

## Muddling Through

before dinner

We have a summer cottage on Lake  
Charlevoix, <sup>which lacked only a muddling stick</sup> and <sup>in the</sup> afternoon in preparation for  
having some <sup>friends</sup> people over for dinner, my wife sent  
me out to buy us a muddling stick so that I  
could muddle and serve our company some of my  
inimitable Old Fashions.

<sup>Craftily</sup>  
I decided to combine pleasure with  
business, ~~so~~ I grabbed my fishing gear and headed  
for East Jordan (on the south arm of the Lake) to try for  
a trout along with my shopping.



and the publisher of the  
magazine  
and was in the process  
of being prosecuted for (its)  
pornography, that is,  
for contributing to the  
delinquency of blue-haired  
ladies.



Odors of the Past  
As R T bus &

Smells of  
Yesterday  
(Saloons &  
Drugstores)

compounded of drugs,  
candy, varnish of crutches,  
etc.



My First  
Mandolin



Steve Mc Parthuis

---

Didididim

Wore a droopy blond  
mustache that looked  
like wisps of faded  
cornsilk.



MS

Once A Pauper  
"The pangs of changing  
a razor blade"

---

Fix moral story



~~Harriet~~

" Tooo - key! "

Baban

Knopf

~~CAMP STOL~~

~~FOR NATHAN'S~~



careful &  
As dull &  
goody as ~~leaves~~  
the music they  
play in banks "

---

" The Deep  
Uesim"



News

Babar

Spring Has Cut

✓ Trash =

Magazine Post

✓ Duke

The Evening M. News

Odors of the Past



High-pouring bottle -  
flourishing bartenders

---

Mere child of a child

---

Behove the behove

---

President of a college (max)

"How's Fishin'?"



Last summer I was in Charlevoix  
~~on a fudge~~ buying fudge or something  
when I noticed a commotion down at  
the Round Lake dock, not far from  
where the impoverished yacht and  
sailboat set back their craft and don  
their dark glasses while they <sup>go</sup> haggle for  
bargains at the local shops.



1st  
July 17, 67

## Sunken Treasure

It is given to few mortals to do exactly what they want to do and <sup>moreover</sup> get ~~handsome~~ <sup>paid</sup> for ~~doing~~ <sup>it</sup>, Jim Sawtelle and his wife Nancy have made the grade. I envy them.

Round table

I was recently in Charlevoix Michigan fudge, or something <sup>like that</sup> and I noticed a commotion down on the dock <sup>near</sup> where the millionaires park <sup>in bargains</sup> their yachts while they go <sup>to</sup> shop at the local supermarket. I strolled down there, munching fudge and found

A bunch of men were wrestling with what looked like the tail of a whale.

Clearing the last of the fudge from my handkerchiefs I managed to speak. "What in hell is it?" I asked the boss man.

"Budder," he shouted without looking at me.

"Aye of what?"

"~~How~~ "Old wrecked schooner"

"What was its name?"

"Don't know."

"How old?"

"Don't know yet? Early 1700's."



## The Osprey and the Kingfisher

One of the charms of fishing for wild trout is that ~~the trout~~ <sup>the trout</sup> prefers to live -- indeed, can only live -- where beauty dwells, so that in order to catch a trout a fisherman must dress himself in beauty, he <sup>simply</sup> can't help himself. Along with the beauty goes a natural state of things, and if fishermen tend a little to <sup>become</sup> philosophized, perhaps it's because they so often see life in <sup>its</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>and natural state</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>the day</sup>. I witnessed the battle between the osprey and the kingfisher.

It was a ~~the~~ warm <sup>summer</sup> afternoon, <sup>and</sup> I was sitting on an old beer crate alongside Frenchman's Pond tying ~~on~~ a fine new tippet <sup>on</sup> to my leader. The sun was bright, the breeze was negligible, the trout were sulking, and the fishermen were <sup>getting</sup> a little bored. The only fisherman around that was meeting with any success was a wing kingfisher up the pond a ways -- it was really ~~and~~ ~~old~~ ~~dammed~~ ~~up~~ ~~stream~~ ~~from~~ ~~which~~ ~~the~~ ~~beaver~~ ~~had~~ ~~long~~ ~~departed~~.

Every half hour or so the kingfisher would let out a squeak and, from high up, plummet down into the <sup>ice cold</sup> water with the speed of a dive bomber -- and invariably come up with a fish. I was idly speculating whether to make a deal with him and put him on the payroll when I saw a great winged shadow over the pond, and suddenly the battle was ~~over~~ <sup>out of mortal</sup>.

Just as the kingfisher dives out of nowhere and snaffles an unsuspecting trout, so this big hunting osprey ~~close~~ <sup>close</sup> upon the kingfisher, but missed him, <sup>and the battle was over</sup>. The osprey looks much like an eagle and is nearly as large while the kingfisher isn't much bigger than a ~~regular~~ bluejay.



Mr. Gam

X Paul mini scene (The Values of Religion)

Diddidum

Trash

Steve McPartland

Please Drawing

Bulwer Sleep (Broke first window)

Skunk on Road



~~Write Walbridge~~

"Death of Iron Character"

"Who Is Sylvia" (written)

What's Wrong with Illusion?"

~~Write~~

Post Office

"Isn't the Heat But the Humble"

"Our Father," Amen"

With our The modern passion for  
digest and condensation I some day  
fully expect that I will read this  
version of the Lord's Prayer.

Quite a neat feat, this -- digesting  
books without having devoured them.



It seems a  
pity to dredge up dead  
-- the same way we buy our  
generals again, but  
dearer than I rest;  
I haven't had my son

Farewells? : - -

^ Ah, but I have  
plans apart; I <sup>intend</sup> ~~plan~~  
not to attend and ever

Don't He look Matrial?



It's sobering  
to reflect that  
~~some~~<sup>many</sup> of these  
^  
sweet carefree  
kids are old  
grandmother now



For Whom the  
Bridge Tolls

---

What are you (Dome)  
working on now?

---

"Academy of a Murderer"

---

Don't be too Neutral

The funeral thing has so  
often been done that I hesitate  
to disinter the subject, but I haven't  
had my say.



1st  
May 4, 1967

## The Death of Town Characters

Old Danny McGinnis and I first met when I bought him a drink. I was already in the bar having a beer when he entered, alone, and walked up to the bar.

"Gimme a shot," he ordered.

"Whatta you want for a wash?" the bartender inquired, in the gutted fashion of workmen's bars everywhere.

"Gin!" Danny replied.

"We're all out of gin <sup>the bartender</sup> today, <sup>shook his head steadily.</sup> what'll you have instead?"

"Water," Danny said. "But mind you strain the tadpoles out of it."

While ~~the~~ his drink was being poured, Danny glanced over at me and winked, pleased with himself.

"Bumps," he said, tossing the drink down in one gulp, ~~he~~ ignored <sup>the</sup> the water. "Hard to believe," he said to no one in particular, "but me an' the ol' lady's been married fifty years today."

"Celebratin' your Golden Wedding anniversary today, Mr. Spencer?" the bartender remarked politely. "Want you have a drink on the house?"

Danny ~~pondered~~ studied the bartender for a spec. Then: "Young man, when you been livin' with the same woman fer, fifty years you don't celebrate the occasion -- you only observe it. But I'll have the drink."

He tossed off the <sup>anniversary</sup> drink in the same way, one gulp. Intrigued, I sidled <sup>next</sup> over <sup>to</sup> him and introduced myself.

"Was George your pa?" he inquired.

I nodded. "I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> his youngest son."

"Good man, old George <sup>was</sup> Awful surly, though, when he was drinkin'."



1st  
5/3/67

1 draft

Invent The Kat But The Humble

Opening Day

This spring

On the opening day of trout fishing

I fell on my face. No, I don't mean from an overindulgence in milkshakes or anything like that, but much worse: I didn't catch a single trout. Moreover an arthritic old man and a boy <sup>in our party who was fishing</sup> ~~who fished~~ for the first time each caught several. Finally I sat with my nose in a milkshake and sobbed.

Now fishermen are used to getting skunked, it's all part of the game. But to get skunked while old men and <sup>a boy</sup> ~~heads~~ are catching them <sup>under one's nose</sup> is kind of rubbing <sup>it in; sort of</sup> ~~it in~~. Moreover, the id in <sup>rubbing</sup> ~~ignominy~~ <sup>as it were</sup> Especially ~~when~~ when one has ~~published~~ written two books about trout fishing, books full of sage dilations on long leaders, well flies, barometric pressure, phases of the moon, the indolent beauty of the roll coat, and all that.

But the old id has a way of <sup>solacing</sup> fighting back, and I have developed a <sup>theory</sup> why the trout <sup>remain</sup> ~~are~~ so totally unimpressed by my books. Really it is two theories: one, <sup>that</sup> our U. P. trout are <sup>all curly</sup> drop outs and ~~they~~ are consequently so illiterate they can't read my



tomes; two, that they can read, all right, and  
having read <sup>my books</sup> are so overawed by my prowess  
and fishing <sup>and general slyness</sup> tradition, that they flee in terror whenever  
I show up. Somehow I <sup>inclined</sup> lean to the latter theory, it  
gives a gentler message to the bruised id.

But while I'm in the grip of confession let me  
tell you what happened last summer. Hal and I  
arrived at my secret pond about mid-morning.  
(Hal is a <sup>fisher</sup> fishing pal,) and this was his first  
trip there. The pond was calm and the surface  
was constantly dimpled by rising trout, some  
of them dandies. Since this was Hal's first trip  
there I cleared my throat and gave him the  
Lecture.

flies that  
"All trout waters present different  
problems," I began, "and this place is unique in  
that the ~~fly~~ hatch, while steady, are much smaller  
than in most ponds and streams." Hal nodded and I  
was away. I explained that this called for long fine  
leaders and the smallest of flies.

"How fine?" Hal inquired.

"I recommend a 6-X tippet," I said.

"I don't carry it."

"I have yards of it."

"How small a fly?" he asked.

"No larger than a 20," I answered.

"Don't carry them either."

"I loan you some."

So I fixed up Hal with a spidery  
6-X tippet and some 20's and 24's and the



assault was on. Both of us started tubing undrizzed trout at once, but aside from some fellows we couldn't lure the keepers.

"Think I'll mosey down to the dam," I said, so I left Hal flailing away and took the ridge down to the ancient massive beaver dam that made the stream a pond. After an hour of frustration during which, out of pride, I kept one light-miler, I moseyed back to rejoin Hal.

As I came <sup>down</sup> the ridge I saw Hal fighting a big one, his rod bent like a dancing hook. He netted the fish -- at least a twelve miler -- and carefully removed the fly and returned the trout to the water. (Hal rarely keeps any of his trout.)

"How you doin'?" I inquired.

"Pretty good," Hal casually replied. "That makes the fourteenth I've caught and returned -- three of them much bigger."

I tried to keep the triumph out of my voice. "Told you they wanted fine leaders and well flies," I pontificated. "Which of the patterns were you using?"

By this time Hal was fighting ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> purpose another trout -- a real purpose, this time -- and he waited his reply until he'd landed and returned him.

"Which pattern?" I repeated.

"Oh, that," Hal said. <sup>He</sup> The small stuff was tubing only small trout so I put on a heavier leader and tied on a number 8 Mudoller Minnow. "They seem to like it. Better try one."

I reflected a moment and answered in a small voice. "I don't have any ice tongs that large."

"Come on over and I'll give you some," he said, suddenly fast to another fine fish. "As I always say, big flies for big fish."

"I'm coming," I said.



4/20/67

I recently received a letter from  
Boonlocks W inviting me to participate in

The letter was addressed to "Richard Travers" <sup>and literary ring</sup>  
which has a nice ambivalence about it, but  
(more letter)  
is nobody I know. Perhaps the letter reached  
me by mistake, but since I wrote Great without  
the collaboration of RT or anyone, and the letter  
<sup>is written in</sup> speaks of this book, I assume they meant me, I  
declined the invitation.

"There are several reasons I must decline,"  
my letter continued. "First, <sup>it will be busy</sup> it is fishing season then,  
<sup>then, when</sup> and I scarcely speak even to my wife. Second, I do  
not fly and your camp is too far to drive to.  
But <sup>my real reason is</sup> ~~really~~ I don't think my writing can be  
taught and so why should I waste my time



and your talking about the unteachable?  
" means everything <sup>probatly</sup>  
I think that can be said about writing can  
be condensed in a <sup>single</sup> sentence: Thinking before  
saying, and <sup>then trying to say</sup> ~~saying~~ what one thinks with

verve and a measure of grace: this is good writing,  
~~in any~~ and it holds for any medium.  
I give you this for free, and you may <sup>But it</sup>  
read it to your seminar if you like. ~~It~~  
seems too far <sup>for me</sup> to go <sup>for me</sup> simply to say it and sit down.

I have received many similar imitations,  
all of which I have declined <sup>writing or letters</sup> ~~in much~~  
in much the same vein. <sup>Are they</sup> <sup>invited</sup> <sup>right</sup>  
and am I wrong, and an ungracious heart to boot?  
I don't think so. Writing is a <sup>point of view, a</sup> reflection of  
something inside -- not all of it flattering --  
and how can that be taught? I will not go so



1st  
6/8/67  
1 draft, please

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### Danger: Culture At Work

One <sup>Friday</sup> evening I found myself sitting uneasily on a large plush davenport in a large plush ~~house~~ home presided over by a large plush hostess. Sitting with me on the same davenport were two fellow writers. All of <sup>three</sup> us had recently ~~read~~ <sup>published</sup> novels, ~~published~~ ~~and~~ ~~one~~ had just sold his to the movies, <sup>the</sup> ~~publishers~~ <sup>others</sup> of the ~~idea~~ <sup>idea</sup> being prosecuted for <sup>the</sup> ~~alleged~~ <sup>alleged</sup> ~~immorality~~ of his, and

Our hostess was a sort of cultural Perle Mesta who collected and exhibited writers and assorted literary folk much as <sup>other</sup> ~~some~~ women collect ~~and~~ ~~exhibit~~ ~~antiques~~ <sup>antiques</sup> accumulate and show off <sup>their</sup> ~~the~~ ~~might~~ ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~Last~~ ~~Friday~~. The Friday before she had bagged a famous English historian, tonight she had us, <sup>and</sup> <sup>who</sup> <sup>she</sup> <sup>would</sup> <sup>have</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>following</sup> <sup>Friday</sup> -- as The Henry Lucet <sup>might</sup> put it -- knew only she and God.

mine was on the Webster list.

~~My~~ Our hostess was in fine fettle

My fellow writers were equally uneasy. We had been invited <sup>there</sup> ostensibly to meet still other writers, but it soon swept over us that we were there solely to be exhibited to the eyes of her neighbors and friends. Our unease communicated itself to our performance; things were <sup>not</sup> going well. Our hostess evidently expected us to converse in epigrams <sup>perhaps</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>passing</sup> and reveal the mysteries of the creative process. We were doing nothing of the sort. Instead, in the way of writers the world over, we were stealthily cursing ~~and~~ our publishers, the ~~top~~ ~~authorities~~ ~~and~~ all book ~~reviews~~ ~~and~~ reviewers.

During one of the increasingly numerous awkward pauses our hostess figuratively blew a whistle, announced sweetly to the audience that there would be a brief intermission, and swept over to us to pass the word.

"Don't talented think you could ~~could~~ you, men, talk a little more



7

creatively?" she suggested with <sup>all</sup> the controlled <sup>reproach</sup> ~~patience~~ of a hurried coach dressing down a stupid backfield between halves.

She ran on in this <sup>lofty</sup> vein while we three maintained a morose silence. I looked around for an escape hatch and found it. I <sup>spying</sup> ~~spied~~ a little bar over in a corner and I <sup>I murmured something soft,</sup> ~~sped~~ for it. I was just <sup>as I was</sup> lifting a double milkshake to my parched lips, my hostess swept over, clanking with jewelry.

"Dear Mr. Trauer," she cooed, "don't you think it would be ever so stimulating if you told us how you go about <sup>the act of</sup> writing? Now I don't mean the inspiration thing -- that would be too sacred to reveal -- but how you physically get it <sup>all</sup> down on paper." I stared at her as she ran on. ~~For example, do you it~~ <sup>as it be</sup> ~~would be~~ <sup>perfect</sup> to ~~learn~~ know whether you do it ~~on a~~ use a pencil or do it on a typewriter or -- as I suspect, you naughty man -- inscribe it with a quill pen? Do tell me now so I can be prepared for your revealing pearl."

I had had a full day <sup>I carefully</sup> ~~put down my~~ untouched drinks in a potted fern. <sup>I took a deep breath and</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~turned~~ <sup>to</sup> my imploring shame, answered her thus: "Dear Madam," I said, "I write only after midnight, entirely under water, holding a ballpoint pen in my toes."

"You know, Mr. Trauer," she <sup>both smilingly and</sup> ~~answered~~ <sup>instantly,</sup> "it shows, too, it really shows."

"Yes, ma'am," I murmured as I hung my head, <sup>to face</sup> ~~and~~ obediently trotted back to the duronport <sup>for</sup> the second half.



where I frequently ran to mooch pennies and pots.

My father and Danny

I first came to know Danny in my father's saloon. They fished and hunted together.

They drank and went to the <sup>circus and</sup> county fairs together.

In retrospect I think Danny was a sort of court jester to <sup>the</sup> usually <sup>and</sup> down <sup>and</sup> old <sup>and</sup> Georg. <sup>Danny made George drunk.</sup> Danny had a kind of barroom patter or routine which I vividly recall. I watched him render <sup>it</sup> <sup>up</sup> scores of times. If Danny came into George's saloon and found a new bartender on duty, Danny would <sup>sashay</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>bar</sup> and <sup>the</sup> routine ran <sup>like</sup> <sup>this</sup>:

"Gimme a shot, young fella," Danny would demand <sup>perthy</sup>.

"What do you want for a wash, Mr. ~~Mc~~ McGinnis?" the young bartender would naturally and respectfully inquire. <sup>(The mixed</sup> <sup>cocktails</sup> <sup>were</sup> <sup>undreamt</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>George's</sup> <sup>place;</sup> <sup>people</sup> <sup>who</sup> <sup>craved</sup> <sup>such</sup> <sup>effete</sup> <sup>concoctions</sup> <sup>went</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Nelson</sup> <sup>House</sup> <sup>bar.)</sup>

"Gin!" Danny would <sup>instantly</sup> come back, and the other customers would <sup>with</sup> <sup>laughter</sup> roar, and like as not stand <sup>back</sup> Danny ~~another~~ ~~drinks~~ ~~still~~ ~~other~~ ~~drinks~~ a flock of drinks.

If a stranger invited Danny to have a drink with him, Danny would invariably accept, whereupon the bartender would ask him if he wanted the same.

"No, make it a big one this time -- I'm chock full of little ones," Danny would shoot back.

"How big?"

Danny would <sup>grin</sup> <sup>broadly</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>eyes</sup> <sup>were</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>hand</sup>. "Ah, let the tail go <sup>with</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>hide</sup> -- <sup>just</sup> <sup>pour</sup> <sup>till</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>runs</sup> <sup>cold</sup>."



t

By and by Danny would grow  
confidential. "You know," he'd say grandly  
to the stranger, "I don't drink ~~drinks~~ with  
every Tom, Dick and Harry."

"Why not?" the stranger would  
helplessly inquire.

"Because they don't ast me to!"

More roars, more laughter,  
more rounds of drinks...



+

hold up a gnarled finger and

If someone <sup>was</sup> intrepid enough to chide Danny about his drinking, Danny would purse his lips and grow thoughtful and then say: "Fact is, I'm real temperance -- I only <sup>time when</sup> drink <sup>is</sup> during and between meals."

If the chider persisted Danny had medicine for that. "All right," he'd say. "I'll confess, in a soab, But there's a reason fer it as fer all things."

"Whate' that?"

"Choked over a <sup>roiled</sup> chicken <sup>penner</sup> ~~one~~ when I was a young fella. Damn near died."

"Whate' that got to do with it?"

"Everything. Ever since <sup>then</sup> I <sup>love</sup> to drink whiskey because there's no bones in it."

And so it went, only more, much more.

Perhaps my most memorable recollection of Danny came the night he collided with "Diddidum" Crouch, also <sup>authentic</sup> town character.



2nd  
July 8, 67.

sketch  
(My father clung to his horses long after he got his first Grandson Automobile which, I might add, he drove as though it were a team of horses.)

Once upon a time, when I was a boy, youngsters used to do chores about the house. I did. Children in those days lacked the character-building independence and go-to-hell spunk in disclaiming all forms of toil possessed by our emancipated youth of today.

My principal chore was to take care of four stoves: two <sup>tall</sup> hard-coal-burning Muehlein Garlands, one in the sitting room and one upstairs; a squat wood-burning heater in the dining room, <sup>where my older brother and I also dried our socks and</sup> and a wood-burning range in the kitchen, <sup>which he did at least once a week -</sup> when our hired man went on a drunk, <sup>for diversion I also took</sup> care of two driving horses, fore and aft. For my pains I was paid <sup>an allowance of</sup> fifteen cents a week. This came to slightly less than four cents a week per stove -- with the <sup>care of the</sup> horses thrown in for free.

Every Saturday afternoon a nickel of my allowance went into the box office <sup>somebody or other in</sup> of the old Opera House, where my playmates and I took in the latest episode in the endless movie adventures of Pearl White or Ruth Roland or Tarzan or "The Million<sup>aire</sup> Dollar Mystery." A second nickel went for candy at Spalden's store or <sup>for pre-chorested</sup> popcorn with real butter on it. The remaining nickel I <sup>usually</sup> saved <sup>for</sup> to donate to various <sup>devoted to righteous living</sup> philanthropies or <sup>for</sup> general <sup>hell-raising</sup> during the ensuing week.

This was the routine, week after week. And just as regularly, after the matinee, I would come home and sit on the edge of the kitchen woodbox <sup>and</sup> watch <sup>my</sup> mother preparing supper, and, under her patient questioning, give her a blow-by-blow of what had happened to Pearl White who harrowing misadventure had ~~be~~ befallen Pearl White or



whoever during the afternoon's episode. (Pearl White had a passion, as I recall, for being left dangling from a cliff.)

My mother would then ask me ~~what~~ what playmates I went with ~~to see~~. I went with to the movie, what I bought (candy or popcorn), and at this juncture I would usually proudly produce my remaining nickel. Then one fateful Saturday, there came a switch in the usual routine. The Friday night before my older brother Leo, who was out of school and worked, had been out with the boys. <sup>Late</sup> Saturday morning I popped into his room to say hello <sup>maybe mischief comedy star angel</sup> and found Leo <sup>was</sup> still sleeping. I also found a handsome <sup>new</sup> bone-handled hunting knife on his bureau as well as a <sup>new</sup> pearl-handled pen knife and an enormous box of cherry-filled chocolates. It was a dazzling array and I stood surveying it with awe.

"Help yourself, kid," Leo said, ~~having~~ coming awake. It was almost noon.

"But where did you get it all?" I countered, staring at his treasures.

"Won 'em on a punchboard <sup>last night down</sup> at Gilley's candy store."

"What's a punchboard?"

"Oh," <sup>he said, airily;</sup> "you punch a piece of paper out of board and if the number on your paper matches certain winning numbers on the board -- you win a prize."

It sounded too easy: "How much is a punch on the board?" I <sup>next</sup> inquired, my mind racing.

"Only a nickel, kid. Help yourself to the candy."

"Not now, thanks," I said, "I got to go see Mama." ~~I~~

I sped downstairs and my mother gave me my weekly allowance and I raced for Gilley's candy



store, clutching my three nickels.

"What can I do for you, son?" Mr. Gilley said.

"I want <sup>to see</sup> the punchboard," I said, showing my three nickels <sup>across</sup> the glass counter.

He handed me a large board and I rapidly punched thru tinis ~~and~~ as he rang up my three nickels. "First of all I'll take a bone-handled hunting knife," I said.

"Not so fast, son. But you haven't even looked at your numbers yet," Mr. Gilley said.

"Oh," I said, and I looked at my <sup>three</sup> numbers. "I still want the hunting knife."

Mr. Gilley looked at my numbers and consulted the board and shook his head. "Sorry, son, I'm afraid you lost," he said.

"You mean I don't get anything for my three nickels?" I said unbelievably.

"Sorry, son, you took a chance <sup>but you gambled</sup> and lost. Can't win 'em all, you know." He put the <sup>punch</sup> board away and walked to the rear. I raced from the store.

First I went to the dime store and stole a pocket comb. I then went to the Opera House and studied the pictures outside advertising the feature of the day. Then I walked out to our farm and back and arrived back at the Opera House just as <sup>the matinee</sup> ~~it~~ was getting out.

"When were you today?" one of my playmates demanded.

"Had to weed potatoes <sup>today</sup> and couldn't make it, Bud," I lied. "Tell me what happened." Bud told one. I raced home to face my mother, sitting like a felon on the woodbox, waiting for the interrogation to begin.

"How was the movie today?" my mother began.



As usual  
"Fine, fine, Mom, Pearl got left hanging from a  
cliff."

"Tell me about it?"  
I told her, <sup>stealthily, fully,</sup> blow by blow.

"Who did you go with?"

"Bud Bamford."

"Buds' such a nice boy. Did you get popcorn  
or candy?"

"Popcorn, Mama."

"Well, you still have a nickel, <sup>to see you through</sup> for next  
week."

I produced my stolen pocket comb: "No, mama,  
I bought this comb at the dime store."

That night I went to bed early and slept  
not a wink. I had gambled; I had stolen; and I had  
lied to my mother and my friend -- all quite a day's work.



1st  
Sun. July  
2, 1967

## A ~~VOW~~ FOR FIFTEEN-CENT VOW

When I became district attorney of my home bailiwick some thirty-odd years ago <sup>my</sup> the county was awash with slot machines and punch boards. They were had them in gas stations, <sup>pubs</sup> <sup>and</sup> corner groceries and drug stores <sup>and</sup> our population <sup>I found I had become the prosecutor for a</sup> was punchy from punching punchboards and musclebound from yanking wozz at slot machines. Overnight I banished them -- not the population, <sup>I had to add</sup> but the slot machines and punchboards. Why?

Well, in the first place they <sup>were and</sup> are illegal. In the second, wherever they are maintained against the law one may be sure that <sup>someone</sup> <sup>is being</sup> <sup>fixed</sup> <sup>up</sup> and, since I had had no offers, I knew it wasn't me, and in the third place, I had vowed to do so ever since I was twelve. But my real reason was a vow I had made when I was twelve, and it involved my weekly allowance of fifteen cents.

Kids in my day <sup>were so</sup> <sup>naive</sup> and old-fashioned that they kids in my day used to do chores <sup>about</sup> around the house. My main job was to take care of <sup>four</sup> stoves: two Michigan Garland coal stoves, <sup>one upstairs and one downstairs</sup> a wood-burning heater in the dining room, and a wood-burning range in the kitchen. For keeping them in fuel and de-ashing them, <sup>my mother or</sup> <sup>paid</sup> <sup>me</sup> fifteen cents a week, almost four cents a week per stove.

Saturdays <sup>in the town</sup> was pay day because that was the day all of <sup>the</sup> kids trooped to the old Opera House to see what Pearl White was up to that week. That took a nickel. Another nickel went <sup>to</sup> candy or popcorn. The remaining nickel was presumably <sup>for</sup> intended for philanthropies <sup>or</sup> general hell raising during the ensuing week.



with a patience that in retrospect amazes me,

matinee ~~movie~~ my mother would <sup>invariably</sup> ask me what predicament Pearl White had been left in that week, <sup>that afternoon</sup> and I would generally sit on the woodbox in the kitchen and give her a blow-by-blow account of Pearl's <sup>latest</sup> adventures. (Pearl must have given the name cliff hangers to this <sup>kind of</sup> <sup>serial</sup> <sup>at any rate</sup> movie; because her favourite parting posture <sup>was to be left hanging from a cliff.</sup>)  
the <sup>until next week</sup>

mother

I would also <sup>generally</sup> tell <sup>my mother</sup> her what playmates I <sup>had</sup> attended the movie with, whether I had bought candy or popcorn, and <sup>then, with a flourish,</sup> I would generally produce the remaining nickel and tell her it was going into the piggy bank towards my new bicycle. Then came a Saturday when I couldn't flourish the nickel, ~~It was~~ the Saturday when I made my youthful vow.



We are lessons  
whose tendency can  
be worked without  
notice.

---

A friend.



Earth

We are less  
worse

Termy  
~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> ple

much  
what

NOTICE

---



Critique Motel

From

It seems a pity to

disturb ~~so~~

two <sup>so</sup> lovers ~~and~~

no <sup>^</sup> side

man <sup>^</sup> to

no <sup>^</sup> side



If in my  
trucks I recounted  
just one more  
Kimmer motel  
I swear I am  
going to grow up;  
I just can't take  
any more.

---

Markler  
common  
(gallantry)



Inglehops in Spring of  
'66 -- 4 to 6 inches

---

~~Aug~~ Sep 67 at coho  
~~reported~~ reported 22/43

---

---

Leon & Leila Rader  
Wingelton  
Baldwin, Mich.

---

Glenn Wylie  
owner - Baldwin

---

Ardrith & Glenn  
Wylie  
High

---



MAYONS

Anyone that  
wants to be  
mayor

desires to  
get it!



grind

like a sort of  
overlap that  
had been  
projected

not all seen

due  
situation of  
specimens



Part of the less  
tangible but no  
less rewarding  
return <sup>a writer</sup> gets from  
writing books and  
the other <sup>he gets</sup> <sup>facts</sup>  
from his readers  
Most of them are  
flattering; most  
people do not  
tell a writer <sup>what</sup>  
about him but  
~~some~~ some few are  
critical, others



are embarrassingly  
isolated, and a  
few are just plain  
nuts.

~~Several years~~  
~~ago~~ my last ~~premise~~  
novel



Columns

More On Bores

---

My First Play

---

Strolling Players

---

Travels

---



The Writers' Journal  
The Decline  
of Magazines

My Pal The Book  
Little Panama

Intelligent women who want  
to ~~land a~~ <sup>marry</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>casually</sup> hide their intelligence;  
really intelligent women ~~would~~

spurn any man they <sup>into</sup>  
wouldn't <sup>match</sup> with.



Traver's New Suit  
Gracie's Dining

---

His wife  
Reggie, bless you  
dads call!

---

Red Kelgore =  
Mati Friensinger

---

"The Uses of Ineptitude"  
Nicholas Samstag

---

"Drunk Drunk"



## My Strangest Fishing Adventure

In over fifty years of frantic fishing, most of it spent fly-fishing for ~~the elusive~~ trout, naturally I have had my share of weird adventures & they happen to every fisherman. <sup>it would be weird if they didn't</sup> There was the <sup>haunted</sup> season, for example, when I continued to catch almost everything but a trout.



All those in ✓

favor of <sup>handing</sup> ~~the~~ ~~business~~

OK, N9 signed by my

saying OK.



still stand as  
that tactical  
order that stress  
invariably to  
cling to any place  
where dispatching  
men are held  
captured at



superior in use of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> same  
sometimes multiplied <sup>at the</sup> same  
item:  
patrician lineage

— Certain <sup>restated</sup> words &  
phrases recur again

and again in these  
same pitches <sup>of voice</sup> with an  
a flavor about

~~almost~~ <sup>almost</sup> menantatory  
flavor, "authentic"

replica, "charming"

facsimile, "charming adjusted to  
gracious"

living, "whimsical"

adaptation, "old world flavor"

and, of <sup>good old</sup> ~~usual~~ <sup>enumeration</sup>

piece, <sup>without</sup> ~~without~~ <sup>which</sup>  
mortality of <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>fold</sup>



"There is for every ~~man~~  
man some one scene, some  
one adventure, some one  
picture, that is the image  
of his secret life..."

Yeats.

(Taken from E. Wilson's  
"Apel's Castle", p. 40, referring  
to Y's essay on the symbolism  
of Shelley.)

ruined throat of once great beauty,

don't get on your high horse.

reversion to barbarism



(Claudia Horvath)

She was one of those ~~pretty~~  
attractive, helplessly feminine,  
immensely bedable-looking  
women who like to pretend  
that at heart they are  
nothing but comradely

tomboys.

The poor dears  
delude <sup>very much</sup>  
themselves; the <sup>sort of</sup> men they ~~would~~  
~~would~~ <sup>like</sup> to deceive ~~themselves~~  
recognize them on sight.

~~Put?~~ Jeff

The poor dears delude themselves;  
the very sort of men they most  
want to dominate invariably recognize  
them on sight.



After ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> first week in  
the hospital I sent for  
dark glasses so that I  
could see who entered my  
room without revealing  
whether I was awake. It was  
a ~~sort of~~ new wrinkle in ~~dark~~ <sup>wearing</sup>

glasses ~~not~~ for protection  
<sup>not</sup> against the ~~sun~~ <sup>sunlight</sup> but <sup>rather</sup> against  
stares. ~~Most~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>most</sup> ~~worked.~~

I had been having a  
rough day and I was half  
dying from sedatives when

I heard my door <sup>breathe</sup> open and  
I opened one eye. <sup>stood there</sup> ~~It was~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup>  
myself Gallagher - - the  
The Great Stoneface, had  
privately christened here - -



uncertainly ~~stood~~ holding the door  
ajar. I could see ~~no~~ the  
NO VISITORS sign on outside  
of the door. Ah, Progress <sup>denotation</sup> in death, strength.

"Yes?" I said, with  
measured petulance.

"Mrs. McKnight is  
downstairs, Judge Bieglu," she said.  
"She wondered if she might  
come up and  
say hello."

"Of course, of course," I  
said, wearily patient in the  
face of such <sup>massive</sup> stupidity. The  
Great Gatsby vanished.



I <sup>put</sup> ~~left~~ my new ~~trick~~  
~~bed~~ <sup>folding</sup> writing desk aside, hid  
my writing pad in the drawer  
of my bedside table, and  
stared <sup>sunken eye and</sup> my greying locks  
in a <sup>hard</sup> mirror. The  
impeccable Judge Beeger was  
<sup>compared and</sup> ready for company when  
Claudia McKnight came in



this world of  
pus and fever  
and mephitic  
bedpans.

→  
"All things uncomely  
and broken, all things  
worn out and old,"

Yeats  
(Apels' Castle, p. 34)



A place, in Yeats'  
black line, of "~~All~~  
things uncomely and  
broken, all things  
worn out and old,



the palpitation  
intermittent,  
the oneness,

---

The great final  
sentiment of  
shared ec.  
& languor.



This intimate  
union of two  
lone travellers



this secret  
note common

of two lone

wag papers

---







Now, Jim is shy,

^ Better if you let

little old Rose

take you for a fast

ride than the

~~the~~  
the

^ the tunnel of

love " How about  
it, Jim? "



~~3/3 3/4 3/5 3/6~~

"But how do you  
join this fraternity?"  
"You are asked, or not  
asked,"

Pantner  
J



Paul open to all  
whether, if a  
number of white people  
and educators were  
always desirable, if  
one had to do  
without one or the  
other it would  
rather to force  
education. He  
had not his  
share of us.  
Some demands



There was a ~~lot~~ <sup>lot</sup> of  
honey and  
and ~~that~~ <sup>benefit</sup>  
of ~~many~~ <sup>is</sup>  
"adventures", was  
a ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup>, with an  
surprisingly ~~shred~~ <sup>shred</sup>,



the boys who chewed <sup>chewing</sup> and smoked <sup>cigarettes</sup> and  
played pool and chased fast girls --

There were those among the  
more sophisticated of Paul's  
schoolboy acquaintances  
-- fast boys -- who spurned the use of  
rubber contraceptives. "Might  
as well <sup>do it yourself</sup> ~~do it~~ with a lined  
leather chopper's mitten" <sup>one of them said</sup> they said  
scornfully. But Paul was  
not so sure; his older  
brother Alch had warned  
him <sup>at length</sup> about engaging any  
girl ~~to~~ without using one.

"Don't trust any of them," he had  
concluded. "Not even a queen."

Paul had repaid Alch by  
stealing one of his ~~own~~  
rubbers -- of which he seemed  
to ~~have~~ keep a great reserve --,



carrying it in a little tin  
box in which he kept his  
streamer trout flies. His mother  
Bill was not apt to look in  
there for anything. He had it  
now and - - -



this primitive

acquisitiveness,

this gluttonous  
inglut

rumorcularis,

---



<sup>individual</sup>  
pastoral ~~notions~~  
In our civilization

the nearer a house  
is the more highly  
regarded it is ~~is~~ likely  
to be -- except ~~campus~~ <sup>^</sup> sorority  
and fraternity houses on  
our college campuses. There



as the  
I don't remember  
that

Reed, Value

(see page)

page 100

then the hope

method, my

then as you

then, h. n. g.

if you think



backward  
writing on his  
ship.

---

Out to the great  
bucket of  
clouds &  
Prosperity



ans dupked

a gut

numinga a

ans humped

at



September.

One of us  
among us is  
going to be  
the last seen  
summer of the  
post office, all  
at this time in  
the district!



The Three Day

Drums =

---

Further the  
very rich man

the my son

name of a person

any more -

there is another



is stable; there  
is no escape



Printing values  
are so mad as

to see a man  
with ~~nothing~~  
upon his



Shirt  
\$ - Trip  
Snowshoes

Bigly 5195BY

The mural on  
the wall

---

But Henry —

Mrs. Phelps

---



Prudy

dear all the old friends  
I hope all

well; I am

as usual; I am  
as usual; I am

Delaney, Sheila

My dear

Prudy I hope you

are all well  
I am as usual

I am as usual  
I am as usual



3/6/67 Class 1

All hospitals smell  
the same: They <sup>all</sup> try to  
hide their <sup>permanence</sup> streaks of

corruption and death

under <sup>the guise of</sup> something else,

like an unbuttoned

practiced ~~case~~ <sup>conversion</sup>  
hungry <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>class</sup>  
spoke.



Evidently a man

must of sin

needs punishment

to be glorified, &

be taken for a

country and

the sight of a

"<sup>in</sup> fact" <sup>in</sup> man,



smoking & muzzing

and stimulation

(depression) here

some really for

most men -

most men  
in all <sup>parts</sup>

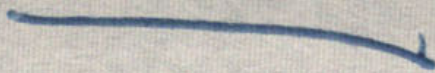


It was hard

to just protest

without saying

anything, etc





Lots of Talents

Men have them

where, they have

art, men marvel

them, - Lady

emotional ~~engagement~~

-- Male ~~wholly~~.



Many others must  
have had brothers,  
What were they  
like? ---