~~Paul~~ <sup>he</sup> went to the basement and filled the buckets with hard coal for the two coal stoves, the one <sup>in the front hall</sup> ~~upstairs~~ and the one <sup>between Olive's and Belle's bedrooms,</sup> in the sitting room. and had little bottles of water on the backs. They were tall Michigan garlands, and had <sup>small grate</sup> ~~glass~~ in the coal door and in the <sup>little</sup> ~~back~~ doors on the sides. Then he filled the kitchen <sup>woolly</sup> and emptied the ashes from the kitchen range. The dining-room stove had not yet been lighted.

Belle gave Paul  
For this service ~~he~~ <sup>received</sup> fifteen cents a week: five cents for the <sup>matinee</sup> ~~show~~ on Saturdays ~~afternoon~~ at Mc Mullin's Opera House, five cents for candy at Sjoland's, and <sup>the extra</sup> five cents <sup>he supposed</sup> for charities and riotous living during the following week.



"Yes," Paul said. "I'm going into the sixth grade."

"That's great, Polly. So am I -- why, we're in the same room."

It was growing dusk. "Well, I've got to be going down this way," Paul said.

"Where do you live?"

"Down here on Hematite Street," Paul said.

*Well, I live over on north Main. Yup.*  
"Oh yes, you told me that. Well -- I hope I'll see you again, Polly," Fritz said.

"Come on over," Paul said. "Any time. Say -- I wanted to ask you, Fritz -- how did you bust your tooth?"

*little* "A billiard ball. My brother Harold did it with a billiard ball. *you ought to see my little brother Harold. He threw it at me.* We've got a pool table home. *If you think my hair is red...* Mama says I've got to grow more before they fix it -- my tooth, I mean."

*real* "You've really got a pool table? At home?" Paul said.

*on it* "Sure. Come on over and we'll play, Polly," Fritz said.

"You bet I will," Paul said.

*there's just one thing* "Say -- I wanted to ask you -- you said your daddy was one of the strongest men in the world. Do you know someone stronger?"

Paul was silent.

"Do you?" Fritz repeated. *I was just wondering.*

"Yes," Paul answered, "My oldest brother is stronger. His name is Oliver like my father. *He really is.* But we call him Roge. He's stronger than my old man. Roge is the strongest man in the world. *whole*"

"Is that so. Well, so-long, Polly," Fritz said.

*boats and stuff. Maybe I can even show you the saloon.*  
"So long, Fritz. Come on over and see me," Paul said. "I'll show you my old man's boats and stuff. Maybe I can even show you the saloon."

*Oh do all*  
"So long, Polly. I'm glad I saw you today."



Paul could hear the <sup>finished her lesson and</sup> Belle ~~had~~ came out to the kitchen. ~~She~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>working about scrubbing floors</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>planning something</sup> ~~urpstairs~~, "Hello, son,"

she said. "Why aren't you out playing?" She added water to ~~the~~ a kettle on the stove. Her glasses had become steamed and she stood wiping them with her handkerchief. Paul sat on the edge of the woodbox.

"Listen, Mom -" Paul began. Then he started to cry, he couldn't help it, and the more he tried to stop the more he cried. Belle put her glasses on the warming oven of the stove and ~~she~~ came over to Paul and sat beside him on the woodbox, <sup>she</sup> ~~and~~ held him <sup>close to her,</sup> resting his head against her side - her good side. "There, there, son. It's all right. whatever it is, it's all right."

Paul ~~had~~ finally stopped crying except for <sup>occasional</sup> convulsive sobs. He pulled away from his mother and went to the kitchen door. He stood <sup>scowling</sup> in the open door, looking at Belle. "What is it, son," Belle said. "Whatever it is, it's all right," she repeated.

"Mom," Paul said, and his voice did not sound like his own. ~~the~~ "Listen, Mom - Fritz Bellows sleeps with his brothers. <sup>he</sup> ~~He~~ can't remember sleeping in his mother's room."

Belle reached <sup>to her nose</sup> for her glasses, but not finding them, waved her hand <sup>unintentionally</sup> in front of her face. Her gesture was one of <sup>utter</sup> helplessness. Somehow she reminded Paul of a little girl. "I love you, Mama," <sup>Paul</sup> ~~he~~







blurted <sup>and</sup> <sup>he</sup> then turned and ran outdoors.

That night when Paul went to ~~the~~ bed he found his cot in the corner of the back boys' room, with a clean nightgown lying on the pillow. After he was in bed, lying <sup>and still</sup> awake, in the dark, Belle <sup>came</sup> ~~had come~~ <sup>his bedroom.</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>she</sup> leaned over and kissed him. She brushed his cowlick <sup>with her hand.</sup> <sup>patting his head,</sup> back from his forehead. "Goodnight, my little man," <sup>whispered,</sup> <sup>then</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> went away.





and fishermen. *The U.P. had one of the largest deer herds in the country.*

Paul reflected that the town was only a sort of permanent mining camp -- rich and seemingly inexhaustible, but nonetheless a mining camp. What would there be there without the mines?

*Nothing but woods and Lake Superior.*

Oliver's saloon depended on the miners, Bernie Redmond's old man made cigars for the miners -- why most of Paul's schoolmates were the sons of miners, and would themselves one day probably grow up to be miners. Did every boy do what his father did? Would he someday wear a starched white apron and work behind Oliver's long bar? Would -- --

"Hello. Could I have a look through your binoculars?"

Paul lowered Oliver's glasses, ~~and turned~~. A plump, red-headed boy dressed in a cowboy suit stood smiling at Paul. "My name's Fritz Bellows. I'm new in town. What's yours?"

Paul saw that Fritz had a broken tooth in front -- and that he smiled all the time, an engaging, wide smile that made his pale blue eyes wrinkle at the corners. He did not seem to have any eyelashes.

"My name is Paul Biegler. Yes, you can look through the glasses," Paul said. "But be awful careful -- they belong to my father."

Fritz <sup>carefully</sup> took the glasses from Paul and ~~expertly~~ adjusted them to his sight. Paul watched Fritz as he scanned the town. <sup>Fritz</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>wore a</sup> ~~leather~~ <sup>holster, from which a</sup> ~~black handle protruded.~~ <sup>nickel and</sup>

"Is that a real revolver you're carrying?" Paul said.

Fritz lowered the glasses. "Sure. It's a thirty-two and loaded. Would you like to try it?"

"Sure," Paul said, eagerly. He had never shot a gun before in his life. <sup>Belle wouldn't hear of it.</sup> "What'll we shoot at?"

"See that tin can behind you? Shoot that. <sup>Here you are.</sup> All you got to do is pull the trigger."

"Yes, I know," Paul said. Paul turned and saw a small can lying on a rock about twenty paces away. His back was towards Fritz. <sup>Squinting his eyes like Hopalong Cassidy, he</sup> He raised the revolver in the direction of the can.

<sup>"What'll I do now?" he thought.</sup> He wanted to block his ears. He closed his eyes and pressed the trigger. "Spang!" <sup>Like the ladies</sup> <sup>in the Sunday supplements, who shot always seemed to be shooting at their husbands and</sup> "Why that's swell, Polly," Fritz shouted. "You made a bull's-eye. Say, you can shoot!

Want to try it again?"

Paul shook his head. His ears were ringing. <sup>His nose wrinkled from the smell of powder.</sup> He gingerly handed the revolver <sup>back</sup> to Fritz.

"No thanks. I don't want to waste your bullets. Anyway, it's nearly my supper time," Paul said. "Nice little gun you've got there," he carelessly added.

Just then the mine whistles began their evening call, and Fritz and Paul stood together on Pilot Knob <sup>silently</sup> listening to the great waves of sound <sup>which surged over the town,</sup> followed finally by the haunting forlorn echoes.

*Lawson, he had made a bull's-eye.*



Feb. 3, 1944



The first winter of the War was a time of great snow in Clippewa. <sup>There was so much snow</sup> It snowed so much ~~by Christmas~~ that the boys despaired of clearing the ice on Lake Bancroft for skating. <sup>The big horse-drawn gang plows had been out almost</sup> But there were many other things to do. There was skinning and crusting and best of all, there was bob-sledding on north Pine street, on the north slope of Blueberry Hill. Paul could not remember when he had had so much fun with the winter time.

Time before Christmas

~~Paul had~~ Christmas had been <sup>unusually</sup> good to Paul. Who cared if Santa Claus was <sup>an exploded</sup> a myth if one could get a brand new "Flexiblyer" sled, a new Mackinaw coat, a red knitted

<sup>Everyone in Clippewa calls "Gold Seal"</sup> tassel cap and new rubber snow boots? <sup>Anyway Santa had never given Paul a new sled before.</sup> The new sled was the first new one Paul ever had. <sup>Not that it</sup> <sup>represented quite a</sup> <sup>any</sup> consolation on Oliver's part.

Up to that time Paul had used an old sled <sup>which</sup> <sup>was</sup> Oliver's <sup>when he was a</sup> <sup>heavy</sup> <sup>wooden</sup> sled with <sup>low</sup> <sup>pointed</sup> <sup>runners</sup> lined with springy round iron rods. Its name was "Bruno" but Paul and his brother, from whom Paul had inherited "Bruno" all <sup>called</sup> spoke of it the "pig-stabber".



#### CHAPTER 4.

Paul the Explorer walked west on Hematite Street carrying Oliver's field glasses in their frayed leather case carelessly slung over his shoulder, hanging from a thin leather strap. Oliver used the glasses mostly for deer hunting. Paul held himself straight as he walked, and kept sighting the sun for direction, ever on the alert for signs of danger. This was all in a manner that was becoming to one of the early explorers of the U. P. For he was really Douglass Houghton, the young geologist, searching for ore deposits. It was the summer of 1841 and great numbers of passenger pigeons whirred overhead. Anyway, there were seven. Poor birds, little did they know that they were doomed to early extinction. Alas! Paul and Audubon knew, but they didn't... Paul walked along with an odd, shuffling gait, keeping his feet close together and pointed straight ahead, even a little pigeon-toed. For the woods-wise Indians always walked that way. It was kind of hard to do, but you <sup>were supposed</sup> did not <sup>to</sup> tire so quickly.

Two blocks west of his house Paul came to the east boundary of the large Blueberry Mine property. It was the largest iron mine in Chippewa. Everything about the mine shone a dull red from the ore. Even the leaves of <sup>This comes before landscaping, formed a part of industrial budgets.</sup> the scraggly poplars seemed stained with ore. <sup>^</sup> The nearest towering shaft-house, which enclosed the skips and cages which transported the men and ore from far underground, stood near the west end of Blueberry Hill and loomed high above the neighborhood, dwarfing the surrounding houses. Its twin tower rose west of it, nearly a quarter of a mile away. These were evidently some of the old Indian mine workings he had heard about, Paul thought. He heard a great rumbling sound from the shafthouse of falling fresh ore being dumped from the ore chutes into the crusher cars. He nodded wisely. Some old Indians must be still pottering about, Paul concluded. He must remember to make field notes of this phenomenon...

At the top of the hill, on the corner of Ridge and Lake Streets, stood a little frame house literally in the shadow of the great shafthouse. One of his playmates, Bernard Redmond, lived there. His father, Dennis, was a



making things for the boys or  
Oliver was forever buying second-hand  
things <sup>such as used bicycle, ski skates, shoes and the like.</sup> for the boys. It ~~was~~ <sup>seemed</sup> not so much  
penury on <sup>Oliver's</sup> ~~his~~ part as ~~his desire to work on~~  
much as the fact that he could ~~his desire to~~  
~~never~~ have an excuse for tearing <sup>the things</sup> apart  
and putting them together again. Oliver was  
an excellent carpenter and mechanic, and had  
a complete tool shop <sup>which he kept under lock and key</sup> in the ~~back~~ <sup>front</sup> of the  
Becker house. This <sup>tool</sup> shop had ~~been~~ <sup>once</sup> located in the warehouse  
~~which stood in front of the horse barn on~~  
Canda Street, ~~but~~ Oliver had moved it the  
summer before to make room for <sup>a young blond fellow called</sup> Elmer Lessard,  
who had opened a new establishment called  
a "Garage" in the old warehouse. On any  
Sunday when Oliver was not out in the woods  
he would be <sup>spend the day</sup> tinkering out in his tool shop,  
<sup>making or</sup> repairing or something for the horse or farm or  
the saloon - or remodeling some bit of  
joints he had bought for the boys.

Belle knew how much the boys smarted  
over <sup>never</sup> having to ~~any~~ <sup>would try</sup> new playthings. ~~It~~  
She had ~~tried~~ <sup>would</sup> to reason with Oliver,  
but that ~~had~~ <sup>would</sup> only provoked a scene. "I'll  
teach the lazy whelps to learn the value of a  
dollar." <sup>by which howl;</sup> Oliver was forever conducting shouted  
lectures on the value of a dollar. "Anyway ~~was~~  
the stuff they're makin' nowadays is no bloody  
good. Everybody's after the Almighty Dollar...  
Money, money, money! <sup>just would rant</sup> Now when I was a  
boy..." and away he would go on  
2.



wine jag. Belle was in the kitchen ironing the last big washing 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 warm kitchen range, watching his mother iron. He loved the starched, burnt-cloth odor of ironing. "Tell me, Mom," he repeated, "how did you and Oliver meet?"

Belle smiled at him, coloring slightly. Her skin was usually white, almost waxen. She never used any powder or makeup. "Oh, I've told you that already, youngster -- a dozen times. Now you run along and play."

"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? And Oliver found you." This was violently incorrect and Paul knew it.

Belle got a hot iron off the kitchen range, tested it with a moist finger -- psst -- 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 public schools, '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, like a veteran trouper.

"That's right, son," Belle ran on, as Paul settled back on the wood-box and smiled to himself. "Grandpa had just got back home from Chippewa, and Mr. Scribner had told Grandpa about it himself." Mr. Scribner was the superintendent of schools at Chippewa. "Grandpa was the out-of-town representative of the Ferris people, you know," Belle ran on. Paul always resented



colorful and profane exposition <sup>on the love</sup> of <sup>the love</sup> <sup>that went into</sup> <sup>all</sup>  
deathless qualities, and <sup>the love</sup> craftsmanship, of the  
merchandise that was made when he was  
a boy. This would naturally <sup>on these</sup>  
occasions he would usually mention. Then  
~~perhaps~~ he would refer to the sled "Bruno" as  
exemplifying all these deathless qualities,  
often producing the sled for Belle's white-faced inspection.  
Naturally, this would get him <sup>over</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
subject of the gnawing horrors of Wall Street  
"and that goddam Andrew Carnegie!"

So, as with Paul's new "Fleebite Flyer",  
Belle would quietly write Grandma Pralugin  
in Detroit and tell her what the boys  
wanted and send her <sup>her some of her music-lesson</sup> money. Then Uncle  
Alek ~~or~~ Uncle Stephen would ship them by  
express as <sup>ostensible</sup> gifts from the <sup>bountiful</sup> Detroit relatives, <sup>along with their</sup> <sup>revelry</sup>  
All Oliver could do was <sup>frame and</sup> mutter that they  
were "spoiling" the <sup>bloody</sup> boys so they'll never learn  
the value of a dollar." The thing ran in circles  
Paul reflected that the whole thing ran in  
circles, like a squirrel in a cage...

<sup>during the Christmas vacation</sup>  
<sup>Paul and</sup>  
That winter Fritz and Bernie Redmond  
and Sumner Talcott built a bob sled over in  
Bello's basement, <sup>with the help of</sup> Fritz's dad, <sup>the fowler and ex-actor,</sup> J. Barry  
<sup>the fowler and ex-actor,</sup> Bello, helped them. He was a fine, jolly little  
man with ~~thin~~ graying reddish hair, and brilliant  
brown eyes, unlike Fritz's, and he would pound



"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 eart' -- <sup>eeT</sup> ~~it~~ is burning <sup>ONES</sup> ~~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.



his fingers and laugh or else sit and watch the boys and sign snatches from Gilbert and Sullerain, accompanying himself on the guitar. Paul's heart was filled with envy to see a father like Fritz's.

It took the boys eight days ~~was~~ working after school and to build finish the bob, and <sup>finally</sup> install the ~~the~~ ~~warning~~ bell on the front and <sup>proudly</sup> paint the name along the top, "The Chippewa Flash". Then, before the paint was fairly dry, they ~~boarded~~ tenderly carried the bob from the cellar and <sup>Park Street</sup> started for the bob slide.

(without a bell) no bob was complete without a clanging warning bell



Location. In the late 80's and early 90's the advent of the Trembath mine on the eastern outskirts brought Finn Town, and the Laughlin mine on the west flowered into "Little Italy" or "Dago" Town. When you asked a boy where he lived he did not say Chippewa, but "Swedetown" or "Dago" Town. <sup>whatever location wherever it was.</sup> Paul lived in a sort of twilight zone, but <sup>his house was</sup> closest to Swedetown.

The Irish had early settled in the town, coming in large numbers, but, like the relatively few German and Scotch saloonkeepers and tradesmen, they rarely worked down in the mine but contented themselves with becoming railroad men or diamond-drill runners, or firemen in the mine boilers, or operators of the huge clanking steam shovels <sup>whose</sup> angry dragon snortings could be heard all over the town as they hoisted the raw iron ore from the mine stock piles into the string of waiting ore cars. ~~Oddly enough,~~ <sup>some</sup> of these Irish even became the town's politicians and policemen.

Virtually all of the town was undermined by a maze of stopes and drifts made by the burrowing miners. The <sup>actual</sup> mine workings <sup>diggings</sup> were so far down in the earth that the mining-company engineers had long ago assured the townspeople that there was no danger of a cave-in. Since the "mining crowd" seemed to live placidly enough all over the town, the townspeople gradually forgot about the possibility of danger. <sup>Most of them had never lived anywhere else.</sup> Even the dull giant thuds of blasting heard each day, shuddering far underground, gradually became so common a part of the daily round as to excite no notice -- unless too many dishes rattled and fell in the pantry. If the dishes were broken, as they occasionally were, some of the braver and more articulate of the townspeople might write <sup>Tappan's</sup> a letter to the editor of The Iron Ore. The lion-hearted might even write to H. Hall Keith, the stern-visaged superintendent of Chippewa's biggest iron mines, who lived in a large house on the big wooded estate at the south edge of town. Paul had often stood in awed silence as the great man whirled by the Biegler house to the Blueberry mine office driven in his fine rubber-tired carriage. With his pointed beard, H. Hall Keith looked like the pictures of the reigning head of the House of Windsor. <sup>Even more so, Paul thought.</sup>

The town's planners, being practical ore diggers, had not gone in for conferring <sup>difficult,</sup> long, romantic and guttural-sounding (~~and entirely unpronounceable~~) Indian names on everything, as had so many other Michigan towns. There were no picture postcards of Michimillimackinac Hotels or Ossingowanamacachoo Lakes which tourists could mail from Chippewa; just plain Taleen House or Mud Lake or Commercial Hotel or Lake Bancroft. <sup>In fact there were no tourists.</sup> At that time no efforts were made to lure <sup>people</sup> ~~restless~~ tourists to the place; there was no cheering Chamber of Commerce or Chippewa First League; the town's magical soothing properties <sup>for</sup> ~~over~~ hay-fever had not yet been discovered. The only travelers that came to Chippewa were mining people, occasional relatives, <sup>of the townspeople,</sup> or single-minded hunters



Feb 4, 1944

1st

1 draft plow

The boys "shacked" a ride <sup>delivered</sup> on the ~~delivered~~ sled of Darryl McDougall, who was passing <sup>on the</sup> late afternoon ~~delivered~~ <sup>round</sup> upon one of Jaeger's teamsters, ~~and~~ Darryl, ~~seeing~~ that one of old Jaeger's grandsons was in the group, galloped the horses, ~~and~~ ~~delivered~~ ~~the~~ ~~boys~~

→ in a cloud of vapor and ~~trickling~~ <sup>chiming</sup> sleighbells at the top of the hill. "Gee there Fred, Dick!" Darryl shouted, as he ~~turned~~ <sup>wheeled</sup> his <sup>steaming</sup> horses about and slid away, the ~~sleigh~~ ~~steaming~~ <sup>surge</sup> from side to side, sloshing the kerosene ~~delivered~~ tank under the docks, ~~into~~ the broken ~~spigot~~ ~~of~~ which was sealed with a potato.

→ - "dry asses" the teamsters called them -

Paul sat up in front <sup>on the dashboard</sup> with Darryl on the cushion made from hay <sup>After all, four of them did not need to tow the bob.</sup> thrust into a burlap <sup>feed</sup> sack. As the racing sleigh <sup>near</sup> ~~to~~ the top of the Pine Knob hill, Paul could hear the kerosene sloshing in the kerosene tank under them. The spigot was sealed with a potato. Darryl delivered them,



It was growing dark, but the ice run gleamed  
in the <sup>Carbon</sup> street lights as far as they could see.  
Gunnar had pulled the long strap <sup>to pilot</sup> for the first  
ride. ~~He~~ They squared the bob around, <sup>in front of</sup> ~~at the~~ takeoff.  
Adjusted his feet ~~around~~ on the front sled guides <sup>and</sup>  
wrapped the rope around his mittens. Fritz <sup>jumped</sup> got on  
behind Gunnar, then Berrice, and <sup>then</sup> Paul pushed  
her away and <sup>leaped</sup> jumped on. "Clang, clang, clang!"  
went the bell, Fritz <sup>practically</sup> working the bell cord.

The bob <sup>plunged</sup> ~~rushed~~ down the <sup>steep</sup> hill, the runners  
rumbling on the ice, gathering speed, as the <sup>shouting</sup> boys  
shot past <sup>the intersection of</sup> Bluff street, then Ely street, then  
Empire, and finally straightened out on the  
final rush into Morgan's Swamp. They let  
the bob go as far as it would, and were filled  
with exultation to discover that it <sup>had travelled</sup> went nearly  
as far as some of the <sup>long, heavy</sup> twelve - and fifteen-seater  
bobs <sup>owned by</sup> that the older boys. ~~It was~~ <sup>and young</sup> ~~just~~ It was  
heavenly - their own bob, made by their own  
hands. As the boys ran up the hill Paul <sup>began to</sup> ~~was~~  
sense ~~some~~ some of the pride Oliver must feel in  
making his own things.

~~It~~ the boys reached <sup>for the next ride</sup>  
As they ~~got to~~ the top of the hill they saw  
another bob was <sup>getting</sup> ready to leave. It was owned



by Danny Gaylor and his brothers, <sup>Short, sturdy</sup> Danny was  
there with ~~one~~ <sup>Stevie</sup> of his brothers and some of the "Furhalls  
gang" that lived around the Convent school. When  
Paul saw Danny he hung back to let <sup>him</sup> ~~them~~ get away.  
But Danny had spied Paul by the street light.  
He was not going to let this opportunity pass. →

← Danny turned to Gorman. Gorman didn't  
like Danny any more than Paul did, but was also  
deeply respectful of his prowess as a fighter.

"Well 'Swede'," <sup>Danny</sup> ~~he~~ said to Gorman, "since  
when did you start <sup>chargin' around with</sup> <sup>a baby-killing</sup> ~~playin' with~~ ~~Herr~~  
like Biegler here?" He motioned at Paul  
with his thumb <sup>Danny was a master at disdoring.</sup> without looking at him. Paul  
stood chilled in his tracks. His feeling was one of  
growing dismay. Something new had come to  
torment him, one of the little unreported casualties  
of the War. ~~was~~ He was now not only a <sup>dirty</sup> <sup>saloon</sup> <sup>business</sup> <sup>son</sup> but  
a Hun as well. At that moment he knew how all the <sup>trammelled</sup>  
If then Paul saw Fritz looking at him, his blue eyes  
wide with <sup>blank</sup> astonishment. "So this is my cowardly new  
friend," he ~~would~~ <sup>was sure</sup> ~~see~~ Fritz <sup>was</sup> thinking. "Polly," Fritz said, <sup>in a low, snarl voice</sup> "Polly,"  
he repeated. Paul's ~~mind~~ <sup>mind</sup> was complete.

Paul felt something give way in him, as though  
some vital organ in his body <sup>was being</sup> <sup>wrenched</sup> ~~had been~~  
wrenched from him. He became so weak that

people in the world must feel. It was  
not good...



There was fear, <sup>but this was</sup> ~~It was much deeper~~ <sup>than</sup> from alone. <sup>He always</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~fell~~. All

he could see was <sup>smiling</sup> ~~Danny~~, <sup>leering</sup> ~~Paul~~, <sup>squint-eyed</sup> ~~Paul~~ wanted to <sup>catch</sup>. "Come," <sup>said</sup> ~~Danny~~, <sup>surged</sup> ~~back~~ and he

<sup>It was Danny's</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>upon</sup> ~~Danny~~, <sup>flailing</sup> ~~him~~ with his thin <sup>and</sup> ~~flailing~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~hitting~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~hateful~~ <sup>face</sup>. Then Danny was

<sup>minuscule</sup> ~~lying~~ <sup>upon</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>big</sup> ~~street~~ and Paul was <sup>upon</sup> ~~him~~ and his hands were ~~so~~ <sup>tight</sup> about Danny's throat, and his mind was <sup>as cold as</sup> ~~ice~~ <sup>knives</sup> ~~running~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~Danny's~~ <sup>nose</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>to</sup> Paul's hands...

any offensive - including as he was part of the fight.



<sup>went out of his way and</sup> ~~Fritz~~ <sup>walked</sup> ~~home~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~Paul~~, <sup>dragging</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~bob~~. <sup>They</sup> ~~did~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~speak~~. <sup>When</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>got</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>Paul's</sup> ~~corner~~, <sup>under</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>blind</sup> ~~alley~~ <sup>street</sup> ~~between~~ <sup>Fritz</sup> ~~spoke~~. <sup>He</sup> ~~seemed~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>fondling</sup> ~~something~~.

regarding whether Fritz seemed to be fondling something. He

"Polly, you hit him and choked him when he was down. You shouldn't have done that, Polly," Fritz said. "You know that."

"Yes, I know," Paul said.

"You won't do that again, will you?" Fritz said, abruptly.

"I don't know," Paul said. "I - I think I might have killed him if the others hadn't been there to pull me off."

"You were afraid of him, weren't you Polly?" Fritz said.

"Yes," Paul said. "I've been afraid of him for a long time."

"But you're not any more, are you Polly?"

"No, I'm not afraid any more, Fritz," Paul said.



"Goodnight, Polly, you're a swell pal."

"Goodnight, Fritz, you're a swell pal too."  
"I wanta go <sup>Back to Michigan</sup>"

Paul went into the kitchen <sup>whistling</sup> and washed ~~his~~ <sup>cowlick</sup> ~~at~~ the kitchen sink and combed his ~~hair~~ <sup>cowlick</sup> at the kitchen mirror. He grinned at himself in the mirror.

"The baby-killer of Blueberry street," he <sup>whispered to himself,</sup> ~~thought.~~ He went in <sup>to the dining room</sup> and slipped into his seat next to Oliver at the supper table. Nobody noticed a thing. ~~He never~~ <sup>did not tell</sup> ~~Paul never mentioned it to~~ ~~Paul never mentioned it~~

~~his friend~~ to Belle or anyone ~~and the way about his~~ ~~friend.~~ She only found out two days later when

<sup>Danny's mother</sup> Mrs. Baynor, paid her a belated return call.

Paul had never enjoyed himself so much in the winter time.



*Adapt*  
Fritz turned to <sup>Bernie and</sup> Gunnar and Paul. "God, it -- it's beautiful!" he said. "I never thought there was anything like this." Paul didn't either. It always chilled him to watch the incredible beauty and grace of the riders. Somehow this lovely soaring seemed more like real poetry than anything his teachers ever taught him in school...

The bugler bugled his bugle once again, and another skier took off the tower, hurtling, rushing down the slide, sailing, too, far out into the air, but -- hah -- falling, tumbling, landing in a waving heap, losing his skis, clown-rolling down the hill, the crowd roaring and yawning its ready laughter for defeat -- 'go find your slats, you bum' -- as the snow-glutted skier limped falsely grinning down the hill to retrieve his runaway skis.

Down <sup>and down</sup> they came <sup>poised</sup> with each bugle note, rider after rider, some falling but most of them standing. During the intermission Paul <sup>and the boys</sup> and ~~Fritz and Gunnar~~ made their way through the <sup>milking</sup> crowd to the outdoor stand conducted this year by the earnest ladies of the Methodist church, ~~where~~, reckless of expense, Paul squandered his entire weekly allowance on a cup of coffee and a small Cornish pasty. *Pauline and her girls would have to do without him this week.*

The bugle blew through the afternoon as the eager riders hurled themselves off the hill for the thrill of the crowd that gathered annually on Washington's birthday for the ski tournament of the Chippewa Ski Club. There were hundreds of miners there to proudly watch their sons and relatives, <sup>Most of the riders lived in Swedetown or Finn town.</sup> Paul thought his own sounded sort of good. and for the tournament was a local holiday and there was no work, war or no war. <sup>The bugle sounded again by the president of the Ski Club, Swan Johnson.</sup> and Then came the announcement of the winner, <sup>(an' not a champion)</sup> "Ladies and gentlemen! The ~~winner~~ <sup>winner</sup> -- ~~Willie~~ <sup>Willie</sup> ~~Jarvinen!~~ <sup>Uusi Saari!</sup> <sup>For this</sup> Jarvinen!" A great cheer went up, especially from the Finnish miners. <sup>It was the first time a</sup> Finnish rider had won the <sup>main</sup> jumping championship on Suicide Hill. For many years, even before Belle had come to Chippewa, the Swedes and Norwegians had taken all places. <sup>of the first</sup> Fritz and <sup>Bernie and</sup> Paul turned on Gunnar, chanting: "Ten t'ousand Svedes <sup>next</sup> ~~got~~ <sup>du</sup> lost in da veeds, in ~~the~~ <sup>du</sup> battle of Copenhagen!" <sup>Then came another there was another announcement.</sup> "Ladees and yentlemen! <sup>Da</sup> The runner oop an' las' yar's shampion -- Anselm Bjork!" <sup>At least one Swede had won.</sup> "Go piddle up a hemp rope!" Gunnar said, grinning from ear to ear. <sup>and ice cream and cake</sup> Then the boys walked <sup>It was a big day. → They</sup> the two miles in to town <sup>and</sup> had a chicken supper <sup>waiters for their dessert</sup> in the dining-room of the Taleen House, with a table all to themselves and a blushing young Finnish girl to wait on them. <sup>Gunnar told</sup> the boy he had seen her with <sup>upstairs</sup> nothing on the Saturday night before, running from the girls' bathroom <sup>to her room.</sup> "Boy oh boy oh boy," he said, describing undulant curves in the air with his hands.



2-4-44

~~Chapter 7~~

Spring was really the worst season of the year ~~at~~  
in Chippewa. During the winter the snow on the streets  
built up many feet above the ground, and as the snow  
melted all of the manure from the horses and the  
dirt <sup>winter's accumulation of</sup> coal dust from the chimneys and <sup>the</sup> mines boilers  
~~covered everything in~~ <sup>all over the town</sup> lay exposed, in all its <sup>dirt and</sup> drabness.  
~~all over the town. There would be~~ <sup>There would be</sup> ~~thaw~~ The poor  
horses would hobble along the treacherous streets,  
sinking past their <sup>fetlocks</sup> ~~hooves~~ at one step, or being held  
up by their own manure on the next.

Despite the heavy snow there was an early  
spring that year. The first <sup>real</sup> <sup>high</sup> <sup>the middle of</sup> thaw came in March  
and the city workers dug ditches <sup>in the snow banks</sup> along the curbs  
to drain the <sup>melting snow,</sup> ~~water~~. ~~Then came a bitter frost~~  
The boys spent every daylight hour after school  
racing ~~the~~ wooden matches and tiny boats down  
these <sup>flowing</sup> drains. Then a sudden frost came, freezing  
the ditches, followed by another fall of snow.  
Spring really <sup>to Chippewa</sup> ~~never~~ came until the suckers started  
to run in Chippewa River, and the screaming  
seagulls would come in from Lake Superior to  
devour those the boys caught with their hands  
and threw <sup>up into</sup> ~~back~~ the fields. Paul was sure <sup>the seagulls</sup> ~~they~~  
must have smelled ~~the~~ the decaying fish from  
Iron Bay, the county seat, located on the Lake  
some sixteen miles east of Chippewa.



So, as with Paul's new "Flexible-Flyer," Belle would quietly write Grandma Fraleigh in Detroit and tell her what the boys wanted and send her some of her music-lesson money. Then either Uncle Alec or Uncle Stephen would ship them by express as ostensible gifts from the bountiful Detroit relatives, along with their usual gifts. All Oliver could do was fume and mutter that Belle's relatives were "spoilin' the bloody boys so's they'll never learn the value of a dollar!" Paul reflected that the whole thing ran in circles, like a squirrel in a cage...

That winter during the Christmas vacation Paul and Fritz and Bernie Redmond and Gunnar Taleen built a bobsled over in Bellows' basement with the help of Fritz's dad, J. Barry Bellows, the jeweler and ex-actor. He was a fine, jolly little man with graying reddish hair, and brilliant brown eyes, unlike Fritz's, and he would try to help them and pound his fingers with a hammer and then laugh or else just sit and watch the boys and tell them stories or sing snatches from Gilbert and Sullivan, accompanying himself on the guitar. Paul's heart was filled with envy to see a father like Fritz's.

It took the boys eight days to finish the bob, and finally install the shiny new bell on the front (no bob was complete without a clanging warning bell) and proudly paint the name along the top, "The Chippewa Flash." Then that last afternoon before the paint was fairly dry they tenderly carried the new bob from the cellar and started for the Pine Street bob slide.



with each bugle note,  
Down they came, rider after rider, some  
falling ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> most of them standing. During the  
intermission Paul and Fritz and German made  
their way through the ~~crowd~~ <sup>outdoor</sup> crowd ~~and~~ to the stand  
conducted this year by the earnest ladies of the  
Methodist church, where, reckless of expense, Paul  
squandered ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> entire weekly allowance on a cup of coffee  
and a small Cornish pasty.

The bugle blew through the afternoon  
as the eager riders hurled themselves off the  
hill for the thrill of the crowd ~~which~~ that gathered  
~~annually~~ <sup>annually on</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Washington's birthday for the annual  
ski tournament of the Chippewa Ski Club. There  
was hundreds of miners there, for the ~~tournament~~  
~~was a local holiday~~, to proudly watch their sons and  
relatives, for the tournament was a local holiday, and  
there was no work, war or no war.

Then came the announcement of the  
winner. "Ladies and gentlemen: The winner -  
Wilho Jarvinen!" A great cheer went up, especially  
from the Finnish miners. It was the first time a  
Finnish rider had won the jumping championship  
on Suicide Hill. For many years, even before Belle  
had come had come to Chippewa, the Swedes and  
Norwegians had taken all places. Fritz and Paul



turned on Gunnar, chanting: "Ten t'ousand Svedes  
got lost in da veeds, in the battle of Copenhagen!"

"Lads an' <sup>gentlemen!</sup> gentlemen! The runner <sup>oop</sup> up an' ~~an'~~  
last year's champion, Anselm Björk!"

"Go piddle up a hemp rope!" Gunnar  
said, grinning from ear to ear. Then the boys  
walked ~~from~~ the two miles into town and had a  
chicken ~~supper~~ <sup>supper</sup> in the dining room of the Falcon House,  
with a table all to themselves and a <sup>blushing</sup> young Finnish  
~~waitress~~ <sup>girl</sup> to wait on them.



2. drop please  
2-2-44

It felt <sup>as much of</sup> their lives, their talks,  
their recreation.

Paul ~~gradually came to be~~ shocked  
at the preoccupation of <sup>most</sup> people over the dreary  
business of making a living. ~~He supposed that~~  
It was not that earnings one's living <sup>be regarded</sup> as a matter  
for jest. He supposed it was just as <sup>brutally</sup> necessary  
as breathing or going to the bathroom. <sup>yet</sup> people  
did not constantly talk and think about those  
things <sup>badly</sup> functions. # It was a matter of  
proportions...

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

By this time  
He had read a <sup>number</sup> ~~lot~~ of cynical and  
satirical <sup>books and</sup> articles <sup>by men who despised</sup> ~~attacking~~ this American  
preoccupation with money and worldly







Insert A

Even then <sup>not</sup> <sup>more concern himself with</sup> <sup>did</sup> <sup>know</sup>  
Paul did <sup>not</sup> understand the  
mysteries of the various religious dogmas, but he <sup>did</sup> <sup>know</sup>

Bygone by  
Accordingly, the town, with its mixed population,  
came to support ~~several~~ quite a few churches. There ~~was~~ <sup>was no shortage of churches...</sup>

There <sup>were</sup> several ~~Scandinavian~~ Scandinavian churches; two or three  
more Finnish churches; <sup>separate places for the</sup> Congregationalists  
who seemed to have imposed lengths of ~~for~~ religious strap and individualists;  
~~Methodists~~ and Baptists, ~~Methodists~~ an English Methodist  
for the Cornishmen; <sup>were covered</sup>  
church, the Presbyterian church to which Belle formerly  
<sup>and which was also sort of a stray sanctuary; "swell"</sup>  
sent Parker, and the Episcopal church, which the  
mining ~~of~~ crowd <sup>attended for</sup> their devotionals. Even  
the <sup>good</sup> Catholics had two churches, the ~~French~~ Irish  
and Italians attending the "Irish" church, and  
the French <sup>worshipping in a big frame</sup> church all <sup>by</sup> themselves. Each  
church had a bell, and on Sundays, when the mine  
whistles were quiet, the town would be filled with <sup>the sound</sup>  
the <sup>of</sup> clanging, tumbling bells....



Feb 5, 1944 -

Oliver's love of the woods was a sort of ~~quit~~ madness. ~~Here and there~~ he was absent tacitly recognized by Belle and <sup>all</sup> the boys but never openly discussed. <sup>by them</sup> Paul had early come to see that this plunging, impatient man ~~that was his~~ father was never really happy unless he was miles from town, far from the sounds of the trains and <sup>the</sup> ~~mini~~ whistles, away from his family, <sup>away from</sup> his saloon - away, away, away, ...

Paul <sup>also drunk</sup> <sup>with quiet dignity</sup> and Belle led no sort of social life together. Belle had <sup>once</sup> tried inviting other <sup>manly</sup> couples over <sup>to spend</sup> for the evening, but had <sup>graciously</sup> abandoned the <sup>practice</sup> after one or two <sup>grim</sup> <sup>unsuccessful</sup> attempts. Oliver would sit like a caged <sup>perpetually</sup> <sup>and stoic</sup> uncomfortable in his best salt-and-pepper suit, <sup>with a</sup> starched collar, his thinning cowlick <sup>pushed</sup> <sup>back</sup> on his head, would sit like a caged lion, his <sup>powerful</sup> hands <sup>looming</sup> <sup>regarding</sup> his knees, <sup>speaking</sup> in <sup>abstracted</sup> <sup>monosyllables</sup> the timid overtures of some unhappy husband. Or worse yet, he would <sup>sometimes</sup> be drawn into the

sudden conversation by some <sup>casual</sup> word and would <sup>launch</sup> into a thunderous and <sup>eye-rolling</sup> <sup>profane</sup> harangue on the iniquities of Wall Street or Andrew Carnegie <sup>or</sup> <sup>and</sup> since the war started - on Great Britain. <sup>Belle</sup> <sup>Oliver</sup> never discussed his views with any man; he simply <sup>announced</sup> them. Belle and the <sup>guests</sup> would sit in <sup>stunned</sup> <sup>silence</sup>, nodding their heads <sup>automatically</sup> at Oliver's <sup>buried</sup> charges of graft and corruption, both foreign and domestic, national and international...

after the guests had fled.  
a scheming and villainous  
"Don't Oliver, could Belle please don't get on these sore subjects when we have people over."  
to demonstrate how  
So the next time, mindful of Belle's pleas, Oliver

But <sup>he</sup> <sup>got</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>go</sup> <sup>dilating</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>uncontrollable</sup> <sup>ments</sup> of the <sup>sitting-room</sup> <sup>stove</sup> to <sup>little</sup> Mr.



That little man sat in <sup>a</sup> spellbound <sup>gulfing</sup> silence.

Trembath, the book-keeper at Jaeger's. So intense became <sup>his</sup> desire to communicate his neighbor that <sup>all</sup> modern stoves were trashy junk compared with this <sup>venerable</sup> <sup>ball</sup> <sup>queen</sup>, that he had stalked out to the woodshed and come back with an armful of <sup>soiled</sup> tools and had virtually dismantled the lighted stove before their horrified eyes. Then, to Belle's utter <sup>and final</sup> shame, he had wound up trying to sell the stove to Mr. Trembath. "You'll never get a <sup>better</sup> bloody buy, Trembath!" he shouted, "not if you scour the hell damn Peninsula! I'm tellin' you!"

spellbound silence

That was the end. The Trembaths hurried home without the stove, and <sup>in the future</sup> Belle resigned herself to "having <sup>just</sup> the ladies over", which was quite all right with Oliver. "Hell, woman," he would say, "all these <sup>grubbing</sup> husbands of your friends! All they <sup>think and</sup> can talk about is stocks and bonds and money - how they made money here, or lost money there, or how they're <sup>goddam</sup> going to make <sup>some</sup> money <sup>little</sup> next week or next year. <sup>They</sup> <sup>don't</sup> <sup>care</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>their</sup> <sup>shrivelled</sup> <sup>souls</sup>! O merciful God, how can you stand it, woman!"

rant

O merciful God, answer me!" "Yes, Oliver," Belle would say. "Yes, Oliver." It was not that <sup>the</sup> <sup>mass</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>unsocial</sup>. <sup>Oliver</sup> <sup>hated</sup> <sup>people</sup> <sup>on</sup>

In fact, as Paul came to see as he grew older, it was because the man was so tremendously <sup>alive</sup> and full of wild vitality that he could not <sup>seem to</sup> bear to waste his time on the <sup>noncommittal</sup> gentle sparring that passed for the social amenities. Paul once <sup>over</sup> heard Oliver discussing this subject with <sup>out</sup> Dan McGinnis, one of his woods cronies, out at the South Camp.

"Christ, Dan, when I spend <sup>my</sup> time talkin' to <sup>a</sup> <sup>another</sup> woman I want to be figurin' how I can get her into bed!" Paul thought even then, that <sup>this</sup> held the key to the man's character. He <sup>seems to</sup> live only for the high moments of life - the runaway horse, <sup>the</sup> <sup>bullet</sup> <sup>shot</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>plunging</sup> <sup>back</sup>,

The man's conversation was not mere egotism, it was part of his philosophy of life.



with all its condensation,

the hooking and  
landing of a

the fighting trout, <sup>the subduing of a</sup> ~~frantically~~ high-spirited  
the ~~submissive~~ woman, ...

The man's unconventionality was not mere  
~~states~~ ignorance, Paul came to see, but a  
deliberate and inevitable expression of his  
philosophy of life.

(Lives from Kingsley)



! draft please

Insert A

Oliver had three camps; ~~at the time~~ two hunting  
camps north of Chippewa, in the region of Silver Lake and  
the Big Dead River, and the South Camp, which he ~~had~~  
~~haunted~~ <sup>haunted</sup> ~~visited most~~ <sup>visited</sup> during the ~~summer months~~ <sup>summer</sup> fishing season.  
There were plenty of deer around the South Camp, but  
Oliver had not hunted there since Paul was a baby,  
the fall <sup>that</sup> Oliver had actually heard the <sup>faint</sup> rifle shot of  
a <sup>wild</sup> stranger who had dared to wander <sup>near the fringe of</sup> ~~into~~ his  
hunting domain. "Hell, Tom," he had said to  
old Tom Eckman, one of his hunting <sup>partners,</sup> ~~partners,~~ "Hell, Tom,  
it's gettin' so's a man can't step outa the bloody  
camp without he falls <sup>over some</sup> ~~over some~~ trespassin' hunter!"  
~~See the logs - Minnie must get up there.~~

Each November Oliver <sup>and his cronies</sup> made mighty preparations  
<sup>up north,</sup> for the deer hunt, which involved <sup>indefinite</sup> blankets and snowshoes,  
food and rifles, <sup>love concerning</sup> conferences at the saloon with Tom Eckman  
and the Mc Giornis twins, Dan and Dave, <sup>not to mention</sup> whiskey and  
beer and the "fipins" for the <sup>There were lists and lists, and then lists of lists...</sup> whiskey sours ~~for~~  
Finally, <sup>one day</sup> Oliver would <sup>drop and kiss</sup> ~~raise his hand to~~ Belle, as she stood on the back porch,  
the <sup>others</sup> ~~men~~ would tip their ~~best~~ caps <sup>to her</sup> and say "goodbye, Mrs.  
Biegler," and then Fred and Chief, the big white team,  
would draw the laden jumper out of the back yard.  
~~They~~ <sup>Oliver</sup> would be gone for weeks - much to the boys' delight -  
and then one night, always in the black dark, Paul would  
hear the sleigh bells and the clomp of the horses <sup>behind the house,</sup> ~~and~~  
The hunters were home from the hill!



4 Dave would race for the kitchen and run out on  
the porch and watch the <sup>tree and</sup> mumbling, frozen bearded  
men <sup>in the lantern light</sup> tossing the deer off the sleigh like  
logs, their ~~heads~~ bodies frozen in the attitude  
of their final leap, their bloody tongues ~~wagging~~  
protruding from their mouths, their <sup>slotted</sup> eyes  
a shrivelled, sunken blue. Belle would  
have mivemeat enough to last <sup>through</sup> the winter...

↑  
↓ space



Oliver's love of the woods was a sort of quiet madness tacitly recognized by Belle and all the boys but rarely openly discussed by them. Paul was gradually coming to see that this plunging, impatient man was never really happy unless he was miles from town, far from the sounds of the trains and the minewhistles, away from his family, away from his saloon -- away, away, away..

That summer Oliver began taking Paul to the woods with him, especially to the South Camp. During these trips Paul scarcely knew his father for the same man. Dan McGinnis, one of Oliver's woods cronies, usually accompanied them, and the fashion in which these two carried on and laughed and played <sup>grotesque</sup> Paul Bunyanish jokes on each other reminded Paul of himself and his own playmates. Nor could Paul forget the way his father would throw back his head and show his firm yellow teeth in a grim ~~squinting~~ smile as he would work a tugging trout into shore ~~with his hooped flyrod~~ over at Blair's Pond. "Come on <sup>and</sup> me speckled darlin' -- no, no, out of dose dere veeds," <sup>Oliver's eyes would wrinkle at the corners, this flyrod would be bent into a falsid hoop.</sup> he would tenderly croon, in a comical mixture of the various local dialects. "Vat iss dis?" 'Ere, naow, com' to yer bloody Pa, me son! There!" And the tired trout would be finally lying in Oliver's sagging net. Paul would stand watching in open-mouthed wonder. "'Vat iss dis?' indeed," he thought. Then after a bit Paul would follow his father and Dan back to camp, through the soggy beaver meadows, across the fallen log on the creek and up the hill to the square camp made of white pine logs which stood on the birch-covered ridge. <sup>Oliver's eyes would wrinkle at the corners, this flyrod would be bent into a falsid hoop.</sup> ~~hand at flyfishing, nor discovered in how pure a form Oliver's craze had passed on to him.~~

About this time, too, Paul realized with dismay that his father and Belle led no sort of social life together. After a busy day of running the big house and giving music lessons, Belle generally spent her nights alone, darning and mending or ironing, or helping the boys with their lessons, or rocking in her chair <sup>by the window</sup> in the sitting-room, chatting with her neighbors, Mrs. Trembath or Mrs. Coffey or Gunnar's mother, hard-working Mrs. Taleen. When <sup>Belle</sup> she went to the Presbyterian church it was alone or with Paul, ~~and it~~ <sup>her work</sup> was the same way with the movies or the occasional roadshows which came to McNulty's Opera House. It seemed that <sup>on these occasions</sup> Oliver always <sup>found he</sup> had to work at the saloon. "Someone around this bloody house's got to have a sense of dooty!" he would wail, drooping his head under the <sup>sudden depression</sup> ~~oppressive~~ weight of his cares. Oliver, however, was fascinated by Lyman H. Howe's movie travelogues, with sound effects, as was Paul. Regardless of "dooty" Oliver never missed their annual visits to Chippewa. He would put on his best salt-and-pepper suit and sit in an aisle seat, because of his long legs, <sup>watching</sup> in hunched absorption as the parade of pygmies and elephants and strange exotic ~~sights~~ flickered across the screen.

Then during the intermission he would remain <sup>fixed</sup> in his seat, cramped and enthralled, while Lyman H. Howe's pianist came out and bowed and then played a series of rippling, brilliant,



florid passages on Maestro McNulty's battered upright; selections <sup>fairly</sup> ~~usually~~ dripping with arpeggios  
and glissandos, <sup>and</sup> usually taken from Liszt or some fiery Italian. Oliver would lean across Paul,  
<sup>smelling of cloves,</sup> to Belle and sibilantly whisper <sup>to Belle,</sup> "Genius!" Belle would smile and nod and whisper, "Yes, Oliver."  
For once Paul <sup>was in accord</sup> agreed with Oliver. Any man was indubitably a genius who could wrench music from <sup>Mr.</sup>  
~~that~~ <sup>McNulty's</sup> piano.

NO SPACE



Belle occasionally tried inviting other married couples over to spend the evening, but had gradually abandoned the practice in <sup>white-faced</sup> horror after one or two grim experiences. Oliver, resigned and stoic in the salt-and-pepper suit and starched collar and diamond stickpin, his thinning cowlick pushed back on his head, would sit through the evening like a caged lion, his powerful hands clenching and unclenching his knees, responding in grunted abstracted monosyllables to the timid overtures of some unhappy husband of one of Belle's friends. ~~That was not quite so bad. But~~ OR worse yet, Oliver would sometimes be drawn into sudden conversation by some chance word and would launch into a thunderous, eye-rolling monologue on the iniquities of his two pets: Wall Street and Andrew Carnegie, or -- since the War had started -- on a scheming and villainous Great Britain.

Oliver never discussed his views with any man; he simply announced them. Where he got them Paul never really knew because he ~~had~~ rarely discovered Oliver reading anything other than The Iron Ore or Grover's <sup>definitive work on the</sup> "Diseases of Horses" which stood in the high bookcase in the music room. Yet he seemed to know all about Carnegie and the steel tariff, Eugene Debs and ~~the~~ labor injunctions, Henry George and the single tax, and all the rest. Belle and the guests would sit in a stunned silence, nodding their heads in automatic agreement as Oliver hurled his sweeping charges of graft and corruption, <sup>of dark cabals and foul alliances,</sup> both foreign and domestic, national and international... He rarely stooped to buttress these indictments with facts <sup>wagging his fingers,</sup> or sources; he merely shouted <sup>distinctly</sup> the dire conclusions. "You mark my words -- John Bull and Wall Street will have us in this bloody war yet!" <sup>Paul could hear these thunderous forebodings from his cot upstairs.</sup> "Don't, Oliver," Belle would ~~earnestly~~ plead with him after the startled guests had fled. "Please don't get on those sore subjects when we have people over. Please, Oliver -- I don't ask much of you..."

The very next <sup>visitors</sup> time Belle "had people over" <sup>gave Oliver his chance</sup> to demonstrate how meekly mindful he was of Belle's plea, <sup>Before the people fairly had their wraps off</sup> Oliver began dilating on the uncontroversial merits of the sitting-room coal stove, <sup>this time</sup> to Mr. Trembath, the bookkeeper at Jaeger's. <sup>Oliver glanced at Belle. There certainly wasn't a billigerant coal in this topic's</sup> <sup>He</sup> <sup>her</sup> Oliver would show Belle he could bandy small talk with the best of them... Belle waited, smiling uncertainly, nodding brightly, anxiously pursing her lips. <sup>(who had not heard her ear trumpet)</sup> Little Mr. Trembath and his wife sat in spellbound, gulping silence as Oliver <sup>As she warmed to his subject</sup> heaped ringing tributes on the stove. <sup>So intense</sup> became Oliver's desire to convince his neighbors that all modern stoves were trashy junk compared with this venerable tall queen, that he had stalked out to his shop in the woodshed and come back with an armful of soiled tools and had sprawled on the floor <sup>salt-and-pepper suit and all,</sup> and virtually dismantled the lighted stove before their horrified eyes. Then, to Belle's utter and final shame, he had wound up <sup>trying to sell the stove to Mr. Trembath.</sup> "Mind you, I'm doin' you a favor, neighbor! You'll never get a better bloody buy, Trembath!" he



shouted, waving a wrench in the air, " -- not if you scour the hull damn Peninsula! I'm tellin' you, man..."

That was the end. The Trembaths hurried home, without the stove, and in the future Belle resigned herself to "having just the ladies over," which was quite all right with Oliver. "Hell, woman," he would rant, "them grubbin' husbands of your lady friends! All they can think to talk about is their goddam stocks and bonds and money -- how they made money here, or lost money there, or how they're goin' to make more money next week or next year. There's no goddam fun in their miserable shrivelled souls! How can you <sup>put up with</sup> stand it, woman! Answer me, I say! <sup>Don't stand there --</sup> O merciful God, answer me!"

"Yes, Oliver," Belle would say. "Yes, Oliver." That was the way it always was. "Yes, Oliver."

It was not that Oliver hated people or was unsocial. In fact, as Paul pondered as he grew older, it seemed to him <sup>?</sup> that it was because the man was so tremendously alive and full of wild vitality <sup>?</sup> that he could not bear to waste a moment of his time on the gentle, noncommittal sparring that commonly passed for the social amenities. That summer Paul overheard a snatch of conversation between Oliver and Dan McGinnis out at the South Camp. Oliver and Dan were having "just one more" whiskey sour. "Christ, Dan," Oliver laughed, "when I spend my time talkin' to a woman I want to be figurin' how I can get her into bed!" <sup>Q</sup> Paul thought, even then, that this casual ribald remark held one of the keys to the man's character. His father seemed to live only for the high moments of life -- for the curbing of the runaway horse, the final shot at the <sup>morally</sup> plunging buck, the hooking and landing of a fighting trout, the subduing of a high-spirited woman... The conventional concepts of Family and Home, <sup>of</sup> Work and Duty, were simply not meant for the man. They were without his ken, and their manifestations all about him drove him frantic with a lashing impatience. He could not abide even the thought of the restraints they would impose on him. In the woods he could be free... The man's unconventionality was not mere ignorance, Paul <sup>gradually</sup> realized, but was, with all its raw crudeness, a deliberate and inevitable expression of his philosophy of life.

(Music)

↑ ↓ space



If Oliver found his only true happiness in the woods, Paul thought, then surely Belle found hers in her home, especially on those rare occasions when she <sup>and</sup> had her husband and her boys <sup>all</sup> were together. <sup>for the evening</sup> These usually occurred during those periods of uneasy domestic truce which Belle called "our Sunday-evening musicales" but which <sup>quiet brother Lincoln</sup> the boys <sup>referred to as</sup> irreverently called "The Cremation of <sup>Sam Mc</sup> Ludwig van Beethoven!" Belle clung to the notion that no household was completely a home unless <sup>both</sup> the parents spent time in it, together, contributing to the cultural development of their children. Such had been her girlhood in Detroit and, so help her, so would it be for her boys in Chippewa -- even if one of the parties to this proposed cultural revelation was a man called Oliver Biegler. "It gives a home a feeling of ~~the~~ security," Paul once heard his mother say to Mrs. Taleen.

So when, after the Sunday night supper, Belle would hum to herself as she <sup>popped</sup> cooked up a bread-<sup>bowl</sup> pan full of <sup>buttery</sup> popcorn <sup>in the wire basket over the kitchen range,</sup> or a platter full of fudge to cool on the little shelf on the back stoop, the boys would know they were in for another musical evening. Then, in some mysterious fashion which Paul could never fathom, Belle would brave imminent destruction and lurch and tug her snoring husband off of the sitting-room sofa and into the music-room piano. She would sit at the piano and play from memory the melodies of her girlhood, old Scotch airs, the songs of Stephen Foster, while the great rumple-haired man stood behind her swaying and sleepily blinking his eyes. When she thought Oliver was sufficiently awake, she would swing into one of the old German songs, usually "Still wie die Nacht," as a start, singing the air in German in her clear sweet soprano. Then she would glance over her shoulder at Oliver, still singing, nodding her head for him to join her, which he would invariably do, slowly blundering into the <sup>song</sup> air <sup>house</sup> with his <sup>great</sup> rumbling bass, Belle pausing for him to catch up or hurrying to overtake him. "Still wie die Nacht..."

Meanwhile the boys, the recipients of this musical feast, would sit clustered around the breathing gas lamp <sup>which stood</sup> on the sitting-room table, pretending to read, sluicing ~~buttery~~ popcorn into their grinning mouths and -- when Oliver wandered too far <sup>in</sup> from the "Nacht" -- surreptitiously holding their noses with one hand and pulling the air with the other.

Paul would join his brothers in these subtle criticisms of the <sup>Biegler</sup> musical appreciation hours, holding his nose with the rest of them. Yet rarely did one of these Sunday evenings draw to a close that his <sup>heart</sup> throat was not clutched with a feeling of ineffable sadness, a sense of wry and unutterable gloom, as he watched his mother in her feverishly gay efforts to bring "security" and "culture" into the home of herself and her boys... <sup>9</sup> How can there be security? Paul would ~~sometimes~~ ponder, staring sightlessly at his book. →

He vaguely wondered how such an illusion could ~~ever~~ be fostered in a home where one did not know, from one moment to the next, when the head of it might not suddenly <sup>become transformed into</sup> ~~become~~ a raging lion,



and stamp cursing from the house or else turn snarling on one or all of its occupants. For some inarticulate reason, buried deep in his tangled childhood memories, Paul was to look back on these Sunday evenings together as among the saddest of his entire boyhood. Popcorn and fudge was not quite enough...



ORIGINAL

BOOKS





That summer it was Belle who finally got Oliver to take Paul to the woods with him. Paul knew it was part of her relentless campaign to make a little Tarzan out of him. But he did not care. Even Paul had to admit that Belle had always ~~tried~~ tried hard enough <sup>"to put some flesh on your poor little bones."</sup> For as long as he could remember he had waged a constant <sup>losing</sup> battle to avoid Belle's nostrums and vile <sup>health</sup> brews. <sup>The list was endless. Human</sup> <sup>which every system craved,</sup> There was Vinol, which contained a magical new property called "iron." Paul was <sup>He sounded</sup> <sup>armistice</sup> <sup>wondered if he would not be struck by lightning.</sup> gluttoned with it. Under Belle's watchful eye he had consumed casks of the stuff. Again there was cod liver oil, which was still worse than Vinol, and then Scott's Emulsion, which brought <sup>adorned the</sup> on waves of nausea when Paul merely visualized ~~the pictures of~~ <sup>schools of</sup> <sup>one of which</sup> <sup>oily</sup> <sup>each of</sup> the rigid dead fish <sup>on the</sup> labels of the endless bottles he had emptied. Then of course there were prunes, mashed, boiled and -- well no, never quite fried and goose-grease on his chest in the winter, <sup>overlaid</sup> with a square piece <sup>of flannel</sup> cut from <sup>an</sup> <sup>Biedermeier</sup> someone's abandoned <sup>flannel</sup> nightgown. <sup>his</sup> underwear. In the Spring, O glorious season, he was given <sup>the</sup> choice of weapons, <sup>or Rocky Mountain tea</sup> either a dose of castor oil or sulphur and molasses, <sup>and revive</sup> a wearing decision to have to make. Alphabetic vitamins had not yet appeared to enchant <sup>and revive</sup> a drooping world which appeared to Paul to be reeling along an abyss of incipient anemia and galloping consumption. Going to the woods, even with Oliver, was preferable to these <sup>endless</sup> ~~daily~~ bouts with Belle's deadly decoctions...

NO SPACE



9  
Oliver and Dan McGinnis left from the back yard in the old buckboard drawn by a <sup>high</sup> raw-boned gelding called "Carnegie," Paul had kissed his mother goodbye a half-dozen times, and was sitting on a bale of hay on the back. A lantern was clamped on the dashboard and a battered water pail dangled from the rear axle.  
"Are you sure you have your long underwear <sup>with you</sup> in case the weather changes?" Belle ~~asked~~ <sup>asked</sup>  
Paul <sup>and</sup> again, standing on the back porch, shading her eyes. "Ye-e-es Mom," Paul answered, somehow shamed by this <sup>anxious</sup> maternal ~~bustling~~ concern for a hardy woodsman. "Giddap, 'Thousand Dollars,'" Oliver said, raising a big tanned hand in farewell, and away they clattered out on the street, south across the tracks, <sup>out of sight of Belle's waving handkerchief,</sup> past the alley behind the saloon, and out South Pine street, <sup>beyond</sup> past the old Angeline mine, up the steep Saginaw Hill, past the last of the Finnish farms, ~~and~~ finally <sup>turned</sup> turning off on a two-rut sandy road which Oliver called the "head of the plains."

They stopped at the bridge over the <sup>that the brook</sup> Escanaba River, where Paul launched his Tarzan-hood by dipping out two pails of water for perspiring Carnegie. <sup>sweeping oily flow of the</sup> During this interlude Oliver and Dan improved their time by stuffing and lighting their pipes with "Peerless", and hoisting <sup>two</sup> drinks apiece out of a pint bottle. Paul was enchanted at the genteel manner in which Dan combed out <sup>after his drinks,</sup> his moustaches, <sup>neatly</sup> the right hand caring for the left side, the left hand the right... Then began the long climb up the sandy hill out of the river valley, and Paul <sup>half</sup> closed his eyes and listened to the <sup>sand</sup> sifting off the metal rims and wooden spokes, concluding that the sound more nearly approximated that made by the sea shells on Belle's what-not, <sup>which stood in a corner of</sup> ~~in the parlor corner~~

"Look, Dan!" Oliver ~~shouted~~ said. "A fine runnig <sup>m</sup> shot!" ~~and~~ Paul wheeled to the front and watched a running buck and two does, <sup>leaping across an open stretch,</sup> flags up, ~~as they bounced~~ into a cover of jackpines and ~~out~~ out of sight. To Paul the white-tail deer were the most graceful of <sup>all</sup> animals, and he wondered <sup>as he was always to wonder,</sup> what high courage could prompt his father or any man to still their bounding flight.

Oliver and Dan. He leaves  
the pipe never get to camp's  
firmly bounding

NO SPACE



putting up two coveys of partridge,  
birds - surrounded

At Brewery Hill Spring the ritual of water, Peerless and bottle was rapidly assuming the force of tradition to Paul; then a few more miles and they entered the woods, then across the flooded creek bridge caused by the backwater of a beaver dam, then a fleeting glimpse at Biegler Lake through the tall spruces, and they came out into a small clearing, in which stood a log camp and a log barn. "Whoa Carnegie, you ol' buzzard," Oliver, throwing the reins out on the ground. This was the South Camp. Paul heard the hot clicks of grasshoppers and crickets in the sun-lit clearing. A groundhog ran from the side of the little outhouse to its burrow on the edge of the clearing. "I'll fix him tonight, Oliver," Dan said. "In the meantime I suggest we have ourselves a little snort." As Oliver and Dan unharnessed and ministered to the horse, Paul went down the hill to the creek for water. When he got back up the hill with the full water pails he stood panting outside of the camp. Oliver and Dan were having "just another one." Oliver was talking to Dan. "Christ, Dan," he was saying, "when I spend my time talkin' to a woman I want to be figurin' how I can get her into bed..."

dense

then a little way and a

then a

clearing.

from the woods.

immutable

they crossed

- Oliver's lake -

Then

on the ridge on

said,

This was the South Camp.

This was the South Camp.

This was the South Camp.

tried

→ ♪

Trout darted away as he dipped the first pail.

The sun was sinking in the northwest.

inside,

~~They seemed to be pondering the problems and oppressive restrictions of that social intercourse.~~



## Insert

When Paul ~~was born~~<sup>was born</sup> Belle had nearly died. Our  
Grandma Fraleigh had hurried <sup>north</sup> from Detroit. "You Belle  
~~poor~~ lie like a poor, broken reed," she had  
written the Detroit relatives. "The new baby is another  
fine boy - the plumpest of the lot." It was a distinction  
which was not to stay <sup>long</sup> with Paul, ~~very long~~. As for  
Doctor Gourdeau, he was beside himself with rage.





Then of course there was prunes, <sup>well at quite</sup> mashed, boiled and - <sup>never fried</sup> and goose-grease on his chest in the winter,

That summer

It was Belle who ~~had~~ finally got Oliver to take Paul to the woods with him. <sup>that summer Paul knew</sup> It was part of her relentless

campaign to make a little Tarzan out of him. <sup>But he did not care</sup>

Even Paul had to admit that <sup>Belle had always</sup> ~~he~~ tried hard enough. <sup>For</sup>

as long as he could remember ~~but~~ he had waged

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stuff. <sup>Again</sup> ~~Then~~ there was cod liver oil, which was <sup>still</sup> ~~even~~ worse

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was preferable to these daily bouts with Belle's deadly decoctions...

with a spoonful of cod liver oil in the evening or sulphur and iron



was not mere ignorance, Paul realized, but was, with all its raw crudeness, a deliberate and inevitable expression of his philosophy of life.

(Music)



*1 draft, please*  
 Oliver's love of the woods was a sort of quiet madness tacitly recognized by Belle and all the boys but rarely openly discussed by them. Paul had early come to see that this plunging, impatient man was never really happy unless he was miles from town, far from the sounds of the trains and the mine whistles, away from his family, away from his saloon -- away, away, away...

That summer Oliver began taking Paul to the woods with him, especially to the South Camp.

*This was part of Belle's plan to make a little Morgan out of Paul.*

During these trips Paul scarcely knew his father for the same man. Dan McGinnis, one of Oliver's woods cronies, usually accompanied them, and the <sup>fashion in which</sup> way these two carried on and laughed and played <sup>Paul Bergamish</sup> jokes on each other reminded Paul of himself and his own playmates. Nor could Paul forget the

way his father would throw back his head and show his firm yellow teeth in a grim <sup>squinting</sup> smile as he would work a <sup>trugging</sup> good trout into shore over at Blair's Pond. "Come on me speckled darlin' -- no, no, out of dose dere veeds," he would tenderly croon, in a comical mixture of <sup>the various</sup> many local dialects.

"Vat iss diss? 'Ere, naow, com' to yer bloody Pa, me son! There!" And the <sup>tried</sup> trout would be finally lying in Oliver's sagging net. Paul would stand watching in open-mouthed wonder. "'Vat

iss diss' indeed," he thought. <sup>log on the</sup> Then after a bit Paul would follow his father <sup>and Dan</sup> back to camp, through

<sup>the soggy beaver meadows, across the creek and up the hill to the square log camp on the ridge</sup> Paul realized, too, with dismay that his father and Belle led no sort of social life together. <sup>About this time</sup> Belle <sup>was occasionally</sup> had once tried inviting other married couples over to spend the evening, but had

<sup>gradually</sup> abandoned the practice in horror after one or two grim experiences. Oliver, resigned and stoic in his <sup>the</sup> best salt-and-pepper suit and starched collar and diamond stickpin, his thinning cowlick

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high-backed in the third room. Belle occasionally tried to go in the middle of the night. "Business of horse whips and shoes" or "Shovels" "Business of horse whips and shoes" the angle of the pocket the key.



He Paul vaguely wondered how <sup>could be</sup> ~~such~~ such an illusion <sup>ever</sup> fostered in a home where one did not know, from one moment to the next, when the head of it might not <sup>suddenly become</sup> ~~turn~~ into a raging lion and ~~to the point~~ stamp cursing from the house, or <sup>else</sup> turn <sup>snarling</sup> on one or all of <sup>its occupants</sup> the ~~house~~ <sup>For</sup> In some inarticulate reason, buried deep in his tangled <sup>childhood</sup> ~~boyhood~~ memories, he <sup>Paul</sup> was to look back on these Sunday evenings together as among the saddest of his <sup>entire</sup> ~~childhood~~ <sup>boyhood</sup>. Popcorn and fudge was not quite enough...



7  
So the very next time <sup>Belle had perished</sup> to demonstrate how meekly mindful he was of Belle's plea, Oliver began dilating on the uncontroversible <sup>goddam brightly</sup> merits of the sitting-room coal stove to Mr. Trembath, the bookkeeper at Jaeger's. Oliver would show Belle he could bandy small talk with the best of them... <sup>waited, smiling uncertainly, anxiously</sup> That little man and his wife <sup>Belle faintly pursing her lips, ~~as usual~~ Little Mrs. Trembath</sup> sat in <sup>Dot</sup> spellbound, gulping silence as Oliver heaped ringing tributes on the stove. So intense became Oliver's desire to convince his neighbors that all modern stoves were trashy junk compared with this venerable tall queen, that he had stalked out to his shop in the woodshed and come back with an armful of soiled tools and had sprawled on the floor and virtually dismantled the lighted stove before their horrified eyes. Then, to Belle's utter and final shame, he had wound up trying to sell the stove to Mr. Trembath. "Mind you, I'm doin' you a favor, neighbor! You'll never get a better bloody buy, Trembath!" he shouted, waving a wrench in the air, " -- not if you scour the hull damn Peninsula! I'm tellin' you, man..."

That was the end. The Trembaths hurried home, without the stove, and in the future Belle resigned herself to "having just the ladies over," which was quite all right with Oliver. "Hell, woman," he would rant, "them grubbin' husbands of your lady friends! All they can think to talk about is their goddam stocks and bonds and money -- how they made money here, or lost money there, or how they're goin' to make more money next week or next year. There's no goddam fun in their miserable shrivelled souls! How can you stand it, woman! Answer me, I say! O merciful God, answer me!"

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It was not that Oliver hated people or was unsocial. In fact, as Paul pondered as he grew older, it seemed to him that it was because the man was so tremendously alive and full of wild vitality that he could not bear to waste a moment of his time on the gentle, noncommittal sparring that commonly passed for the social amenities. That summer Paul overheard a snatch of <sup>Oliver and Dan were having "just one more" whiskey sours.</sup> ribald conversation between Oliver and Dan McGinnis out at the South Camp. <sup>laughed</sup> "Christ, Dan," Oliver said, "when I spend my time talkin' to a woman I want to be figurin' how I can get her into bed!" Paul thought, even then, that this casual <sup>ribald</sup> remark held one of the keys to the man's character. His father seemed to live only for the high moments of life -- for the curbing of the runaway horse, the final shot at the plunging buck, the hooking and landing of a fighting trout, the subduing of a high-spirited woman... The conventions <sup>CONCEPTS</sup> of Family <sup>and</sup> Home, of Work and Duty, were simply not meant for the man. They were without his ken, and their manifestations all about him drove him frantic with a lashing impatience. <sup>He could not abide even the thought of their restraints, they would impose on him.</sup> In the woods he could be free... The man's unconventionality



glance over her shoulder at Oliver, ~~and~~ still singing, nodding her head for him to join her, which he would invariably do, <sup>slowly blundering</sup> ~~stumbling~~ into the air with his great, <sup>rumbling</sup> ~~froggy~~ bass, Belle pausing for him to catch up or hurrying to overtake him. "Still wie die Nacht..."

Meanwhile the <sup>boys, the</sup> recipients of this musical feast, would sit clustered around the <sup>breathing</sup> gas lamp on the sitting-room table, pretending to read, <sup>buttery</sup> slicing popcorn into their grinning mouths, <sup>and - when Oliver wandered too</sup> holding their noses with one hand and pulling the air with the other.

Paul would join his brothers in these subtle <sup>the</sup> criticisms of musical appreciation hours, holding his nose with the rest of them. Yet rarely did one of these <sup>Sunday</sup> evenings draw to a close that <sup>by throat</sup> he was not slouched with a feeling of ineffable sadness, a <sup>sense</sup> ~~feeling~~ of wry and unutterable gloom as he watched his mother in her feverish <sup>gay</sup> efforts to bring ~~bring~~ "security" and "culture" into the home of her <sup>hand her</sup> ~~boys~~ boys... How ~~could~~ can there be security, <sup>Paul</sup> he would sometimes ponder, staring sightlessly at his book. How

from the "Nacht" - surrealism



was not mere ignorance, Paul realized, but was, with all its raw crudeness, a deliberate and inevitable expression of his philosophy of life.

(Music)



2-7-44

girlhood Sunday

Then there were the ~~musical~~ <sup>girlhood</sup> evenings. Belle  
~~sang~~ <sup>frantically</sup> to the notion that ~~no~~ <sup>household</sup> ~~home~~  
 was completely a home unless the parents ~~see~~ spent  
 time ~~together~~ <sup>together?</sup> in it, contributing to the cultural  
 development of their children. Such had been her  
 girlhood in Detroit, <sup>so help her,</sup> and so would it be for her  
 boys in Clippens — even if ~~the~~ one of the parties

to this <sup>proposed</sup> cultural ~~work~~ revelation was a man  
 called Oliver Butler. <sup>his mother</sup> "It gives a home a feeling  
 of - of security," <sup>Paul</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>heard</sup> <sup>Paul</sup> <sup>says</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>Mrs.</sup> <sup>Talens.</sup>

So after <sup>whenever,</sup> Sunday night supper, Belle would  
<sup>turn to herself as she</sup> <sup>cook</sup> up a breadpan full of popcorn, or a  
 platter full of fudge. ~~There~~ <sup>another</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>would</sup>  
 to cool on the little shelf on the back stoop, <sup>the boys would know they were in for a musical evening</sup>

some mysterious <sup>fashion</sup> ~~thing~~ which Paul could never fathom,  
~~she~~ <sup>Belle would bring</sup> <sup>immaculate</sup> <sup>destruction</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>bring</sup> her snoring husband  
 off <sup>of</sup> the sitting-room sofa and get <sup>him</sup> <sup>into</sup>  
 the <sup>music-room</sup> ~~music-room~~. <sup>at the piano</sup> She would sit, and play from

memory the melodies of her girlhood, old Scotch airs,  
<sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ songs of Stephen Foster, <sup>while</sup> <sup>behind her</sup> <sup>and</sup> the great  
 rumpled-haired man stood, swaying, <sup>and</sup> sleepily  
 blinking his eyes. Then, when she thought Oliver  
 was sufficiently awake, she would swing into one

of the old German songs, <sup>usually</sup> <sup>such</sup> <sup>as</sup> "Still wie die Nacht," <sup>as a start,</sup> <sup>singing</sup>  
 the air <sup>in German</sup> in her clear, sweet soprano. Then she would



CHAPTER 7.

Oliver's love of the woods was a sort of quiet madness tacitly recognized by Belle and all the boys but rarely openly discussed by them. Paul had <sup>was gradually coming</sup> ~~early come~~ to see that this plunging, impatient man ~~was never~~ really happy unless he was miles from town, far from the sounds of the trains and the mine whistles, away from his family, away from his saloon -- away, away, away...

That summer Oliver began taking Paul to the woods with him, especially to the South Camp. During these trips Paul scarcely knew his father for the same man. Dan McGinnis, one of Oliver's woods cronies, usually accompanied them, and the fashion in which these two carried on and laughed and played Paul Bunyanish jokes on each other reminded Paul of himself and his own play-mates. Nor could Paul forget the way his father would throw back his head and show his firm yellow teeth in a grim squinting smile as he would work a tugging trout into shore <sup>with his hooped flyrod</sup> over at Blair's Pond. "Come on me speckled darlin' -- no, no, out of dose dere veeds," he would tenderly croon, in a comical mixture of the various local dialects. "Vat iss diss? 'Ere, naow, com' to yer bloody Pa, me son! There!" And the tired trout would be finally lying in Oliver's sagging net. Paul would stand watching in open-mouthed wonder. "'Vat iss diss' indeed," he thought. Then after a bit Paul would follow his father and Dan back to camp, through the soggy beaver meadows, across the <sup>fallen</sup> log on the creek and up the hill <sup>made of white pine logs which stood</sup> to the square ~~log~~ camp on the birch-covered ridge.

About this time <sup>too,</sup> Paul realized, ~~too,~~ with dismay that his father and Belle led no sort of social life together. After a busy day <sup>of running the big house and giving music lessons,</sup> Belle generally spent her nights alone, darning and mending or ironing, or helping the boys with their lessons, <sup>rocking in her chair in the sitting-room,</sup> or chatting with her neighbors, Mrs. Trembath or Mrs. Coffey or Gunnar's mother, hard-working Mrs. Taleen. <sup>the Presbyterian</sup> When she went to church it was alone or with Paul, and it was the same way with the movies or the occasional roadshows which came to McNulty's Opera House. Oliver, however, was fascinated by Lyman H. Howe's movie travelogues, <sup>with sound effects.</sup> as was Paul. <sup>Regardless of "dooty"</sup> Oliver never missed their annual visit to Chippewa. He would put on his best salt-and-pepper suit and sit in an aisle seat, because of his long legs, in hunched absorption as the parade of pygmies and elephants and strange exotic sights <sup>flickered</sup> flashed across the screen. <sup>on Maestro McNulty's battered upright; selection usually dropping with</sup>

Then during the intermission he would remain enthralled while the pianist <sup>played some a</sup> played <sup>brilliant, florid passages, usually from Liszt or some fiery Italian,</sup> Oliver would lean across Paul to Belle and sibilantly whisper, "Genius!" Belle would smile and nod and whisper, "Yes, Oliver." <sup>gorone</sup> Paul agreed with Oliver. <sup>who could wrench music from</sup> ~~Any man was indubitably a genius to play that piano.~~

Approaching <sup>he would wail, drooping his head under the weight of his tale.</sup>

<sup>rippling</sup>

<sup>reaching with arpeggios and glissandos,</sup>

<sup>on Maestro McNulty's battered upright,</sup>

<sup>came out and then</sup>

<sup>in his seat</sup> ~~cramped and~~

<sup>and bowed</sup>

<sup>any man was indubitably a genius to play that piano.</sup>



2-7-44

draft, please

If Oliver found his <sup>only</sup> true happiness in  
 the woods, Paul thought, then <sup>only</sup> Belle found  
<sup>hers</sup> <sup>especially</sup> it in her home on those rare occasions  
 when she had her husband and her  
 boys together <sup>These usually occurred</sup> during those periods of  
 uneasy <sup>domestic</sup> <sup>truce</sup> <sup>which Belle called</sup> known as "the <sup>our</sup> <sup>irreverent</sup> <sup>Sunday-</sup>  
 evening musicales <sup>but which the boys called</sup> Belle ching

(now to p. 2)

"to the notion, etc"

Paul's "Crematorium of Longing & Pathos!"



2 Oliver's love of the woods was a sort of quiet madness tacitly recognized by Belle and all the boys but <sup>rarely</sup> never openly discussed by them. Paul had early come to see that this plunging, impatient man was never really happy unless he was miles from town, far from the sounds of the trains and the minewhistles, away from his family, away from his saloon -- away, away, away...

(insert A) Paul <sup>realized, too,</sup> also observed with quiet dismay that his father and Belle led no sort of social life together. Belle had once tried inviting other married couples over to spend the evening, but had abandoned the practice in <sup>quiet</sup> horror after one or two <sup>grim</sup> experiences. Oliver, <sup>resigned</sup> <sup>and uncomfortable</sup> and stoic in his best salt-and-pepper suit and starched collar, his thinning cowlick pushed back on his head, would sit <sup>through the evening</sup> like a caged lion, his powerful hands <sup>and unclenching</sup> clenching his knees, responding in grunted abstracted monosyllables to the timid overtures of some unhappy husband. Or worse yet, he would sometimes be drawn into sudden conversation by some chance word and would launch into a thunderous, <sup>monologue</sup> <sup>and eye-rolling</sup> <sup>harangue</sup> on the iniquities of Wall Street or Andrew Carnegie or -- since the War started -- on a scheming and villainous Great Britain.

Oliver never discussed his views with any man; he simply announced them. Belle and the guests would sit in a stunned silence, nodding their heads automatically as Oliver hurled his <sup>sweeping</sup> charges of graft and corruption, both foreign and domestic, national and international... <sup>indictments</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>agreement</sup> <sup>where he got them</sup> <sup>Paul never</sup> <sup>really</sup> <sup>blow</sup> <sup>because</sup> <sup>Oliver rarely</sup> <sup>to reveal anything other than</sup>

"Don't Oliver," Belle would earnestly plead with him after the <sup>startled</sup> guests had fled. "Please don't get on those sore subjects when we have people over." <sup>Please, Oliver - I don't ask much of you...</sup>

So the next time, to demonstrate how <sup>meekly</sup> mindful he was of Belle's plea, Oliver began dilating on the uncontroversible merits of the sitting-room coal stove to Mr. Trembath, the bookkeeper at Jaeger's. <sup>Oliver would show Belle he could bandy small talk with the best of them...</sup> <sup>and his wife</sup> <sup>as Oliver heaped ringing tributes on the</sup> <sup>stove</sup> That little man sat in a spellbound, gulping silence. So intense became Oliver's desire to convince his neighbors that all modern stoves were trashy junk compared with this venerable tall queen, that he had stalked out to the woodshed and come back with an armful of soiled tools and had <sup>sprinkled on the floor and</sup> <sup>his drops</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>virtually</sup> dismantled the lighted stove before their horrified eyes. Then, to Belle's utter and final shame, he had wound up trying to sell the stove to Mr. Trembath. <sup>"Mind you</sup> "I'm doin' you a favor, <sup>neighbor</sup> <sup>waving a wrench in the air</sup> <sup>man</sup> <sup>man</sup> <sup>man</sup> You'll never get a better bloody buy, Trembath!" he shouted, "not if you scour the hull damn Peninsula! I'm tellin' you..."

That was the end. The Trembaths hurried home, <sup>and</sup> without the stove, <sup>and</sup> and in the future Belle resigned herself to "having just the ladies over," which was quite all right with Oliver. "Hell, woman," he would rant, "them grubbin' <sup>lady</sup> husbands of your <sup>to</sup> friends! All they can think <sup>and</sup> talk about is <sup>their goddam</sup> stocks and bonds and money -- how they made money here, or lost money there, or how they're goin' to make <sup>more</sup> money next week or next year. There <sup>is</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>is</sup> no goddam fun in their shrivelled <sup>numerable</sup>

where he got them Paul never really blow because Oliver rarely to reveal anything other than



INSERT A  
That summer Oliver began taking Paul to the woods with  
him, <sup>specially to the South Camp, during these trips</sup> Paul scarcely knew his father for the same man.  
Dan McGinnis, one of Oliver's life-long woods cronies, usually  
accompanied them, and the way they <sup>there two</sup> carried on and laughed  
and <sup>played an each other</sup> joked ~~and~~ reminded Paul of himself and his own  
playmates. Nor could Paul forget the way his father  
would throw back his head and show his firm yellow  
teeth, <sup>in a grim smile</sup> as he would <sup>work</sup> ~~play~~ a <sup>good</sup> trout into <sup>shore</sup> ~~the~~ net over at  
Blair's Pond.

"Come on me speckled darlin' - no, no, out of dose  
dere weeds," he would tenderly croon, in a <sup>comical</sup> mixture of dialects. <sup>mannish</sup>  
"Vat iss diss? 'Ere, nasaw com'to yer bloody <sup>Oliver's</sup> net."  
Pa, me son! There! "And the trout would <sup>be</sup> lying in <sup>it</sup>."  
Paul would stand <sup>in</sup> <sup>watching</sup>  
open-mouthed wonder. "Vat iss diss indeed," he  
thought.



~~little~~ souls! How can you stand it, woman! <sup>Answer me, I say!</sup> O merciful God, answer me!"

"Yes, Oliver," Belle would say. "Yes, Oliver." <sup>That was the way it always was. "Yes, Oliver."</sup>

It was not that Oliver hated people or was unsocial. In fact, as Paul <sup>pondered</sup> ~~came to see~~ as he grew older, it <sup>seemed it him that at</sup> was because the man was so tremendously alive and full of wild vitality that he could not ~~seem to~~ <sup>a moment of</sup> bear to waste his time on the <sup>ribald</sup> gentle, noncommittal sparring that <sup>commonly</sup> passed for the social amenities. Paul <sup>that summer</sup> ~~once~~ overheard Oliver <sup>a snatch of conversation between</sup> discussing this subject with Dan McGinnis, <sup>and</sup> one of his ~~woods cronies~~, out at the South Camp. "Christ, Dan," <sup>Oliver said,</sup> "when I spend my time talkin' to a woman I want to be figurin' how I can get her into bed!" Paul thought, even then, that this <sup>casual remark</sup> held ~~the~~ <sup>of the</sup> key to the man's character. He <sup>his father</sup> seemed to live only for the high moments of life -- for the curbing of the runaway horse, the final shot at the plunging buck, the hooking and landing of a fighting trout, the <sup>The conventions of family and home</sup> subduing of a high-spirited woman... The man's unconventionality was not mere ignorance, Paul <sup>realized</sup> ~~came to see~~, but <sup>was</sup> with all its <sup>raw</sup> crudeness, a deliberate and inevitable expression of his philosophy of life.

(Lines from Kingsley)

Mrs. A.

This manuscript is all about Tom and how he was punished with a lashing in prison. On the words he could be free...

DONOR



Jan. 10, 1944.

1st

The <sup>sprawling</sup> upper peninsula of Michigan is <sup>an historical museum,</sup> a geological freak and <sup>a</sup> political waif. During the ancient, rumbling growing years of a continent uncounted, <sup>at</sup> ~~continuous~~ <sup>ago</sup> Nature, in a cynical, <sup>almost</sup> ~~tail-lashing~~ <sup>tail-lashing</sup> mood, <sup>of</sup> ~~planted~~ <sup>buried</sup> ~~large~~ <sup>and other minerals,</sup> deposits of iron and copper are ~~mentioned~~ <sup>and also</sup> gold, marble, talc and numerous of minerals deep into the ~~low~~ <sup>bygone</sup> rocky ~~parts~~ <sup>parts</sup> of the Peninsula, when the last glacier reluctantly relaxed its iron grip <sup>in the Peninsula</sup> and convulsively <sup>withdrew</sup> retreated to the North, Nature <sup>with an unerring smile, hid</sup> ~~clothed~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~beauty~~ <sup>under</sup> a lush growth of conifers: white-pines, hemlocks, balsams, spruces, jack-pines, and marked <sup>this huge glacial retreat</sup> ~~the region~~ with thousands of lakes <sup>and hills</sup> and <sup>plunging</sup> ~~dashing~~ waterways. As a <sup>final, tail-lashing</sup> ~~final~~ farewell, the glaciers <sup>final</sup> ~~spawned~~ <sup>last of the</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~form~~ <sup>found</sup> the continent's northern shores ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~wash~~ <sup>the</sup> largest in the world, which men came to call ~~St. Ignace~~ <sup>so that</sup> Lake ~~St. Ignace~~ <sup>St. Ignace</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~great~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~cradle~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~body~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~water~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~containing~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~called~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~Peninsula~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~North~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~shore~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~Men~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~came~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~call~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~Lake~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~Superior~~ <sup>was</sup>.



hugging the south shore of Lake Superior in <sup>all</sup> their large canoes, or  
For centuries only the Indians passed  
along this way, <sup>following the lighter woods of</sup> padding <sup>silently beneath the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of the path</sup> ~~the~~ forest  
trails, <sup>on ancient carpets of pine needles</sup> they started camped,  
making <sup>unintended</sup> their way to and from the lower great  
lakes and the swampy headwaters of the

Cathedral  
shaded  
roofs of  
forest

Mississippi, beyond <sup>between game and death, between birth and death</sup> lay the wide and  
endless buffalo plains. ~~There~~ There were no docks, and time  
was the period <sup>between</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>biting</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>birth and death</sup>  
~~These~~ <sup>toothless</sup> ~~tribal~~ <sup>gossip of old men</sup> ~~wagabonds~~

For many years the <sup>forest</sup> coming of the ~~Columbus~~ and  
the white man was a rumor, as fugitive <sup>and meaningless</sup> as the evening  
whisper of ~~a~~ pine. But <sup>restless, restless</sup> they <sup>strange men</sup> finally the white  
men came, and the old men were right: Frenchmen and  
Englishmen, from <sup>from</sup> ~~far~~ <sup>from</sup> the eastern sea,  
bringing <sup>things</sup> God and whisky, bright bangles and

Mature  
smiled, and  
flashed  
a  
droll  
eye.  
Her  
secret  
was  
at  
once  
of  
the

deceit, gun-powder and treaties, taking <sup>their</sup> game, <sup>their</sup> furs, <sup>and</sup> <sup>then</sup> <sup>like</sup> <sup>mad</sup> <sup>about</sup> <sup>game</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>women</sup> <sup>pressing</sup>, <sup>pushing</sup> <sup>westward</sup>,  
Finally <sup>of the Indians</sup> <sup>now</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>forgotten</sup> <sup>forest</sup> <sup>saga</sup> <sup>long</sup> <sup>since</sup> <sup>entombed</sup> <sup>in</sup>  
The <sup>of the Indians</sup> <sup>now</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>forgotten</sup> <sup>forest</sup> <sup>saga</sup> <sup>long</sup> <sup>since</sup> <sup>entombed</sup> <sup>in</sup>  
~~arrow~~ could not still the <sup>could not surpass</sup> ~~barbing~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~musket~~; <sup>for some</sup> ~~the~~  
love of homeland, the love of <sup>sheep</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> bright jewel,  
the glittering toy, the love of whisky. For the rest, the vast  
majority, <sup>found that</sup> the silent arrow could not still the <sup>barbing</sup> ~~musket~~ <sup>slung</sup>  
musket...

long  
since  
entombed  
in



— mostly of the Chippewa tribe —  
For centuries only the Indians, passed along this way, hugging the south shore of Lake Superior in its rare ~~lighter~~ moods <sup>of quiet</sup> in their large <sup>bark</sup> canoes, or padding silently beneath the <sup>sighing</sup> cathedral roofs of ~~the ancient~~ <sup>shaded</sup> forest trails, on ancient carpets of pine needles. There were swamps to be skirted, falls to be portaged, rapids to be ridden, falls to be portaged; fishing, trapping, hunting; camps to be built and torn down; <sup>children to be born, deaths to be buried;</sup> all this as the Indians made their <sup>leisurely</sup> way, unmolested, to and from the lower <sup>great</sup> lakes and the swampy headwaters of the Mississippi, beyond which lay the wide buffalo plains. There were no <sup>monuments</sup> ~~clashes~~ to mark their passage, and time was the period between ~~dark~~ dawn and dark, between birth and death.

So far were they that  
for many years the coming of Columbus and the white man was a forest <sup>legend</sup> ~~rumor~~, 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 <sup>the</sup> ~~white~~ <sup>rustling</sup> pine. But finally the white men <sup>did</sup> come, and the old men were right: Strange, restless, bearded men called Frenchmen and Englishmen, from far across the eastern sea, bringing their <sup>Indians</sup> God and whiskey, bright baubles and disease, gunpowder and treaties



taking their game and fish and furs, their <sup>inner</sup> camp-  
sites <sup>and</sup> their women. Like <sup>concerned</sup> mad <sup>by some</sup> bearded giants these  
strangers came, always ~~grasping~~, pressing, crowding,  
pushing ever westward.

The resistance of these peninsula Indians  
was a fierce and now forgotten forest saga, long  
since embalmed in the murky pages of ~~history~~ history.  
Forgotten are the ~~skirmishes~~ wild night raids, the  
shouting <sup>painted</sup> warriors in a thousand canoes, the feats of  
incredible bravery and <sup>dark</sup> treachery; of fire, famine, and  
bitter cold. For <sup>a few</sup> some, 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 <sup>white marks</sup> musket....



peninsula

Indeed, he  
~~they~~ was

The Indian ~~was~~ defeated, ~~and~~ nearly exterminated.

The "gloss of history" - "historical perspective" is  
the phrase - ~~has~~ <sup>cast its soft patina over these proceedings, and finally</sup> forgiven ~~the man for fighting~~ his sin  
in fighting for his home and for his freedom, ~~and the~~

conquest of the northern Middle West has ~~achieved~~  
was remembered ~~merely~~ as a series of skirmishes

<sup>a few ungrateful heathens,</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>heathens</sup> ~~barbarians~~ <sup>a handful of reluctant</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>minor</sup> ~~grand~~ <sup>an historical footnote to the</sup> ~~larceny~~  
of a continent.

At this time Nature smiled and fluttered  
a lidless eye. Her secret of buried treasure was  
still intact.



~~In the beginning there was no men, and there was no women.~~  
~~The sprawling upper peninsula of Michigan~~



1-5-44

.let

Ah, that was it! A composer of music!



The thunderous applause ~~gradually~~ <sup>subsided</sup>; a hush prevailed. <sup>waiting</sup>  
 The lights of Carnegie Hall gradually dimmed.  
 Paul Bigler, ~~grayed slightly~~ <sup>grayed</sup> slightly, stooped and ~~graying~~ <sup>graying</sup> somewhat  
 about the temples, ~~yet still~~ slender and handsome in his evening clothes, ~~graying slightly~~ <sup>graying slightly</sup>  
~~about the temples~~, ~~raised~~ <sup>raised his</sup> baton. ~~Beauty, men!~~ <sup>Beauty, men!</sup>  
 Remember, this is the first performance <sup>of this</sup> ~~conducted by the~~ <sup>for</sup>  
~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> hundred trained musicians <sup>watched his signal</sup> and rose <sup>and rose</sup>  
~~slowly~~ <sup>slowly</sup> his ~~baton~~ <sup>arms</sup> descended as the ~~restless~~ <sup>restless</sup>  
~~muted strings~~ <sup>muted</sup> ~~violins~~ <sup>violins</sup> of the string section <sup>no,</sup> just  
 the muted first violins - whispered and sighed  
 the <sup>haunting</sup> opening bars of ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> the world's premiere  
 of his latest composition, the tone poem  
 "Walk on the Ocean Floor." ~~There was its~~  
 world premiere ..... No, that wasn't it

Paul Bigler



joint tenants, with  
as sole right to the survivor,

---

Later

as joint tenants, and  
to the survivor of them,



1st  
2-10-44.

1 please - Draft

Chap 8

20 rough

That fall Gunnar and Fritz and Paul were reunited in the Grammar School. Gunnar was now in eighth grade; Fritz and Paul were in seventh. Bernie Redmond still attended the <sup>"Irish"</sup> ~~Common~~ school, but every afternoon the four would meet after school, generally usually in Fritz's basement, but sometimes at the <sup>Pearl Stout</sup> old cigar factory of Bernie's dad. The other boys would help Bernie strip the <sup>stems from the</sup> damp tobacco leaves, <sup>and spread them in the drying racks,</sup> so Bernie could get away early and play. Paul had started banding cigars for Dennis Redmond, <sup>Bernie's easy-going,</sup> for which he received five-cents <sup>for each</sup> ~~hundred cigars~~ <sup>from "Denny's" good-natured father.</sup> Paul ~~was~~ <sup>he</sup> was already nearly as fast at it as Bernie was.

Sometimes Paul would just sit and watch Denny hunched over his <sup>squame</sup> work <sup>table</sup>, his <sup>faded</sup> black derby pushed back over his bald head. First Denny would <sup>quickly</sup> cut out a binder leaf, <sup>on his work table</sup> then reach into his stock drawer for the filler leaves, <sup>he would</sup> expertly <sup>shaping</sup> ~~trimming~~ them in his <sup>nimble fingers</sup> hands, and roll them <sup>with his palm</sup> into the binder. <sup>wooden</sup> Quickly this "bunch" would be fitted into the propped <sup>wooden</sup> cigar mould, until ~~twenty~~ <sup>twenty-five</sup> bunches. Then ~~Denny~~ Denny would kick back his <sup>which always fell on the floor, and</sup> chair, clamp the <sup>other wooden</sup> cover on the mould, and then put it in the large iron press. <sup>At the same time he would,</sup> <sup>right his chair</sup> remove <sup>and</sup> another mould <sup>roll these</sup> bunches up into finished cigars in <sup>the</sup> fine-veined, <sup>delicate</sup> wrapper leaves which <sup>out and</sup> came from distant Sumatra. All the time <sup>that</sup> he worked



So the very next time, to demonstrate how meekly mindful he was of Belle's plea, Oliver began dilating on the uncontroversible merits of the sitting-room coal stove to Mr. Trembath, the bookkeeper at Jaeger's. Oliver would show Belle he could bandy small talk with the best of them... That little man and his wife sat in a spellbound, gulping silence as Oliver heaped ringing tributes on the stove. So intense became Oliver's desire to convince his neighbors that all modern stoves were trashy junk compared with this venerable tall queen, that he had stalked out to his shop in the woodshed and come back with an armful of soiled tools and had sprawled on the floor and virtually dismantled the lighted stove before their horrified eyes. Then, to Belle's utter and final shame, he had wound up trying to sell the stove to Mr. Trembath. "Mind you, I'm doin' you a favor, neighbor! You'll never get a better bloody buy, Trembath!" he shouted, waving a wrench in the air, " -- not if you scour the hull damn Peninsula! I'm tellin' you, man..."

That was the end. The Trembaths hurried home, without the stove, and in the future Belle resigned herself to "having just the ladies over," which was quite all right with Oliver. "Hell, woman," he would rant, "them grubbin' husbands of your lady friends! All they can think to talk about is their goddam stocks and bonds and money -- how they made money here, or lost money there, or how they're goin' to make more money next week or next year. There's no goddam fun in their miserable shrivelled souls! How can you stand it, woman! Answer me, I say! O merciful God, answer me!"

"Yes, Oliver," Belle would say. "Yes, Oliver." That was the way it always was. "Yes, Oliver."

It was not that Oliver hated people or was unsocial. In fact, as Paul pondered as he grew older, it seemed to him that it was because the man was so tremendously alive and full of wild vitality that he could not bear to waste a moment of his time on the gentle, noncommittal sparring that commonly passed for the social amenities. That summer Paul overheard a snatch of ribald conversation between Oliver and Dan McGinnis out at the South Camp. "Christ, Dan," Oliver said, "when I spend my time talkin' to a woman I want to be figurin' how I can get her into bed!" Paul thought, even then, that this casual remark held one of the keys to the man's character. His father seemed to live only for the high moments of life -- for the curbing of the runaway horse, the final shot at the plunging buck, the hooking and landing of a fighting trout, the subduing of a high-spirited woman... The conventions of family and home, of work and duty, were simply not meant for the man. They were without his ken, and their manifestations all about him drove him frantic with a lashing impatience. In the woods he could be free... The man's unconventionality



Denny ~~constantly~~ hummed a <sup>mysterious</sup> ~~trance~~ song, a song without words, without tune, without end.

"Yank, yank, yank" di di dum "icol sor roll de ol" mingled with an occasional oath if a leaf slipped or a wrapper <sup>tip</sup> broke while he was pasting the end of a cigar. Paul <sup>would sit and watch and often</sup> wondered ~~why~~ why it <sup>was</sup> ~~strange~~ that the fathers of all of his playmates were always so good-natured. His heart was gnawed by envy. Could his school-books be right? Was whiskey the seat of O'Brien's canker? Yet there were lots of good-natured saloon-keepers in town. Paul <sup>and the other boys</sup> had sold crates of whiskey bottles to <sup>these great, laughing, purple-veined men.</sup> them, when the cause was just and the necessity <sup>was</sup> ~~great~~ <sup>grave</sup>, they had even stolen O'Brien's bottles from O'Brien's saloon and resold them to his competitors...



## CHAPTER 7.

Oliver's love of the woods was a sort of quiet madness tacitly recognized by Belle and all the boys but rarely openly discussed by them. Paul had early come to see that this plunging, impatient man was never really happy unless he was miles from town, far from the sounds of the trains and the mine whistles, away from his family, away from his saloon -- away, away, away...

That summer Oliver began taking Paul to the woods with him, especially to the South Camp. During these trips Paul scarcely knew his father for the same man. Dan McGinnis, one of Oliver's woods cronies, usually accompanied them, and the way these two carried on and laughed and played jokes on each other reminded Paul of himself and his own playmates. Nor could Paul forget the way his father would throw back his head and show his firm yellow teeth in a grim smile as he would work a good trout into shore over at Blair's Pond. "Come on me speckled darlin' -- no, no, out of dose dere veeds," he would tenderly croon, in a comical mixture of many local dialects. "Vat iss diss? 'Ere, naow, com' to yer bloody Pa, me son! There!" And the trout would be finally lying in Oliver's sagging net. Paul would stand watching in open-mouthed wonder. "'Vat iss diss' indeed," he thought.

Paul realized, too, with dismay that his father and Belle led no sort of social life together. Belle had once tried inviting other married couples over to spend the evening, but had abandoned the practice in horror after one or two grim experiences. Oliver, resigned and stoic in his best salt-and-pepper suit and starched collar and diamond stickpin, his thinning cowlick pushed back on his head, would sit through the evening like a caged lion, his powerful hands clenching and unclenching his knees, responding in grunted abstracted monosyllables to the timid overtures of some unhappy husband. Or worse yet, he would sometimes be drawn into sudden conversation by some chance word and would launch into a thunderous, eye-rolling monologue on the iniquities of Wall Street or Andrew Carnegie or -- since the War started -- on a scheming and villainous Great Britain.

Oliver never discussed his views with any man; he simply announced them. Where he got them Paul never really knew because Oliver rarely seemed to read anything other than *The Iron Ore*. Belle and the guests would sit in a stunned silence, nodding their heads in automatic agreement as Oliver hurled his sweeping charges of graft and corruption, both foreign and domestic, national and international... He never buttressed these indictments with facts or sources; he merely shouted the dire conclusions. "Don't Oliver," Belle would earnestly plead with him after the startled guests had fled. "Please don't get on those sore subjects when we have people over. Please, Oliver -- I don't ask much of you..."



Feb. 17, 1944

127

~~1 draft, please~~

During the past

That summer there had been a number of changes made at the old frame house on <sup>Street</sup> Hematite, Paul's half brother, Greg, had married his sweetheart.

Eileen <sup>Deasy</sup> ~~the~~

The Irish girl he had ~~known~~ gone through school with, and they had a little house of their own on Bluff street, on the north end of town. Greg had left high school in the eleventh grade and had started to work ~~for the~~ as an electrician for one of the mining companies. That summer <sup>the company</sup> had made him a foreman of one of the crews, so he had celebrated his good fortune by getting married.

Paul's ~~missed~~ brothers, Link and Nicky, moved into Greg's bedroom, becoming Paul and his cot as the sole occupants of the <sup>calognithed</sup> back bedroom. Paul missed

short, quick, laughing <sup>had</sup> brother Greg, and the ~~evening~~ song fests when the <sup>greg</sup> really paid more attention to Paul than Link and Nicky did. ~~He too would sing~~ Nearly every evening after

supper, Paul would follow Greg <sup>watch him</sup> up to his room and get "spruced up" for his date with <sup>his</sup> Eileen. Paul would ~~sing~~ sit on Greg's bed and sing a piping tenor as Greg carried the air.

"Some people say that <sup>darkies</sup> ~~to the~~ don't steal...." They would ~~not~~ go through all the verses, <sup>damning</sup> refuting this charitable belief, all the while Greg getting into his blue



ORDINANCE NO. 1

An ordinance to provide for the time and place of the regular meetings of the City Council.

The City of Ishpeming ORDAINS:

Section 1: That the City Council shall hold its regular meetings on the first Wednesday following the first Monday in the month.

Section 2: That the City Council shall hold its meetings in the City Council chamber of the City Hall.

Section 3: This ordinance is declared to be an emergency ordinance, and shall take immediate effect.

Adopted February 21, 1944.

\_\_\_\_\_  
MAYOR

Attest: \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY CLERK



serge suit, ~~edges~~ prying his necktie into  
his hard collar, carrying his swooping  
red cowlick with stiff military brushes.  
"But I caught two in my corn field!"

~~Greg's room was~~ <sup>some day</sup>  
Paul hoped that he would have a  
room like Greg's; ~~some day~~ Pennants on the  
walls, "Cornell," "Michigan," "Ferris  
Institute" ~~"Northwestern"~~ "Chippewa High  
School" — beautiful pictures of Maude  
Adams and Lillian Russell from Leslie's  
Magazine; kempie dolls <sup>and crossed bamboo combs</sup> from a host of <sup>Kipling's</sup>  
forgotten carnivals; a pair of pearl  
handed hunting knives <sup>and a Navajo blanket</sup> he had won on a  
~~the~~ punch board at Gill's sandy store —

"Diggin' up potatoes row on row..."

Greg always kept little mint  
candies and Yucatan or Bloodberry gum  
in his top dresser drawer or in his best  
suits hanging in the little clothes closet.

While Greg was working Paul often very  
casually reviewed <sup>the contents of</sup> this exciting room. Once he



and further that ~~the~~ settled policy of the plaintiff ~~that~~ in all cases; the defendant, to pursue, the plaintiff would gladly permit the defendant to drop the course without any further obligation on defendant's part; and further, that the defendant relied on these fraudulent representations, <sup>then and there</sup> so made to him, and that they were the moving and procuring reason for his <sup>subsequently signing</sup> entering into said alleged contract, and that said false representations were then and there known by the representative of the plaintiff to have been false, and that they were made with the intent to deceive and defraud this defendant; and that he was deceived and defrauded with the result that he is now being sued for the full amount stated in said alleged contract <sup>and has been put to his defense therefore.</sup>

3.

### Further Affirmative Defense

1. That after the alleged contract mentioned in the declaration was made, and before the commencement of this action, the plaintiff and the defendant, through its representative, <sup>orally</sup> agreed that the same should be modified as follows, to-wit: That at any time that the course of study stated in said alleged contract should become too difficult for the defendant to pursue, <sup>the defendant,</sup> he could drop the course of study outlined in said <sup>alleged</sup> contract without any further liability to said plaintiff; <sup>whatever</sup> and that said course of study did become too difficult for defendant <sup>and that he did drop said course of study.</sup>

2. That the defendant has on his part fully performed all of the conditions, terms and covenants of said alleged contract as <sup>A.</sup> thus modified on his part to be performed.

### FURTHER AFFIRMATIVE DEFENSE

1: Defendant further alleges that said alleged contract is void and cannot be enforced in the courts of this State by the plaintiff, for the reason that the plaintiff is a foreign corporation and that at the time said alleged contract was entered into, <sup>plaintiff</sup> it was doing business in the State of Michigan, and that at said time said plaintiff was not authorized or <sup>legally</sup> admitted to do business in the State of Michigan in accordance with the Michigan statutes and laws in such case made and provided.

Wherefore, defendant prays that a judgment be entered in his favor, with costs to be taxed.

February 16, 1944.

Attorney for Defendant  
Business Address:  
Woolworth Building  
Ishpeming, Michigan



found a <sup>nearly empty</sup> pint of whiskey and <sup>some toy balloons in</sup> a small  
box containing ~~toy balloons~~ which read  
"For the prevention of disease only." ~~He did~~  
~~not mention this to an~~ Another time  
he found an envelope containing an  
exciting series of photographs of men and women,  
stark naked, in the most curious  
attitudes ...

"Now if that ain't stealin'  
Ah doan know!"

Greg would finally adjust his  
tie, <sup>carefully</sup> ~~wipe~~ his stickpin, brush a  
flake of dandruff off his shoulder -

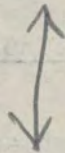
"Listen Polly, do you know the best  
way to stop falling dandruff? <sup>Give</sup> Give  
you a nickel if you can tell me!"

Paul would press his lips and  
knit his brow. Greg was ready to  
go. This was the pay-off. He was  
at the bedroom door. "Wear a blue  
serge coat!" Paul would blurt, poised to



catch the nickel which Greg tossed him.

"Way down yonder in the  
cor-r-r-n-n field..."



Before he had left the old house  
Greg had installed electric lights  
throughout, <sup>downstairs</sup> magic bulbs that ~~leg~~  
glowed instantly when one turned the  
buttons on the wall marked "On" "Off".  
Gone were the gas lights and the <sup>tall old</sup> kerosene  
lamp which stood for so many years  
on the chiffernier in the back hall to  
light Oliver into his room late at night  
when he came home from the saloon.

Discarded was the long-handled ~~of~~  
lighter that had a <sup>long paraffin</sup> wick and ~~and~~ a  
notched end so that the gas lights could  
be turned on and off without standing  
on a chair.



FIRST MEETING

- 1: Choose Acting Chairman and ~~Acting Secretary of City Council.~~
- 2: Select Mayor.
- 3: Mayor takes chair, and <sup>members</sup> Council selects Mayor Pro Tempore.
- 4: Council selects Mayor Pro Tempore.
- 5: Enact rules and order of business (*Resolutions presented by Councilman*)
- 6: Proceed with first meeting.
  - ✓ (a) Appoint Special Committee on Claims and Accounts.
  - ✓ (b) Cowpland resolution.
  - ✓ (c) Ordinance on regular meeting dates.
  - ✓ (d) Resolution raising salaries of City Clerk and City Attorney.
  - (e) Appoint Special City Manager Committee.
  - (f) Introduce emergency resolution regarding continuance of city officers, etc.

(a) ~~Bob~~ Ca

→ See Insert A



That fall Oliver had <sup>installed</sup> ~~got~~ ~~procured~~  
a second-hand furnace; and ~~installed~~  
an ~~ant~~ asbestos-clad hot water  
furnace whose fingers probed into  
every room of the house. The two  
tall Michigan Garland coal stoves —  
~~were stored in the attic of the~~ was

"the finest bloody stoves in America,  
I tell you!" — were sold to Schwartz-  
berger for junk, and that fall Oliver  
carted the old dining-room woodstove,  
under which a generation of mittens and  
socks had been dried, <sup>up</sup> to the the Silver Lake  
hunting camp



6: Except as it may be in conflict with these rules, the City Charter or the laws of the State of Michigan, the latest edition of Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Practice shall prevail at all regular and special meetings of the City Council in all cases where it may be applicable.

*Ben*



But the advent of a furnace and electric lights  
 were as nothing compared to the purchase Oliver had  
 made just after school opened that fall. Oliver -  
 Oliver <sup>had</sup> bought a Model T Ford touring car! ~~second~~  
 It was second-hand, of course, and ~~had~~ belonged  
 to ~~the~~ ~~the~~ "Toto" Ed Schwemin, the distributor  
 local distributor of Schlitz beer. "Whistling"  
 Ed Schwemin had got it new ~~in~~ the  
 summer <sup>the</sup> war broke out, and <sup>they</sup> he found he  
 could not drive it. So it had stood  
 in his barn until Elmer Lissard had  
 opened his new garage in Oliver's warehouse.  
 Elmer had <sup>given</sup> ~~taught~~ blonde Emma, Ed's  
 buxom daughter, <sup>two lessons on</sup> how to drive <sup>the thing</sup> it. ~~for~~  
<sup>For months</sup> ~~after that~~ Emma had been carrying  
~~it~~ <sup>in the night</sup> around the streets of Chippewa <sup>Ed's</sup> for ~~months~~  
 She lived on Ridge Street, the street North of  
 Paul's house Paul's brothers called her the "Great Big  
 Beautiful Doll" after <sup>the</sup> ~~current~~ song.  
 The day Oliver bought the car  
 Emma came ~~fast~~ racing up  
 Herpatite Street, honking the <sup>balloons</sup> rubber  
 horn at Paul and Fritz, who were playing

The love of horses, which always protected, <sup>since</sup> automobiles would were a "golden" <sup>Crags feed!</sup>



Whereas, the City of Ishpeming is now operating under the terms of a new city charter creating a so-called city-manager form of municipal government, and

Whereas, numerous municipal offices and boards and other administrative agencies created or acting under the <sup>former</sup> ~~old~~ city charter were abolished or otherwise affected by the <sup>enactment</sup> adoption of said new city charter; and

Whereas, under the new city charter the office of city manager is given broad powers of appointment and control over the administration of municipal functions; and

Whereas, the city is presently without a City Manager, and it is necessary to provide for the maintenance of city functions in the interim; and

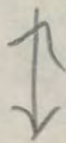
Whereas, it is not deemed expedient <sup>by the City Council</sup> to act with undue haste in selecting a first City Manager, it being recognized that the careful choice of a qualified City Manager is a factor of vital importance to the success of the new form of city government; and

Whereas, an emergency therefore exists, <sup>¶</sup> NOW BE IT RESOLVED that, pending the appointment of a City Manager, all <sup>appointive</sup> boards, commissions and departments and appointive officers and employees thereof, and also the old City Treasurer and City Clerk (formerly City Recorder) shall continue to function in the maintenance of the services and functions of the City, with all rights, powers and duties it or they had prior to the new city charter, until further notice. Compensation shall continue on the basis in effect prior to the new city charter, unless otherwise changed by the City Council. This resolution is declared to be an emergency resolution and shall be effective at once. The City Clerk shall notify in writing all persons and agencies affected by this resolution.



on the street. <sup>When</sup> Emma <sup>saw Paul</sup> she applied the brakes <sup>and</sup>  
almost put the car  
on its brass-nosed radiator. "Want to  
come for a spin, Polly?" she said. "You and  
your friend?" Oliver and Emma's father were  
good friends, Oliver bought beer from  
Whistling Ed and occasionally took him  
to the woods when ~~the~~ Ed's tall wife would  
leave go.

Paul and Fritz huddled on the cool  
leather seat in the back, clutching the robe rack  
on the rear of the front seat, as Emma whirled  
around Jaeger's corner, down across the tracks,  
past the fuchall, out South Pine street and  
into the <sup>curving dirt</sup> road that led past Old Frenchtown.  
"With a squealing of brakes like a stallion  
in May, she scattered the peasantry out of the  
way..."





I'll give you a nickel if you can tell me." <sup>Greg would rattle the loose coin in his trousers.</sup> Paul would purse his lips and <sup>knit</sup> his brow.  
Greg was ready to go. This was the pay-off. <sup>Greg</sup> He was at the bedroom door. "Wear a blue serge <sup>Wrinkle</sup> coat!" Paul would blurt, <sup>on the bed</sup> poised to catch the nickel which Greg tossed <sup>to</sup> him. <sup>to</sup> "So long, Betty."

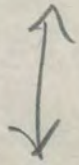
"Way down yonder in the cor-r-r-n-n field..."

- NO SPACE -

Before he had <sup>furnace</sup> left the old house Greg had installed electric lights throughout, dangling magic bulbs that glowed instantly when one <sup>snapped</sup> turned the buttons on the wall marked "On" and "Off." Gone were the gas lights and the tall old kerosene lamp which stood for so many years on the chiffonier in the back hall to light Oliver into his room late at night when he came home from the saloon. <sup>and creaked heavily up the back stairs.</sup> Discarded was the long-handled lighter that had a <sup>paraffin</sup> long paraffin wick and a notched <sup>metal</sup> end so that the gas lights could be turned on and off without standing on a chair.

That fall Oliver installed a secondhand furnace; <sup>bristling with doors and dials,</sup> an asbestos-clad hot water furnace, <sup>Belle raised Paul's allowance was added to a quarter a week for taking care of it.</sup> whose fingers probed into every room of the house. The two tall Michigan Garland coal stoves -- <sup>long</sup> "the finest bloody stoves in America, I tell you!" -- <sup>smaller old Mose</sup> were sold to Schwartzberger for junk, and that fall Oliver carted the ~~old~~ dining-room woodstove, under which a generation of mittens and socks had been dried, up to the Silver Lake hunting camp. <sup>and oblivion...</sup>

~~Paul and Fritz~~







On a cool afternoon in September 1915  
the several small boys and some miners'  
in their backyards  
were taking down clothing in Frenchtown  
were ~~interested~~ <sup>interested</sup> to ~~see~~ <sup>remark the progress of</sup> a woman and two  
boys in a Ford automobile, <sup>as they watched it</sup> leave the road  
at the abrupt turn into the Fremont ~~the~~  
mine, careen through a barbed wire fence,  
sway crazily across an open field and  
finally plunge over the <sup>yawning</sup> crest of an abandoned  
mine pit.

This was in the days before people  
had grown surfeited with reports and sights  
of automobiles careening off highways, ramps  
and bridges; climbing trees; running  
against ~~into~~ <sup>front</sup> or in front of <sup>front</sup> trains; plunging into,  
through and sometimes out of houses,  
outbuildings and various public and  
private structures. So quite a crowd gathered  
around the ruin of the mine pit. The next