

2 draft
Jan. 7, 1948.

Corporal Miller

Chapter 1.

1. Christmas, 1946.

The living room of the apartment, ^{in which} occupied ^{level} by Lucille and David Miller, also served as a dining room, and bedroom, and kitchen. It was sparsely and cheaply furnished, in its orthodox drabness being typical of thousands of ~~tiny~~ small apartments in any city in America.

In the center of the room stood a frail set of dinette furniture, while against the right wall stood a colorless combination studio couch and bed. The white edge of a bed sheet protruded from the corner of this couch.

On ^{the} ~~the~~ exotic array of ~~the~~ artificial flowers bloomed from a bowl on the dinette table, amidst the soiled ~~breakfast~~ breakfast dishes.

In the center of the room stood a frail set of dinette furniture, ^{on the table of} which ~~bloomed~~ ^{as breakfast} lushly bloomed an exotic array of artificial flowers in a bowl, ^{to} standing amidst the soiled breakfast dishes. ^{David's} ~~an~~ David's pajamas were ^{still} draped over one of the chairs, where he had flung them that morning. Against the right wall stood a colorless combination studio couch and bed. The white edge of a bed sheet protruded from the corner of the couch. Cheap prints adorned ~~the~~ the walls, such as that authentic chain-store classic -- the one depicting the drooping Indian sitting on a drooping horse, both about to be blown away...

On the floor near the entrance door against the rear wall stood several empty milk bottles. ~~Some of little David's toys were scattered~~ ^{about the floor.} To the ~~left~~ left of the ^{hall} door stood a small radio. Over the radio hung a trade calendar dated December, 1946. To the right of the hall door

omit

there

stood a battered, well-filled bookcase. Upon this ~~last~~ bookcase rested a ~~photo~~ framed photograph of David Millar in his ~~as~~ and a clock. The photograph was of David Millar in his Marine dress uniform. ^{This picture} had been taken ^{in San Diego} before he ~~was~~ had gone overseas. The hands of the clock read eleven-thirty ~~in the morning~~.

Lucille Millar came out of little David's bedroom on her tiptoes. She softly closed the door, pushing against it with the palm of one hand and pulling on ~~it~~ the ^{door} knob with the other. When she heard the ^{soft click of the} latch ~~click~~ she stood listening a moment. There was no sound. The baby had finally gone to sleep...

Lucille ^{Millar} was a slender, almost frail, young woman, in her simple house dress looking little more than a girl. ^{frowning,} She walked to the breakfast table and sat down. ^{She stared at the littered table.} ~~There had been no time to do the breakfast.~~ There had been no time to do the breakfast dishes, with little Davey ^{being} sick most of the night, and she pushed the soiled dishes away to make room for the morning newspaper. Hurriedly she opened the newspaper to the classified section, propping one side of the paper against the percolator and the other against the toaster. Impatiently she pushed a stray wisp of hair from her eyes, running her fingers down the classified columns until she ~~came~~ came to the "Help Wanted: Male" ads. She looked up and glanced ^{distractedly} about the room, ~~distractedly~~. She ran ^{quickly} to the radio and got a pencil and came back to the ~~at~~ table ^{occasionally checking} and ~~checked~~ some of the ads. ^{When she sighed and} ~~With a sigh she~~ dropped the pencil and pushed the newspaper away, jutting her thin legs out from her chair, resting ^{them} on her heels. She ~~turned~~ ^{turned} and ^{and} ~~stared~~ ^{stared} sightlessly about the room.

At length her eyes focussed on the studio couch. She saw the offending bit of bed clothing and ~~she~~ walked listlessly over and tucked it in. Then she crossed the room and stood listening at the bedroom door. There was no sound. Then she moved to the radio and turned the switch and stood there until it spoke.

"... so Atkins' advises you to do your holiday shopping now!" the ^{radio} announcer was saying. "Only eleven more shopping days till Christmas!" There was a dramatic pause, heralding "We continue with our morning musicale, bringing you the studio string ensemble under the direction of Otto ^{Edlich} ~~Ferd~~, sponsored on this program by Atkins' Department Store." There was a dramatic pause, falsely heralding significant events. "It pays to buy from Atkins!" the announcer ~~trilled~~ intoned.

Otto ^{Edlich} ~~Ferd~~ and the string ensemble obediently proceeded to play some nice soft music for Mr. Atkins' customers. Lucille slowly walked to the table and resumed her study of the want ads, frowning, shaking her head, ^{and} pursing her lips, biting the end of her pencil. The hall door opened and David Millar slowly entered. He had a slight limp. He stood looking at Lucille, who was busily biting the end of her pencil, poring over the want ad.

David Millar was a tall young man in his ~~mid~~ ^{or late} twenties. In repose his face had a thoughtful, almost brooding expression. He wore a checkered cap and a worn marine jacket. On the middle finger of his left hand he was wearing a large ornate ring. He stood ^{looking at} regarding his wife, smiling slightly, ~~and~~ then, dropping his cap on the floor, he tiptoed over behind Lucille and

swiftly blinded her eyes with his hands.

"Oh, David!" Lucille exclaimed, rising and turning into his arms. They stood there, embracing each other, ~~with~~ ^{with} David ~~too~~ ^{backwardly} patting her shoulder, as though she were a little girl.

"How is the baby, Lucille?" David said, breaking away ^{from her} and starting for the bedroom.

"Oh, David, don't disturb him. Please. He's finally fallen asleep." ^{He's} ~~He's~~ -- I think he's a little better."

"Poor little Davey," David said, frowning. "I guess his real trouble is -- his old man isn't bringing home the proper food for tiny tots.

Yeah. I should have been ^{smart} and brought ^{some} ~~back~~ ^{lookie} some "K" ^{goddamn} ~~ration~~ ^{back} from the ^{islands}. "Savagely." "Damn it to hell!"

"Oh, David, please don't start that again," Lucille pleaded. Trying to change the subject she grabbed up the newspaper and read him the want ads, brightly and with simulated enthusiasm. "Look, David, they want an elevator ^{operator} over at the Krohl Building!" Millar stood watching her, half smiling, half frowning, his ^{resting} ~~hands~~ ^{loosely} on his hips. "And here," Lucille read on. "Wanted: Seven alert, good-looking young men --" Lucille smiled up at her husband -- "you've got enough good looks for a dozen bright young men --" reading again, "For an exceptional business opportunity. See Mr. Graham, Room 1702, Peoples ^{Power} Building, between two and four." Frowning, Lucille looked more closely. "But oh, David, it says you must have a car!" Lucille contorted rather lamely. "And then out at the Morton plant they --"

Miller suddenly grabbed the newspaper from Lucille and crumpled it into a ball. He raised his arm to fling it from him. Then, seeing her tense, white face, he smiled wryly, relaxing, and spoke rather wearily.

"Oh, Lou. Can't you see? It's all the same old crap. Can't you picture your great big handsome Davey, the ex-Marine, the proud possessor of the Purple Heart and the Silver Star -- can't you see him all dressed up in gold braid, running an elevator in a building he once helped to build! Well, they've only got female operators over there, anyway -- pretty babes, like you." Mockingly. "Perhaps you'd better go and apply. Nice, middle-aged building manager with nice fat tummy --" Miller quickly imitated one, sagging his abdomen and letting his mouth fall open -- "would like to pinch Lucille's pretty little fanny." He reached over to pinch his wife, but she quickly waded him.

She turned to him, white-faced and tense. "Oh, please, David. Don't! I can't stand it..." She tried to laugh it off. "I'm glad Lucille's Davey still notices something nice about her." Pouting. "He hasn't paid much attention to her lately."

But Miller was not to be distracted. "And little Mister Graham over at room 1702!" he went on, his voice rising. "What'll he want! Just a hundred ^{bucks} ~~dollar~~ cash deposit and a Wassermann test for the deathless privilege of peddling his goddam vacuum cleaners, or nylon hose -- now that they're getting ^{off} the black market." David's voice had risen ^{off} to a shout. "It's all crap, I say. Crap!" He looked down at his crippled leg, and stuffily

kicked it out before him. "Nobody wants a
step-and-a-half ~~to~~ Marine with a plastic
leg creaking around the place." Ironically. "It
reminds them too much of gas rationing and
OPA and buying war bonds till it hurts... It
makes 'em downright nervous." Miller went on,
wonderingly, lowering his voice. "Yeah -- get this,
Lucille -- a guy just yesterday told me ~~that~~ all
of us overseas veterans ~~at~~ make him nervous. A
nice guy, too. It -- it seems we brood too much..."

Chapter 2

This is the way it had been for months, in fact, ever since David had been released from the Marine hospital and had come home with his new ~~to~~ artificial leg. Lucille wondered when and how ^{the situation} it was going to end. David's spells of bitterness and black despair had been growing even more frequent of late. Lucille

Lucille stood staring at her husband. Sometimes, ~~ever~~ ^{to} ~~ever~~ some he had returned from the Marine hospital ~~he~~ ^{to be growing more completely} ~~like a complete~~ stranger to her... The radio had switched to hill-billy music, a noisy accordion accompanying a voice that sounded ~~it~~ faintly like a file. Miller glared at the radio.

"Shut that damn thing off!" he shouted. "You've got it on all the time. It's driving me nuts! Raw-huts, I say!"

Miller hunched up his body and clutched out his hands, contorting his face, and began to lurch and side ^{to} ~~the~~ radio like a movie monster fatally bent upon mischief. Lucille ran to the radio and switched it off. Miller instantly regained his composure. She turned to her husband and spoke quietly.

"I'm sorry, David if it bothers you." She smiled wanly. "It gets pretty bad sometimes, doesn't it?" "Growing." "It -- I get so lonely, and so frightened, when you're out working for --- when you're away. It's kind of company for me. But I guess it won't be here to bother you much longer. Yesterday the credit man ~~came~~ from Atkins' came and said he'd have to take the radio away. We haven't made a payment in --"

"Over my dead body he will," Miller ^{shouting} broke in. "I'll shoot the bastard first! I didn't

mangle and pulverize a lot of ^{strange} Japanese farmers
and fishermen I never saw before, ^{there} out on Iwo and
the rest of those stinking islands, so that Billy
Athens' old man -- remember brave young
Billy and his flat feet? -- he tried to date you
when I was away -- " Millar pointed wildly at
the radio -- " ~~so~~ -- so that Billy Athens' old man
could snatch away that obsolete dispenser of
laxatives and bill-billy laments. Why, I - I'll..."

Millar paused and stared at the crumpled
ball of newspaper he is still holding in his hand. ^{would}
~~Lumping~~ He ~~limped~~ ^{limped} to the table and ~~gently~~ ^{gently} placed ~~the newspaper~~ ^{the newspaper}
down. Then he walked to his wife and put his arm about
her.

"Oh, Lou, I'm such a heel -- forgive me,"
Millar said. "You've been swell. I guess this thing --
something -- is finally getting me down." He
looked ^{wonderingly} at his wife. ~~You know -- you know, I~~
~~ever since I came back~~ She stared at him and
passed the back of her hand across her forehead.
"What is it, David?" she said in a
small, flat voice. "What is it? What have I done?
What has happened to you? What is happening
to us?" "Please try to speak to me..."

Millar stood by his wife breathing
deeply, as though he had been running. His
expression was one of wonder. He seemed to be
groping, not only for words, but for the very
thoughts that were shuttling across his brain. He
began to speak, slowly, in a low voice, as though to
himself. "What is happening to me? -- to us?
Yes, that's it..." He glanced curiously at his wife.
"You know -- you know, Lou -- ever since I came back
I've had a feeling -- it's so hard to explain -- a
feeling that I am a stranger here -- in this city,

in this state, in this land... that somehow I don't belong here anymore... No, it isn't about losing my leg... It isn't that... "The ^{the} ^{wounded} seems to be inside." Millar ^{paused, his} hand ^{groped} for his chest.

"Tell me," ~~you said~~ Lucille said ^{gently}, "try to tell me."

"I have a feeling that the earth ^{is} about to burst into flame, ^{Miller went on.} "That there can be no quiet, ^{no peace,} until the last man on earth has hurled their ^{final} bolts of hate ~~at~~ at each other across the screaming skies... ^{I have a feeling, too,} that the whole bloody mess of a war was a futile rehearsal for nothing, for oblivion... that I should have stayed out on that last island -- just stayed on until I was an old man, looking at the sea and tending the graves of Riley and Roberts and all the rest. It -- it's as though those lost boys out there are the only real things left in the world for me -- that all the rest is only dream and shadow..."

Miller ^{stood shaking} ~~shook~~ his head as though to clear it from the effects of a blow. With his arm still about his wife, he walked her to the studio couch, where they both sat, silent and dejected. Miller finally spoke, quietly, mournfully. "I rode into this war like a shining armored knight astride a white charger... I -- I guess, Lou, I've slunk out of it like a bewildered bum on an army mule..."

Miller was smiling faintly. Lucille spoke in a flat, toneless voice. "It will be all right. Our baby, David -- it's got to be all right."

Miller laughed; shortly, bitterly. "I thought things like this only happened in cheap novels and in the double features." His voice rose dramatically, like a March-of-Time announcer.

"Proud ex-Marine ~~head~~ scorns government charity!
Ex-Marine hero's husband out of work ... Ex-Marine
hero's baby is sick ... Ex-Marine hero's cupboard is
bare -- and his pet bill collectors are battering
down the door." Millar ~~held~~ held up a warning
finger, pretending to listen. "Hark! Methinks I
hear Billy Atkins' flat feet patterning without!"
Millar paused and ^{his} ~~breathed~~ ^{came} so deeply that it
sounded like a sob. "But it's really happening, Lou,"
he went on, low-voiced again. "It's happening to
us. All the bum novels and movies are coming
tress ... All we need to make it perfect -- so
there's not a dry seat in the house -- is for me
to start swigging gin out of a tin dipper." He
went on in a high falsetto voice, mocking a
child reciting a piece. "Oh father, dear father..."

Lucille put her hand over Millar's mouth.
"Why do you dwell on it, David?" she said. "It
doesn't help either of us for you to torture yourself so."

Millar went doggedly on, not to be stopped.
"Last night I dreamed -- listen, Lucille -- I
dreamed there were too many people in the world
-- like you and me and our poor little kid in
there -- and that's why we'll always have
wars and depressions and plagues and more
wars -- so that crafty hag, Mother Nature, can
quietly rid herself of all the culls and throwouts
and misfits like me -- that same disorderly
she-bitch, Mother Nature, who tricked us into
bringing poor little Davey into the world to
share our joys!" ^{deeply} "Oh, ~~and~~ ^{but} now she has the atom
bomb to hasten the job." Rubbing his hands
together. "Boy oh boy oh boy! That'll be good..."

Lucille ^{still} tried to divert and soothe him.
"All we can do is wait, dear," ^{she said} "or not complaining."

Please try to be patient." She paused and turned facing him and said, simply: "I love you. That's all I know or care about. If we love each other, surely we can wait --"

"Wait!" Millar broke in, bitterly, scornfully. "Wait! wait! WAIT! The meek shall inherit the earth! Balls! That waiting crap is just age-old soothing syrup the poor and disinherited have obediently swallowed for centuries. Inherit indeed! Don't you see, Lou! That means when the rich, the strong have perished. The sekers and grabbers... The promoters of ^{tradesmens} wars... For someone must die for one to inherit." Millar paused and then slowly went on. "And they'll never die! Greed has become man's dominant instinct on this battered ^{goddam} earth..."

Lucille raised her head, anxiously listening. "I think I hear -- The ~~big~~ baby just cried out, David."

"I'll go and see," Millar said, rising.

"No, no, I will," Lucille said.

She swiftly kissed her husband and hurried across the room into the bedroom. Millar began slowly to pace the floor, limping, muttering inaudible curses to himself and savagely kicking out his artificial leg. He finally went to the bookcase, abstractedly selected a volume, and returned to the couch, attempting to read. Every few moments he glanced up at the bedroom door. He arose abruptly, letting the book fall to the floor, as Lucille came from the bedroom, closing the door, and stood, white-faced, looking at her husband.

"We've got to have a doctor, David," she said in a low, frightened voice. "Baby's been sick again." Millar started pacing the floor. "Oh, David, I'm afraid -- I'm afraid..."

"Let me see him," Millar said, limping across the room. "Look! We'll take him to the children's clinic right away. They'll have to take him in."

"No, David, he's too sick," Lucille said. "The baby is terribly sick now. I know -- I know. He's so still..." Half hysterically: "Hurry, David! You must hurry and do something!" Willy: "Oh, why don't you let the veterans' bureau help you?" She was almost wailing. "How can you be so proud, so selfish? We need it, we need it..."

Millar put his arm about his wife and they silently stood there. His expression has become hard and defiant. Suddenly he broke away from Lucille, speaking rapidly, excitedly, as he strode limping across the room, snatching up his cap.

"I'll get a doctor if I have to kidnap the bastard! And I won't have to sign a million government forms, either. There'll be no goddamn public charity for Corporal Millar!" He clenched and raised his fist. "They -- they can't do this to us. I can't stand it!" At the door he stopped and picked up two of the empty milk bottles and turned to his wife. ^{His voice was low.} "I'll be back soon, darling. Don't you worry." Awkwardly, tenderly: "You -- you play Mr. Atherton's radio while I'm gone -- play it for yourself and little Davey. I don't mind it, really."

Millar wrenched open the door and strode ^{from the apartment.} Lucille leaned against the wall, staring down at the ^{empty} milk bottles. There was a cry from the baby's bedroom.

Chapter 3.

It was nearly two-thirty. The radio was playing tremulous organ music, wrung from the console by the local station's ~~candidate~~ ~~for the~~ clamiant of the little of America's - beloved - poet - of - the - organ. The local "poet" was concluding a throbbing ~~and~~ rendition of Kilmer's "Trees," squeezing the last tear, the very last drop of sap, from the stricken "Trees."

Then with a lightning change of mood which is at once the cause for joy and utter dismay over that fascinating, vulgar, amazing, ~~sharp~~ tawdry, beautiful and chaotic phenomenon -- the American radio -- there ~~came~~ ^{came} from the little instrument the haunting opening measures of the second movement of Sibelius' First Symphony.

Lucille had in the meantime quietly come out of the bedroom and had gone over and looked at the clock on the bookcase. The soiled breakfast dishes had been removed; the apartment was tidied up. Lucille stood staring at the clock for a moment. It was nearly two-thirty. Then she went and looked out the hall door, listening. She returned and found a dust cloth on a chair and started aimlessly to dust the apartment.

With brutal suddenness the radio chopped off the music and sounded a chime. It was two-thirty. Sibelius must perish promptly on the half hour... The ^{radio} announcer ~~spoke~~ spoke, in that same cheerful and yet ^{portentous} ~~portentous~~ ^{tone of} voice that so many of them ^{feel obliged to} use, whether it is to announce a ^{crushing} ~~stupendous~~ disaster or a basement clearance sale.

"It is now two-thirty o'clock," the announcer said. "The temperature is, unofficially, forty-two degrees. At this time we bring you a brief summary of the latest news." There was a pause.

Then: "Washington! President Truman will confer with congressional leaders ^{later} this week to discuss increasingly acute problems of inflation, especially as they apply to veterans."

Lucille absently heard the announcer rattle his news dispatches. She continued with her airmen dusting. The announcer went on.

"Local news flash! A daring armed robber held up Paulson's Bakery today at the peak of the noon hour rush and fled with one hundred and seventeen dollars!" The announcer paused and went on. "Olaf Paulson, proprietor, age 78, told police that the robber was about six feet tall, slender, and appeared to be in his middle twenties." Lucille paused in her dusting and stood staring at the radio. "He wore a checkered cap, an ornate ring on his left hand, and a worn military jacket."

Lucille, stunned and ~~stopped~~ ^{horrified}, stood staring at the radio, which hummed during the announcer's pause. The announcer continued.

"Mothers, attention! Santa Claus will appear ^{tomorrow} in person at the toy department at Truehoff's commencing --"

Lucille ran and switched off the radio. She stood staring down at the instrument. Then slowly, absently, she started to dust the radio, like one in a dream.

^{There were footsteps in the corridor outside.}
The hall door opened. Smiling broadly, Miller entered laden with provisions. Following in his wake was a timid-appearing, bespectacled little doctor, who nervously closed the hall door and stood looking around uncertainly, nervously shifting his medical kit from hand to hand. Lucille, fascinated, followed her husband's movements with her eyes.

Millar limpingly strode to the dining-room table and began to unload the provisions with great, bonartful flourishes, talking rapidly and brightly as he did so. He ~~got~~ grabbed a stalk of celery and wig-wagged it at the doctor and Lucille by way of introduction.

"Well, son, this is Doctor Curtis," he rattled on. "He's the baby doctor -- the best what's in the land -- my wife, Doc... Well, wife in luck, honey -- I'm bringing home the bacon... Your little Davey's be grinning to get the breaks. Yup!" He held ^{Rummaging in the paper bag, he came} up a ^{with} bottle of milk, viewed it with an appraising eye, and placed it on the table. "Doctor, the baby's in there," he went on, pointing. "Wait a minute! I want to see him a moment before you go in... Little ol' Davey..."

Millar stalked across the room and entered the bedroom. Lucille still stood frozen by the radio, staring at the bedroom door. She had neither moved nor spoken. The doctor, bewildered, cleared his throat and spoke in a timid, kindly voice.

"What seems to be the trouble, Mrs. Millar?"

Lucille slowly turned her head, and her eyes finally focused on the doctor's. It was funny how owlish he looked, with his eyes staring and magnified in his thick lenses.

"What seems to be the trouble?" the doctor repeated.

Lucille spoke in a curiously flat, toneless voice. "Trouble," she said. It was not a question.

"Is it the baby's stomach? -- how old is the child?"

Lucille slowly pointed to the bedroom door. "My baby is in there," she said. "His name is David. He is dying. My baby is dying..."

The bewildered doctor hurried, trotted, to the bedroom, meeting Millar coming out. Millar winked broadly at the doctor and closed the door after him. Smiling, he limped over to his wife and hugged her. She stood there, stiff and unyielding.

"Davey's lying there with his eyes open, Honey," Millar said brightly. "His eyes are so still and bright -- he looks better off already." Soothingly: "Oh, come on, Lou darling. Let's forget about this morning." He reached into his pocket and then pressed a bill into her hand. Lucille let it drop to the floor. She stared down at the money. Then she looked at her husband, speaking in the same flat tone of voice.

"Where did you get all this?" Lucille indicated the food and the money. "When did you get these things?"

Millar answered with airy glibness. "We're getting the breaks, I tell you, Lou. Listen to the good news. When I left here this morning -- boop! -- I ran right into Charlie Young -- you know good old Charlie -- we were in the same outfit in the Marasses -- it was like a miracle -- and he says he thinks they can put me to work real soon -- right after the holidays, anyway. And the jobs right down my alley -- ~~on~~ a ^{big} new construction job. Why, Honey, Charlie was so sure he loaned me forty bucks as an advance. Good ol' Charlie... What a break!"

Millar tried to embrace his wife, but, retreating, she fended him off. "Why, Lou," he started to say, "what's the mat --"

"Stop, David!" Lucille broke in. "Stop these hideous, clumsy lies! You told me only last

mouth that Charlie Young was dying in a ^{veteran's} ~~Marine~~ hospital in Detroit. You even showed me a letter from him. It was one of the things you railed about ^{at the time.} So stop lying to me!" Lucille paused and went on. "You're stolen, David -- You're robbed! Your hateful radio just told me so -- all the world will soon know that David Millar is a thief!" Scornfully: "Corporal Millar, late of the United States Marine!"

Millar had knelt to retrieve his fallen bill. As Lucille spoke he seemed to shrink and grow smaller under the lash of her words. ~~He bowed~~ As she finished ^{speaking} he bowed his head, still kneeling. Lucille quickly moved to him and clasped his head against her body. His checked cap fell to the floor. She gently stroked his hair, speaking to him in a low voice.

"Oh, my ^{poor} child -- my poor wounded child. You've done this thing now. Oh, my poor lost child." Lucille paused and then began to ~~talk~~ talk quickly. "David, listen to me -- they'll be here for you, soon! Where did you put the money? And the -- the gun?" Millar did not answer. "Speak to me," Lucille cried. "Oh, I must save you." Millar still did not answer. Lucille backed away from him ^{travelling} and then slapped him across the face with all her strength.

"Speak to me!" she cried. "Let me try to ^{save} you! You didn't do this way when the Japanese were trying to kill you! Save you. Did you hide the gun and the money?"

Millar, his face turn ashen-gray, nodded his head.

"Good!" Lucille said. "Here, give me that hideous Japanese ring." Distractedly: "Why would you ^{ever} want to ^{go around wearing} ~~wear~~ a dead man's ring!"

Lucille wrested the ring from Millar's finger and put it in the pocket of Millar's jacket. Just then there ^{was} a loud knock on the hall door. Lucille

Oh, speak to me, David!

pushed David from her and fairly tore the jacket from his back. She motioned him to go and sit at the dining-room table, ^{where he went and sat} ~~at the floor.~~ ^{at the floor.} ~~dejectedly,~~ ^{quickly,} Lucille ran to him and thrust a newspaper into his hands. She tilted his chin up, and grazed his cheek with a quick kiss. Still running, she grabbed up Millar's cap and hid both it and his jacket behind the studio couch. Millar sat up, ^{the newspaper,} admiringly smiling at his wife. There was another loud knock. Lucille snatched up her dust cloth and, humming a current tune, ran to open the door. Two police officers entered, one in plain clothes, accompanied by Paukon, the baker, still in his apron.

Lucille smiled calmly at the visitors. "I'm sorry, gentlemen," she said. "I didn't hear you. Were you --"

~~Paukon, the baker, pointed excitedly~~

"Dere is da feller, Mister Police," broke in Paukon, ^{excitedly pointing at Millar.} ~~excitedly pointing at Millar.~~ "Ay followed ^{to doctor's office!} Dere is da vin! Ay would know him out of ^{ten} million odders -- even vitout his cap and soldier's jacket! Ya, he has dose burning eyes!"

Millar put down his newspaper and arose. ^{He laughed,} but without too much mirth. "What're you got ^{on your hands!} officers," he said, "an escape?" ~~from the money bin?"~~

"Search out his pockets!" Paukon persisted. "Ay can tell my money -- dere vere little marks on dem."

One of the officers spoke up quietly. "Is your name David Millar?"

"Why -- yes it is." Millar seemed puzzled. "Can I --"

"We've come to arrest you for the armed robbery of the Paukon Bakery at twelve - forty - five

"the officer said.
this noon," "You'll have to come with us. Where's your
gun." The uniformed officer casually rested his hand
on the holster of his service revolver.

Millar ~~crossed~~ advanced toward them,
trying manfully not to limp. "Gum!" he said, laughing.
"Of course not. You may search me if you like. This
is funny..."

Lucille quickly ran between her husband and
the police, talking gaily. "I'm afraid you've made
a mistake, officers. Of course you've got your work,
I know. But my husband has been home all
morning -- he just left here a little while ago
to get the doctor. The doctor's here now. You know,
our baby's been quite upset. Hasn't he, David?"

The officer looked questioningly at Paulson,
who stood accusingly sighting along his finger at
Millar, squinting, vigorously nodding his head.
"Dere vere da t'ief, Ay tell you!" he shouted.
"Dere vere da t'ief!"

The bedroom door slowly opened, and the
doctor, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, ^{timidly} emerged, ^{timidly}
blinking ^{awkwardly} through his thick lenses. In one hand he
was gingerly ^{held} holding an automatic pistol and in the
other a wadded roll of currency. Lucille ran toward
him, but it was too late. Paulson was croaking hoarsely
with excitement, wagging his finger, shaking his head.

"Dere are my money," he shouted. "Dere are my
Ay tell you, Shief! Dere are my money!"

The doctor turned apologetically to Lucille. "I-I
beg your pardon, Mrs. Millar -- I didn't know you
had company -- but -- ah -- I just found these things
under the bedding in the baby's crib -- ah -- and I thought
-- "he laughed lamely" -- they'd be safer somewhere
else." The doctor appeared to see the officers for the
first time. "Oh, I am intruding," he apologized.

"There -- I must get back to the baby. Very sick, very sick..."

One of the officers advanced to the doctor. "I'll take those, Doctor. Just a minute -- we have a few questions."

"Okay, okay, okay!" Paulson shouted. "Dere were little marks on dat money, Shief. Ay put dem dere myself, Ay did."

"Will you please keep your trap shut," the officer said to Paulson, ^{"You'll get your money back."} ~~taking~~ ^{the} money and the pistol from the doctor. "Doctor," he continued, "what time did Millar call at your office?"

The doctor looked around, perplexed and greatly distressed. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Millar," he said. Then to the officer: "Why, let's see, it was, let's see --"

"Your office girl told us you left at two. Come now, think Doctor! How was Millar dressed?"

Millar quietly spoke up. "Cut out the buffoonery, men -- you've got me. You'll get your front page notices for this. Don't file it on till you see the reporters. Suppose we get out of here and let the doctor work. My kid is sick as hell."

"Oh, David, David!" Lucille cried as Millar limped to the studio couch and retrieved his cap and jacket. He calmly put them on while Paulson, triumphant, pointed at Millar and looked at the officers, gulping and nodding speechlessly all the while.

Millar advanced toward the officers, and they fell in at his side. They opened the apartment door.

"Wait!" Lucille said. She went ^{over} to the radio and retrieved the fallen bill and took it to Paulson, handing it to him. "This is yours," she said quietly.

Paulson stood blinking, holding the bill in his hand. "Ay am sorry, Shief," he said, widening his hands. "But Ay need my money, too. Ay got wife an' small children, too, Ay got." Then softly, slowly:

"An' Ay hope your sick baby ~~best~~ hurry up an' get better real quick, Ay do."

"Thank you," Lucille said.

Miller spoke from the door. "Thanks, Doc, for coming here with me. Please try and save the kid -- save him for Lucille. Please don't let him die, Doc." Miller turned toward his wife. "Goodbye, Lou girl. I guess you're getting the breaks at last -- getting rid of me." In a low voice: "I'm sorry, kid. I love you and I'm sorry." He pointed at the food on the table, smiling wanly. "You might just as well use ^{it} ^{it}, Lou. ~~It~~ ^{it} came pretty high."

As they turned to leave, Lucille ^{sobbing,} ran and threw her arms about her husband.

Young Prosecutor Lott sat at ~~the~~ the People's counsel table in whispered conversation with the warden of the ^{up-state} prison where Millar was confined. On his table there was scattered a mass of papers, photographs, scratch pads and ~~law~~ books. There was also a brief case, a large pair of ^{tailors} shears, a blood-stained pair of gray denim overalls, a water pitcher and several tumblers.

The ^{prison} warden was whispering earnestly to Prosecutor Lott. He was a large, thick-necked, square-jawed man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. Sitting behind the warden, in uniform, was Sam, the warden's personal bodyguard, a fat man.

The State's star witness, Stanley Zaboriski, an inmate of the prison, was seated in the witness chair. Clad in gray denim, wearing steel-rimmed spectacles, he sat there, disdainfully indifferent to all about him. He was a thin, long-faced, monk-like individual of about forty-five.

The jury was seated in the jury box, which ~~was~~ ^{stood between and} ~~at right~~ at a right angle to the judge's bench and the counsel tables. At the farther counsel table sat the defendant, David Miller. He was sitting alone, his head resting on his ~~white~~ hand, elbow on the table, his frowning the jury. He was clean shaven, with a shock of wavy dark hair, streaked with gray, which he kept pushing out of his eyes. He was clad in a gray denim shirt, tieless and buttoned at the throat, and trousers of the same material. He was wearing a pair of clumsy, heavy-soled work shoes.

On Miller's table was a pitcher of water, a drinking glass, a large pad of note paper and a pencil. Arranged near him on the table, like a parent-teacher's exhibit, stood a number of paper dolls, flowers, hats and paper gliders that Miller

had made, folded, during the course of the trial.

The heavy mahogany door to the judge's chambers breathed open and the judge came out and slowly ascended the bench and stood behind his chair. ^{He nodded toward the bailiff.} The bailiff, sitting below him, arose and pounded his gavel for everyone to arise. One of the jury men had dozed and the ~~last~~ bailiff had to prod him by a neighbor. The bailiff glared at the blinking jurymen. ~~promptly~~ Finally everyone in the courtroom was on his feet. ~~The~~

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye!" the bailiff intoned. "This honorable court is now in session." There was a rustle of clothing ^{and creaking of ~~the~~ chairs} as everyone was seated.

"Continuing with the trial of the case of People versus David Miller," the bailiff announced.

"The charge: Murder."

The judge wiped his ^{Morgenthau-type} pinch-glasses with a handkerchief, carefully adjusted them on his nose, and consulted some notes before him. Looking at Prosecutor Lott, he cleared his throat and spoke.

"When we adjourned this noon the People had just called the witness Stanley - ah -- Stanley --"

"Zaborski, your Honor," Lott said, rising.

"Thank you, Mr. Prosecutor," the judge said.

"Are the People ready to proceed?"

"We are, your Honor," Lott replied. He walked up near the witness, standing between him and the judge's bench, so that he was facing both the witness and the jury. Lott turned and spoke to the bailiff. "Was this witness sworn this forenoon?" The bailiff nodded yes and Lott turned to the witness. "Your name, please?" he said.

"Stanley Zaborski," the witness quickly replied. He had a somewhat affected voice, with considerable lip movement, laborately enunciating each word.

"Where do you reside?" Fott asked.

Zaborski drew back, hurt and offended.
"Why, as you know -- in the prison of course." He pointed at the Warden. "The Warden there can tell you -- I'm one of the most trusted inmates in the entire institution." He ~~backed~~ leaned back in the witness chair, basking in the light of the Warden's nodded agreement.

"Please just answer my questions," Fott went on. "Do you know the defendant, David Miller?"

For the first time Miller seemed to take some interest in the proceedings. He took his hand from his head and sat up facing the witness. Zaborski took one quick ~~look~~ glance at Miller and hurriedly looked away.

"I do," the witness replied.

"And did you know the deceased inmate, Joseph Krause, during his lifetime?"

Confidently: "I did. He was a very valued friend -- a true gentleman."

"Please do not volunteer testimony," Fott said, in an even voice. "Were you working in the prison overall factory the afternoon Krause met his death?"

"I was," the witness answered, frowning.

"Were Krause and Miller working in the same factory with you that afternoon?"

"They were."

"What time did you leave the factory?"

"About four o'clock, post meridian."

"In the afternoon?"

"I have just told you so." The witness smiled.

"How did ~~you~~ ^{the man} leave the factory?"

"In single file."

"How many inmates were in the line?"

Reprovingly: "As the prison authorities testified here this morning, there were seventeen."

Fott looked up at the judge. "Will his Honor please speak to the witness."

The judge smiled faintly. "Proceed, Mr. Fott," he said. The witness smirked at Fott.

"Where were you in the line?" Fott went on.

"I was in the rear; Millar was just ahead of me; and Mr. Kravetz was about five men ahead of him."

"Will you tell the jury what you saw take place after the men left the overall factory?"

"You mean, all the horrible details?" the witness said, drawing back. "Everything?"

Fott spoke through his teeth, trying to restrain himself. "Will you please tell the jury what you saw, Mr. Zaborzki?"

The witness looked at the Warden and then smiled broadly at Fott. "I should be delighted. Delighted indeed, Mr. Prosecutor."

Zaborzki turned and sat facing the jury. Fott resumed his seat at the People's counsel table. The defendant, David Millar, leisurely took a drink of water and then quietly proceeded to make another paper hat.

The judge spoke sharply: "The witness will proceed."

"Yes, your Honor," the witness said, glancing and smiling at the judge. He turned again toward the jury. "You see, gentlemen, it was this way." He cleared his throat and immediately assumed a tragic tone of voice, beginning in a low voice and gradually mounting in pitch, speed and volume. His big moment had arrived...

"As I have told you, we were leaving

the rag-house -- "he glanced quickly at the warden
"-- I mean, the overall factory. I was behind
Millar, and he was behind Mr. Krause. We were
crossing the prison yard... A flock of pigeons
flew over us..." Like a radio poet: "The shadows
of the sinking sun... The hush of eventide... At
peace with the world..."

The witness paused and then rapidly went on.
"Suddenly Millar dropped out of line, on his hands,
on his knees..." Foster: "He scuttled, crab-wise,
up to Mr. Krause... I saw him raise his arm --
the gleam of shining metal -- "^{low voiced} shrilly," -- and then
-- "shrilly" -- and then -- he plunged a long
metal object into the side of poor Mr. Krause!"

The witness paused. "Oh, it was horrible. Horrible!"
He shook his head at the memory, and then went
on rapidly. "I ran up to my dying comrade...
There was a pulsing pair of pulsing overall shears
protruding from his side." Voice rising: "Shears
swathed in gray denim -- and drenched in
blood! The guards were running up, but, alas!
before they arrived my poor friend gurgled --"
The witness gurgled, clutching at his side and his
throat -- his eyes grew glazed, and he was
gone..." Whispering sibilantly: "Gone!"

Zaboriski bowed his head, closing his
eyes. His grief was boundless. The members of
the jury coughed and shifted restlessly and stole
looks at one another. There was a long pause. The
plump juror on the corner, nearest the witness,
had sat open-mouthed during this recital. He
now feverishly mopped his head and neck and
resumed^m chewing his gum, chewing it in rapid,
elastic bites. Zaboriski finally raised his head,
entirely composed, and sat smiling at the warden.

Prosecutor Lott came forward, carrying a pair of shears. He handed the shears to the witness.

"I show you People's Exhibit A, a pair of metal shears, and ask you if you recognize them?"

Zaboriski minutely examined the shears. "Yes, I certainly do."

"Where did you last see them?"

Immediately Zaboriski was nearly sobbing. "On the side of my poor, poor friend, Joseph Krane." He put his hand to his brow.

Lott turned to Millar. "Do you have any questions to ask this witness?" Millar slowly shook his head no. Lott faced the Judge. "Your Honor, the People rest."

Smiling broadly, the witness Zaboriski stalked from the stand and took a seat near Sam, the warden's guard. The Judge turned to the bailiff. "Recess for ten minutes," he said.

1-15-48.

5

The judge ^{adjusted his eye glasses and} spoke with the ^{somewhat labored} precision that comes from knowing ^{that} one's most idle words are being taken down. ^{the time has}

"David Millar," the judge said, "the people have ~~not~~ concluded their case and ^{it is now} ~~it is now~~ your opportunity ^{now come for you} to defend yourself. You may call such witnesses as you may have, or you may take the witness stand in your own behalf. However, I should warn you that if you take the stand you are subject to cross-examination ^{also} and ^{that} anything you say may be used for or against you. Do you understand that?" Millar gravely nodded his head. "And do you still insist upon acting ~~as~~ as your own attorney, instead of having a public defender appointed ^{by the court.}" Millar again nodded. "Very well," the judge concluded. "You may proceed."

Millar stood up. He ^{looked down thoughtfully} at the paper flowers and things he ^{had made} ^{during the trial.} His year in prison ^{had grown} thinner and slightly stooped. He slowly ^{made his} ^{way} over to Prosecutor Lott's table, bowed slightly, and took up the shears. He walked a little forward and passed before the judge, ^{slightly} bowing. Then he turned to the jury. It had grown quiet in the courtroom. Millar's voice was low.

"May it please your Honor and gentlemen of the jury. My name is David Millar. I am twenty-nine years old. I have spent the last year ~~in~~ in this county with you serving a long prison sentence. None of you has heard of my existence until now." Millar ~~in~~ low voice, a sort of hollow, ~~and~~ resonant baritone, sounded as though he were speaking in an empty chamber.

"How I came to be in prison probably will not interest any of you. However, before your able ^{young} prosecutor brings it out on ^{his} cross-examination, I may as well tell you I ^{was} ~~was~~ serving time for armed robbery when this ~~new~~ ^{charge} murder charge was ^{brought} ~~made~~ against me. ~~During the war I served with the United States Marines.~~

I ~~was~~ ~~deviously~~ discharged as a corporal. I do not know what ~~the~~ ^{this} ~~process~~. It is merely part of my background.

By now you have heard far too much of those ~~men~~ veterans who could not seem to resume their places in their communities when they come back ^{from the War}. I have had a lot of time to ^{ponder} ~~think~~ about this... I think "psychic maladjustment" is one of the current sixty-four dollar words ~~to~~ to describe these ^{returned men} veterans who appear to live in a sort of dream world; who no longer seem able to work with their hands—"Miller flexed his fingers"—of young wives and sweethearts who can no longer understand the quiet madness of these strangers who have come home to them.

"Yes, you have greatly worried of hearing about these men; our soldiers and sailors; our marines and all the rest—some of whom left home as mess boys— you have worried of hearing of their desperation, their brooding sense of unreality and utter aloneness, and of their fierce, foolish pride that has made many of them scornfully refuse the money and assistance that you would so gladly give them... You have tried of hearing of these same men— who had never wronged or stolen in their lives— who now ^{of} calmly go out and rob and thrive and batter their fellows and take a wild delight in it."

Miller stepped closer to the jury. "Such a man stands before you today." Bowing his head. "God help me, I am one of them." Miller paused and looked gravely around at young Prosecutor Holt, as though to see if he was listening. Then he faced the jury again, taking a few steps forward.

"Yes, I am a common fare-bird, a convict. But I still like to suppose, to hope, that the only real difference between us is: I am behind the bars."

And you? -- that the strange forces of environment, of life -- and of war! -- have not ^{yet} conspired to put you there." Millar lowered his voice, as though musing aloud to himself. "As I stand here today you see everything I possess in the world. My wife and child are gone. I have nothing. Not even a decent expense for being here today."

"What you may decide here, then, will scarcely affect my lot. More years piled on the heavy sentence I ^{now} have cannot hurt me. I have discovered in prison that there are boundaries even to despair..." Earnestly: "Believe me, my fellowmen, I do not care what you think of me, or what your verdict is, so long as you -- you free ones -- feel right about it on your hearts! In this world today it is the heart that must count, or we are all lost..."

While Millar had been saying this he had been balancing the shears; feeling the grip; and opening and closing the blades. "The ~~pe~~ People say I killed a man -- a fellow prisoner -- with these shears. I think I can show you they have not proven it." Millar turned toward the Judge. "I should like to call Stanley Zuborski as my witness."

Prosecutor Fott leapt to his feet. "Subject, your Honor! The defendant has just refused to examine this witness."

"But the defendant may make him his own witness," the Judge said to Fott in a kindly tone. "A young attorney so recently out of law school should surely still remember that." The Judge smiled slightly. "You have just momentarily forgotten, that is all."

"Why yes, your Honor," Fott answered gamely.

"I guess I was too -- too ambitious."

Lott sat down ^{abruptly} beside the Warden and gulped a glass of water. The witness, Zaboriski, stalked to the stand, making a wide arc, however, around Millar, who was still holding the shears. Some of the jurors ^{glanced at each other and} giggled. Zaboriski took his seat and ^{sat} defiantly facing Millar. Millar spoke in a low voice.

"Now, Stan, ^{sum to be the} you ^{big wheel} wouldn't mind telling us a little more about yourself, would you?"

Stanley Zaboriski disdainfully snapped his reply. "Not a bit!"

"Fine," Millar said, easily. "Now ^{please} tell the jury, Stan, what you used to do before you came to -- to live with us?"

"Ah --" Zaboriski began, trying to look around Millar at the Warden. The Warden whispered to Lott, who shook his head no. "Ah --" the witness repeated.

The Judge spoke sharply. "The witness will answer the question."

A Erasmily: "I -- I don't remember the question," Zaboriski answered ~~travishly~~.

The Judge spoke to the reporter. "Please read the last question."

The reporter ~~then~~ traced ~~and~~ and read from his notes: "Now tell the jury, Stan, what you used to do before you came to live with us?"

"Oh, that," Zaboriski answered, defiant again. "Why -- I was a kind of a priest."

Millar

"Just a kind of a priest?" Millar softly asked, in mock surprise.

"I was a priest," Zaboriski snapped.

"Oh! You ^{mean you} were a real honest-to-God

priest? " Millar said, his eyes opening in wonderment.

"You heard me," Zaboriski answered, scowling.

"And how was it they come to put you in prison, Father?"

Zaboriski answered loftily. "Only a little trouble with a young lady -- all a great misunderstanding." Shrugging. "A matter of little moment, really." Her mother simply got hysterical, was all. "Much ado about nothing..."

Millar leaned forward. "And how old was this little lady, Father?"

"I object!" Lott shouted, rising to his feet.

The judge did not remove his eyes from the witness. "Take the answer," he ruled. Lott abruptly sat down, flushing deeply.

Zaboriski fawned up at the judge from the witness chair. "Must I really answer that, Judge? All this is so kind of -- of personal."

Gravely: "You must answer."

The witness faced Millar, fumbling for words. "Why a -- they a -- they said she was only fourteen." He brightly blinked and nodded to the judge. "But she was a big girl, really she was." He closes his eyes and wet his lips. Then, softly and slowly: "Oh, such a fine big girl..."

Millar looked quickly around at Lott, faintly smiling. Then ^{he was} back at the witness: "At your ^{rape} trial you claimed you were insane, did you not, Father?"

The witness smiled. "Yes I did." The smile vanished. "I mean, they told me later I did."

Millar spoke softly. "And that didn't work, did it, Father?"

"No!" the witness angrily answered. "You know it didn't. We told you many times it didn't. You're

violating a gentleman's confidence. "It--it's despicable!"

Millar pressed on, swiftly and quietly.

"Now the real fact is, the whole case against you was a pack of lies, wasn't it? They framed you, didn't they, Father?"

Zaborski brightened ^{and sat up} in surprised agreement, considerably relieved. ^{Slowly;} "Why, yes, Mill-- yes -- that's just what they did." He frowned and sighed at the thought of his injustice.

Millar slowly backed towards his table.

"They framed you just like they're trying to frame me here today, isn't that right?"

The witness grew defiant again

"You killed Joe Krause," the witness answered, ^{again.} defiantly.

"Father," Millar went on in a low voice.

"You say I drove those shears into Joe?" Millar balanced ~~the~~ the shears, shut.

"Yes."

Millar opened the shears. "You say I ran out of him and punctured Joe -- with these very ^{same} shears?" He ran his finger along the blade.

"Yes-yes!" ~~the witness answered~~ he

"Father, what were some of Joe's other names? -- little pet nicknames, you know."

The witness looked at the warden and then glanced at the enchanted plump juror, whose mouth was open, rapt. Then he looked at Millar and spoke in a low voice. "Sometimes they called him The Wolf. Those who didn't like him. He was greatly misunderstood. Vastly."

"And what else?"

"Joe the Squealer."

"Why did they call him that, Father?"

The witness glanced nervously at the warden,

who sat ^{with his arms folded,} ~~stolidly~~ ^{stolidly} staring at the opposite wall. "He'd run to the screws -- bah -- the guards, with everything."

"And someone killed poor old ~~misunderstood~~ Joe?"

The witness breathed deeply. "Yes -- you killed Joe -- I saw you -- I saw you!"

Millar slowly limped back to his table and leisurely poured and drank a glass of water. The witness, still breathing deeply, sat with his white knuckles gripping and gripping the arms of his chair, staring at Millar. ^{Still holding the shears,} Millar walked back and moved in close to the witness.

Swiftly: "Poor old Joe. It was bad they got him, wasn't it?"

~~The witness~~ ^{He} ~~replied~~ ^{replied} in a louder, quicker voice: "No, no! He was a lousy stool. But you killed him." The witness pointed at Millar's leg. "You limped. ^{Your leg... the Japs...} You were the only one that limped... I saw you -- I saw you..."

"Now put yourself back there that afternoon, Father." Millar's voice was so low that it sounded like a lullaby, a caress. "The pigeons flying -- the setting sun slanting against the prison walls. ^{There now...} And poor old Joe up there ahead, all red-necked and unsuspecting; me back of him; and you behind me." Millar paused. "Have you got it, Father?"

"Yes, yes, yes." The witness's chin had nearly sunk to his chest.

"How did I kill Joe, Father?" Millar's voice was suddenly louder, full, rich, passionate, like an aria. "How did I kill Joe? Did I twist these shears in him this way -- "illustrating" -- or did I drive them straight in! -- right up to the hilt!"

Miller somehow lurched or ^{in horror} stumbled toward the witness, ~~who~~ ^{Zaboroski recoiled and} shrieked like a pig.

"No, no, no!" Chattering: "It - it wasn't you, Mill... No, no... I made it all up... It's all a goddam lie..." Stammering: "You -- you didn't get J - Joe -- the dirty lousy squealer... I - I - I d - don't know who did..." ~~Wailing~~ He was wailing now. "Mill, I don't know... Oh, God believe me, I don't know..."

The witness sat there with his open jaw quivering. With his two hands he pushed his jaw shut. He sat ~~there~~ staring at Miller, sobbing, covering, ~~and~~ trembling. Miller walked back and ^{carefully} placed the shears on Lott's table. He grinned down at Lott, ~~pretending~~ quickly ~~to~~ winking at him. Then, swiftly composing his expression, he ~~crossed~~ ^{moved toward} to the jury, pointing at the abject Zaboroski still trembling on the witness stand.

~~"They don't"~~
"You can't know the poor old Father like I do," ~~he~~ Miller spoke softly. "You haven't lived with him. To know him is to love him. They don't know that he sometimes gets sick here --" tapping his head "-- and dreams and dreams..." Miller's ~~voice~~ voice grew louder. ~~"And why"~~ "But ask yourselves -- why should I kill Krause with a scissors! Why should an ex-Marine, be so messy when our government went to such pains and expense to teach us ~~so~~ so many ~~neat and~~ lovely ways to kill a man with our bare hands." ^{Neat but not gaudy ways...} Miller stared down at his hands, flexing his strong fingers. ~~"Not that neat gaudy ways"~~ He went on, more slowly. "No, like so many of you back here, the poor Father has led too sheltered a life. He doesn't know about

the modern improvements to murder..." Mrs. Kingly:
"He doesn't know how easy it is to snap the slender
thread of life. He doesn't know how little a
mere individual counts anymore... He doesn't
know..." Millar bowed his head. Then he
stood erect, ^{looking for a moment} like a Marine on dress parade. He
threw his hands out from his side, "That is all,
That is my case."

A profound sigh whistled throughout
the courtroom, like escaping steam -- a coughing
and mopping of brows and mucus drifting
in seats. The ^{plump} juror was in great distress.
Millar limped to his seat, ~~at~~ drank some water,
and then quietly started to make a paper glider,
showing no apparent interest in this ^{proceeding.} ~~proceeding.~~
Sam, the warden's guard, bodyguard, ^{hurried} ~~came~~ forward
and lead the terrified Gaborski from the witness
stand ^{out of} ~~out of~~ ^{by the} ~~the~~ ^{door} ~~the~~ rear door of the courtroom. The
plump juror had swallowed his germ.

The prison bull pen was a high, dark, stone chamber. A double tier of cell blocks emerged from the right wall, like a series of ^{low} connected cages, ^{set out} on a ^{set in a} high-ceilinged zoo. The ^{small narrow} cells ran to about the center of the room, ^{the bottom and top tier being separated by} the top and bottom a narrow catwalk separating the top and bottom tiers. Millar's cell was on the ~~lower~~ ^{lower} corner ^{cell} at the end of the ^{iron} tier, in the center of the room. It had open bars in the front and around the ^{open} corner on the left side. The third and fourth walls of his cell were covered with steel plates.

A strong spotlight played on Millar's cell. The ^{front of the} cell next to his was completely covered with canvas. ~~There was~~ ^{second} a spotlight ^{played} on the steel-plated door into the bull pen, situated on the right wall. The large chamber was a violent contrast of light and shadow. Millar lay face down in his cell, his head on his arm, his body resting on thick wooden planks. The only other objects in his cell ^{were} a galvanized ^{with} pan, a ^{tin} cup, and a seatless toilet.

The ^{steel-plated} door into the bull pen swung open and Sam entered, followed by Fott, who stood ^{uncertainly} blinking up at the spotlight. ^{The door closed with a hollow clanking of metal.} The place was ^{horribly} quiet, like a forest bush at night. The entrance spotlight accompanied Fott and Sam as they slowly walked to Millar's cell. The moving spotlight momentarily disclosed the entire cell block as they walked along. ^{Many} ~~Most~~ of the ~~cells~~ ^{cells} were covered with canvas, ^{from} ~~to~~ ^{the cells, many of which were covered with canvas,} came the sounds of the intermittent snores, yawns, groans and coughs of unseen inmates.

As Sam and Fott advanced, the moving spotlight disclosed an inmate clinging to the bars of his cell, near the ceiling, his arms and legs spread ^{out} like a great bat. He ^{turned what} stared the visitors out of sight, ^{was seen by} ~~but~~ Fott. ~~did not see him.~~ Most of the visible inmates were lying down. One of them, the third cell from Millar's,

could be seen ^{noisily} ^{was} ^{pacing} padding back and forth in his cell, ~~noisily~~ ~~rapidly~~ ~~like a tiger~~. He paid no heed to the visitors, and could ~~be seen~~ ^{still be dimly} padding back and forth, cat-like, ~~when~~ ^{as} Lott and Sam reached Millar's cell.

Millar did not move. Lott ~~cleared~~ cleared his throat. Sam carefully looked in at Millar and then ~~Millar did not move~~. Then Sam whispered to Lott, gesticulating ^{extravagantly} pointing at Millar, Lott, himself, and behind Millar's cell. Nodding his head, he tiptoed around the rear of Millar's cell and out of sight. Lott stood there, tightly clasping the books he had brought for Millar. He spoke softly.

"Millar." Millar ^{still} did not move. Then louder:
"Millar!" "It's me -- Lott!"

Millar rapidly rolled over and stood up, blinking his eyes at the light. He came ^{carefully} ^{lumping} forward and ^{laid} thrust both his hands through the bars of his cell, warmly clasping Lott's hands. Smiling, he spoke in his rich low baritone voice. "Oh, Lott, I'm so glad you came. Somehow I've been expecting you. I -- I knew you'd come."

"It's good to see you, Millar," Lott said.
"I meant to ^{come and see} ~~call on~~ you weeks ago."

Millar had changed. He had a straggly beard and mustache. He was thinner and ^{paler} ^{more} ~~stop~~ stooped, and seemed at once taller and more stooped. He was dressed in a one-piece buttonless gray denim coverall, which fit him ^{like} ~~tight~~ a tight suit of underwear. The sleeves and legs were too short, exposing a portion of Millar's artificial leg.

"How long you been here?" Lott said, as Millar remained silent.

"Ninety-one days," Millar ^{quickly} replied. "Ever since that day in court, Lott -- the day we met."

"Yes, Millar, ~~why did you~~ I've wanted to ask you -- why did you subpoena all those inmates as your witnesses -- and then not use any of them? What was the angle?"

Millar grinned broadly. "Oh hell, Lott. I knew there were only seventeen men in the line that day, so I subpoenaed over twice as many because I knew that was the only way the Warden'd ~~let~~ let any of them come -- thinking he could trap 'em into perjury, the swollen fox."

"I believe you're a rascal, Millar," Lott ~~laughed~~ said, laughing. "But why subpoena any of them?"

"Well, it was a big day for us -- for the boys and me. I wanted them to see the ^{big} show."

Smiling: "You see, Lott, we needed the change -- they ^{needed} ~~needed~~ the outfit. That's why."

Lott indicated Millar's clothing. "That's quite a garment you're wearing. Seems a little snug even for you -- and I wouldn't say you've grown any fatter."

Millar looked down at his thin legs, smiling, and then back at Lott. He spoke slowly. "It seems, Lott... it seems that in this state, where you -- the free ones -- still think that death is the worst ~~poor~~ punishment that may be visited on man..." more slowly "... it seems, Lott, that you won't even give ~~us~~ ^{us} the option of choosing death to this." Millar widened his hands at his surroundings. "That's why they dress us in these monkey suits -- so we can't take them off and use them for a hangman's noose... It seems we're two ^{precious} ~~valuable~~ to die..." Millar was staring intently at Lott, who looked away. Millar continued more brightly. "Yes, Lott, the only choice they give us, in this room, is to wear these or go naked. Some

prefer to go bare ass, but I find it a little too drafty for me -- being on the corner of the principal intersection and all."

"It is drafty," Lott said, nervously changing the subject. "Oh, say, Millar -- I brought some books for you."

"Thanks, Lott. What are they?" He took the books from Lott.

"Plutarch's 'Lives' and 'Madame Bovary'."

"Fine," Millar said. "They're both favorites of mine. Especially the latter. Whose translations?"

"I don't know," Yes, they're damn good books."

Millar looked at Lott with a half smile.

"Flaubert was a truly great writer," he said.

"Yes, Flaubert is a master," Lott uneasily replied. "He's got Hemingway beat a mile."

"Didn't you like the way Emma left her three children, at the end -- and ran away with the clown in the circus?"

"Say, that was sure great." Lott was nervous and uncertain. "Marvellous delineation there. Great guy, this Flaubert is. One hot book."

Millar ^{played} the books on his wooden bed and ^{again turned} returned to the bars of his cell, smiling. "Lott, I've wanted to congratulate you on your ^{game} uphill fight at our little trial. You're a pretty ~~decent~~ young fellow. Maybe when you get to be governor you'll see that I get my old job back in the prison library -- or even pardon me."

Lott shook his head. "No, I'll never be governor, Millar." He paused. "But maybe ~~there's~~ there is a chance to parole you. I've been thinking quite a little about your case since the trial. You're serving quite a stretch, for robbery armed, wasn't it?"

And as I recall, your record wasn't so bad."

Miller spoke quietly. "There was only the one robbery. I got caught at the only job I ever tried. Beginner's luck, I guess. But parole is out.

You see, I ^{draw} got ^{years} fifteen to thirty ^{on that} rap, ^{and} ^{my robbery} ^{so} my statutory minimum is too far off to even dream of parole. ^{And} now ^{I've} lost all my goodtime allowance -- ^{on this} Krause deal."

"How come you got such a severe sentence ^{on the robbery charge?} Why, ^{the judge} must have thrown the book at you."

The probation boys ^{plugged for me} ^{and} ^{even} ^{the} ^{D.A.} ^{put} ⁱⁿ ^{word} -- ^{but} ^{the} ^{judge} ^{guess} it was because I was the only one

^{that} ^{was} caught out of a half dozen or so ^{holdups} ^{about} that time -- it was around Christmas, ^{and} ^{given} ^{they} ^{suspected} ^{that} ^{smuggling}: "Someone had to pay the shot."

"Was it down in the city?"

"Yes."

Lott spoke confidently. "Miller, I don't see why we can't interest the governor in considering you for a pardon."

~~Have you done~~ I'm pretty active with Miller shake his head, smiling. "No, Lott, I'll never get out of this place alive -- out of all the uncertainties, that's one thing I'm sure of."

"Why do you say that?"

"Not after they said I killed Joe Krause. The Warden would ^{stand on his head to} blackball me with the governor. Slowly: "You know -- the Warden hates me -- you know that, of course, Lott."

"Why nothing of the kind, Miller. No one hates you. You must ~~put~~ banish ^{silly} such thoughts from your mind."

Miller spoke simply and quietly. "Yes, Lott, he hates me. He -- his ego -- will never forgive me for defeating him up there in court." He shook his head. "Never, Lott."

"Well damn well see about that," -->

various local the veterans groups -- and I don't need to tell you how our politicians ~~listen to them~~ have developed a sort of inner ear to their pleas.

Miller's letter

Lott answered. There was an awkward pause. Lott again changed the subject. "What do you do here all day? Where's your bed? Your bedding?"

Millar looked down at the planks on the ~~concrete~~^{cell} floor. "This is the bridal suite; the wrestling mat. My bridal chamber is purged. They don't even trust me with nails now. They seem to have grown deathly afraid of ol' devil dog Millar..." Millar's long fingers were playing on the bars of his cell, like on an awkward harp. He pointed up at the spotlight. "So they put those beautiful goddam lights up there to watch me day and night. And ~~to torture~~^{perhaps} to torture me a little... They ^{even} put a man up there to manipulate them, all for me... I call him Saint Peter... He -- these lights are my sun -- my moon and stars." Smiling: "And Dr's their featured players."

SPACE →

Lott drew closer to Millar's cell and spoke in a low voice. "Did you make those things the warden just showed me?"

Millar smiled. "What do you think?"

"I think it's impossible. I couldn't make 'em ^{even} with a lathe. Tell me you didn't make them."

"But I did," Millar answered, smiling.

"I can make lots of things."

"But how could you make the key?"

"^{Simply} watched the guard." Millar was

grinning. "He used to wear the key hanging at his belt, passing by." He paused and his face clouded. He spoke slowly, looking ^{intently} at Lott. "If you watch anything long enough, Lott, you can pretty well measure it. That's why Dr's talking ^{so freely} this way to you."

Lott ^{glanced} looked around nervously, and then drew near Millar and spoke in a low voice.

"Tell me, Millar -- you were alone in this business, weren't you?"

~~Sam~~

At this point Sam stealthily peered around the rear of the cell, unseen by Millar. There was a long pause as Millar and Lott stood looking at each other. Then Millar winked deliberately at Lott. "No, Lott, there was another person in this. He was really the brains, ~~the~~ the leader. His name was --"

"Don't tell it!" Lott shouted. "Don't --" ^{Millar said.}

"His name was Stanley Zaboriski." ^{Lott said.} Lott was silent. Sam was almost falling down, leaning over to listen. Millar, still looking at Lott, cupped his hand to his mouth, back at Sam, and "I say, Lott -- the name is Stanley Zaboriski -- a kind of crackpot clergyman."

"I heard you. I heard you, damn it," Lott ^{said,} ^{→ rapidly} started pacing in and out of the path of light. Millar continued in an arched voice, winking at Lott, shaking his head.

"Yup. A very dangerous man, this Zaboriski. Swears he'll get the warden ~~out~~. Says he's got ~~the~~ his confidence, already. He shouldn't be allowed out of this rest-room for a single moment!"

Sam nodded his head ~~wisely~~ wisely, like one receiving important information, ~~the~~ and retired behind the cell, ^{looked} out of sight. Lott stood before Millar again and spoke in a low voice.

"Please, Millar. Do be serious. I want to talk with you, man."

"Yes, Lott, it's fine to talk with you. You'll never know how fine it is."

"Did you kill Joe Krause?"

Millar looked searchingly at Fott. There was a long pause. ^{Then} Millar spoke in a low voice. "Yes, Fott, I did. You knew that."

"Why?" Fott asked, his voice rising.

"Tell me, Millar -- why? If I'm ever to get you out of here you must ^{try to} tell me why."

"He needed killing, Fott. Squealing was the least of his troubles. You know -- you know something of what goes on in prisons." Fott nodded. "Here in prison Joe Krause was known as The Wolf. In here ^{as things are} even that wasn't so bad. But he posed as the comforting friend, the father, of young first-terms." Millar's voice rose. ~~"It was told a syphilitic."~~ ~~"It was told a syphilitic."~~ ~~"It was told a syphilitic."~~

~~Donna. Check syphilitic.~~ ~~old roue~~ ~~about to reduce a~~ ~~young virgin.~~ ~~It was unclean!~~ ~~Unclean!~~ ~~But no one ^{raised a finger to} stop it.~~ ~~I finally~~ ~~warned Krause~~ ~~that~~ ~~get him if he ^{didn't} stop it.~~ ~~He didn't stop it.~~

Millar shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands. "So I killed him, that's all."

Fott leaned ^{warily} against the bars, saying nothing. Millar spoke quickly, anxiously. "You understand ^{me, Fott?} what I am saying, don't you?" Fott still remained silent as Millar rushed on, in a

veritable spate of words. "You and I ^{were told we} went to War to help rid the world of evil, didn't we? Must we ^{suddenly} cease to put down evil ^{when, the day} we lay down our arms?"

"Tell me, Fott -- tell me you'd have done the same -- don't lie to me! I haven't lied to you." ^{"Millar was nearly sobbing."} "Tell me ~~it's~~ only an accident that I am here and that you -- you are ^{out} there. Oh, give me that, Fott -- tell me you understand." Millar was nearly

"O, Christ, I would, I would have!" Fott ~~he~~ blurted out. "I understand, Millar, I do so

To see him ^{comforted} ~~in~~ ^{the prison} ~~watching~~ ^{after} ~~young boys~~ ^{love} like watching a syphilitic

clearly see and understand." He put his arm across his eyes. ~~The two stood silent~~ Then he continued, more composed. "Please, Millar, tell me what you do with your time? The days? The nights?"

~~He~~ ^{still deeply moved,} Millar struggled to regain his composure. "In here... most of the fellows... They're crazy. In the night it is worse. Laughing and chattering... Wailing and barking... Yes, Fott, some of them bark... in the nighttime some of them bark!"

"It's nighttime now, Millar," Fott said softly. "It's 'way past midnight. Didn't you know?"

Millar drew his hand across his eyes. He spoke hesitatingly, uncertainly. "Why yes - I guess you're right..." Then very slowly: "I - I guess - I guess I am beginning to forget, to forget... It's all I had left..."

"But what do you do, Millar?"

"I pray, Fott. Do you know the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes, Millar. I know that. Of course. Do you?"

Millar looked up to the spotlight, clasping the bars, his eyes shining, his lips smiling. "I say that, over and over, and think about it. It is really a beautiful thing. The thought is beautiful -- so full of ~~an~~ awareness of the simple dignity of human life.

Then I get thinking of so many people saying that -- all over the world, all of the time -- and I know it is because they ~~have~~ have found it so beautiful ~~that~~ they have forgotten about us here, in this prison, in this room." →

SPACE ←

Millar ~~closed~~ ^{while} had closed his eyes, ^{standing} there ^{going up at the light} Fott's voice sounded muffled and choked.

"Oh, Millar, can't I bring you something more?"

There was a pause. Millar looked at Fott and smiled slyly.

"You might bring me a beautiful woman. After all,

it's been such a long time ..."

"Must she be beautiful?"

Millar

"A veritable princess of beauty." Millar's smile vanished. "I have been starved so very long..."

"I'll smuggle her down in the next batch of books." He paused. "How about your wife, Millar? In court you said you once had a wife and child. What became of them?"

Airily: "Oh, Lucille -- that's my wife, ~~tot-~~ she divorced me. Yup. Lucille finally divorced her great big Davey." Smiling. "And little Davey died." Nodding. "Big Davey and little Davey up and died -- that's a good one."

"Millar, I'm ^{so} sorry ~~you~~ I shouldn't have ~~tried~~ ^{tried this way.} "But didn't she -- didn't you ever see her while you were here?"

"Sure, sure, ~~tot~~," Millar glibly replied, with a fixed grin. "She came to see me on our wedding anniversary -- the second month I was here. That's how it happened, ~~tot~~." Millar's face clouded and became distorted with the grief of things remembered. He continued with difficulty.

"Oh, ~~tot~~, what a goddamned fool I am -- I made her do it. I did, I did!" He ^{again} looked up at the ^{spot} light.

"Oh, you girl, I'm so sorry... I love you so... I did it because I love you so -- I think, I guess..."

"You made her divorce you, Millar!"

Millar composed himself somewhat. "Yes, ~~tot~~. She came to ^{visit} me ^{on our wedding} anniversary -- she got a room in town. I heard later she had even ~~waited on tables~~. And then -- then Lucille came down here to see me -- that's my wife."

"Yes. Lucille is your wife," Lott said.

"She was here for five days. They'd let us see each other for a few minutes each day in a bare room stinking like this one of disinfectant and rotting men. We had to sit across from each other at a wooden table

An armed guard was always present -- watching us, watching us. We ~~could~~ ^{were} never ^{alone} for ~~an~~ a moment, ~~because~~

Millar paused. "How does the line go? Oh, yes... 'I was there that the young lovers met.'"

"Why, Millar, I can't believe --"

"But it happened, Lott. So many of these things you people can't believe are happening all the while."

Lott spoke slowly. "I'm beginning to see..."

"It got so we ~~couldn't~~ could scarcely bear to touch each other, to kiss each other -- it became so unutterably degrading, so incredibly obscene -- with him there watching and watching." Millar paused. "She finally went away. Then ~~in~~ ^{this part} June ~~was~~ I almost went mad when I learned she was again coming to see me. My birthday is in June... I tried to head her off but she came anyway... When she came out to the prison I -- I sent out word -- ~~But~~ I sent out word I didn't want to see her any more -- for her to divorce me -- that I didn't love her any more..."

"Millar, Millar."

Millar shook his head, wonderingly, musingly. "Yes... I ~~had~~ ^{had them tell} Lucille -- that's my wife, Lott -- to go away... She -- she stayed ~~here~~ ^{on} a week, coming back every day. You see, she loved me -- we love each other." Simply: "Then she went away..."

Lott spoke in a low voice, after a long silence. "Let me bring you something more, Millar." Lott ~~put~~ ^{struck} the palm of one hand with his fist. "Yes, I must bring you something to occupy you until I can get you out of this -- this room."

"Get me out of here?" Millar echoed. "Get me out of here."
"Millar paused. "Why, yes... All right, Lott... I'd like to do something for you."
Millar looked at his hands, flexing his fingers.
"I always liked to work with my hands. You send me some raffia -- like we used to weave when we were kids -- and something to write with."

"Yes?"

"You square all that with the warden, and I'll make you a fine belt. And I'll write down for you how I did it -- and some other thoughts that have come to me in here."

"Fine. Yes. Of course, Millar. I'll send those to you."

The top half of the canvas covering the cell next to Millar's was suddenly lifted, ~~outside~~ disclosing the head and torso of a huge Negro. ~~Chanting~~ The Negro stared up at the light, unseeing.

"~~Quiet~~ ~~Quiet~~ ~~as~~

"Quiet ^{am} requested, ^{gentlemen,} for the benefit of doze ^{det} ^{what} ^{hab} ^{retained,}" he chanted, dropping the canvas back in place.

Lott clasped Millar's hand. "Goodbye, Millar. I'll be back soon."

Millar quickly pulled off the ring he was wearing and thrust it at Lott. "Please take this ring, Lott." Lott shook his head, no. "Please!" Millar pleaded. "I want you to wear it. It belonged to a fop who one night tried to set up housekeeping in my fophole. It was his good luck ring. ^I ^{guess} the only good luck it ^{ever} brought him was that he died instantly... God, Boback was ^{still} ^{alive} then. How he carried on! He called me "Killer-Diller" Millar after that..." Undoubtedly: "It all seems a million years ago... What did they ^{ever} do with you,

Boback? I - - I wonder where you are..." Millar slowly swam back to the present. "Take it, Lott! It's about time it was lucky for someone. Please Take it!"

Lott quickly took the ring and placed it on his finger. He again grasped Millar's hand. "Goodbye, Millar. Good luck. Keep your chin up. I swear I'll get you out of here."

"Lott, goodbye. I'm sure you will. You're a fine fellow, Lott."

Millar turned away quickly, almost sobbing, and flung himself face down on his cot of boards. Lott moved out of the path of light as Sam came elaborately tiptoeing around from behind the cell. As ~~Sam~~ ^{he} tiptoed past the front of Millar's cell, watching Lott, Millar rolled over and grinned at his retreating figure. Then his face suddenly clouded again ~~and~~ ^{and} he buried his face in his arm, ~~and~~ his shoulder ^{shaking} convulsively. One of the spotlights followed Lott and Sam back to the door of the bullpen, briefly exposing to view the pacing inmate and the other one, still clinging there, spreading at the bars of his cell. As ~~they~~ ^{Lott and Sam} left the bull pen there was a wild burst of gobbling laughter from an unseen inmate.

A week had passed. The warden and Sam were playing checkers in the warden's office. Sam, with a flourish of inspiration, suddenly made a move, whereupon the warden, with a shrill of delight, hopped a king around the board and ~~was~~ ended the game. The warden looked at his watch and spoke to Sam.

"Adjust your girdle, Sam. ~~Fort~~^{He'll} be here any minute."

Sam arose and struggled to get into his Sam Browne belt. The warden put the checkers away and then carefully sniffed, snipped, blew, mouthed, and then finally ignited a cigar. A clerk came in and timidly interrupted this ritual.

"~~Fort~~ "Prosecutor Fort is outside, Sir," the clerk said.

"Says you are expecting him, Sir."

"Wait till Sam gets into his truss," the warden said, smiling at Sam, who was still wrestling with his harness. The clerk bowed and waited. The warden finally ~~rose~~ ^{heaved himself up from his chair} and helped Sam into his harness. "Sam," he said, with joocular gravity, "one of these fine days I'm going ^{supposed to be} to send you back on the wall. Are you my bodyguard or am I your valet? You're getting so damn pregnant you couldn't proctor a girl's school. Or maybe that's where you belong."

Sam grinned fatuously. "Aw, Warden, you wouldn't do that."

"Send Fort in," the warden said to the clerk.

Fort came in carrying a large bundle of books secured by a leather strap. He was wearing Miller's Japanese wig. He was in a cheerful mood.

"Hello Warden, Sam. I just got your call. What's up this time -- another escape?" Fort placed the books on the desk and shook hands with the warden and nodded at Sam. There was a pause.

"No, not an escape this time," the warden said. Then cryptically: "Or maybe it is..."

"How's our friend, Miller," Lott brightly went on. "I have some more books for him. And some hopeful news about a pardon hearing. He passed as the warden and Sam remained silent. "Did he finish wearing the belt he was going to make me?"

The warden and Sam ~~both~~ glanced at each other, smiling faintly. Lott was rubbing Miller's ring.

"Yes, he's finished, Mr. Prosecutor. And there are some other things for you, Sam!"

Sam, the alert, hustled over to one of the steel filing cabinets and removed a large Manila envelope. Smiling broadly, he handed it to Lott. Lott reached into the envelope and pulled out a long belt made of raffia. He stood there holding the belt uncertainly.

"There's something else in there for you," the warden said. "Look!"

Lott reached into the envelope and drew out of pair of rusted ~~rusty~~ shears.

"And here's a note for you," the warden said. "Take it!"

The warden thrust ~~ed~~ a piece of paper at Lott. Lott stood there holding the note and the shears and the belt, looking bewilderedly from one to the other.

"Read the goddam thing!" the warden said.

"Yes -- yes, of course," Lott said, ^{slowly} reading the note aloud.

"Dear Lott,

The belt and the shears --

Joe Kraus's shears -- are for you. Think of me

Donna:
Single space
& indent

occasionally when you use them.
And when you say the beautiful
Lord's Prayer -- think about that,
too. Try reading "Madame Bovary"
sometimes. It's fine when you get
into it. Good luck, Lott.
"Millar."

The note fluttered from Lott's ^{fingers} hands to
the floor. There was a long pause. Lott spoke wearily,
in a low, listless voice.

"Where's Millar? What have you done with
David Millar?"

The warden and Sam ~~spoke~~ spoke in
gleeful unison, as though they had rehearsed it.

"Hong, Lott, ~~then~~ hong!" they both said.

"With that Chink belt you're holdin' there,"
Sam said.

"They cut him down this morning!" the
warden said.

"He's colder than a witch's tit!" Sam said.

"We've already moved that bastard Zaboriski
in his place," the warden said.

Lott looked from one to the other. There
was a long silence. ~~He~~ ^{Then he} spoke, in a ringing voice.

"The word, gentlemen, is 'hanged'! David
Millar has been hanged!"

Lott turned away from ^{them} facing the door
into ~~to~~ the prison. The warden and Sam grinned at each
other. Holding the shears in one hand and the raffia
belt in the other, Lott stepped forward and raised both
hands, palms up, like an offering. His lips ~~were~~
^{moved,} ~~moving~~ ^{moving} silently phrasing the words of the Lord's Prayer.

Is there any rebuttal, Mr. Prosecutor?" the Judge said to Lott. The Warden leaned over and whispered earnestly to Lott, ^{rigorously} nodding his head.

"Yes, your Honor. I should like to ~~state~~ ^{call} the Warden of the Prison," Lott said, rising ^{from} and coming forward. The Warden ^{rose heavily} got out of his chair and took the stand. ^{He was parting from the spot.} Millar continued to fashen his paper glider.

"You are the warden of the state penitentiary located in this county?" Lott asked.

Firmly: "I am."

"And as such did you have occasion to cause a large number of witnesses, all inmates of the prison, to be brought ^{upon} her today ~~at~~ the subpoena and at the request of the defendant, Millar?"

"I did." The Warden ^{swept out} ~~traced~~ his arm out, ^{indicating the rear of} across the courtroom. "There are over forty of them back there now, under heavy guard. Millar said they were all eye witnesses." Then triumphantly, looking significantly from the Judge to the jury: "And, mind you, ^{it is undisputed that} there were only seventeen men in that line that day." He looked accusingly at Millar, who did not look up.

"How was Millar's general conduct in prison?" Lott asked.

Eagerly and rapidly: "I consider him one of the most vicious and dangerous men in the entire institution."

Millar spoke quietly, ~~said~~ "I beg to object, your Honor. This is not only improper rebuttal, but my reputation and character have not been put in issue at this trial."

"The objection is most certainly sustained!" the Judge said, with considerable heat, looking severely at Lott and the Warden. He turned to the court

Q. "Yes -- I mean -- I guess that's all... I'm ^{terribly} sorry about that...
your ~~honour~~. No, no further rebuttal, your Honor."

reporter. "The question and answer will be stricken."
To the jury: "And the jury will entirely disregard
this ^{last} testimony." To Lott: "Mr. Lott, do you have
and further relevant rebuttal?"

Q The Warden smiled falsely up at the
Judge and then glared malevolently ~~at~~ at Millar,
who ^{continued} placidly folding ^{a new} papers ~~under~~ ^{then} his hat.
Lott was flustered and unhappy. The Judge spoke to
Millar. "Do you have any questions of this witness,
Mr. Millar?"

Millar ^{quickly} looked up, surprised. "Why no, your
Honor," he said ^{after a pause}, shaking his head. "I have
said all that I have to say."

The Judge turned to Lott. "The prosecuting
attorney will ^{then} proceed with his argument."

Lott, ^{flustered} obviously ^{still} flustered, motioned the
Warden to leave the stand. The two held a hurried
whispered conference at Lott's table, Lott ^{shuffling and} ^{sketching}
up papers, keeping some ^{and} discarding others. Finally
he dropped all of the papers ^{to the table} and grabbed up the
shears and walked rapidly up to the jury box.
The jurors watched him impassively as he began ^{his argument}.

Lott said. "Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury,"
"It was difficult for me to try this case with a
man who would not have an attorney -- who is
not trained in the law." Several of the jurors
growled openly ^{at this}, and most of them looked at
Millar, who was calmly rearranging his exhibit of
paper flowers and what not. Lott gallantly
went on.

"I submit that the evidence clearly shows
that the defendant, David Millar, ^{maliciously and} deliberately
murdered Joseph Kravac on the day in question."
Lott looked around the courtroom for Zaborshik and
not finding him, ^{ahead with his argument} plunged ~~on~~. "Why we have the

sworn testimony of a man of the cloth against the mere word of this man -- "Lott pointed at Millar with the shears" -- who has blindly admitted to you that he once robbed his fellows to live.

Millar shifted a paper hat in place of a glider. Lott turned back to the jury.

"Surely you can see that the ^{retraction} made by the State's witness, Zaboriski, was only brought about by intimidation and ^{stark} ~~abject~~ fear. The man is afraid of Millar! That is the kind of ^{individual} ~~man~~ we are dealing with!"

Lott paused and then went on ~~earnestly~~. "The defendant has injected ^{the fact of} his military service into this trial, ^{he has done so} in an obvious bid for your sympathy. Earnestly: "I was in the military service, too.

I was overseas, too -- just a kid. I saw men kill and be killed. ^{Lott's voice broke a little.} "The Lord forgive me, I helped to kill some of them." ^{Lott blinked and} ~~was~~ ^{hesitated} and then went on. "But I came back and finished up my law course, ^{and hung out my shingle. Now} and you good people ^{have} ^{been} chosen ^{we been to vote, too, but} as the prosecutor of your county... I don't ^{having spent my time sitting around making} feel compelled to make paper hats and dolls... And I don't feel desperate and alone..."

~~Wavering~~ Wavering: "I -- I don't think I do..." (He paused and ^{then} continued oratorically. "I don't think the world owes me a living because I once fought for my country..."

Lott wheeled and looked at Millar. Millar ^{half} ~~smiled~~ smiled at Lott and nodded pleasantly. Lott ^{hurriedly} turned back to the jury and continued, rather wildly, obviously abandoning any pretense of a formal argument.

"We must have justice!" Lott shouted. "We must not let an innocent go unpunished!"

(over)

Miller calmly regarded Fott, ^{still} half smiling.
The entire jury ~~watched~~ ^{was watching} Miller, absorbed.
~~"Fott can"~~

"We cannot, must not, let men
decide for themselves when they may kill their
fellows." Fott was shouting, waving the shears,
now, ~~and~~ rushing on frantically. "We
must have justice... ~~we~~ must preserve ~~the~~
sanctity of human life... ~~we~~ must have
justice... law... order... We must have
justice! - justice! -- JUSTICE!"

It was nighttime. The Warden was sitting alone at the ~~desk~~, ^{smoking a cigar.} in his office, ~~He was~~ ^{examining} ~~the~~ ^a large key through a reading glass. There were several crudely made black-jacks and what looked like a toy pistol lying on his desk. The warden removed his cigar and ~~to~~ spat at a tall black brass cuspidor. "The ^{ever} bastard!" he said, replacing his cigar. ~~The~~

On the walls of the office were photographs of prison baseball and football teams. There were ^{also} pictures of Washington and Lincoln. On the Warden's desk stood a large silver-framed photograph of the Governor. There was a scrawl on the ^{lower right hand corner of} photograph that looked as though someone had ^{impatiently} tried out a ball-point pen. The ^{however, always} Warden ^{that instead} assured his friends it was a flattering personal ^{inscription} message from the "Chief." He always referred to the Governor that way...

In the background ~~stood~~ ^{stood against the rear wall.} a number of dark green steel filing cabinets. These cabinets contained the ^{dossiers} ~~dossiers~~ of every inmate of the prison. On one of them stood the model of a sailing ship. Next to the filing cabinets there was a large heavily pannelled wooden door on which were printed the words: TO CELL BLOCKS.

~~Prosecutor Lott came in from~~

A buzzer sounded and Prosecutor Lott came in accompanied by Sam, the Warden's body guard. Lott was carrying some books. Sam ~~bustled over and took~~ Lott and the Warden shook hands, the Warden remaining seated. "Neuralgia," the Warden grunted. "Goddam ^{climate.}" Sam ~~bustled over and took a position near the Warden,~~ ^{importantly} shifting his holster. ~~He considered being~~

~~a~~ "Well?" Lott said.

"I'm sorry to have to call you down here this ~~late~~ time of night, Mr. Prosecutor," the Warden said. "But we've got to get to the bottom of this plot at once. And you can help us."

"What plot is that?" Lott said, smiling.

"A plot to escape," the Warden answered. ~~He~~ He lowered his voice, glancing furtively from the left to the right, Sam glancing with him. "And the clope is -- they were going to get me on the way out."

"Hm..." Lott said. "That's ^{is} bad. Why, of course, I'll help out if I can." He pointed at the Warden's desk. "What's that?"

"A nearly completed pistol made of tobacco tin and lead foil."

"And there?" Lott said, ~~he~~ ^{Lott} picking ~~it~~ weighing one in his hand.

"Black-jacks!" The Warden reflectively rubbed the back of his head. "Made from the foil of shaving and toothpaste tubes."

Lott picked up the large key and held it up to the light. "What's the key for?"

"Fits Millar's cell block. Same stuff."

"Millar!" Lott said.

"Yes, Millar. We caught the bastard cold turkey this time -- found all these things in his cell." Lott started back. "No, no. Don't be alarmed," the Warden smiled. "I won't ask you to try and convict him for it. But I thought you could help us."

"Millar?" Lott said. "How can I help you?"

"We're trying to find out if he was alone in this deal. He won't talk to us... But the bastard likes you -- he told us so after the jury came out and said 'Not Guilty.'" Grinning. "You remember that little trial we had, don't you?"

Lott smiled ruefully. "How can I ever forget it?"

"Well -- we thought you could help us. We'll talk to you."

"Why -- it's funny it should be Millar..."
Lott spoke uncertainly, holding out the two books he
was carrying. "When you called -- I brought
these down for him --"

"Fine, fine!" the Warden broke in. "He'll
give you an in -- gain his confidence. The bastard
loves to read -- he's just about gone through the ^{entire} prison
library." The Warden grinned slyly, Sam grinning
with him. "You see how it is? You see how it is,
Mr. Prosecutor?"

Sam the guard had been gradually
inching over until he was very close to the Warden.
The Warden suddenly turned on Sam. "For Christ's
sake, Sam," he exclaimed petulantly, "Don't sit on
my lap!" Sam was crushed and bounced back,
arranging his holster and slowly composing his
ruffled dignity. Lott spoke, slowly and uncertainly, as
though to no one in particular.

"Yes... I'd like to see the man... This man
Millar..." He turned to the Warden. "How did you
know -- how did you catch him?"

The Warden wagged his finger at Lott, grinning.
"You lawyers are always asking questions."

Lott spoke somewhat sharply. "Listen, you
asked me down here. If you don't want to --"

"There, there, Mr. Prosecutor," the Warden
interrupted placatingly. "Sometimes the tender little
shoots of the prison grapevine --" he pointed, grinning,
at the door into the prison proper -- "come trailing right
in ~~of~~ that door."

"~~Out out the riddles!~~" Lott frowned.
Lott frowned and spoke more sharply. "Out
out the riddles! Who squealed on Millar?"

"You see, this is a place of lasting friendships,"
the Warden replied, still slyly grinning. "For example,"

there is that beautiful friendship that exists between Millar and ~~our~~ friend Stanley Zaboriski, the ex-clergyman.

"So old sour puss squealed on Millar?"

In mock reproval: "If you must employ such harsh words -- yes."

"Where's Millar?" Fott asked.

"Been in solitary -- over some our basket luncheon up in court."

"Why do you keep him in the bull pen?"

The Warden was smilingly shocked. "You will call a spade a spade, won't you?" He continued seriously. "Fott, we must discipline the bastard. He's smart -- you know that -- and dangerous. We've got to break him!" The Warden smiled again and tilted back in his chair. "And as dean of this splenic finishing I must ~~to~~ sustain the morale of my other little charges. And watch their morals, too. Got to watch their development through the three stages: adolescence, puberty, adultery, you know. Impressionable little fellows..."

Sam grinned broadly over this exchange and again edged close to the Warden. The Warden turned, frowning and sent Sam scuttling with a frown. Fott ~~had~~ stood half perplexed and half scowling, though he spoke slowly, in a low voice.

"I'd like to see this man, Miller... Yes, I'll see him. Can I see him alone, tonight?"

"Fine," the Warden said, turning to Sam.

"Sam! Take Mr. Fott out to the ^{main} pen to see Miller."

Sam was electrified, bristling like an old woman herding geese. "Yes, Sir! Right away, Sir, Mr. Warden!" Sam shoved Fott over to the door marked: TO CELL BLOCKS. Sam pushed a

concealed button on the side of the door. Lott stood waiting, ~~was~~ studying one of the group photographs on the wall. Unseen by Lott the Warden silently beckoned Sam back to his desk and whispered to him. Sam nodded his head vigorously.

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Warden, I'll listen to every --"
The Warden jabbed Sam in the belly. Lott, hearing Sam's voice, turned and looked ~~at them~~ questioningly at the pair. The Warden spoke blandly to Sam. "And ^{have} ~~have~~ the big car at my door at nine in the morning."

"Car?" Sam began, in a fog. The fog lifted. "I mean -- yes, of course ... at nine in the morning."

"Oh gee, thanks, Sam," the Warden said, sarcastically.

The door to the prison was opened by an ~~uniformed~~ armed guard, from the other side, revealing a steel-barred second door which the first door had hidden. As Lott and Sam were about to pass into the prison proper, the Warden spoke to Lott.

"By the way, Mr. Prosecutor" -- Lott turned -- after the trial, after Millar's acquittal, on the way back to the ~~prison~~ institution, Millar told one of the guards he guessed there were ^{about} four Methodists and two Baptists on the jury."

"Methodists? Baptists?" Lott said, wondering.

"Yeah... He ^{also} said you ought to watch that in the future when you have an ex-priest as a star witness you'd better not lean too heavily to Methodists and Baptists on your jury."

Lott smiled ^{wryly} ~~wisely~~. "Was he right?"
"I wonder if he was right?"

The Warden was gleeful. "Hell, no! The bastard missed one Baptist -- I checked it

later myself." The warden laughed uproariously
as Lott, waving goodbye and smiling ruefully,
passed into the prison, followed by Sam, and the
prison guard slowly closed the outside door. The
warden stood by his desk, laughing uncontrollably,
holding his shaking belly.