

## CHAPTER I

In the center of the Chippewa town square stood a cast-iron drinking fountain upon which stood a cast-iron statue of an Indian. Near the base of the fountain were arranged four small cast-iron drinking troughs for the convenience of thirsty dogs; a little higher up were two larger troughs designed for horses; while higher still were two bubbling fountains for people. Nobody seemed to mind that in the general hubub of a late Saturday night certain people occasionally drank from the wrong troughs... The drinking fountain itself served as a pedestal for the cast-iron statue of a Chippewa Indian chief. His name was Marji Gesick. By common consent, <sup>however,</sup> the inhabitants of Chippewa called him Chief Booze-in-the-Face... Lean and hawk-faced, he stood shading his eyes, peering sadly into the northwest.

Ever since the fountain and statue had been erected, back in the early nineteen hundreds, visitors to Chippewa had been intrigued to learn precisely what it was that claimed the <sup>rapt</sup> attention of the Indian chief. "What's he looking at?" they'd often ask a passing resident, petulantly glancing away from their clicking Kodaks. Or sometimes they varied the question and asked: "What's he looking for?"

"I dunno," was the invariable reply to both questions, not because there was any community secrecy involved, but simply because the residents of Chippewa were as ignorant of the matter as the most transient tourist. The weary Chippewa police, who were questioned most often on the subject, were perhaps the most relieved when a W.P.A. art project, during the depression, attempted to finally resolve the mystery. The local head of the W.P.A. art project-- who <sup>also</sup> was then ~~also~~ busy as a beaver writing a proletarian novel about <sup>the local mines</sup> mining called "Trapped Giants"--rummaged through the records and files of the Chippewa common council, shouted into the ear trumpets of several old timers, and finally affixed a neat brass plate to the side of the fountain bearing the following inscription:

"Marji Gesick, last great Chippewa Indian chief of the Peninsula, is here depicted searching the hills beyond Chippewa, the ancient camping ground of his people, looking vainly for some last survivor of his tribe whose last members ~~had~~ faded and fell away before the ruthless advance of the avid and exploiting whites. This memorial was presented to the City of Chippewa by the Chippewa Ore Company in 1909."

The W.P.A. inscription brought an immediate and heated reply from W. C. Fowler, retired former general superintendent of the Chippewa Ore Company, written to the editor of the Chippewa Miner. It was over two and a half columns in length and contained an incidental and scathing indictment of the W.P.A. and the New Deal and all its works. The pertinent portion was as follows:

"I was still associated with the Chippewa Ore Company when we presented the drinking fountain and statue of Marji Gesick to the good people of this community. The preposterous fairy tale that this <sup>o</sup>bon<sub>A</sub>doggling W.P.A. bureaucrat has made up about the Chief is nothing but a deliberate lie." He had written "damned lie" but the editor had hastily changed it. "I know because I was the one who went to Chicago and ordered the statue and talked with the artist-fellow that made it. The chief isn't looking at anything unless it was a twelve-point white-tailed buck. He's just a plain every-day Indian chief trying to get along. He isn't sad about anything, either. Nobody chased him or his tribesmen anywhere--least of all the Chippewa Ore Company. And we good people of Chippewa who believe in the American way don't need any New Deal radicals and Reds coming in here and stirring up trouble in our town." There was much, much more, written with the same air of lofty detachment...

*Am aroused*  
The Chippewa Chamber of Commerce, of which W. C. Fowler was a past-president, passed a resolution bristling with whereas's, demanding the immediate removal of this gratuitous W.P.A. slur on the memory of Marji Gesick. Its secretary sent a copy of the resolution to Washington *with a copy of Mr. Fowler's letter to the newspaper,* but nothing more was heard about it and the brass inscription remained.

Tug McKittrick, who cleaned spittons and mopped floors at Louie's Bar, a miners' saloon which stood across from the fountain, took a good look at the Chief, spat thoughtfully, and then said: "What's all this jabber about what the Chief's lookin' at? Hm... Seems to me the poor laverick's seen so goddam much water running out of him that he's jest natcherally keepin' a *close* lookout fer a free drink of whiskey!"

Stanley Zaborski of Pittsburgh, who had recently arrived in Chippewa to try to wean the miners away from their company union and organize them *the American Miners' Union, a national organization,* into a national miner's union, told the night-shift at the Bessie Mine: "Whatever in hell it is this Indian fella's lookin at, I'm damn sure it ain't any of the wealth the Chippewa Ore Company ever left behind in this bloody town. Look around you! What do you see but widows and ~~orphans~~ orphans and hobbling cripples and men spitting their lungs away from silicosis? Organize, *Join the A.M.U.* men, and protect yourselves and your loved ones!"

That night seven more miners joined the new union. That was in 1936...

10  
Ten years later Paul Biegler sat in his office in Walter Holbrook's law offices over the Miners' State Bank adjoining the town square. Walter Holbrook was local counsel for the Chippewa Ore Company and Paul had worked for Walter ever since he had graduated from law school at Ann Arbor--the spring after Pearl Harbor.

It was an unseasonably hot Friday afternoon late in June, the second day of the American Legion convention--the first to be held in the Peninsula since the War. Paul was trying to review the testimony in a workmen's compensation appeal case that Walter had tossed in his lap that morning before he left for Wilmington.

Walter had breezed into Paul's office just before train time, sleek and shaved and smelling of Old Spice and as youthful looking as ever in his new tan double-breasted gabardine suit. He would take the fast train to Chicago and then fly on East. The thought had flashed upon Paul that there was always a sense of almost theatrical urgency about Walter Holbrook's movements. That was it: the man was an actor. "Take this, Polly," Walter had said, thrusting the compensation case file at Paul. "Look over the file in this Maki case--and appeal till hell will have no more of it. Wilmington's bitching that we're losing too many comp cases lately." Wilmington, of course, was the home office of the Chippewa Ore Company, one of several corporate off-springs of a great steel corporation. Subsidiary, a careful lawyer would call it.

"O.K., Walt," Paul had said. The very first day that Paul had gone to work for Walter Holbrook, Walter had asked him, with his easy confiding informality to so address him. "Just call me Walt, Polly," Walter had gone on. "Let's not stand on ceremony."

"Yes, Sir," Paul had said.

"Give 'er hell on this case, Polly," Walter had gone on. "We've got to wear down these damn union malingerers one way or the other."

"I'll do my best," Paul had said, fingering the file. He watched Walter Holbrook, so sleek and shaved and well-groomed--"full of Old Spice and smelling so nice," Paul thought--so youthful looking despite his fifty-odd years, with his hair so sleek and carefully brushed that the gray hair at his temples looked blond instead of gray.

Walter had patted Paul lightly on the shoulder. "Hold the fort while I'm gone, Polly," he had said; and then he was gone.

And now, this afternoon, Paul was doing his best with the case, all right, but his best looked none too good. In fact it confidentially looked to Paul that Ensio Maki, plaintiff and alleged victim of silicosis, had the Chippewa Ore Company firmly by the corporate balls... How in hell did Walt ever expect to get around all that medical testimony? Just then he heard a beer bottle shatter down ~~i~~ on the street. Paul was sure it was a beer bottle because Legionaires seemed partial to beer bottles. Perhaps it was part of their ritual...

It certainly did not help matters to have all this infernal juvenile racket from the Legion convention. Paul absently filled and lit his pipe. The thing sucked and bubbled like a Turkish water-pipe and Paul groped in his desk drawers for a pipe cleaner. No pipe cleaners. "Basta!" Paul said. His friend Luigi, proprietor of Louie's Bar, had taught him that. For a moment he thought he'd slip downstairs to Walgreen's and get a coke and some pipe cleaners--bales of pipe cleaners--but there was the heat and those milling, perspiring throngs of potted, lurching Legionaires. Paul shook his head and lit a cigarette instead...

He exhaled and sat staring at the opposite wall at the open book shelves with their grinning rows of bound Michigan Supreme Court reports. Occasionally the sight of all those law books made him slightly ill. This was distinctly one of the occasions. There were well over three hundred of them, and more coming out every month, it seemed, not to mention the digests and advance sheets and form books and compiled laws and text books and annotated statutes and books on procedure and Sheppard's citators and... Where and when was this obscene flood of law books ever going to end? And the same thing was going on all over America; worse, in fact, in some states. In a few more years the average young lawyer couldn't possibly dream of affording even a mere set of his state's reports, let alone the rest of the legal impediments. It was no joke, even now, and Paul thought of how lucky he was to have been taken in fresh from law school by such an influential and established lawyer as Walter Holbrook. Wasn't a young lawyer without books like a carpenter without tools? Worse, indeed, because a carpenter <sup>could</sup> at least do some work with his hands. Perhaps, in the future, lawyers would be forced to maintain libraries of micro-film. He had recently read somewhere--was it in the Reader's Digest?--that they were doing wonders with micro-film lately... Perhaps lawyers would henceforth hobble into court armed with projectors and screens and simply yards and yards of micro-film.

Paul signed and continued to read the testimony in the compensation case of Ensio Maki, plaintiff, versus Chippewa Ore Company, defendant. Wasn't it just like Walter Holbrook to go into court and blithely lose the case before the deputy commissioner--and then somehow expect Paul to find a way to beat the case on appeal? But Paul suspected that Walter really meant that when he said to go ahead and appeal the case regardless... It had lately seemed to Paul that the Company had abruptly changed its compensation policy; ever since the Company's miners had joined the A.M.U. and the latter had become the exclusive employee's

bargaining agent with the Company. Yes, the Company was getting plenty tough, all right. Paul recalled distinctly--when he had come with Walter after graduating--that the Company rarely even tried a comp case. It settled most of them. Now it seemed to want to try all of them, regardless of the merits of the employee's claim. And it surely made a hell of a lot more work. But then, it also meant considerably more fees for Walter Holbrook's law office--

Suddenly, from down on the square, came a loud report, like the sound of a small cannon. "Christ!" Paul exclaimed, lurching back from his desk and glancing quickly out the open window. He saw with wry distaste that the convention crowds were already gathering for their nightly carousal. For a moment Paul guessed someone might have been shot. But no, the crowd continued to mill about in raucous eye-rolling oblivion. Probably some aging veteran of World War I, resolutely re-fighting the Battle of Verdun, had set off a giant fire-cracker. Paul wondered where the Chippewa police had disappeared to in the last few days. Probably they were huddled snugly in a hurricane cellar, playing endless games of cribbage. It was really disgusting the amount of guff that public officials took from these veterans, year in and year out, so as not to lose their goddam votes...

Paul's glance travelled to the statue of the Indian chief and he was mildly startled to observe that someone had put a waste basket over the old chief's head. Good old Chief/ Booze-in-the-Face. Paul saw that the basket was made of wicker. He couldn't remember having seen a wicker waste basket in years. During the War all you could get were those flimsy plywood or composition baskets, and now they seemed to be made of meshed wire or sheet metal...

Paul had always remained neutral in the local battle to determine what it really was Chief Booxe-in-the-Face was looking at. For Paul's money the chief had always been staring intently at nothing more romantic than the neon-lit

offices of the Acme Loan Company, directly across the square--"Miners--Why Wait Till Payday?"--until a year or so before when some crazed drunk had guided his Chev into the fountain late one Saturday night, toppling the poor chief into the square. The city workmen, in replacing the chief, had inadvertently turned him to the Northeast so that he now faced Louie's Bar. Paul for one, though he did not publicly labor the point, thought that the chief's expression had thereafter taken on an air of sly satisfaction. But right now it seemed clear that the shief was staring at the inside of a wicker waste basket. The old chñif looked quite gay, with the basket tilted so rakishly over his head. Paul gently closed the file in Maki versus Chippewa Ore Company and firmly ~~pushed~~ pushed it from him...



The social center of the town was the three-story Chippewa Inn. The Company had built it during the depression, employing the services of a famous Boston architect. It was constructed of school-house red brick, after an authentic early American colonial design.

"I don't believe the Inn was ever built here at all," Maida Holbrook said when she first saw it. "The architect simply swiped it in Boston and transplanted it here on flat cars--complete with vines, lichen and moss!"

It was certain that the famous architect had permitted no detail to creep into his plans that might have remotely suggested that the Chippewa Inn did not overlook Beacon Street in Boston; nothing indigenous was allowed to corrupt his fairy brain child; no hints coarsely intruded to suggest to anyone that quite a few <sup>that any</sup> of the inhabitants of Chippewa <sup>or</sup> and the Peninsula--as well as of the Inn--frequently made their livings by logging, mining, farming or fishing...

No, the lobby itself was gloomily suggestive of the <sup>lounge</sup> ~~reading room~~ of an exclusive Boston ~~news~~ club--~~minus~~ minus the copy of ~~NW~~ Newsweek; the dining room was decorated with expensive "mural" wall paper imported from England, and upon which were depicted, to the untutored eye, rather dishevelled scenes of assorted galloping horsemen and hounds and barmaids, of all things, chasing a highly elated fox through a groggery during the rush hour; while downstairs in the barroom, on similar wall paper, the fox appeared to have justly gained the upper hand...

Though Maida Holbrook poked fun at the Inn and its conventional and unimaginative decor, she visited the place frequently--especially the bar. "You don't want me to <sup>do you?</sup>" she asked Paul. "I ~~can't~~ hang around the miners' saloons, ~~can I?~~" "And after all, Joe makes the best damn dry ~~martini~~ martinis I've been able to find in this god-forsaken mining camp." ~~Is~~ Joe was the bartender, of course.

The hotel was managed by a mousy blond fellow called Odgers, who was in  
love with the hostess <sup>dining-room</sup> in the diningroom called Effie, who was in love with  
the bartender, Joe, who was in love with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bates, who was  
in love with the cook, Raoul, who was in love with the two night bellhops, who  
were jointly in love with Greer Garson... Despite all these romantic declensions,  
the hotel's staff was mostly a happy and efficient one; the rooms were kept  
bright and pleasant; the beds were soft; the food was excellent; <sup>and</sup> the cook  
still retained <sup>the</sup> the distinction of not having been immortalized into  
gastromic <sup>romic</sup> inertia by Duncan Hines.

July  
8, 1948.

Towards evening the wind died down; a quiet and oily sheen <sup>gradually crept</sup> ~~came~~ over the water in the shadows; and some small trout started to feed in the shallow, rocky whirlarounds near the west bank of the river. Paul Bigler sat on the bank above the river, smoking his pipe, leaning against the charred stub of a whitepine. His flyrod stood alongside him, leaning against a bush, the line draped out to dry in the drying sun. He had been fishing all that afternoon, but his creel was still empty: he guessed it had been too bright; the wind made it difficult to cast; maybe the barometer was dropping. He had no fish...

A pair of deer emerged cautiously from a grove of poplars across the river, coming down to the river to ~~drink~~ water and get relief from the flies. Paul watched them advance, with many pauses, sniffing the wind, cocking <sup>first</sup> one ear

Towards evening, the <sup>wind</sup> breeze died down; the deer <sup>started coming</sup> came out to the river, <sup>single and in pairs;</sup> and the trout started fleeing.

Towards evening, <sup>as the shadows grew longer</sup> the wind died down; and the deer <sup>started coming</sup> started coming out to the river, <sup>mostly</sup> singly, <sup>but often</sup> and in pairs, and the trout <sup>like white sunfish, some small</sup> started to feed.

Paul Bugler sat on the bank above the river, smoking, his back resting against the charred stub of a white pine. His flyrod leaned against a hazel-nut bush, the line draped back, <sup>some thirty feet</sup> from the river to dry out in the dying light of the sun. ~~His waders~~ ~~line~~ He had been fishing all afternoon, but his reel was still empty; it had been too bright; the wind had made casting difficult; he had no ~~fish~~ <sup>fish</sup>. Perhaps the barometer was falling. ~~He had no fish.~~

A pair of <sup>low-flying</sup> mallards rushed up the river, <sup>whirring</sup> like fighter planes, veering in swift ~~horizon~~ <sup>horizon</sup> diving when they saw Paul, <sup>cutting</sup> across the far upstream curve and out of sight.

Paul stood up, ~~at once~~ and a deer flew ~~to~~ back in the <sup>across the river</sup> poplars. Paul could hear the quick <sup>and explosive</sup> ~~thump~~ <sup>expulsion of breath</sup> ~~thump~~ <sup>which sounded like a muffled</sup> nervous thumping of its hooves as it retreated from danger; then he caught sight of the deer itself, a young buck

"who" and "where"

In the days when the iron miners worked twelve hours  
a day the whistles <sup>used to mark</sup> once indicated the change in  
the ~~two~~ <sup>day and the night</sup> shifts between the day and the ~~in the mines~~ <sup>iron</sup> shifts.  
~~Change between the day and night shifts,~~ <sup>when the miners worked twelve hours a day,</sup> With the  
however, with the coming of shorter shifts and <sup>them</sup> finally the eight-  
hour day, the whistles no longer <sup>served to</sup> called the miners  
to <sup>and from their</sup> work. But for some curious reason the ~~mines~~  
whistles of Chippewa still continued to blow twice a day: at  
six in the morning and six in the evening. <sup>It had grown to be a local custom. Many set their watches by the mine whistles.</sup> Many  
residents of Chippewa regarded this as <sup>a touching</sup> an indication  
of ~~the~~ <sup>corporate</sup> sentiment and <sup>but</sup> regard for local tradition <sup>held</sup> by  
on the part of the mine operators. Dan Tobin, leader of the newly-  
organized <sup>iron</sup> miners' union, had a slightly different  
view of it. "Our bosses <sup>have finally made</sup> <sup>for us</sup> had to give us  
~~miners~~ <sup>he wanted to declare</sup> better hours and <sup>he wanted to get so</sup> better wages and working  
conditions. "They keep blowing them damn whistles  
twice a day to keep their spirits up -- to <sup>keep</sup> reminding themselves of the  
'good old days' when <sup>their men</sup> a man went to work in the dark,  
~~worked for~~ <sup>out his shift twelve hours</sup> the dark, and <sup>then</sup> quit in the dark. <sup>goddam</sup> They keep  
blowing them <sup>damn</sup> whistles to. Do you want these good  
old days back, men? <sup>of course not.</sup> Then join the Lake Superior  
Miners' Union!"

# The Whistles.

except Sundays in the iron mines  
Twice each day the ~~mine~~ whistles <sup>blew twice</sup> in  
Chippewa; <sup>they blew</sup> ~~once~~ at six o'clock in the morning and  
once again at six in the evening. <sup>First</sup> Perhaps one  
day the Bessie Mine whistle <sup>at the Bessie Mine</sup> would sound first, ~~the~~  
<sup>coughing</sup> <sup>in a preliminary rising blast, then</sup> ~~it~~ with the Cage Shaft joining in, <sup>might next,</sup> followed rapidly  
by the whistles of <sup>the</sup> seven other iron mines. <sup>for</sup>  
Then for <sup>had</sup> a fraction of a minute all of the whistles <sup>were</sup>  
<sup>in a rising blast</sup> ~~sounded together~~ <sup>in a sort of wild</sup> ~~in a sort of~~ <sup>in a</sup> ~~like the~~ <sup>drumming</sup> ~~as though~~ <sup>striking</sup> some ~~down~~ were ~~striking~~ a vast  
discordant chord on a giant caliope. ~~Then,~~  
At length, <sup>one by one,</sup> ~~little by little,~~ the whistles fell away and grew  
silent <sup>still,</sup> until one <sup>lone</sup> whistle, in relative faintness,  
finally resolved <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>strange</sup> chord. ~~Then silence~~

Paul Biggles was always <sup>strangely</sup> moved by the  
sound of the mine whistles; as a little boy and by  
the strange hush that pervaded the valley of Chippewa  
when they grew still.

on

1st.  
Nov. 14, 1949.

Chapter 1.

~~The mine whistles blew twice a day in Chippewa.  
What bells are to a cathedral town, the whistles were  
to the iron-mining town of Chippewa. Twice each day, six in  
the morning and six at night, since the first mine had  
been founded, shortly after the Civil War. Ever since the  
the first rich iron deposits had been discovered, at the town  
shortly after the first Civil War, and the first crude  
mines had sprung up, they whistles at six in the morning  
and again at six at night.~~

What the bells are to a cathedral town, the mine whistles were to the iron-mining town of Chippewa. They blew twice a day: at six in the morning and six at night. This had been going on ever since the first primitive mine sprang up following the Civil War. The first primitive mine sprang up following the discovery of rich iron deposits at what later became the townsite. Mining is a unique industry in this: follow the founding of a town; most industries come to a town; most towns come to the mines. That was first discovered there. But the whistles...

*Sociologically speaking*

*Drunkens*

First it might be the Bessie mine venting a preliminary yingle cough, then the Cage Shaft, followed rapidly by the whistles of the other iron mines. Then for a mad sixty seconds all of the whistles in a bold ascending symphonic scream, ~~and~~ <sup>like</sup> through some ~~drunken~~ <sup>drunken</sup> clown, ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> sounding a vast dissonant chord on a giant calliope. At length, one by one the whistles fell away and grew silent, until a single whistle, plaintive in its aloneness, finally resolved the strange chord.

Said Anna Sarah the Widow Tregento, who runs the miners' boarding home in Cornish town (then <sup>location</sup> ~~was~~ also a Sweden town, Fimtown and Dago town <sup>location</sup> in Chippewa), "My, my, them bloomin' mine whistles! When I dies an' goes to 'Eaven or t'other place, <sup>either one</sup> all I asks, <sup>are to</sup> mind you, is not to 'ear them bloomin' whistles!"

Said Steve Tobin, labor organizer for the new miners' union: ~~They had them whistles blow twice~~ "listen to them whistles, men, blowin' at six an' six. They used to call your father old man an' your grandpa - to work for him twelve hour shaft."

<sup>us</sup> That's what ~~the~~ <sup>we</sup> miners had when ~~they~~ <sup>we</sup> wasn't organized. <sup>(listen to 'em moakin' you)</sup> Join the Union!

Said Mrs. Orville Odgers, <sup>amateur water-colorist and</sup> wife of the secretary of the Chippewa Chamber of Commerce; <sup>local</sup> ~~I think it~~ "Who says" "I think it's a really delightful <sup>local</sup> tradition. Blowing those whistles to start the day and <sup>is</sup> again in the evening <sup>is</sup> like a sort of <sup>modernistic</sup> Angelus. Who says our ~~morning~~ corporations are not moved by sentiment? Who says they lack a soul?"

On a certain <sup>warm</sup> ~~August~~ <sup>afternoon</sup> in August Paul Bigler, lawyer, looked out of ~~of~~ his open office window <sup>and</sup> ~~listened~~ <sup>mine</sup> to the whistles and said nothing. He frowned as he watched the proceedings in the town square below. ~~As he watched a four-piece maverick~~ It was the second day of the American Legion convention - the first to be held in Chippewa since the end of the War. As Paul watched he saw a four-piece maverick band composed of veterans appear and solemnly tootle its way around the town square. The band carefully threaded its way through the gathering crowd, trailed by a group of straggling ragamuffins ~~displaying~~ <sup>extravagantly</sup> on imaginary instruments.

The square was littered with torn papers and cartons and empty beer bottles. Near the center of the square, next to the <sup>cast</sup> iron statue of the Indian chief over the <sup>cast iron</sup> drinking fountain, two ~~two~~ city workmen were abstractedly putting the finishing touches on a bruntig-draped wooden platform.





"The facilities of this <sup>radio</sup> station are available to any persons or organizations having a message of <sup>general</sup> interest to the public," the announcer said. "The opinions expressed by the speaker to follow, however, are not necessarily those of this <sup>radio</sup> station." Pause.

"At this time we bring you Paul Bigler, young Chippewa attorney, who will discuss his candidacy for <sup>the office of</sup> prosecuting attorney of Iron Cliff County... Mr. Bigler."

~~Paul longed for "votes of Iron Cliff County,"~~  
Paul said.

~~Paul was on the air. He suddenly longed for a glass of water. His throat was dry and parched, and he found himself breathing deeply. He had heard of "mike" fright" and this <sup>must be</sup> ~~was~~ it. How could he ever hope to be elected prosecuting attorney of his ~~suburb~~ <sup>move</sup> to ~~face~~ <sup>confront</sup> store juries and <sup>own</sup> ~~adroit~~ defense lawyers if he could not <sup>own</sup> speak into this~~

Sounded curiously high and thin.

repeated his voice

inanimate gadget? The announcer  
nodded <sup>encouragingly</sup> at Paul and winked, Paul winked back  
and felt "better. He gripped his radio script in both hands and  
I should like to ~~talk~~ speak  
briefly <sup>about</sup> my candidacy for the office  
of prosecuting attorney of Iron Cliffs county,"  
Paul read from his prepared script. "This is  
the first time I have ever run for public  
office," Paul read on. "In fact --" Paul  
chuckled -- "I guess I don't need to tell  
my listeners that this is ~~my~~ <sup>the first time</sup>  
~~speech I have ever spoken over the~~  
~~radio.~~ I've <sup>ever</sup> been on the air." This was  
not in the script. The announcer giggled  
audibly and nodded extravagant encouragement  
at Paul.

"Most of you <sup>probably</sup> know that I was born and  
raised in Chippewa and that I <sup>was</sup>  
graduated from the ~~Law~~ law school of the  
University of Michigan -- <sup>that was</sup> in 1939. Many of you  
also know that since ~~then~~ then I have been working  
for Walter Holbrook in his law office in  
Chippewa. I am 28 years old, single, and

reelfully

planned ahead.

live <sup>in Chippewa</sup> with my mother, Mrs. Belle Biegler,  
widow of Oliver Biegler." Paul paused, and  
then went on: "Some of you may not know  
that for many years my father ran a  
saloon in Chippewa -- in fact, his  
establishment had the distinction of  
~~saloon~~ <sup>possessing the longest</sup>  
bar <sup>of any saloon</sup> in the Upper Peninsula."

A <sup>There, it was added...</sup> <sup>his father's saloon</sup> <sup>business</sup>

Paul had debated a long time before  
~~he had decided~~ <sup>deciding</sup> to mention ~~this fact~~ in his  
radio talks. Belle, his mother, had been  
keenly against it. But Paul had decided it was  
best to have it out in the open and prevent  
any fake issues and whispered ~~issues~~

insinuations from creeping into the campaign.  
His employer, Walter Holbrook, <sup>had</sup> <sup>agreed with him.</sup>

After all, Paul thought, the <sup>people</sup> are entitled  
to know the background of the man <sup>whom</sup> <sup>Paul's opponent</sup> was a minister's son and Paul wondered if he would <sup>mention the fact</sup>  
is asking to be elected their D. A. <sup>And then--</sup>

Although Paul didn't mention this to either  
Belle or Walter Holbrook -- he had a  
sneaking suspicion that his frankness

Paul recognized the place as one  
of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~places~~ <sup>places</sup> called "Ole Time Goes By", resurrected from the oblivion of  
early depression days by the popularity of Bergman and

Bryant in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> movie, "Casablanca". He also  
recognized that the chorom was being sung <sup>with</sup> through  
the left nostril, by none other than Rudy Valle.

about his background would win rather  
than lose him votes with the people of  
his county -- especially with the thousands  
of iron miners who worked for the <sup>big</sup> Iron  
Cliff Ore Company, of which Paul's boss,  
Walter Holbrook, was local counsel.

Paul went on to explain the duties  
of <sup>the office of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~president~~ <sup>president</sup>; his duty to investigate and  
prosecute ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~cases~~ <sup>cases</sup> against persons charged with  
crime; his duty to represent the county and  
its various <sup>offices,</sup> boards and commissions in a  
civil capacity. "If elected," Paul concluded,  
"I promise to represent all of the people of  
this county equally, to the end that peace  
and order shall prevail in our community."  
I thank you."

~~Paul was still~~

The time reserved for Paul's  
talk still had <sup>several</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>minutes</sup> to run, and  
the station was playing <sup>the</sup> a record to  
kill time. Paul met the <sup>radio</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>announcer</sup> at the

door.

"Howin I doin'?" Paul said, *whispered.*

"Not bad," the announcer ~~said~~, <sup>whispered</sup>, "though

I don't think you'll crowd Dewey and F. D. R. off the airways ~~but~~ <sup>just</sup> during their slugging match. But it's a good start...

Say, do you have any more of those Campaign matches? There's three votes in our

house. An' the wife <sup>sure</sup> can use all the matches I bring ~~here~~ <sup>can</sup> her. ~~She smokes cigarettes~~ <sup>Since cigarettes have been hard to get she's</sup>

started to <sup>smoke 'em</sup> like a furnace & ~~worked~~ <sup>worked</sup> I can get in for her."

You ought to meet the little girl -- ~~and her~~ just like <sup>her</sup> mother, <sup>Yeah,</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>^</sup> The old girl lives with us. That's

the three votes in our own house." He winked at Paul. "Good luck, Biegler -- we're for you."

"Thanks," Paul said <sup>thrusting a handful of books, matches</sup> at the announcer. <sup>"Vote for Biegler for President," each book said.</sup> ~~Life's full of sadness, jealousy and~~

~~hate.~~ <sup>Then there was a</sup> "Crooner Valer <sup>intended</sup> ~~intended~~ <sup>small photograph of Paul - it had been the same one he used for</sup> <sup>"Your Vote and Support will be appreciated"</sup> And <sup>on the reverse side.</sup>

Paul had not forgotten the little woman's insignia on his matches. The iron miners constituted the largest bloc

"Life's full of sadness, jealousy and hate..." Rudy Valer crooned, as Paul softly closed the door to the broadcasting studio.  
Paul stood in the hallway one by a cigarette, using his own campaign matches.

his graduation from law school and the legend

of votes in the county and ~~they had~~ it  
was only since about Pearl Harbor that  
they had abandoned the company union  
and become affiliated with a national  
miners' union. <sup>Putting</sup> The union label on his

<sup>company</sup> matches had been a clever idea.  
Walter had noticed that Paul's opponent had neglected to do so.  
of Walter Holbrook's. "Paul, whether we

like it or not, this goddam labor union  
racket is in the air," <sup>Walter</sup> had said. "Better  
climb ~~get~~ <sup>labor</sup> on the bandwagon -- at least until you  
get in. When Dewey beats FDR next  
month, maybe things will be different."

Paul chuckled as he thought of Walter  
Holbrook. Good old Walter; sly old Walter --  
he rarely missed a bet. Paul glanced at his  
watch. He'd have to get over the Walgreen's  
and grab a bite and get back to the office.  
He had to see Walter Holbrook about the  
Maki compensation case.

1/23/49

The social center of the town was the three-story Chippewa Inn. The Company had built it during the depression, employing the services of a famous Boston architect. It was <sup>constantly</sup> built of school-house red brick, after an <sup>authentic</sup> early American colonial design.

in Boston

"I don't believe it was ever built here at all," Maude Holbrook said when she first saw it. "The architect simply <sup>here</sup> transplanted it <sup>on flat cars</sup> from Boston - complete with vines, lichen and moss!"

remotely

At any rate, <sup>It was certain that</sup> the famous architect had <sup>into his plans</sup> certainly permitted no detail to creep in that might have suggested that the Chippewa Inn did not overlook Beacon Street <sup>in Boston</sup>; nothing <sup>in</sup> indigenous was <sup>allowed</sup> permitted to corrupt his fancy brain child; no <sup>coarsely</sup> coarse hints <sup>to anyone</sup> intruded to suggest that <sup>among quite a few</sup> many of the inhabitants of the Inn and Chippewa and the Peninsula -- as well as the Inn -- frequently made their livings by logging, mining, <sup>or</sup> farming or fishing...

No, the lobby looked like <sup>itself was faintly suggestive of</sup> the reading room of an <sup>epitaphic</sup> Boston Club -- minus the copy of <sup>news</sup> newspapers; the dining room was decorated with <sup>expensive colored</sup> wall paper imported from England, upon which were depicted, to the untutored eye, scenes of <sup>rather pompous</sup> assorted horsemen and hounds <sup>and barmaids of all things</sup> chasing a fox through a <sup>highly elated</sup> busy groggery <sup>during</sup> at the rush hour. While downstairs, in the barroom, the fox appeared to have <sup>justly</sup> <sup>gained</sup> the upper hand.

overlooked

Though Maude Holbrook <sup>spoofed</sup> the Inn and its <sup>conventional and</sup> unimaginative decor, she visited the place frequently. "I can't hang around the miners' saloons, can I?" she asked Paul. "After all, Joe makes the best <sup>darn</sup> goddamn Martini I've been able to find in this <sup>dry</sup> god-forsaken mining camp." Joe was the bartender, of course.



The hotel was managed by a mousey  
 blond fellow called Odgers, who was in love with  
 the hostess in the dining-room called Effie,  
 who was in love with the bartender, Joe, who was  
 in love with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bates, who  
 was in love with the cook, <sup>Raoul,</sup> who was in love  
 with two <sup>the</sup> <sup>night</sup> <sup>bellops</sup> who were <sup>jointly</sup> in love <sup>with Green Gerson...</sup>  
 Despite all these <sup>romantic</sup> <sup>and efficient</sup> <sup>for the most part</sup> <sup>of the hotel</sup> <sup>staff</sup>  
<sup>was mostly</sup> of the hotel <sup>was</sup> a happy one; the <sup>beds</sup> rooms  
 were <sup>kept</sup> bright and <sup>pleasant</sup> clean; the beds were <sup>soft</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>comfortable</sup>  
 the food was <sup>excellent</sup> good, the cook <sup>still retaining the distinction of not</sup> having <sup>not</sup> <sup>yet</sup>  
 been <sup>in</sup> immortalized <sup>into</sup> <sup>inert</sup> <sup>gastronomic</sup> <sup>history</sup> by Duncan Hines.



(Here follow with bridge party)

1-25-49.

Chapter 1.

cast-iron

In the center of the Chippewa town square stood a cast-iron drinking fountain upon which stood a statue of an Indian. <sup>the</sup> <sup>of the fountain</sup> <sup>arranged</sup> <sup>four</sup> <sup>small</sup> <sup>cast-iron</sup> <sup>troughs</sup> for the convenience of thirsty dogs; a little higher up were two larger troughs for horses; while a little higher still were two bubbling fountains for people. The fountain itself ~~was~~ served as a pedestal for a cast-iron statute statue of a Chippewa Indian chief. ~~His name was~~ Lean and hawk-faced, he stood shading his eyes <sup>and forever</sup> peering sadly into the northwest.

Drinking

~~For a~~

Ever since the fountain and statue had been erected, back in the early nineteen-hundreds, visitors and tourists to Chippewa had been intrigued to learn <sup>precisely</sup> what that Indian chief ~~was~~ looking at. "What's he looking at?" they <sup>often</sup> ask a passing resident, <sup>petalantly</sup> looking away <sup>momentarily</sup> from their clicking Kodaks. <sup>Or</sup> sometimes they <sup>asked</sup>: "What's he looking for?"

looking for?

"I dunno," was the invariable reply <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>both questions</sup> ~~because~~ not because there was any <sup>community</sup> secrecy to the involved matter, but simply because the residents of Chippewa were as ignorant of the matter as the most transient tourist. The <sup>wary</sup> Chippewa police, who were questioned most often on the subject, were the most relieved when a W.P.A. art project, during the depression, attempted to <sup>finally</sup> resolve the mystery. The local head of the <sup>W.P.A.</sup> art project, <sup>who was then also busy writing a proletarian novel about mining called "Savage Mines"</sup> rummaged through the records and files of the Chippewa common council and finally affixed a neat brass plate to the <sup>side</sup> ~~base~~ of the fountain bearing the following inscription:

"Marji Gesick, last great Chippewa Indian chief of the Lake Superior mining district Peninsula, is here depicted ~~is~~ searching the hills beyond Chippewa, looking vainly for some last survivor of his tribe

whose last members had faded and fell away before the ruthless advance of the avid and exploiting whites. This memorial was presented to the City of Chippewa by the Chippewa Ore Company in 1909."

This <sup>the W.P.A.</sup> inscription brought an immediate and heated reply from <sup>W.C. Fowler</sup>, retired former general superintendent of the Chippewa Ore Company, written to the editor of the Chippewa Miner. It was <sup>over</sup> two and a ~~was~~ half columns <sup>in length,</sup> long, but the pertinent portions ~~and~~ contained <sup>an incidental and</sup> scathing indictment of the <sup>W.P.A. and the</sup> New Deal and all its works, but the pertinent portion was as follows:

"I was ~~with~~ still associated with the Chippewa Ore Company when we presented the <sup>Drinking</sup> fountain and statue of Marji Gesick <sup>Memorial</sup> to the good people of this community. ~~It's a lie that~~ <sup>The fairy tale</sup> ~~about~~ this boondoggling W.P.A. fellow <sup>made up</sup> ~~wrote~~ about the Chief <sup>deliberate</sup> is a lie, because I was the one <sup>who went to Chicago and</sup> that ordered the statue and talked with the artist - fellow that made it. The Chief isn't looking at anything. ~~It's just~~ <sup>He's - a plain every day</sup> Indian chief. He isn't sad about anything. <sup>anywhere - part of all the</sup> Nobody chase him or his tribesmen <sup>away.</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>And</sup> ~~don't~~ <sup>good</sup> people of Chippewa don't need any <sup>New Deal</sup> radicals and Reds to come in here and stir up trouble in our town."

The Chippewa Chamber of ~~Long~~ Commerce, passed a resolution of which W.C. Fowler was a past-president, <sup>bristling with whereas's,</sup> passed a resolution <sup>the immediate removal of</sup> demanding that ~~the~~ <sup>of the resolution</sup> inscription <sup>be removed.</sup> Its secretary sent a copy <sup>to</sup> Washington, but nothing more was heard about it and the <sup>brass</sup> inscription remained.

Jug McKittrick, who cleaned spittoons and mopped floors at Louie's Bar, across from the fountain, <sup>took a good look at the Chief</sup> spat <sup>thoughtfully,</sup> and said: "What's all this jabber <sup>then</sup>"

Chippewa Ore Company

just  
about what's the Chief lookin' at, <sup>the poor</sup> the lavericks lookin' <sup>sleep had so much goddamn</sup> for a free drink, a course <sup>water</sup> of whiskey, of course.  
Leo

Stanley Zaboriski, ~~newly arrived~~ organizer of Pittsburgh, <sup>wear the miners away from their company union and organize them into</sup> who had recently arrived in Chippewa to <sup>try to</sup> organize the <sup>miners</sup> into a <sup>union</sup>, told the night-shift at the Bessie Mine: "Whatever <sup>in hell it is</sup> this Indian <sup>fella's</sup> looking at, <sup>in damn sure it aint</sup> it ~~isnt~~ any of the wealth the Chippewa Ore Company ~~has~~ ever ~~left~~ left behind in this <sup>bloody</sup> town. Look around you! What do you see but <sup>widows and orphans and</sup> cripples and men spitting their lungs away from silicosis? Organize, men, to protect yourselves and your families loved ones!"  
That ~~was~~ <sup>new</sup> night seven more mines joined the <sup>union</sup>. That was in 1936...

Domna: Don't copy this: → (Paul is sitting in his law office looking at the fountain, etc.)

1-27-49

Just one, Donna  
no use making 2. I  
always correct the first draft,  
anyway.

There was at times <sup>Paul thought</sup> almost an  
overpowering aura of sheer femaleness  
about Maude Holbrook.

Some ten years later Paul Brugler sat  
in his office in Walter Holbrook's law offices over  
the Miners' State Bank adjoining the town square.  
Walter Holbrook was local counsel for the Chippewa  
Ore Company and Paul had worked for <sup>Walter</sup> ~~him~~ ever  
since he, ~~Paul~~, had graduated from law school  
at Ann Arbor. - the spring after Pearl Harbor.

It was <sup>an unseasonably</sup> hot Friday afternoon late in  
August - the second day of the <sup>first</sup> Upper Peninsula  
American Legion convention held since the war. Paul was

trying to review the testimony in a workmen's  
compensation <sup>appeal that</sup> case, ~~Walter~~ had tossed in his lap  
that morning before he <sup>left</sup> for Wilmington, rather sheepishly,

"Take this, Polly," Walter had said, with his  
perennial air of a bad boy caught playing truant.

"Take ~~this~~ the file in this Maki case and appeal  
it till hell will have no more of it. The big shots  
~~in~~ Wilmington <sup>is</sup> complaining bitching we're losing  
too many comp cases lately." Wilmington was the  
head office of the Chippewa Ore Company. Walter  
paused and then patted Paul lightly on the shoulder.

"We've got to wear down these damned ~~business~~  
malingerers one way or the other." <sup>They gaily:</sup> "Do your best,  
Polly" and he was gone.

In fact, <sup>it confidentially</sup> ~~he~~ looked like Enzo Maki, <sup>alleged</sup> victim of silicosis, <sup>with the case, all rights</sup> looked  
too good. And it did not help to have all this

infurnal jive-rive racket from the legion convention. Paul absently  
filled and lit his pipe. The thing <sup>snickered and</sup> bubbled and Paul  
groped in his <sup>high drawers</sup> ~~looked~~ for a cleaner, <sup>and</sup> couldn't find one. <sup>like a Turkish marmite</sup> Then he thought

this would be an expense to ship do. For a moment he  
thought he'd slip downstairs to <sup>Walgreen's</sup> and get a  
coke and some cleaners, <sup>bales of cleaners, but there were</sup> ~~but~~ the heat and the thought  
of <sup>those</sup> ~~the~~ milling throngs of <sup>perishing</sup> Legionnaires. <sup>Paul shook his</sup> ~~changed~~

head and ~~mind~~ ~~he~~ lit a cigarette...

Paul stared at the opposite wall with its

Who doesn't A  
home

A →

infurnal  
groped in his

head and

... by the corporate bulls...

grinning rows of Michigan Supreme Court reports. Sometimes the sight of all those books made him <sup>slightly</sup> ~~little~~ <sup>well</sup> ~~side~~ ill. There were over three hundred of them, <sup>and more coming,</sup> not to mention the <sup>digests</sup> and <sup>advance sheets and</sup> <sup>form books and</sup> <sup>text books and</sup> <sup>and books on procedure</sup> compiled laws and annotated statutes and citators <sup>and</sup> ... Where was this <sup>flood of law books</sup> damn thing ever going to end? And the same thing was going on ~~is~~ all over America; worse, in fact, in some ~~other~~ states. In a few more years <sup>the average</sup> a young lawyer couldn't <sup>possibly</sup> dream of ~~possibly~~ affording <sup>even</sup> a set of his state's reports. It was no joke, <sup>now,</sup> and Paul thought of how lucky he ~~had~~ <sup>was</sup> been to have been taken in by such an influential and established lawyer as Walter Holbrook. A <sup>young</sup> lawyer without books was like a carpenter without tools. ~~Perhaps~~ <sup>indeed,</sup> worse, because a carpenter <sup>do some</sup> could work with his hands. <sup>He had read somewhere - was it the Reader's Digest?</sup> Perhaps, in the future, lawyers would have libraries of micro-film. Lawyers would hobble into court armed with <sup>projectors and</sup> <sup>and screens</sup> <sup>projectors</sup> and <sup>yards and</sup> yards and yards of micro-film...

Paul sighed and continued to read the record testimony in the <sup>compensation</sup> case of Ensis Maki <sup>plaintiff,</sup> versus Chappena Ore Company, defendant. ~~It was~~ <sup>it</sup> just like Walter Holbrook to go in <sup>to court</sup> and <sup>blithely</sup> lose the case before the deputy commissioner -- and then somehow expect Paul to find a way to beat the case on appeal? But Paul suspected that Walter really meant that when he said to go ahead and appeal <sup>the case</sup> regardless... It seemed to Paul that the Company had <sup>somehow</sup> changed its <sup>compensation</sup> policy since the mess <sup>A.M. W.</sup> had joined the <sup>employee</sup> American Miners' Union, and the latter had become the exclusive bargaining agent ~~for~~ with the Company. <sup>The Company was getting plenty tough, all right.</sup> Before that, Paul remembered, -- ~~was~~ since he ~~when~~ he had come with Walter after graduating, <sup>the</sup> ~~spring~~ ~~after~~ Pearl Harbor -- the Company rarely <sup>even</sup> tried a comp case. It settled most of them. Now it <sup>want to</sup> seemed to <sup>try</sup> all of them, regardless of the merits



Forest B.

Suddenly, from down on the square, came a loud report, like the sound of a small cannon. "Christ!" Paul exclaimed, lurching back from his desk and glancing quickly out the open window. ~~The~~ He saw with distaste that the convention crowds were already gathering for their nightly carousal.

Probably some aging veteran of World War I, resolutely re-fighting the Battle of Verdun, had set off a giant firecracker. Paul wondered where the Chippewa police had been the last few days.

Probably snug <sup>in</sup> some huddled in a hurricane cellar playing cribbage. It was really amazing the <sup>amount of</sup> guff public officials took from these veterans so as not to lose their vote...

Paul's glance travelled to the statue of the Indian chief. (Pick up with "He looked")



Insert A

Walter had breezed into Paul's office just before train time. He would take the ~~fast~~ <sup>fast train</sup> to Chicago and then fly on to East. There was always a sense of urgency about Walter Holbrook's movements. "Take this, Polly," Walter had said, thrusting the <sup>complicated</sup> file at Paul. "Take the file in this Maki case -- and appeal till hell will have no more of it, to Wilmington's bitching that we're losing too many camp cases lately."

Wilmington, of course, was the home office of the Chippewa Ore Company, corporate offspring of a great steel corporation.

"O.K., Walt," Paul had said. From the first day Paul had gone to work for Walter Holbrook, Walter had asked him, with his easy informality, to call him Walt. "Just call me Walt, Polly," he had said.

~~Paul had~~ watched Walter standing there. "Give 'er hell on this case, Polly," Walter had gone on. "We've got to wear down these damn <sup>union</sup> malingers one way or the other."

"I'll do my best," Paul had said, fingering the file. He watched Walter Holbrook, so sleek and shaved and well-groomed; "full of Old Spice and smelling so nice" Paul thought; so youthful looking despite his fifty-odd years, with his hair so sleek and well-brushed that his few gray hairs looked blonde instead of gray.

Walter had patted Paul lightly on the shoulder. "Hold the fort while I'm gone," Polly, he had said, and was gone.

Insert A

No 9

The <sup>the more</sup> Peninsula is a wild, harsh and broken land. Poetic inhabitants and <sup>a claim</sup> imaginative tourists insist it is shaped like a great bow and arrow, which dovetails <sup>rather</sup> nicely with <sup>the Peninsula</sup> the rich <sup>legends and</sup> Indian <sup>and</sup> <sup>Canadian</sup> background. They say, "Look at the map! Can't you see that the <sup>rugged</sup> Lake Superior shoreline forms the straining bow and that the Keweenaw Peninsula is the <sup>are apt to stare</sup> arrow?" <sup>in anguish</sup> Grosse mortals <sup>tip</sup> look at the map and <sup>stupidly</sup> rub their eyes. "Can't you <sup>just</sup> see the arrow <sup>pointing</sup> north across Lake Superior into the very heart of Canada?" their inquistors insist. Ah, yes. So may it be. The Peninsula is shaped like a ~~great~~ bow and arrow.



Jan 12  
1949

Preface  
Chapter One

The iron-mining town of Chequamegon

The upper peninsula of Michigan is ~~an~~  
~~irregular~~ a sprawling, irregular-shaped wedge of  
nearly four hundred miles long,  
land bounded on the north by Lake Superior, ~~on the~~  
and on the south by Wisconsin and Lake Michigan.

→

Take insert A here.

The peninsula is a wild, harsh and broken  
land, which may be said to be by the highly imaginative to be  
shaped roughly shaped, ~~if one lets for the~~  
highly imaginative, like a long, <sup>great</sup> bow and arrow, the  
~~rough~~ rugged Lake Superior shore being the bow  
and the <sup>point of the</sup> Keweenaw peninsula, <sup>being the arrow--</sup> pointing north into  
the <sup>very</sup> heart of Canada.

Large deposits of copper and iron ore were  
discovered on the Peninsula before the Civil War, or  
whatever you choose to call that epic conflict, and some  
fumbling attempts were made at mining before then,  
but it was not until after the war that determined  
bands of men, bearing <sup>corporate charters and generous</sup> land grants, and <sup>corporate</sup>  
charters, swarmed into the peninsula, <sup>digging holes</sup>  
and drifts wherever they <sup>thought they saw the faintest</sup> saw an outcrop of ore. Some  
of these early <sup>mining groups</sup> miners made fortunes, but most of  
them acquired nothing <sup>valuable</sup> more than <sup>acute</sup> ~~cases of~~ <sup>cases of</sup>  
bankruptcy, <sup>prostrated, unsolvent</sup> and miners' consumption, the latter, now  
more charitably dignified by the name of silicosis.

A few  
cases of  
only its

Here take insert A-1

As these early miners <sup>interprising, gradually</sup> fell by the wayside,  
still larger corporations <sup>appeared on the scene, mostly from the eastward.</sup> possessing more capital and  
possibly more vision. <sup>They</sup> Came <sup>mostly</sup> from the East <sup>Iron seaboard</sup> and  
acquired the mineral rights and ~~other~~ other assets of  
these pioneers: miners' ~~locks~~ locks, stock and barrel.

By the late 'seventies and early 'eighties copper and  
iron mining. ~~For~~ These shrewd eastern capitalists  
quickly saw that Nature had ~~made~~ the upper ~~peninsula~~  
Peninsula was a treasure house of <sup>natural</sup> wealth: rich deposits  
of copper and iron ore were there for the taking; <sup>the</sup> great  
forests of white pine <sup>helped to</sup> beckon ~~the~~ <sup>required</sup> the railroads, which

Insert B "free enterprise"  
~~hampering business always--~~

NO. 9

A cooperative Congress helped to resolve the labor problem by passing <sup>more</sup> what it loosely termed <sup>new</sup> ~~stringent~~ immigration laws: Henceforth the eager migrants from other lands must possess the fare <sup>to America</sup> and be able to walk <sup>up and down</sup> the gangplank. None

others need apply... ~~The resourceful mining companies of the~~

But resourceful <sup>employers</sup> companies all over <sup>the country --</sup> America -- not only in the Peninsula -- quickly solved this problem; they advanced <sup>found ways to</sup> the fare, upon

proper security, of course; and while some immigrants were

when they arrived on our shores, <sup>often</sup> too seasick to <sup>trouble</sup> ~~trouble~~ down the gangplank, <sup>when they arrived,</sup> none but those <sup>openly</sup> carrying <sup>or</sup> <sup>on bundles</sup> ~~smoking~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>threatening</sup> ~~life of the~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~smoking~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~bombs~~ were

ever turned back...

Comment President

in turn could haul the <sup>mined</sup> ore to the ~~the~~ two great lakes, Superior or Michigan; and the lakes themselves provided cheap and <sup>readily</sup> accessible <sup>the lower</sup> highways to the smelters and foundries <sup>near the lake ports, conveniently located</sup> ~~farther south and east.~~

Here take over B

A cooperative of eager migrants

~~Congress solved the labor problem by requiring a little more admission to this country other than the fare and the ability to walk ~~up~~ the gangplank.~~

Indeed, some companies advanced the fare, upon proper security, of course, and some immigrants <sup>were</sup> ~~too~~ seasick when they arrived <sup>on our shores, were too</sup> ~~to~~ walk down the gangplank.

But none were turned back...

was a profitable and firmly established people who delight

By the late '70's and early '80's mining <sup>major</sup> ~~was~~ established in the peninsula, and soon <sup>was more tonnage passing through the</sup> ~~there~~ new locks at Sault Ste Marie were

to be carrying more tonnage <sup>than any other port in the world.</sup> ~~than~~ <sup>those ubiquitous</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>the</sup> people who

delight in <sup>drawing such comparisons</sup> ~~figuring~~ such things soon discovered that <sup>each year</sup> there was more gross tonnage passing through the new <sup>brilliant canal</sup> ~~locks~~ at Sault Ste Marie <sup>than</sup> ~~any~~ other port in the world. <sup>"Not even New York!" they crowed.</sup> ~~At~~ long last the Peninsula was

yielding its treasure...

Imperial

Among the immigrants who early came to the ~~Peninsula~~ America and settled in the Peninsula was Nicholas Beigler, <sup>late</sup> ~~late~~ <sup>late</sup> 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. <sup>beer was good; the miners were thirsty; and the</sup> ~~They had~~ ~~By~~ and ~~the~~ brewery

prospered, ~~and~~ ~~By~~ and ~~by~~ they had a son called Oliver. <sup>Beigler</sup> ~~Oliver~~ grew up <sup>to be a tall, restless and angry man. He finally</sup> ~~and~~ ~~married~~ a

which also produced an immigrant Her father was

<sup>where he</sup> ~~salvon~~ <sup>an immigrant</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>whom</sup> ~~then~~ married the new music teacher in the public schools <sup>here name was</sup> ~~called~~ Belle Donaldson, from Detroit. <sup>and she came</sup> ~~from~~ Detroit. <sup>long settled in New York</sup> ~~Oliver~~ and Belle Beigler had four sons, the youngest

of <sup>whom</sup> ~~which~~ was called Paul...

At one all we need on a pin...

beer was good; the miners were thirsty; and the

(2)

Ten years later Paul Biegler sat in his office in Walter Holbrook's law offices over the Miners' State Bank adjoining the town square. Walter Holbrook was local counsel for the Chippewa Ore Company and Paul had worked for Walter ever since he had graduated from law school at Ann Arbor--the spring after Pearl Harbor.

It was an unseasonably hot Friday afternoon late in ~~May~~ <sup>June,</sup> the second day of the ~~first~~ <sup>-- the first</sup> Upper Peninsula American Legion convention ~~held~~ <sup>to be held</sup> since the War. Paul was trying to review the testimony in a workmen's compensation appeal case that Walter had tossed in his lap that morning before he left for Wilmington.

Walter had breezed into Paul's office just before train time, sleek and shaved and smelling of Old Spice and youthful looking as ever. He would take the fast train to Chicago and then fly on East. There was always a sense of urgency about Walter Holbrook's movements. "Take this, Polly," Walter had said, thrusting the compensation case file at Paul.

"Take the file in this Maki case--and appeal till hell will have no more of it. Wilmington's bitching that we're losing too many comp cases lately."

Wilmington, of course, was the home office of the Chippewa Ore Company, one of several corporate offsprings of a great steel corporation. <sup>Subsidiary, a careful lawyer would call it.</sup>

"O.K., Walt," Paul had said. From the first day Paul had gone to work for Walter Holbrook, Walter has asked him, with his easy informality to <sup>so address him</sup> call him Walt. "Just call me Walt, Polly," he had said. "Let's not stand on ceremony."

"Give 'er hell on this case, Polly," Walter had gone on. "We've got to wear down these damn union malingerers one way or the other."

"I'll do my best," Paul had said, fingering the file. He watched Walter Holbrook, so sleek and shaved and well-groomed, "full of Old Spice and smelling so nice," Paul thought, so youthful looking despite his fifty-odd years, with his hair so sleek and well-brushed that his few gray hairs at his temples looked blonde instead of gray.

Fix this

Walter had patted Paul lightly on the shoulder. "Hold the fort while I'm gone, Polly," he had said; <sup>then he</sup> and was gone.

*And now, this afternoon,* Paul was doing his best with the case, all right, but <sup>his best</sup> it looked none

too good. In fact it confidentially looked to Paul like <sup>that</sup> Ensio Maki, *plaintiff and* alleged victim of silicosis, had the Chippewa Ore Company firmly by the corporate balls... <sup>How did Walt expect to get around all that medical testimony?</sup> And it did not help matters to have all this in-

*If it certainly*

fernal juvenile racket from the Legion convention. Paul absently filled and lit his pipe. The thing sucked and bubbled like a Turkish <sup>water-pipe</sup> and

Paul groped in his desk drawers for a pipe cleaner. No pipe cleaners. *"Oasta!"* Paul said. *His friend Luigi, proprietor of Louis's Bar had taught him that.* For a moment he thought he'd slip downstairs to Walgreen's and get a coke

and some <sup>pipe</sup> cleaners, <sup>pipe</sup> bales of <sup>pipe</sup> cleaners, but there was the heat and those milling, perspiring throngs of potted, <sup>lurching</sup> Legionaires. Paul shook his head and lit a cigarette... <sup>instead</sup>

*He exhaled and sat staring* Paul stared at the opposite wall <sup>at the open book shelves with their</sup> with its grinning rows of Michigan Supreme Court reports. <sup>Occasionally</sup> Sometimes the sight of all those <sup>law</sup> books made him

*This was one of the occasions.* slightly ill. There were well over three hundred of them, and more coming <sup>out</sup> every month, <sup>it seemed,</sup> not to mention the digests and advance sheets and form books and compiled

laws and text books and annotated statutes and books on procedure and *Sheppard's* citators and... Where <sup>and when</sup> was this <sup>obscene</sup> damn flood of law books ever going to end?

And the same thing was going on all over America; worse, in fact, in some states. In a few more years the average young lawyer couldn't possibly dream of affording even a <sup>mere</sup> set of his state's reports, <sup>let alone the rest of the legal impedimenta.</sup> It was no joke, even now, and Paul thought of how lucky he was to have been taken in by such an influential and established lawyer as Walter Holbrook. <sup>Wasn't</sup> And a young lawyer

~~couldn't possibly dream of~~ without books <sup>was</sup> like a carpenter without tools? Worse, indeed, because a carpenter <sup>at least</sup> could do some work with his hands.

Perhaps, in the future, lawyers would <sup>be forced to maintain</sup> have libraries of micro-film. He had <sup>recently</sup> read somewhere--was it in the Reader's Digest--that they were doing wonders with micro-film lately... <sup>Perhaps</sup> <sup>henceforth</sup> Lawyers would hobble into court armed with projectors and screens and simply yards and yards of micro-film.

*Paul finished a pipe of testimony. Good that he heard a few little chatter down on the street. Paul never saw any of those books. They were part of their ritual... Perhaps it was part of their ritual... Perhaps it was part of their ritual...*





Paul had always remained neutral in the <sup>local</sup> battle to determine what <sup>really</sup> it was Chief Booze-in-the-Face was ~~really~~ looking at. For Paul's money the chief had always been staring intently at nothing more romantic than the neon-lit offices of the Acme Loan Company, directly across the square--  
~~Miners~~ "Miners--Why Wait <sup>W I P</sup> till payday?"--until <sup>a year or so before when</sup> some crazed drunk had guided his Chev into the fountain late one Saturday night, toppling the poor chief into the square. The city workmen, in replacing the chief, had inadvertently turned him <sup>to the northeast</sup> slightly so that he now faced Louie's Bar. Paul for one, though he did not publicly labor the point, thought that the chief's expression had thereafter taken on a faint air of <sup>sly</sup> calm satisfaction. But right now <sup>it seemed clear</sup> that the chief was staring <sup>at</sup> into the inside of a wicker waste basket. <sup>in</sup> The old

Chief looked quite gay, with the basket tilted so rakishly over his head. Paul <sup>gently</sup> closed the file in <sup>with</sup> <sup>from him...</sup> ~~his~~ hands and <sup>firmly</sup> pushed it <sup>away</sup>.

AV-BOND