Preface

The upper peninsula of Michigan is a sprawling, wedge-shaped body of land, nearly four hundred miles long, bounded on the north by Lake Superior and on the south by Wisconsin and Lake Michigan. The Peninsula is a wild, harsh and broken land, scarred and gouged by ancient glaciers, and dotted and wrinkled by hundreds of swamps and lakes and rivers and endless waterways. Poetic inhabitants and the more imaginative tourists insist that the Peninsula is shaped like a great bow and arrow; a claim which dovetails rather nicely with its rich Indian lore. "Look at the map!" they insist. "Can't you see that the rugged Lake Superior shoreline forms the straining bow and the Keweenaw Peninsula the arrow?" Grosser mortals are apt to stare at the map in anguish and stupidly rub their eyes. "Can't you just see the arrow tip pointing north across Lake Superior into the very heart of Canada?" their inquisitors insist. Ah, yes. So may it be. Verily, the Peninsula is shaped like a bow and arrow... As for the Indians, they were subdued by being ignored, and finally retreated to their reservations to nurse their newly-acquired and alcoholism unmolested...

Large deposits of copper and iron ore were discovered on the Peninsula before the Civil War, and some fumbling, ill-fated attempts were made at mining before then; but it was not until after the war that determined bands of men, bearing corporate charters and generous land grants, swarmed over the Peninsula, grimly blasting holes and digging drifts wherever they saw the faintest outcrops of ore. A few of these early mining groups made fortunes, of course, but most of them acquired nothing more than an unmarked grave or, surviving, acute cases of frostbite accompanied by insolvency. Many also acquired miner's consumption--a disease which, in modern times is more charitably dignified by the name of silicosis. Only its symptoms remain unchanged.

As most of these poorly-conceived early mining enterprises tottered and fell by the wayside, clinging to their charters and land grants, still larger corporations magically appeared on the scene, mostly from the Eastern seaboard. Since they possessed more capital and frequently more vision, they quickly acquired all the mineral rights and other assets of their pioneer predecessors--lock stock and barrel. These new miners began to dig ore in earnest. Following in their wake came the lumber barons, eager to demolish the great stands of virgin white pine. Both groups have ever since savagely hacked and dug and blasted at the heart of the Peninsula--but even today it still remains one of the great mineral and lumber areas of the nation.

These shrewd eastern capitalists and mining promoters quickly saw that the Peninsula was a treasure house of natural wealth: rich deposits of copper and iron ore were there for the taking; the great forests of white pine helped beckon the required railroads, which in turn could haul the mined ore to the two great lakes, Superior or Michigan; and the xkxx lakes themselves provided cheap and readily accessible highways to the smelters and foundrys on the lower lake ports, in turn so conveniently located near the eastern coal fields. It was all as neat as a pin... Congress helped to solve the labor problem by imposing what it loosely termed new immigration laws; laws which sternly provided that henceforth the eager migrants from other lands, before embarking for America must possess the fare and be able to walk up and down the gangplank. None bther had better apply... But resourceful employers all over the country--not only in the Peninsula--quickly solved the problem: they found ways to advance the immigrant his fare, upon proper security, of course; and while some immigrants were often too seasick to hobble down the gangplank when they arrived, rarely were any turned back save those who might be openly toting a smoking bomb or loudly threatening the life of the current President...

Xxx By the late '70's and early '80's mining was a profitable and firmly established major industry in the Peninsula and those ubiquitous people who delight in drawing such comparisons soon discovered that each year there was more

gross tonnage passing through the newly-built canal at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, than touched at any other port in the world. "Even New York!" they crowed. At long last the Peninsula was yielding its ancient treasure...

Among the immigrants who early came to America and settled in the Peninsula was Nicholas Biegler--lately a deserter from the Imperial German Army--and his wife, Marthe. They settled in the iron-mining town of Chippewa, where Nicholas opened a brewery. The beer was good; the miners were thirsty; and the brewery prospered. By and by Nicholas and Marthe Beigler had a son called Oliver. Oliver Beigler grew up to be a tall, restless and permanently angry man. He finally acquired a saloon, which also prospered, whereupon he married the new public school music teacher. Her name was Belle Donaldson and she came from Detroit. Her father was an immigrant Scot who occasionally sold seeds when he was sober and her mother came from a Dutch family long settled in the state of New York. Oliver and Belle Beigler had four sons, the youngest of whom was called Paul...

THE BURNING EARTH

by Robert Traver

PROLOGUE

~~CHAPTER ONE~~

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

For centuries only the Indians -- mostly of the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes -- passed along this way, hugging the south shore of Lake Superior in its rare moods of quiet in their large bark canoes, or padding silently beneath the sighing cathedral roofs of shaded forest trails, on ancient carpets of pine needles. The Peninsula was a broken, wild and harsh land. There were swamps to be skirted, rapids to be ridden, falls to be portaged; fishing, trapping, hunting; feasting, ritual, dancing; camps to be built and torn down; children to be born, dead to be buried; all this as the Indians made their way to and from the lower Great Lakes and the swampy headwaters of the Mississippi, beyond which lay the wide buffalo plains. There were no clocks to

hurry their passage, and time was the period between dawn and dark, between birth and death. It did not matter.

So far and hidden were they that for many years the coming of Columbus and the white man was a forest legend, the campfire gossip of toothless old men, the rumor of an occasional tribal vagabond, all as fugitive and meaningless as the evening whisper of a rustling pine. But finally the white men did come, and the old men were right: Strange, restless, bearded men called Frenchmen, followed by Englishmen, from far across the Eastern sea, bringing the Indians God and whisky, bright baubles and disease, gunpowder and treaties; taking their game and fish and furs, their camp-sites and even their women. Their gentle priests could not contain them. It was not long before the members of a new white tribe, the Americans, came to add to the Indian's woes. Like maddened giants, consumed by some fatal inner lust, these strangers came, always pressing, crowding, pushing ever westward.

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

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

The peninsula Indian was defeated. Indeed, he was nearly exterminated. There were no monuments to mark his passage. All he left behind was a few bleached bones and scattered arrowheads for the tourists to paw over. The

gloss of history -- "historical perspective" is the phrase -- cast its soft patina over these proceedings, and finally forgave the Indian his sin in fighting for his home and for his freedom. The conquest of this portion of the northern Middle-West was remembered merely as a series of skirmishes against a handful of reluctant barbarians, a pot-shot at a few ungrateful heathens -- a minor footnote to the grand larceny of a continent.

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

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

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

When that phrase still possessed a quaint charm, Congress viewed these proceedings with alarm. It decided it must take a "firm stand." So Congress stepped in and flatly told Michigan she would not be admitted to statehood unless she would surrender her claims to the Ohio strip. Michigan still stoutly refused to concede Ohio's claims. Congress was equal to the occasion.

For that august body had already adopted as its motto: When in doubt, compromise!

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

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

The lusty young state of Michigan determined to make the best of a bad bargain. She would look and see what was on this damned Peninsula. What was there to these ancient rumors of copper and iron deposits? In 1841 a young state geologist called Douglass Houghton was sent North, following the old Indian trails, and during the next three years he discovered large deposits of copper in the Lake Superior region. In 1844 a surveyor called William Burt observed his compass making frantic gyrations as he and his party stood on a lofty peninsula hill near what later became Negaunee. Surveyor Burt nodded at his companions. Only the presence of iron could account for that phenomenon.

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

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

INSERT A-1

He paused to let this sad news sink in. There were a few girls and pain-haunted women in his audience, but it was made up largely of men, some tradesmen and railroaders, but mostly iron miners who were on the day-shift; big, slow Swedes and red-faced Finns, just a few Italians -- red wine was their Banyan -- and smiling, wiry little Cornishmen. For it was damp underground, and one did not get any younger, and maybe this here now Banyan... "Ay tank Ay take a shance an' try dat for my rheumatism."

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

But is it the devil-may-care American? Is not the American all of these and more? Is he not gay, sad, mad, glad, voluble, silent, mystic, cynical, joyous, austere, treacherous, canny, brawling, proud? But is not his gambling instinct, his love of taking a chance, one of his most dominant characteristics? Were not all of America's immigrants, from Columbus and the May-flower on down, reckless gamblers in destiny?

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

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

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

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

~~Benediction.~~

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

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

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

the mysteries of Banyan.

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

CHAPTER _____.

The summer that Woodrow Wilson was renominated for President, the town planned to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its formal incorporation. The Chippewa common council generously appropriated money for the celebration and a committee on arrangements was appointed to plan a gala "homecoming." The Iron Ore carried banner headlines on the event. "Parades! Bands! Floats! The U. P. Firemen's tournament! A big outside street carnival, with lovely Zelda Zane who will ascend in a balloon and come down in a parachute! Come back, come back! Don't miss it!"

Relatives sent copies of the newspaper all over the country. Although the town was booming, scores of young men and entire families had left Chippewa during previous slack periods in the iron mines, attracted by the new automobile factories in Detroit: Dodge Brothers and Henry Ford with his five-dollars-a-day minimum pay; others to the iron mines of the new Mesabi Range in Minnesota or to the copper mines of Montana and the far West. This homecoming was to be the biggest celebration ever undertaken in Chippewa. For weeks before the celebration the Chippewa band held rehearsals every fair evening downtown at the open-air bandstand, filling the night air with the music of its laments. Paul never liked band music -- the elephantine marching and braggadocio of Pryor and Sousa left him cold -- and he was grateful for the aura of peace which briefly descended upon the town on nights that it rained.

Little "Diddidum" Crouch, a bowlegged Cornish miner, beat the bass drum in the Chippewa band. When he was harnessed into it, his big drum was higher than himself, and he had to peek around the sides. He also drummed every Saturday night for the local Salvation Army as that valiant little band of men and women marched down Magnetic Avenue to Main Street and took up their stand at the side of the Miners' State Bank in the town square. Diddidum not only drummed for the Army but he preached for it as well. The town would be thronged with people: miners and railroaders, lumberjacks, farmers in from the outskirts...

Diddidum resolutely preached for all who would listen, rich and poor, drunk or sober, his big drum turned up on its face to receive the coins of those moved by his burning eloquence. Paul and Fritz rarely missed these early Saturday evening services of the Salvation Army, wriggling their way into the inner circle around Diddidum and his drum, the better to see and hear this fiery little man. When Diddidum invoked the Lord there was none of the interminable dry

and dusty logic dispensed by Reverend Hayward at Paul's church. Diddidum's Savior was soon miraculously right there before Fritz and Paul, raw and bleeding -- "'ammered to the bloody Cross" before their very eyes.

Licking tongues of hell fire and burning brimstone glowed and flickered upon the twilit town square. Dancing with excitement little Diddidum hopped bowlegged about the circle of people, pelting them with words, not merely inviting but challenging sinners and saints alike to step into the circle and testify to their conversion. "'Oo'll be the first lam' to com' aout to the Lard!" he would shout, the cords of his neck taut and distended, glaring at the crowd. "'Oo'll be the first?" This was the part Paul and Fritz especially looked forward to. There was really no telling what kind of a "lamb" might come forward...

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damn

The Homecoming was to be officially launched on the morning of July 4 by a huge parade which was to start from the vacant lot by St. Xavier's church on South Main Street, thence proceeding north up Main Street, across the tracks and past the Nelson House on East Canada Street, thence back across the tracks on Second Street, thence west on Magnetic Avenue to Main Street, thence South on Main Street to the point of beginning, the vacant lot by St. Xavier's church.

Every mine, business house, church, lodge, and school in town was to be represented by a float either depicting some scene dear to its heart or some phase of the fifty-year growth of the town. Generous prizes were to be awarded and originality was to be the prime requisite

of each float. Organizations entering floats were required to file their entries with the Float Committee, to avoid duplication, and by mid-June the lists showed that this was to be far and away the biggest parade ever held in Chippewa. There was only one minor fly in the ointment: The Sons of St. Hubert, a lodge composed largely of Cornish miners, described its entry simply as "The Mystery Float" and stoutly refused to divulge the nature of its float beyond assuring the Float Committee that nothing like it had ever before delighted the weary eyes of man. The Iron Ore featured this mysterious entry in its columns and consequently Paul and all the townspeople were consumed with curiosity and speculated for days on the probable nature of the offering by The Sons of St. Hubert...

In addition to all this, each fraternal lodge and each grade in all the schools were going to send a chosen delegation to march in the parade. Then the Chippewa Fire Department was to have a float and march in a body, not to mention the visiting firemen who were to be there for their annual U. P. Tournament. With all of the people that were going to be in the parade, marching, depicting and driving, Paul wondered just who was going to be left in town to view the spectacle. Presumably, he concluded, that was where the "home-comers" came in. By special arrangement Lyman H. Howe was to have a movie photographer in Chippewa to record the spectacle for posterity.

Paul was dismayed when he learned he was one of a select group picked by his teacher, Miss Lindquist, to march in the parade with his Grammar School classmates. How could anyone see a parade when he was in the bloody thing? How did it happen lucky Fritz Bellows didn't have to march? Why, how could a fellow ever see The Sons of St. Huberts' "Mystery Float"? Paul was sick over the prospect. He spoke to Belle about it.

Belle sat by her window in the sitting-room in her creaking rocker and listened to Paul's lament. As Paul unloaded his troubles Belle sat creasing her house dress down to her knees, then smoothing the crease with the palm of her hand. Paul reflected that Belle's busy hands were rarely still... "Oh, Mom -- can't you figure out a way for me to get out of that parade? I don't want to hurt Miss Lindquist -- she's been so swell to me... But, gee Mom, I don't want to miss the 'Mystery Float' and all..."

Belle smiled and nodded her head. Sometimes when she smiled her face shone with an odd sort of interior glow. "That's funny, son," she said. "That's really a coincidence..." She was carefully creasing her dress again. "I was just thinking the other day -- why, it was just yesterday -- that with this big homecoming and all you could sort of -- -- maybe you could do

something -- make some money." Belle's eyes lighted up and she pressed her lips and rocked vigorously. She had become a woman of business, unfolding a careful plan. "Just last month I was reading an article -- was it in Leslie's? -- why, son, there's a big profit in selling articles to entertain a crowd. They don't have to cost a lot. Turnover's the thing... Look at what Woolworth is doing. I've got some extra music-lesson money laid aside... Do you want to try it, son?"

Belle's enthusiasm was contagious. "Why, Mom," Paul gasped. "It -- it's simply swell!" Belle ran on, "And we won't tell a soul about it. I'll write Miss Lindquist to excuse you from marching in the parade. And you can see the whole thing" -- Belle had parted her plump arms, her palms up -- "and make money at the same time." Paul was enchanted over the prospect. Belle grew stealthy. She leaned over the arm of her rocker and peered out in the dining-room. Paul looked out but saw nothing. Belle whispered. Paul moved closer to her. "You see, son," she was whispering, "you and I have got to start planning now..."

Paul looked at his mother. "Planning?" Paul said. "How do you mean, Mom?" Belle again quickly peered at the dining-room. "Sh, son -- not so loud -- we've got to start planning now for you to go to college!"

CHAPTER ____.

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* * *

Belle married Oliver on Midsummer's Day in St. Xavier's church. The ceremony was blessed by Father Keul, and Oliver took his music-teacher to his big frame house on Hematite Street and told his three young sons, "Here is your new mother." They had stood and stared at her. Red-headed Gregory had burst out crying. The following March Belle presented Oliver with their first son. Grandpa Fraleigh, the seed salesman, had fought in the Civil War, and had been a prisoner in notorious Andersonville prison. So the first child was Lincoln. In less than two years Nicholas was born. That appropriately took care of the memory of Grandpa Nicholas Biegler, the brewer. Then had followed Katherine, the little girl who had died of "convulsions" while teething. Then Belle had gone to Chicago where Doctor Murphy removed her left breast; a cancer of the breast, he said it was. On her return Doctor Gourdeau insisted that she have a separate bedroom and not to have, under any circumstances, another child. When Paul came along, Doctor Gourdeau was beside himself with rage.

"Dat 'ulking brute -- dat 'uge German beast -- I tol' you 'e should 'ave wan beeg t'rashin'!" he said, flashing his dark French eyes.

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

INSERT A-1

He paused to let this sad news sink in. There were a few girls and wan pain-haunted women in his audience, but it was made up largely of men, some tradesmen and railroaders, but mostly iron miners who were on the day-shift; big, slow Swedes and ~~red~~ white-faced powerful Finns, just a few Italians -- red wine was their Banyan -- and smiling, wiry little Cornishmen. For it was damp underground, and one did not get any younger, and maybe this here now Banyan... "Ay tank Ay take a shance an' try dat for my rheumatism."

3 draft

THE BURNING EARTH

by Robert Traver

CHAPTER ONE

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

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

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

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

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

"Lay-dees and Gentlemen!

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

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

Amen.

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

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

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

"Paul Biegler, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve

"~~Eleven~~, sir," Paul answered.

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

"Yes, sir," Paul said, scrambling to the carton, glad to hide in action the delightful terror of his embarrassment. He rummaged in the carton and drew out a tall bottle of black fluid and handed it up to Doc Halliday. Doc lay the bottle in the palm of one big hand and patted it with the other. Lovingly, he patted it. He looked out at the audience. Paul Biegler stood there, spindly in his corduroy knee-pants and red-knitted pull-over sweater, drinking in the words of the great man along with the pungent, delicious aroma of raw gasoline from the lamps.

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

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

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

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

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

"Here is the medicine that rids you of your aches and pains, releases the internal juices, tunes up the system, unclogs the human pipes and valves -- in a word, Banyan. Banyan, Banyan, made from the roots of that ancient tree which flowers in the Holy Land" ¶ The wretched, shivering Dixieland band ~~had~~ hearing its cue, (The voice of medicine rolled on. ¶ again lined up under the canopy of moths flapping "Banyan, that ~~ancient~~ age-old remedy blessed by the wise men of old -- Banyan, one dollar per bottle. Banyan cures or your money back. Who's the first? Here! Thank you, sir -- take her away, Dixieland -- who's the next?. Right -- and four are five. Another carton, Polly boy. Banyan, Banyan! Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. Ring the cane, the cane you ring, the cane you carry away! Get Banyan, that soothing elixir of life. Columbus took a chance -- why not you. Banyan, Banyan..."

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

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

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

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

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

No ¶

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

But is it the devil-may-care American? Is not the American all of these and more? Is he not gay, sad, glad, voluble, silent, mystic, joyous, austere, treacherous, canny, brawling, proud?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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