

ROBERT Q. ARCHIBALD  
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY  
MARQUETTE COUNTY  
NEGAUNEE, MICHIGAN

Prof Wagner  
H R Jackson

Judge St John  
" Byrns

---

Prison -

---

Judge O Unsworth

---

Supreme Ct.

"Ante-Hay" Alder, Kuyler  
"Old to write" Baker "Committee" Bennett  
"Chas" Castle "Edmund" Anderson  
"Any" "Kuyler" by "Markwell" Anderson  
"What is in" "America" }  
"The History of the" "American" }

1. Introd's ~~Telegrams~~
2. Jno W.
3. Glen J.
4. Walter ~~Mr~~ <sup>Mrs</sup>
5. Judge Bill
6. Jr.

---

Mike Kennedy

---

Harlow Clark

Lee Darnin



~~The~~ <sup>the</sup> Strucken, summer waned into  
Northern autumn with its colors,  
- The maples, the birches, the poplars,  
Like a beautiful woman

Flushed and waken with the fever  
Of approaching death

---

<sup>trembled the</sup>  
Yellow ~~the~~ leaves on the ~~the~~  
tall poplars  
Tinkling <sup>were</sup> the leaves on the tall  
~~the~~ poplars, like tiny tambourines  
Like tiny tambourines were the leaves.

~~If I could not go out and~~  
~~Some night I must arise and go out~~  
~~Some time I wonder if I should not go out~~  
~~And walk in the fields that look like a~~  
~~lake must <sup>through</sup> the morning to~~  
~~And find the distant shore~~  
~~Before dawn <sup>comes</sup> and I dream~~  
~~Before dawn <sup>comes</sup> and I dream.~~



Sometimes in the summer in the nighttime  
When there is a moon <sup>there is</sup> and a mist  
~~And there and I wonder and I wonder~~

~~Sometimes I wonder~~

The fields look like a lake

<sup>Tonight</sup>  
~~Sometimes~~ in the summer in the nighttime  
~~And~~ I wonder  
~~And there~~ and I wonder and I wonder

Of the fields are not really a lake?



11-4-47.

## The Lake

Sometimes in the summer in the nighttime  
When there is a moon and there is a mist  
The fields look like a lake.

Now it is <sup>in the sleepers</sup> summer ~~and~~ it is nighttime  
And I <sup>lie there and I</sup> wonder and ponder ~~and I wonder~~  
~~whether~~ if these fields are not really a lake?

Yes, Tonight I must arise and go out  
And <sup>plunge into</sup> swim in <sup>my</sup> this beautiful lake;  
In the moonlight I must swim strongly <sup>in the moonlight.</sup> to the distant shore,  
Before <sup>the</sup> dawn comes and I <sup>grow weak and</sup> drown  
can swim no more.



Paul he county  
By midnight I knew I had been elected prosecutor  
over Saarnin, the Finn. Walter Holbrook



who cried into the telephone;

The day Paul ~~Beigles~~ <sup>he</sup> received the notice of his second draft deferment, Paul ~~Beigles~~ went out and got drunk. But first ~~he~~ <sup>Paul</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> told his boss, Walter Holbrook, the lawyer for whom ~~Paul~~ <sup>Paul</sup> worked, then he ~~phoned~~ <sup>he phoned</sup> from his mother, Belle Beigles, then Marda Holbrook, ~~the boss's~~ <sup>the</sup> daughter of his boss, ~~who~~ <sup>she</sup> said "congratulations!" and then he phoned ~~Bernadine~~ <sup>Bernadine</sup> Bernadine Tobin and asked her for a date. Bernadine was <sup>going</sup> out on a nursing case, but yes, she ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> be ready at 10:00 P. M.

Paul then put the legal files he had been working on in a fire-resistant steel cabinet, said goodbye to Miss Korpi, his Finnish stenographer, and walked down the wooden stairs of his office, across the city square in which stood the drinking fountain with the o

was about to dump him down for a late that night!



The <sup>stricken</sup> ~~waning~~ summer waned  
Into colorful northern autumn  
Like a beautiful woman



Simon & Schuster

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Random House.

Grosset & Dunlap



I was working on a workmen's compensation case brief the day I received the notice of my second draft deferment. As I recall, it was about the time the Marines were landing on \_\_\_\_\_ . And there I was in Chippewa, Michigan



Chap. 1.

the noisy gathering of  
departing crows;

The stricken summer waned into colorful  
northern autumn, like a beautiful woman flushed  
and waken with the fevers of approaching death.  
Then came the frosts; the <sup>miraculous</sup> mornings of whiteness, dissolving  
slowly in the creeping sunlight; the <sup>and whining of</sup> drumming the  
~~the~~ partridge; the rabbits turning white; the <sup>reaming</sup> deer beginning  
their annual love making.

The stricken summer waned  
into colorful northern autumn  
Like a beautiful woman flushed and waken  
with the fevers of approaching death.



~~Ever since I was a kid I had wanted to write~~

For quite a few years I had had that passage  
in my -up- literary notebook. I'd always wanted  
to ~~start~~<sup>write</sup> a novel and start it with that passage.

"The stricken summer..." "Sprit that  
party; so poetic; such a beautiful figure of  
speech."



It was Julie. "Hello," she said, in her vibrant, bell-  
for-leather contralto. "How's the Homer Cummings of the  
morning coming today?"

"You kidding me, Julie," I said, grinning like a  
chump in a zoo. "I'm swell. <sup>just a healthy young male on</sup> And of course you <sup>the</sup> ~~made~~  
~~planned~~ called me to tell me how much you love me  
and how it's ~~getting~~ <sup>slowly destroying</sup> you -- corroding and ravaging  
me good too -- to have me wasting my <sup>years</sup> ~~young~~  
~~minutes~~ trying to write a novel -- when I could  
be out <sup>with</sup> Julie Holbrook. Shall I come over and get you?  
"How's the book coming, Paul?"

"Well, I've got the opening paragraph  
written. It's so beautiful and full of poetry  
that I can't seem to get past the damn thing.  
It's so pretty I get all swollen inside. Honest, I do. For the  
last three nights I've been sitting down and  
putting chapter one on a piece of blank paper --  
and writing the damn thing



It was the kind of pipe he had <sup>often</sup> seen in the months of writers whose photographs appeared in the <sup>Sunday</sup> book supplement to the New York Times and

then sit at his desk and slowly pack and light his "writing" pipe. This <sup>writing pipe</sup> was a curved briar pipe <sup>with a black rubber bit which</sup> he had gotten in Ann Arbor when he was in law school and which he smoked only on <sup>the</sup> nights

during which he wrote. When the pipe was going nicely,

Paul ~~he~~ would adjust an overhead fluorescent lamp <sup>light and carefully</sup> which was suspended by weights and pulleys. <sup>This was a specially constructed "writers" lamp which he had obtained through an ad in the</sup>

Paul would work on this light until it cast a glow <sup>on</sup> its <sup>pad</sup> <sup>glowly slowly</sup> on his writing pad. <sup>He had bought the lamp through an ad in the Times and</sup> <sup>then he would</sup>

then he would get out his box of No. 2 lead pencils, his fountain pen -- the kind with the quick drying ink -- and his new pen, the kind that used capsules instead of ink and could use under water.

Paul would stare at the pad of <sup>yellow</sup> paper before him. He was ruled legal <sup>size</sup> paper, yellow in color, number 7438, made by Wilson-Jones Co. U.S.A. Then he would pick up a pencil or a pen -- usually the fountain pen, a <sup>crunch</sup> forward and write the title to his novel, thus:

THE STRICKEN SUMMER  
by  
Paul Bieglar

Under this he would write "Chapter One", although sometimes he used the numeral, and then he would lean back until he was ready for the writing itself.

in the Saturday Review of Literature.



Miss

Paul Bigler sat at his desk in Walter Holbrook's law office, drawing ~~for~~ a picture of Santa Claus going down a chimney. Paul had ~~also~~ been drawing the same picture since he was a child; through the grades, through Chippewa high school, <sup>and then</sup> through college and law school at Ann Arbor. His law school note books were a <sup>to which he still referred</sup> kind of <sup>illustrated</sup> ~~progress~~ of Santa Claus down <sup>one</sup> the chimney. Paul had labelled <sup>of drawings</sup> several <sup>as</sup> "Picture of Santa descending a Chimney."

The office in which Paul sat was a typical small town law office ~~anywhere in~~ ~~Michigan~~ ~~Michigan~~. <sup>Sprawled against the wall</sup> <sup>(bound volumes of the</sup> ~~Michigan~~ <sup>Michigan reports, of course, the crown</sup> <sup>numbering will</sup> <sup>over three hundred;</sup> <sup>the then</sup> <sup>shepard's citator, the</sup> <sup>annotated statutes, the</sup> <sup>digest law digest; the</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>several</sup> <sup>volumes of legal forms; the</sup> <sup>books on procedure</sup> <sup>in Wisconsin</sup> or Wyoming or Rhode Island it would have been the same, except that it would be the Wisconsin laws and cases, or Wyoming or Rhode Island.

Paul sometimes shuddered when he looked at all these books; these books which so silently <sup>and neatly</sup> ~~embodied~~ the hopes and despair and quarrels of people, many of whom were long since dead and forgotten. All <sup>over</sup> the country, in forty-eight states, the presses continued to grind out these reports <sup>and cross-reports</sup> of decided cases. <sup>It was</sup> <sup>the constant flood of</sup> <sup>cases</sup> appalling. Paul sometimes wondered <sup>just</sup> where, in another fifty years, the lawyers and their clients would sit...

Today's drawing of Santa Claus ~~over into~~ in the usual pattern: A square, uncompromising, weathered clapboard house, such as some of Chippewa's iron miners still lived in, in the <sup>middle of the road</sup> ~~center~~ of ~~which~~ stood a small brick chimney. Santa had one foot on the roof and the other in the ~~chimney~~ chimney. His pack was full of toys.



Paul Biegler sat at his desk in Walter Holbrook's law office, <sup>carefully</sup> drawing a picture of Santa Claus going down a chimney. Paul had been drawing the same picture since he was a child; through the grades, through Chippewa high school, and ~~then~~ then through college and law school at Ann Arbor. His law school note books, to which he still occasionally referred were a kind of illustrated history of his progress of Santa as a chimney sweep. Paul had labelled several of his drawings: "Picture of Santa descending a Chimney."

The office in which Paul sat was a typical small town law office anywhere in America. Sprawled against one wall were the bound volumes of the Michigan reports, of course, now numbering well over three hundred; then the various volumes of Shepards' citatimor, the annotated statutes, the law digest; and several volumes of legal forms; then the books on procedure and the law reviews. In Wisconsin or Wyoming or Rhode Island it would have been the same, except that it would be the Wisconsin laws and cases or Wyoming or Rhode Island.

Paul sometimes shuddered when he looked at all these books; these books which so silently and neatly embalmed the hopes and despairs and quarrels of <sup>so many</sup> people, <sup>most</sup> many of whom were long since dead and forgotten. All over the country, in forty-eight states, the presses continued to grind out these reports and cross-reports of decided cases. The constant flood of books was appalling. Paul sometimes wondered just where, in another fifty years, the lawyers and their clients would find room to sit...

Today's drawing of Santa Claus ran in the usual pattern: A square, uncompromising, weathered clapboard house, such as some of Chippewa's iron miners still lived in. In the middle of the roof stood a small brick chimney. Santa had one foot on the roof and the other in the chimney. His pack was full of toys. The most important <sup>items</sup> ~~toys~~ were a <sup>toy trumpet</sup> ~~toy trumpet~~ and a popgun. Paul had wanted these toys when he was a



that night

Paul Biegler was working on his novel...

Paul Biegler had a habit of going to his office in the <sup>winter</sup> evenings <sup>about once a week,</sup> and working on his novel. He had been working on his novel since he had been in law school. It was coming fine; he had completed the first paragraph of the first chapter.

<sup>is the passage from</sup> ~~Here is what Paul had~~ <sup>He</sup> had written and rewritten <sup>this paragraph</sup> for some four or five years. <sup>It went like this:</sup> "The stricken summer waned into colorful northern autumn, like a beautiful woman flushed and woken with the fevers of approaching death."

The beauty of this passage often choked Paul a little and he sometimes wondered if he could really have written <sup>dramatic</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>occasionally</sup>. Sometimes he thought of using the line in a great <sup>a long poem</sup> ~~epic~~ <sup>whitmanesque</sup> poem to the Season of Harvest. <sup>But</sup> he reflected, <sup>and fine</sup> "melancholy days" Bryant had <sup>already</sup> pretty well covered that <sup>field</sup> subject in the field of poetry. <sup>No,</sup> he must save the line for his novel.

<sup>Some</sup> nights, <sup>most of them</sup> in fact, Paul wrote nothing. <sup>He</sup> just sat <sup>in his creaking</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>swivel chair</sup> and made plans and thought up imaginary dialogues between imaginary characters. <sup>He</sup> liked to think that <sup>his</sup> dialogues sounded gay and witty and sophisticated. <sup>Some</sup> of this he would scribble on <sup>small squares of yellow note paper</sup> notes and embalm in his note file, <sup>but</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>Paul</sup> did not consider this "writing". He <sup>only</sup> "wrote" when he about one night a month, and he had worked out an elaborate ritual for these rare occasions.

On nights Paul was really going to write he would take a nap after supper -- not too long, but just long enough so that he would not be <sup>from supper</sup> ~~groggy~~ <sup>and</sup> also be sure that the cleaning woman <sup>had come and</sup> ~~was gone~~ and <sup>the Chippewa street noises had abated.</sup> Then he would walk down to Walter Holbrook's law office, where he worked, ~~admit himself~~ <sup>admit himself</sup> ~~to the~~ <sup>to the</sup>

<sup>uptoe</sup> ~~up~~ the wooden stairs over the Monier's State Bank, admit himself to the <sup>darkened</sup> ~~reception~~ room, pass into his own office lined with the reports of the Michigan Supreme court, lock the <sup>his</sup> ~~office~~ door from the inside, lower the wooden blinds, so that the members of the Chippewa Club and others could not observe him from across the street, and

something like that of Noel Coward in his lighter plays.



# Wakeman Goes to Bed

## At Home with Author of 'The Hucksters'

(NOTE. We asked Frederic Wakeman, author of the widely discussed "The Hucksters," to take our readers behind the scenes in his writing life. We suggested he exercise complete freedom as to what phase of it he wanted to talk about. Below is the article which we received from him.)

By FREDERIC WAKEMAN

OUR guests seemed to be digging in for a last stand on the front porch, so I said goodnight and left the finalities to my wife.

When she came in I was already in bed. She DDTed a marauding mosquito and closed the window facing the sea. It was summer and, like a million other New Yorkers, we were on the beach.

"There's a lot of wind," she said. "How's your headache?"

"What headache?"

"The one I just invented. He usually loves to talk . . ." she was obviously repeating lines from her recent porch scene . . . "but when one of those awful headaches hits him he just sits staring into space."

I stared into space and brilliantly kept my big mouth shut.

"But maybe they're used to rude hosts," she said.

"I was just busy, that's all."

She opened the side or leeward window and the noise of the surf came back into the room. "Busy?"

"Very. I started a new novel right before they came. Naturally, I didn't want to stop work on it so soon."

"Naturally. What's it about?"

"People."

"How fascinating?"

"Radio and advertising people."

If you have ever watched women fix themselves up for bed, think of the busiest woman you ever watched and that would describe my wife during this entire scene.

"When," she asked, "are you actually going to write it?"

"I told you. I started tonight."

"I mean with a pencil. On paper."

I brushed off this mechanical detail. "Oh that. That's more or less the copying. As soon as I work it out in my head I'll get around to that."

"Another thing," she said. "After you do get it written, and are ready to read it out loud to me, I want you to know that I know why you read it out loud."

"Okay. Why do I read it out loud?"

"Not for my critical opinion," she said. "You're just testing the way it sounds on your own ears."

"I value your opinion very much," I said.

"If you do, then don't cram any long descriptions of deep thoughts in it. Essays in novels bore me."

"Me too," I said. "I like non-fiction, as such. But not as fiction."

"I like a story to move along,"

she said, exiting into the bathroom.

I polysyllabically jumped at the chance to theorize. "That is because a novel's only concern should be with life being lived. Its primary material is, therefore, life in action. I say in action because that is the only way we live or remember how we live. A feeling of movement is always present in experience."

"Even a great masterpiece of fiction," I said smugly, "sags on its pedestal when the author walks into the act with an aside, no matter how brilliant. Confidentially, I skip."

My wife reappeared, dressed for bed. "What did you say?" she asked. "I was brushing my teeth and didn't hear you."

"Oh, nothing important."

"Don't be like that."

"I was talking about the velocity that should be in a novel, that is always present in actual experience. Just to prove it, try to relive everything that happened to you today. Doesn't it move through your mind?"

"Mmmmm," she said, locating and snapping off a strand of hair, presumably gray.

"Well, that's why I try to put a sense of motion in anything I write. Oh, I admit it's a temptation to want to be thought literary and put in scenic side trips, but if you lose the velocity, you lose the feeling of life. Even when you sum up an action you come to a dead stop. That's why I use so much dialogue, to keep it alive and kicking."

"Uh huh," she agreed.

"Playwrights have more exact words than novelists. Acts and scenes are far more precise than chapters."

She looked out the window. "Northwest," she said. "It might blow up a storm."

"Leave it open anyway," I said. "So for my money, I prefer to buy a novelist's velocity of life and not his philosophy of life. I enjoy meeting his characters, but not himself. Let him save his literary tidbits for his memoirs."

I tried to be fetchingly humble.

"Of course, far better novels than I'll ever write have not been based on such a purely dramatic principle, but at least that's what I'm after, velocity, momentum." I finished.

she offers in her volume: "Atomic Bombs," by Frank and Doris Hursley; "On a Note of Triumph," by Norman Corwin; "The Face," by Arthur Laurents; "To the American People," by Morton Wishengrad; "A Bunyan Yarn," by Stanley Young; "Summer Fury," by James Broughton; "The Devil's Boot," by Nicholas J. Biel; "The Unsatisfactory Supper," by Tennessee Williams; "The Fisherman," by Jonathan Tree; "Silver Nails," by Nicholas Bela, and "The Far Distant Shore," by Robert Finch and Betty Smith.

ished off by giving Wordsworth a nasty little twist. "Emotion recollected in motion."

"Yes, dear," she said. She turned out the light and settled in her bed. "And personally," she said, "I wouldn't put too much sex in this one. I thought in 'Shore Leave' you were a little . . ." she left the sentence dangling. "Sometimes I wonder if all that stuff in 'Shore Leave' was really made up," she said.

"It was made up," I said, a little too carefully.

"Anyway I think the public is tired of all this sex in novels," she said.

But at that instant I figured out exactly how I would introduce the Hollywood talent agent scene, and some time passed before it was all worked out. Then I remembered to answer her.

"The sex handling is based entirely on the special meanings it can give to the characters in the book," I said. "When you look at it that way, it becomes immaterial whether or not the public, the author, or the author's wife is tired of sex in novels."

But sea air always made her a fast-sleeper, and this time there was no answer. I snuggled down for a comfortable night's work, playing around with the dialogue between Victor Norman and the talent agent. It comes back to me now all mixed up with the sound of surf boiling outside our window.

That same night I hit upon a title, "Sunset and Wall," but several weeks later I changed it to "The Hucksters."



Frederic Wakeman.

# Memoirs of Maxim Gorky

He Discusses Tolstoy, Chekhov, Blok, Andreyev

MAXIM GORKY: REMINISCENCES. Dover. 216 pp. \$2.75.

By G. V. BOBRINSKOY

THIS is a welcome collection of Gorky's reminiscences, which have hitherto, in English at least, been available only in scattered volumes, some of them out of print.

Gorky was an extraordinary man. Absolutely self-made and self-educated—his education acquired during his wanderings, often on foot, all over Russia—he became one of the most popular writers in the period between 1898 and 1905. He introduced into Russian literature a fresh note of revolutionary romanticism, which met with acclaim on the part of the liberal majority of the Russian reading public. His more ambitious literary undertakings appearing as a rule after 1905 (here I think of his novels, such as "Foma Gordeyev" and especially his last, the trilogy "The Life of Klim Samgin") were written according to a preconceived plan with definite political implications, and therefore produce a somewhat stilted effect.

But among his later works there are two exceptions. One is a sort of autobiography of his youth, entitled "My Universities," and the other a series of reminiscences and



Maxim Gorky.

correspondence with the most eminent Russian writers of his time. In the volume under review we have a vivid description of Gorky's encounters and literary communications with Leo Tolstoy, Chekhov, Andreyev and Blok. In what he says about Tolstoy, Gorky reveals himself as an observer with a brilliant gift for analysis. He comes closer, it would seem, than any other interpreter to understanding the complex nature of Tolstoy. He manages to reconcile some of the contradictions that have puzzled many a critic of Tolstoy's views. Gorky himself was a man of the earth, and it was this earthy element, extraordinarily strong in Tolstoy even in the last phase of his career, that he understands so well in spite of all the accretions of moral teachings. From this point of view Gorky's contribution to our interpretation of Tolstoy's true nature remains unique.

Of the rest of the book the most interesting parts are concerned with the intimate correspondence which for a number of years went on between Chekhov and Gorky. We gain a fine insight into the true natures of the two men.

The total effect of the book is to give us a remarkable view of Gorky, almost unaffected by the necessities of the political back-

# Theater Shows Effects of Radio

THE BEST ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1945. Edited by Margaret Mayorga. Dodd, Mead. 308 pp. \$2.50.

MARGARET MAYORGA, who for eight years has been offering the play-reading public her idea of what were the best one-act plays of the year, has come out with her selections for 1945. She is sure that radio is having a most definite effect upon the technique of writing for the theater and that in 1945 the best short plays were "deeply concerned with major social phenomena." To prove this

she offers in her volume: "Atomic Bombs," by Frank and Doris Hursley; "On a Note of Triumph," by Norman Corwin; "The Face," by Arthur Laurents; "To the American People," by Morton Wishengrad; "A Bunyan Yarn," by Stanley Young; "Summer Fury," by James Broughton; "The Devil's Boot," by Nicholas J. Biel; "The Unsatisfactory Supper," by Tennessee Williams; "The Fisherman," by Jonathan Tree; "Silver Nails," by Nicholas Bela, and "The Far Distant Shore," by Robert Finch and Betty Smith.

You're really missing something good if you don't read

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new novel

## THE ADVENTURES OF Wesley

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... help for more people

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ALEXANDER-FRENCH et al.  
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### Where psychology and medicine meet

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### Voluntary Health Agencies

GUNN-PLATT  
THIS is the report whose far-reaching recommendations on the co-ordinating of services and fund-raising campaigns have been so widely discussed by the nation's press. It is the picture of the voluntary health movement in America today—a movement which represents an expenditure of \$50,000,000 annually exclusive of the Red Cross.  
Prepared under the auspices of the National Health Council, the book outlines what is expected of the agency staff to insure efficient operation. It is, says Dr. Parran, Surgeon-General, U. S. Public Health, "a valuable contribution to the co-ordination of effort for better health." \$3.00

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY  
15 E 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.

# Electrifying

—READER'S DIG

## THE Snake Pit



A SMALL QUESTION

WHO GAVE LEAVE TO  
THE MEN OF SCIENCE  
TO TINKER WITH  
EARTH?  
OUR ~~PLANET~~?

WHO BADE THEM  
MAKE A TEST TUBE OF  
OUR PLANET? -- TO  
RISK MAKING A  
CINDER OF OUR STAR?



Paul woke up in the ~~Chappawoo~~ a strange room.

Paul could hear an insistent shouting in his sleep. He ~~started~~ He stirred uneasily, but the shouting continued.

1. Elected DA
2. Strike
3. Troops
4. Bernadenis' brother
5. Maida leaves Paul
6. Paul is found
7. Priot. Paul is hurt
8. Strike ends.



XXV

- 1: Liina the Nordic Girl:
- 2: The woman who looked like Wallau Berg
- 3: The Jewish girl at Ann Arbor. Pneumonia
4. Bernardine Tobin.
- 5: Bette Blair.



Sept. 16, 1946 NOTES FOR NOVEL

Title: The Burning Earth  
The Journal of Paul Bugler  
The Education " " "  
Clivia's Bay.

1: Incident: Small-town semi-pro  
whores; <sup>part</sup> Middle aged woman, usually  
with some claim to elegance, who take  
on the boys for \$2 or even 50¢.

2: Cemetery ghoul = They  
haunt the place = Moonlight = Tom  
Billings = My little palace and the  
Loach's house in <sup>town</sup> Miami with nickel  
bars.

Father Ditman = Bitter:

"All of us want to write; to <sup>try to</sup> express the  
wonders and mystery of existence - - -

People are born, suffer, love,  
marry, procreate, hurt each other, and die.



P.A.

Paul <sup>soon</sup> ~~early~~ discerned that the job of being prosecuting attorney was actually ~~much~~ <sup>rather</sup> different than the dramatic and feverish picture projected by Hollywood and the radio. He discerned that the trials in court <sup>while closing</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>actually</sup> the least truly dramatic; that the really ~~dramatic~~ <sup>7:00</sup> and moving side of his work was the part that never got into the <sup>country</sup> newspapers, or <sup>in the</sup> ~~shouted~~ over the radio.

It was <sup>often a</sup> confused and halting drama; hesitant, tentative; an old ~~lady~~ mother — she might <sup>be a quartermaster, quartermaster</sup> ~~be~~ alcoholic, it did not matter — coming to the office to plead for a son who was <sup>charged</sup> ~~flashed~~ to prison, who never had a chance to be anywhere else but in prison, who <sup>apparently</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> born to die in prison. There was Mrs. Sempach. (Out)

"If you could see your way clear," she would say, dabbling at her eyes with a soiled handkerchief



She tells how he gave her a set of combs & brushes for Mother's Day. Yes, they were stolen.

"He is really a good boy - underneath."  
"Yes," Paul answered. "Will see, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, Will see. Will try to do the right thing."

Paul often <sup>began to</sup> wonder of the right thing <sup>to do</sup> was it to faithfully execute these doomed Kallikaps and Japs <sup>equally designed for the civilization: their punishment</sup> these helpless, lost children - but he brushed these thoughts away; they were too undemocratic; too much like something <sup>an arrogant</sup> Adolph Hitler might say, a cynical <sup>and dangerous</sup> assumption of superior virtue.



Raoul Robinson:

Betty & Paul go to the "boycotted" concert, Betty to be different & Paul because he suddenly grows strangely stubborn. Betty is "gooned" by his masculinity & whines how good these Negroes are in bed. Paul is thrilled by the sheer artistry & power of the man; his humanity & wisdom, the wisdom of an old, old race which has seen much suffering, ~~and~~ a gigantic amount of suffering and cruelty.

Stella's scene.

After concert Betty insists on meeting Robinson. Tells him about her "dear old colored Nana. She was really the sweetest person."

"Yes," Robinson, "Raoul answered. 'Some of my best friends had colored marriages.'"



I first met Maida Holbrook in the bar of the  
Chippewa Inn. It had been my night to bowl  
and