

as the car bearing John and Ellen Caudell to the depot  
passed from sight and the last of the wedding guests had  
departed from the steps of the church, the genial old  
doctor Hunter and his wife ~~walked~~ <sup>turned</sup>, arm in arm back  
~~through~~ into the ~~the~~ building and ~~at~~ <sup>he</sup> entered  
the little room known as his "study". Here, for a quarter  
he had written his sermons.

When they were alone he said, "Well, if the old  
saying is true that some marriages are made in  
heaven, I'll venture to say that that one was, and  
it is at least the second ~~of~~ I know of."

"and whose was the first," she asked, smiling up at  
him.

"You know" he answered, patting her cheek and  
stooping to brush her soft grey hair with lips, "and  
how happy I am to have had a hand in it."

"Had a hand it - why for <sup>over</sup> twenty years you have  
been practically the guiding hand of those two  
young lives Henry."

"Don't forget your part my dear - you almost helped  
to raise Ellen, even though it wasn't actually under  
our own roof." ~~She lost to her~~ "Him" mused  
the old pastor "I appreciated at the christening of them

Both and they were almost gone up in our Sunday school and church. That is to say Ellen was. John jumped over the fence a few times. He never did any thing really wrong though - just played hockey and went fishing and assisted once in a while to ball games."

"Henry Newton! Do you mean to say going fishing and to ball-games on Sunday isn't wrong? Suppose your ~~deacons~~ deacons or some of your congregations should hear you say that!!"

"Well, er, I mean, that is to say - a, a, John never did any thing bad - sinful."

"Sinful"!!??

"Oh, er - yes it was, sinful, ~~but~~ ~~no~~ <sup>Henry</sup> said ~~for~~, some what alarmed by his wife's tone, "but you know what I mean - John wasn't a bad boy - just boy, that's all! he - a he just did what most, a, that is what a great many boys do."

Ellen's features relaxed into a smile and she ~~looked~~ ~~tenderly~~ tenderly. "Bless your old heart you do understand and love and make allowances for all don't you?"

~~Relaxed~~ Visibly relieved, Henry repeated part of her remark - "Bless my old heart - don't you say old. I'm not old - I've just been around for a long time, that's all."

(3) "I might have it that way, but ~~perhaps~~ <sup>then</sup> on the 21<sup>st</sup> of this very month you will have been around just 68 years."

~~But~~ Then in a serious tone, "I do hope they get to the depot safely; I don't see why John had to go and buy that new fangled take-meter auto. In the first place these things aren't safe and in the second it was extravagant. Why didn't he have a cat from the livery-stable?"

"Well, everything else about their wedding was simple and not costly and I guess John wanted to put on a little style. He figures a man only gets married once."

"Only gets married once?" The way young folks carry on now days, even some of the married ones! Why almost every day there is something in the papers about the scandalous goings on ~~of~~ and divorces and the like!"

"How many-gracious - don't have such gloomy thoughts on such a happy day - and besides, (with a merry twinkle in his eyes ~~and~~ but in a stern tone) what if some of our ~~own~~ congregation should find out that you read ~~about~~ the scandalous things in the newspapers?"

④ "Oh G. G. - don't read them - I just see it in the  
head lines - and, and why, we - we, know, <sup>these</sup> things happen."

Enjoying her confusion Henry laughed aloud but  
then said. "Here is the envelope John gave me, ~~I~~  
~~haven't opened it~~ - you take it and buy yourself something."

"How much did he give us. I mean how much did he give  
you Henry?"

"I don't know, I haven't opened it - you open it Mary."

With pardonable expectancy Mary tore open the envelope  
and took out a ~~small ten-dollar bill~~ crisp piece of currency.

When she noted the denomination her face lighted with  
pleasure + she exclaimed - "A ten-dollar green bill!  
Bless his dear, generous, extravagant heart!"

"Hey - John shouldn't have done that - I don't think he can  
afford it, with all the extra expenses he is going to have!"

"I simply can't take it Henry, you need several things your-  
self. You should have some shirts - your cuffs are all  
unwashed + your neck-tie is shabby."

"Nonsense, & if I go <sup>in the clouds</sup> buying shirts + neck-ties + other  
like all the young ladies, well then I am spending  
up for them!"

"What was it you said a little bit ago about a certain  
marriage that was made in heaven?" asked Henry,  
arching her eye-brows - "Then you talk about spending up  
for the ~~the~~ ladies"

⑤ "Take ~~the~~ John's offering now hurry and trot along. You need a new bonnet and besides I have a board meeting in a little while. Hurry now, as the stores were to be closed."

~~was to be~~

"I never paid over five dollars for a bonnet in my life. Hurry, you know it. I did see one in the Emporium window though the other day. I - I might run up & buy it."

"Well you'd better hurry or they will be closed."

"Oh. I hate to buy a bonnet in a hurry - come to think what about it though - this is Sat. & they had been a little later."

With a tender look in his eyes and an amused smile the ~~old~~ old doctor looked on her way rejoicing.

The town of Greenfield is suburban to San Francisco and about an hour ride by ~~train~~ <sup>car</sup> therefrom. Here John and Ellen Ralston were born. Born of parents whose struggle ~~and~~ <sup>was</sup> efforts toward livelihood, ~~honorable~~ ~~was~~ ~~but~~ ~~in~~ ~~fact~~ ~~cases~~, whose ~~efforts~~ <sup>and</sup> they enjoyed the respect & good will of their town people, but in fact cases <sup>their</sup> whose efforts brought little more than ~~the~~ a ~~very~~ modest living.

Here it was that John & Ellen were reared. Here, they played together. Here too, ~~that~~ each ~~received~~ attended school and in turn ~~enjoyed~~ received the reward of

6) I'm + perfect that had been their parent. In Greenwood is was that their both men of joy and sorrow, sacrifice and love, and joy again.

To Greenwood it was, after a brief honeymoon, that John + Ellen returned. Returned to content and know new joys - yes, sorrows <sup>years later</sup> + great sorrows too.

For two reasons, they began their new life sensibly and modestly. First, because they were sensible persons and secondly, the modest salary John received as a clerk in the ~~western~~ <sup>western</sup> licensor's modest but substantial Farmers + Merchants Bank, necessitated early but

~~still, not want~~

Their ~~life~~ <sup>desires</sup> were simple; their requirements small, and at the end of their first year they both reflected "Doctor Newton must be right - surely our marriage was made in heaven."

~~The supreme joy that their souls were to~~  
happy as they were in their ~~lot~~ <sup>lot</sup> ~~the~~ life, they were yet to learn of happiness + joy supreme. During the second year of their ~~married~~ life this came to them. "~~What shall we~~ <sup>what shall we</sup> ~~do~~ <sup>do</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~Ellen~~ <sup>Ellen</sup> how I know old doctor Newton was right. Everything about our wedding was made in heaven - ~~what shall we do with Ellen?~~ <sup>what shall we do with Ellen?</sup> exclaimed John in a frenzy of joy - "What shall we name him Ellen?"

"Name him?" "I supposed Ellen with a knowing little smile,

⑦ "Well there a faint suspicion ~~that~~ you wouldn't object if we named him John".

"An that's not a very good name. He ought to have a better one. Tell you what, let's leave it to old doc Newton. He'll pick out a good one - maybe he'll pick out <sup>the</sup> name of some one of his Saints or something. <sup>Some ought to have something like that.</sup>

"Alright, but I want to have a little conference with Doctor Newton before the christening, to make sure he picks out the right Saint".  
and Doctor Newton did just that very thing - at least he chose ~~the~~ Ellen's favorite Saint and named the baby John.

As weeks and months drew on, peace and contentment continued to rule - (except for the various interruptions, day or night when Samy snatched the suckler) in the house + lives of John + Ellen. -

"John" said Ellen one evening after ~~she~~ she had gotten the baby in bed and was gathering up some of his things, "I wonder why <sup>it's</sup> when ever I see a handle any of Samy's things I always use the word little. For instance, just now when I picked up his shoes - I said to myself - Samy's little shoes - if I am ~~washing~~ washing his washing and come to ~~me~~ socks - I say 'his - Samy's little 'toekies' - I don't say just - Samy's socks. ~~It's~~ <sup>It's</sup> Samy's little socks. To me there <sup>is</sup> a world of endearment in that word little - it seems to express so much - I wonder why?"

⑧ "Don't know honey, ~~guess~~ <sup>guess</sup> that is just a word of love in  
you and you love to love you own way of expressing it.  
The word "little" seems a an odd way of doing so, but I  
we do agree ~~that~~ there is a lot of affection in it when  
used that way."

Except ~~for the fact that John's~~ ~~birth~~ ~~was~~ ~~celebrated~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~Bank~~ ~~with~~ ~~its~~ ~~attendant~~ ~~advance~~ ~~in~~ ~~salary~~, no event of any great  
importance took place until Sonny's ~~third~~ <sup>fourth</sup> birthday.  
This event was being celebrated in the form of a party on  
a Sat. P.M. when John could get home early. A number  
of Ellen's friends brought their babies over, and as John  
expressed it later - the party was a "howling" success.

As he <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>on his way home</sup> leaving the Bank that P.M. ~~with the~~ ~~intention~~  
to the party where should be met on the street met  
Doctor Newton. "Doctor - of all ~~the~~ men in the world  
you're the one I want to see!"

"Why what's the matter son - you seem excited about  
something - goodness - nothing ~~is~~ happened I hope."

"Nenty! a. that is - a I want to tell you a secret.  
Just though I would like to know where you get all  
of your influence with heaven - you're a wonder!"

"But - my boy, that is sacrilegious - you must not speak  
that way - even in fun!"

"I don't mean to be sacrilegious and I ~~am~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~  
never more serious - You've always said our marriage  
was made in heaven and we since you made that



⑨ "Cack" -

"Ever since I what?"

"Ever since you ~~begin~~ <sup>just said</sup> saying that, & everything for three years has been absolutely heavenly. ~~you~~ By George, you haven't missed once!"

"John!! John - we're on the street! - don't use such terms my boy - Tell me - what's the matter!!"

abruptly John stopped - turned and placed his hands on the old pastor's shoulders - shook him gently & said "Go down to the church - get out all your god books - take plenty of time, and pick out the name of another Saint!! Only this time - feminine gender - ~~that's~~ <sup>I mean</sup> a lady Saint. That is - we think & we hope so!"

~~at last~~. Recovering from the shock caused by John's hilarious waver, Doctor Newton broke into a gentle laugh & then said tenderly - "God bless you son - God bless you and Ellen both. It has to be a Saint's name does it John?"

"Absolutely!! Sonny's <sup>one</sup> keen that & so'll she be." A mist spread over the kindly old doctor's eyes and he ~~said~~ <sup>asked</sup> in a tone filled with reverence - "Mary - John - how about Mary?"

"Mary? Sounds alright to me. ~~That~~. Maybe you're mixing up a lot of religious on me. ~~as~~ ~~just~~ ~~that~~ ~~as~~ a boy boy who played hockey from your Sunday school

10. I ought to know the "fact" of all these different saints but she admit I don't. Anyway - 'salutet - ~~by~~ long as she was a Saint."

"Honest confession is good for the soul, <sup>John</sup> but if you hadn't played hockey so much you would know. But there's another guide for you - Don't you know why I said Mary?  
~~John~~ - Because of my - my Mary - my wife. You better it will make her."

"~~Do~~ Doctor forgive me - I. I ~~was~~ <sup>am</sup> so happy I didn't know anything. That's the first thing I want to tell Ellen. You know she loves "Aunt" Mary. ~~I know it~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ only the sweet old name itself, but the fact that it is for "Aunt" Mary herself will please Ellen. I - Mary's as good as named right now, (said John returning to his gay mood) all ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> need ~~now~~ is a little water and ~~for~~ you say the words - 'I christen the Mary' - ~~that's~~ - (A. a. that is sometimes next summer."

~~He~~ ~~is~~ assuming an air of offended dignity, and at the same time having a broad grin ~~to~~ concealing ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~mouth~~ <sup>big amusement</sup> ~~be~~ felt ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~time~~ ~~as~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~show~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~joy~~ ~~and~~ ~~warmth~~ ~~he~~ ~~has~~ ~~shown~~ ~~before~~ ~~and~~ ~~also~~

"Come along now - I'm going with you. Didn't you know my wife and I are invited to Sam's birth-day party?"

"Fine - just; then Ellen ~~and~~ can tell Mary about Mary" <sup>about her</sup>  
One night - next summer, ~~at~~ Doctor Benton was awakened by the ringing of his telephone bell. He roused

"I roused himself & sleepily made his way to the instrument & took ~~off~~ down the receiver & said - "Hello"

~~an~~ excited voice at the other end of the wire said - "Hello - Hello - Doctor Newton? This is John"

"Who?"

"John - John Campbell - Say, you'd better switch - you missed this time. ~~Was~~ any ~~one~~ gentlemen Sants left on your list - ~~Somebody~~ May didn't get here - Song has a baby brother."

"How about ~~Charles~~? Matthew?"

"See doctor, you know all the answers without looking at the book don't you. Not a moment's hesitation on that one."

"You would too if you looked at the Book a little more John"

<sup>Matthew</sup>  
"Charles - eh? Well that's OK with me I'll tell Ellen - g'bye."

"Want - want - Hello - John -"

"Yes?"

"God - Bless you all John - how is Ellen?"

"Oh she's fine thanks - so's <sup>little Matt</sup> Charles. Come over & see em tomorrow - you & Aunt Mary - Good night."

Chuckling audibly Doctor ~~Newton~~ Newton returned to his bed. "John & Ellen have another boy - Mary"

"another boy!" Bless its little heart. I'll see right over in the morning"

had The passing years - and the Farmers & Merchants National, ~~was~~ both kind to John & Ellen. John had prospered as the distribution grew and he became a first carrier.

(12) ~~With about~~ By practicing ~~that~~ strict economy they had built a home and with a few more encroachments - it used to be their own. John Jr. and ~~Chas.~~ <sup>Martha</sup> were ~~well~~ cared for and ~~the~~ ~~frances~~ ~~school~~ was ~~very~~ ~~well~~ ~~run~~ ~~school~~ as the children of John & Ellen moved he cared for. John the younger John - a serious minded & studious boy, ~~the~~ ~~joy~~ ~~is~~ a joy & comfort to his parents. ~~Chas~~ <sup>Martha</sup> likewise a joy, but not always a comfort.

One day when he ~~was~~ ~~never~~ ~~came~~ home from school, with unmistakable evidence of having been in a fight, or ~~at~~ ~~least~~ brought a report card with "not satisfactory" in glaring red, ~~Ellen~~ Ellen often took her troubled thoughts to John, her husband.

"Oh well be alright Ellen, don't fret so about it - it's just the boy in him that has to come out." So often this was John's way of settling the matter, and equally often did Ellen wait and try to believe.

From grammar school to high school - from high school to College. John Jr. his senior year at Stanford - ~~Chas~~ <sup>Martha</sup> just entering. Stanford & John was a place to get his degree in engineering ~~then~~ to equip him for his real start in the world. To ~~Chas~~ <sup>Martha</sup> - a place to go to get ~~experience~~ ~~the~~ ~~merit~~ ~~of~~ ~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~college~~ - a place to have as he expressed it - a whole of a good time.

During John's ~~first~~ <sup>freshman</sup> year in ~~college~~ <sup>matter of</sup> the ~~fraternities~~ ~~of~~ ~~Stanford~~ presented to self and was disposed of in a manner entirely satisfactory to his father and himself.

Greenfield was but a few miles from the University ~~and~~ and John "commuted" daily between Palo Alto and his home. Therefore he was known as a "day student." One who does not live on the campus.

after giving it considerable thought the boy ~~had~~ said

13. to his parents - one evening - "I have received 'hints' to screw fraternities down at College, and while I ~~the~~ would like to be a fraternity man, there is some <sup>in my mind</sup> question, as to just how much I would get out of it. In the first place my Engineering course is a ~~very~~ stiff one and I can see right now that if I want to get through it will take about all of my time. Another thing, living at home, <sup>as I do</sup> I would have my little time to spend it with the fellows or at the 'house.' Then of course, there is the expense."

"How much would it cost you" - inquired his mother, perhaps "if it isn't too much perhaps - or -"

"Now Ellen (interrupted the father) pardon me but, think John has taken a very sensible attitude. ~~He says~~ I know all boys want to join a fraternity when they get to College, but as John says, he want to be living ~~at~~ at Stanford and his time is ~~is~~ taken up he want to be able to enter into their activities."

"Oh just the actual <sup>and</sup> joining, ~~that~~ ~~of amount~~ doesn't amount to a great deal, <sup>said John his son</sup> but of course that isn't all its the -"

"That's just it again interrupted the elder John) its the other expenses ~~that~~ in conjunction; dues - entertainment etc. ~~that~~ I had a talk with Mr. Russell ~~just~~ ~~before~~ John entered, just to get a hint or what it was costing him for his boy. He's been there three years now and his father tells me just the actual necessary expenses are small enough, which I know, but he also says the <sup>purely</sup> social side of Edward's expenses ~~are~~ are infinitely more than he

14. originally organized by."

"Well you know my Russell's reputation and his idea of a Yagan John" laughed Ellen.

"That's alright - but for

"That may be, but just to save his one of the heaviest deposits in our Bank."

"We want the boys to see some of the social side of college don't we John", pleaded Ellen.

"Of course we do my dear - certainly we do, but you know we haven't returned the second mortgage on the house yet and ~~for~~ when that is done, I want to buy some more stocks in the Bank's John clothes. His commutation took every month and ~~other~~ lots of other incidentals - mount up. I noticed the difference already."

"Oh don't worry about it (said the boy) I said at in the beginning I'm not ~~very~~ keen about it, and I'll manage to get in on some of the activities in college and ones I will enjoy too."

"Let's not make a closed incident of right now, my way, now - Perhaps next year."

Thus it was settled.

Next year - the year after - and ~~his~~ at ~~last~~ his. The start of his Senior year - John still had not joined - but it was of his own choosing.

The first three years of John's career in Coeys, were attended <sup>with</sup> ~~his~~ last three in High School. For John, years that ~~to~~ were marked with diligence & concentration. ~~His~~ His's strength of character & development into young manhood might ~~be~~ well be a source of pride to any parent.

Let us with <sup>that</sup> ~~his~~ this lack of interest in school necessitated enforced periods of study. ~~But~~ The discipline imposed upon him only served to increase his restlessness, but very possessed of a good mind he was able to keep up with his class. His associates also caused Ellen some concern, and his ~~necessity~~ <sup>not</sup> requests for ~~money and that money was~~ <sup>my not desired</sup> far ~~from~~ the type ~~be~~ should have chosen and ~~lets~~ increasing requests for money ~~caused~~ caused Ellen ~~some~~ concern. With ~~her~~ a mother's intuition she discerned many things that ~~she~~ <sup>was</sup> not revealed to her husband. But when some new escapade that ~~caused~~ seemed to point toward trouble or ~~of~~ <sup>that</sup> some ~~action~~ <sup>that</sup> manifested itself ~~too~~ <sup>at darkly</sup> plainly in a boy of this age - ~~as~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>would</sup> ~~try~~ to ~~do~~ ~~it~~ <sup>that</sup> the boys father often at times ~~of~~ ~~these~~ <sup>reminded</sup> ~~with~~ the boy or even lecture his ~~remedy~~. Ironically though he would take refuge in his loss for ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> explain that he was a different type - a different temperament than his older brother. That ~~was~~ <sup>that</sup> was just a little wild."

But such things as ~~was~~ remaining out until

16. They were small loans, and coming home in a condition which she knew he had, but had never dared to let John know about, was to seem far more serious than being just a little wild.

Frequent ~~trips~~ <sup>trips</sup> to S.F. for the week end, presumably to see ~~that~~ a part of "some one of the fellows", or trips down the Penn. with so and so in his car, nearly always resulted in a late return Mon. a.m. <sup>cautiously from the benches of the Court, I think</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>it was</sup> ~~it was~~

One afternoon, <sup>on the first day of the month</sup> ~~on the first day of the month~~ with Miss Gibbs, (dads ancient & trusty secretary as <sup>Matt</sup> ~~she~~ called her) ~~sent to the~~ <sup>the Bank</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>came to</sup> ~~her~~ desk and said, as ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~can be custom for years~~ - "The bank statement sent out Mr. Candace, do you wish me to check your personal account for you?" <sup>of his had been her custom for years</sup> "If you please Miss Gibbs, and when yours finished please <sup>hand</sup> ~~put~~ Miss Candace's statement on my desk so I ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> take it home to her this evening."

"Yes Mr. Candace!"

He sec. withdrew and ~~so~~ shortly after 3 o'clock returned. He placed Miss Candace's envelope on the desk + then enquired, "Shall I file your ~~the Candace's~~ 'is'?"

"Do I balance?"

"Yes Sir."

"Not in the red this month eh," said John smiling? That was one of his "pet" jokes. So John Candace to be in the red, even when was getting seven-a-week - was



(17) ~~It~~ something next to impossible.

"Yes you may find it, I know about how I stand anyway I think." again smiling at his own joke. "Glad I'm not mad as hell!"

"By the way though Mr. Candace I don't recall that you went up to S.F. work before last. The Bank Examiners were here <sup>then</sup> and I was certain you had not been away at all."

"~~Mr~~ Candace had turned to his work, and he said in rather an unconcerned tone - "No S.F. don't recall that I did either - fact I didn't ~~it~~ work they were here."

"But" --

The Banker looked up again wondering ~~why~~ <sup>why</sup> she had not ~~written~~ <sup>written</sup> down + asked with a slight show of impatience -

"Why - what is it Miss Gibbs? What do you mean about S.F.?"

"Oh for your information sir, I just noticed on balancing your account that you had cashed a check ~~in~~ at the Palace Hotel and as I said you were on my line all that week ~~with~~ with the Examiners that I was quite positive you hadn't ~~gone~~ gone up. What really drew my attention to it though was ~~that~~ the check had no number and there was no stub in your book, but then I know of course ~~that~~ you often carry some of our loose checks with you. I have noticed them ~~before~~ coming ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> study before."

Candace looked puzzled. "You say it was cashed at the Palace Hotel?"

"Yes sir -"

"Well I have cashed checks ~~there~~ there, but I can't seem to remember - - just - a - this particular <sup>one</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> whom was the

18. ~~check~~ <sup>not</sup> drawn - self - or in favor of the Palace - or ?  
" Drawn to cash sir - cleared through 1<sup>st</sup> Nat. Bk. of N.Y."

"How much was it for?"  
"Twenty five dollars."

"Let me see the check please."

From the canceled checks with his bank statement, the sec. drew forth the one in question & handed it to him. He scrutinized it carefully for a moment. Then John Caudell's face went deathly white - his hand trembled. For ~~an instant~~ an instant he saw not. Then he recovered his composure sufficiently to ~~say~~ <sup>stammer</sup> -

Oh yes, I - ah - recall this check - I went up to

town one evening - ~~guess~~ hurriedly - I didn't know I was going when I left the bank - ah didn't have much money with me - as - I cashed a check that ~~is all~~ <sup>was</sup> all we did in Massachusetts - thank you."

How John Caudell got through the remaining two hours of the afternoon in that bank - he never knew. ~~The~~

The signature was perfect, but the rest - <sup>was not</sup> - Had he not - years back guided the tiny ~~hand~~ hand that held the pen - had he not with a father's love & ~~his~~ pride helped to form the letters and numbers wrought home from Swedenborg; could he now fail to ~~know~~ know - ~~to~~ fail to see that which ~~he~~ was writing into his very soul - ~~putting~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~ray~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~fire~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~?~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~burning~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~red-hot~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~ray~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~fire~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~!~~ <sup>and</sup>

These things were uppermost in his mind - One - the fear that Miss Gerts may have discerned the truth - another - that Ellen must never know - and - that he must deal with Charles "God" - he moaned to himself - "how shall I deal with ~~my~~ my son?"

Oh my son - <sup>my</sup> <sup>son</sup> how shall I deal with my son?

Allen heard his key in the latch and went to meet him. "How early about you dear" he asked, without

(14) waiting for his greeting ~~to~~ she said quickly - "Hello  
John - what's the matter - you are pale - ~~what's the matter?~~  
are you yet?"

"No, no, Ellen just a little tired - been warm today - stuffy -  
Dad had rather a hard day - think Ted ~~had~~ go up + lie down for  
a few minutes before dinner. Boys home?"

"Not yet. You know John has a late lecture on Wednesdays  
+ doesn't get home to dinner."

"That's so, I forgot - and ~~what?~~ <sup>What?</sup>"

"He stopped in for a moment after school - went on down town -  
go on up + have you rest - get <sup>at dinner time</sup> ~~are you~~ + ~~are you~~ just tired?"  
"That's all - just tired."

and how later Ellen went up stairs. "~~get a rest~~ just."

"Dinner has been ready for a few minutes, but I ~~didn't want~~  
~~to call you~~ thought I would let you rest as long as you  
would. <sup>What</sup> ~~was~~ ~~out~~ ~~how~~ ~~apart~~, but lets ~~it do~~ go down,  
we will be ~~here~~ ~~but~~ ~~any~~ ~~moment~~. How do you feel?"

"Better, <sup>now</sup> thanks!"

They had been at the table but a few minutes when  
<sup>What</sup> ~~was~~ ~~came~~ in. Here it was that John had his greatest  
struggle.

"Hello mother, hello dad. Sorry I'm late."

"Set down <sup>What</sup> ~~was~~. I do wish you get here on time."

"Evening son - said his father."

What an ordeal that meal was for John! Toward the end of it  
he asked "are you doing anything this evening Ellen?"

~~John~~ "Mrs. Nichols is coming in for a while, she is the club's  
new sec. you know"

"Oh yes - Mrs. Nichols is not coming?"

"No dear - why - was there something you wanted?"

20 - "No, no, as long as the wheels aren't coming I just thought I would  
like to get a little air. I thought I'd have ~~also~~ <sup>just</sup> get the car + need  
~~it~~ a little drive."

"Sure dad - get the 'bus' out right away!"  
as they left the house, the father said. "Drive down past Mr.  
Hodgkiss' garage ~~down~~ <sup>with</sup>"

"You mean the Hodgkiss' livery stable that he now calls  
a garage" (corrected his son) "Sort of like what do you want to  
go down to that dump for Dad. If ~~you~~ <sup>we</sup> need anything for the car  
let's go the Highway. That's a regular place."

"I want to see Mr. Hodgkiss."  
"Think well to that at this hour?"

"Well see" drive down there!!!

- During the hour ~~of~~ before dinner that John at home  
down ~~down~~ - he did not "sleep" - nor did he rest. His  
soul was being, burned within. Every thought, every act during  
his day's life was not before him. He was wounded - hurt -  
shaken. He tried to reason. He struggled, and fought or  
fought on and on - and lost.

"Just keep the motor running ~~it~~. We see if Mr. Hodgkiss  
is here + I will only be a few moments."

and Mr. Hodgkiss ~~was~~ always came down to the "garage" after  
supper - as he used to come down to the stable - in times gone by.

after enjoying a short conversation, John with a closer taste  
"what ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> needed" ~~it~~ made his odd request."

after a short search the article asked for was produced  
with a promise to return it tomorrow, John thanked ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup>

Hodgkiss left.

21. "Well for the love of Pete dead - what ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~hotel~~ ~~are~~ ~~you~~ ~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~buggy~~ ~~whip~~? This is a perfectly good car - it doesn't need a whip - all she needs is some gas and a gentle touch ~~to~~ ~~press~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~foot~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~throttle~~. But - what's the joke dad - why the buggy whip?"

"It's ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~buggy~~ ~~whip~~ - it's a horse whip!"

"But this <sup>isn't</sup> horse doesn't use oats - she uses gas - doesn't need a whip!"

"I didn't get it for the car!"

"Get your funny to right dad - I don't get you!"

"Went out the hillside road ~~to~~ <sup>Matt</sup>

"Some more cheer, gosh that road's like bunk - full of clunk-holes - not a house in a thousand miles!"

Both were silent except for an occasional hoot from ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~car~~ ~~as~~ when they struck another bump - were forced to slow down to a very low speed.

"This will do ~~the~~ <sup>Matt</sup> - (when they were well out of town) pulled up by the side of the road & shut the motor off."

"What the deuce is coming off dad?"

Both on coats! ~~But~~ <sup>just</sup> before that I want to ask you just what <sup>kind</sup> of a fool you think I am - or rather what kind of a fool do you think Miss Gibbs is?"

"The term doesn't apply to you dad, but as for Miss Gibbs, <sup>well</sup> you know you're still just a high school boy - I haven't gotten to college yet where they get the keep stuff & learn all the big words!"

~~Well that~~

"I haven't that applies to you though!" John's eyes were avenge ~~the~~. He felt his rage rising, but seeing it took

(22) his last ounce of strength to utter the dread words-

"You forget!"  
with <sup>eyes</sup> blood <sup>in</sup> his veins. he was speechless. left devoid  
of all power to move or reply.

~~"My grandfather used~~

after ~~with~~ the utterance of the terrible word ~~and~~ Julius strength returned  
and his rage ~~and~~ increased as he said - "My grandfather used to tell  
me of the pagan days when they did one of <sup>4</sup> things to a  
~~man~~ - punishment was ~~not~~ meted out according to the ~~code~~  
~~of~~ crime. They hanged <sup>him</sup> or shot him - put him in ~~prison~~  
prison - or they horse-whipped him. ~~That's~~ you hear  
a mother who is one of Gods own masterpieces - a brother who  
is ~~his~~ her son - ~~you've always seen the same~~ in my heart  
you have always seen the same God - to think that you  
are Ellevision! You are not going to drag the name down -  
you are not going to punish them - but you smother perhaps -  
but the punishment ~~you~~ ~~will~~ be taken by you but  
mostly by me. I have my own choice according to the old  
law of my grandfather - I'm going to horse-whip you, ~~but~~  
but I swear to ~~God~~ God if you <sup>separate from me</sup> try to ~~run~~ I will ~~turn you~~  
~~see that~~ see that you go to jail. Leave your whelp - get  
out of here and take your coat off and remember what I have  
said."

With the first lash. <sup>Matt</sup> Chris' faculties returned, and ~~but~~ ~~what~~  
regardless of what else may ~~be said of him~~ - have been said of  
him ~~more~~ morally - physically he was not a coward. Set us  
close our eyes upon <sup>this</sup> the scene, but ~~let~~ let it suffice to say



24. He is so young - just a boy - young as he is though he shared  
me the touch. I was a heart ~~my boy~~ my boy - my son - as  
<sup>tail</sup> years I met still my little boy - and just now he said - he  
wast proud of his father. It was a Captain long time before John  
Crawford could conquer his grief ~~and~~ ~~summar~~ ~~sufficient~~ ~~fact~~  
~~disturbance~~. Finally he summoned enough self control + regained  
sufficient force to drive home.

During the year, through <sup>the</sup> death of ~~the~~ Colonel Waterwell  
John Crawford became Vice Pres. ~~President~~ of the famous ~~and~~ ~~great~~  
unit. The Colonel - an elderly gentleman who should have  
relinquished his duties long before ~~the~~ <sup>tail</sup> the last  
but for some time John had assumed much of his work. Though  
his ~~duties~~ work was an arduous one John devoted his life  
away from the bank to his family, even more so if it were possible  
than before. ~~The carefully guarded fact~~. ~~Also~~ entered  
Stanford and the carefully guarded fact between his father  
and himself had never been broken. Eileen, John's ~~mother~~ <sup>mother</sup> knew that  
some volcanic action had taken place, but it was soon lost  
sight of in John's tenderness to them and its general  
harmony of their home. The father's aching heart <sup>was</sup> found some  
secret solace in the knowledge that he and John had a common  
bond in the keeping of that fact. ~~But~~ <sup>But</sup> inwardly bitter  
but taken up with new ~~strip~~ ~~new friends~~ ~~new~~ ~~strange~~  
~~new friends~~ ~~new~~ ~~strip~~ that entered into his  
college life, began <sup>to</sup> relent somewhat in his feeling toward  
his father.

In the matter of joining a fraternity had presented itself  
to John J. in his freshman year - so it did ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~him~~. One day  
during the "rush" season the two brothers met in the



25. Campus. "Well, said John, I see several 'houses' but  
and you in tow - have you done anything yet?"

"<sup>was</sup> Sure - ~~you~~ pledged @ I last night - but don't you tell  
dad - I want to ask him first if I can join - then break  
it to him quietly that I have already accepted. But by  
a couple of others too."

"You shouldn't have pledged yourself before you knew whether  
it was ok with dad or not ~~else~~ Besides ~~it's~~  
~~going on~~ ~~it's~~

I don't want to hurt your feelings, <sup>either</sup> but the @D have  
the name of being a pretty wild bunch."

"<sup>intending to spoil the mood</sup> Then you go now - what do you know about the Phetas?  
<sup>most</sup> I've seen ~~several~~ of the crowds - they are the best on the campus."

"Well, ~~it's~~ you in my senior year but  
now and I happen to know a little about their crowd as  
well as some of the other ones that I would rather see you join."

"Gosh now you're going to preach - or if I didn't get enough  
of that at home. That's just one reason I would like to live  
on the campus - just to get away from home. ~~you~~  
~~would~~ You're not a wife - + I'd bet you haven't half  
a dozen friends in college."

"Saw Beer Pools this morning + according to him you  
were 'miking in' pretty well about 12 o'clock last night,  
down at the Oasis - and as to my <sup>my</sup> friends - they are <sup>all</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~  
wallyhuts. Better not let dad get wise to your party last  
night."

"Yeah that goes some more advice!" <sup>related</sup> ~~related~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~about~~  
a few weeks later <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ informed the family that he  
had been "bid" by several fraternities and asked permission

consented at once & asked ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> which one he wanted to go into.

"Theta I" - said ~~the~~ <sup>Walt</sup>

Walt

"I don't know any thing about the fraternities ~~cler-~~ and his father but John must."

John, ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> have been down there for a long time - what sort of men are they <sup>there</sup> - ah - what did you call in ~~cler-~~

Walt!

"Theta U.P."

"Aw I don't do a great deal about frat's dad - then, with a look at his books I'm not much of a sniper, but I think ~~you~~ must call of the horses down there are good."

Walt ~~John~~ is in a better position to make his own decision."

Ellen - John Sr. and ~~John~~ <sup>Walt</sup> were all happy. Walt related ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> good fortune ~~John~~ <sup>Walt</sup> knew that it would be premature to approach his parents on the subject of living at his frat. house so for the time ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> least ~~Walt~~ <sup>he</sup> lived at home and went <sup>down</sup> ~~up~~ to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> university - that is mostly <sup>down</sup> to the frat house daily.

Mr. Russell had been right when he told ~~the~~ <sup>John</sup> father Crandell three years before that the expenses at college were much higher <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ his boy than he had ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~imagined~~ <sup>for</sup>. Indeed ~~John~~ <sup>John</sup> father was finding it out also.

For reasons best known to himself the father attempted to be watchful of ~~John~~ <sup>Walt</sup>. Watchful for the boy's welfare, but <sup>real</sup> success desired for him to ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> as Ellen had expressed "some of the social life in college." When John thought he saw warning signs of danger signals, <sup>he</sup> called his son to strict account, ~~John~~ <sup>Walt</sup> was obliged to slacken his pace, but would counter with the remark - "You just don't understand, ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~college~~ <sup>college</sup> life. I do just what all the fellows do."



#- 28

Industrial work. work was <sup>done by the</sup> men, <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>women</sup> <sup>did</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>house</sup> <sup>work</sup>.

one man or woman was doing the work of 3. Schools & colleges  
contributed their share of <sup>of</sup> money ever, <sup>wanted</sup> along with the rest,  
the high pressure drives - the Red Cross - ~~women~~ ~~concerns~~,  
 civic organizations - ~~and~~, and the women's clubs - doing the "bits."

Six millions of others - John Gaudet was drawn into this  
epidemic whirl - <sup>in</sup> <sup>fluenced</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>duties</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Bank</sup> - <sup>committees</sup> - <sup>more</sup>  
drives - ~~he was~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~the~~ ~~work~~ - some war work to perform,  
his home became a place where he could ~~keep~~ <sup>find</sup> but a ~~few~~  
hours of rest and brief periods of comfort from Ellen, and  
when ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~home~~ - ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~.

With a boy so susceptible to temptations as this, it is  
easily understandable that he should yield to the additional  
ones during those trying times. Drinking <sup>women</sup> was not the worst of  
his faults. <sup>His</sup> passion for gambling was unconquerable, any  
form - any game of chance was irresistible to him. His friends  
used to say of him - "Jack Gaudet will tell you where a fly  
is going light!" This led him down the mental path of debt.

about 6 o'clock one evening <sup>as</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>home</sup>, he noticed at  
once that his father was not there. "Head up ~~at~~ stairs" he asked  
of his mother.

"No <sup>was</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>home</sup> yet. Why don't you go down to the Bank & come  
home with him. He is tired out these days. It will make him happy -  
go on down."

"Alright mother"  
~~as~~ ~~he~~ ~~walked~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~Bank~~ a few minutes later - ~~he~~ ~~knocked~~ ~~at~~ ~~his~~  
~~father's~~ ~~office~~ and knocked on the door. After a moment  
a face peered out from behind a <sup>door</sup> <sup>shaded</sup> with "closed" on it.  
It was his father's and he opened the door to let his son in.

"Hello - I came down to bring you home to dinner -"

"Come in son - you are not quite ready to go home."

29 (29)  
M. The banker closed the door and they walked back into  
his office. "Sit down <sup>Heart</sup> ~~John~~ "I want to know how long you  
came." "Warent seen you since Monday".

"~~Heart~~" "Thanks - yes I've been having pretty hard very night  
this week and ~~to sleep~~ ~~and~~ ~~find~~ this for a couple of days  
so I stayed down <sup>at</sup> O.K. Believe me I'm glad this is Friday."

"Believe you do look a little worn <sup>and</sup> his father suddenly, then  
~~and~~ turned ~~back~~ ~~and~~ ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ ~~to~~ ~~go~~ just his work.  
He had been <sup>thus</sup> engaged for a few moments when another  
rep and a shaking of the front door of the Bank <sup>was heard</sup> ~~occurred~~.

"Shall I go?" asked the boy  
"No thanks - I'd rather."  
again John ~~and~~ opened out from behind the drawn shade and

recognized one of the depositors. Opening the door - he  
peered the man - ~~with~~ <sup>the</sup> "Well - hello, Jensen, what  
you doing in town at this hour - come in - I thought all  
you prosperous farmers <sup>in time to go</sup> ~~were~~ went home and ~~went~~ to bed with  
the chickens."

Despite the fact that he had not seen <sup>his sister</sup> ~~the~~ body <sup>of</sup> ~~her~~  
for 30 years the Jensen still <sup>kept</sup> ~~cherished~~ "I wish <sup>and</sup> ~~accident~~. <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~  
<sup>have</sup> ~~find~~ on my way home now. I guess Mrs Jensen she got  
the chickens fed and in bed by now, but if you don't get them  
quickly quick - she don't fed me!"

They had now reached John's office - "Sit down - Mr. Jensen - oh -  
do you know my <sup>son</sup> - what can I do for you?" "Want to ~~talk~~ <sup>business</sup>?"

"Howdy <sup>Master</sup> ~~Walter~~ Gaudet - yes you have know him ~~for~~  
when he was like high to a pass-lifter." ~~but~~ then addressing  
the banker <sup>personally</sup> - ~~bel~~ <sup>and</sup> just sold my way to Mr. Jones.  
~~He~~ <sup>was</sup> going to hand it from ~~de~~ ~~stack~~ ~~himself~~. ~~He~~ <sup>we</sup> make ~~de~~  
contract this afternoon and be ~~quite~~ <sup>have</sup> you me 200 \$  
depositt now and pay me all <sup>when</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> he finish

de haye. We go to Lees Bank and he draw out de \$200 dollar. We  
we dont have giff de check - he have giff ~~the~~ de money. Are  
dont like to go way out to de ranch ~~to~~ rich in much money. If  
I are dont ~~have~~ have too late are like to leave it here".

"Why ~~are~~ certainly Mr. Jensen. The bank is closed and  
the bank lock is on, but I will open my safe right here  
& put in there. I will give you a receipt for it now and in the  
morning we will ~~deposit~~ credit your account & ~~mail~~ mail  
you your duplicate deposit slip."

"Thank you very much you dont need to mail <sup>deposit</sup> it - are have coming  
back to town tomorrow and are come ~~it~~ en."

"Alright - Mr. Jensen - just." ~~They wanted to the door.~~

"Good bye - Mr. Candall - he said to ~~Mr. Matt~~"

"Oh - a - good night Mr. Jensen -"

They wanted to the door - Thank you - Mr. Candall - ~~and~~  
have going bring you one law fine fat chicken for Sunday dinner."

"Not at all - Mr. Jensen - glad to do it for you, and dont you  
worry about the chicken. Good night!"

Mr. Candall returned to his office - ~~stopped~~ went over to  
the safe, stopped over and turned the dial back & forth  
several times until he found the number he wanted, after  
slowly manipulating it for a few moments he stopped and trusted  
the handle. The safe did not open. "Um - ~~that's funny~~  
he said, "This ~~usually~~ gets always has this open when I get  
back - been so long since I - let see + ~~that's~~ he went on,  
talking to himself - but audibly - "55 - Right - 3 times - Left once - back  
half - Stop" He turned the lever - pulled - and the door opened.  
Taking his key ring from his pocket he selected a key, opened  
the little cash drawer and placed James Jensen's money  
inside - relocked it & closed the safe.

Early in the evening after they had finished dinner. ~~They~~ inquired, "Could I have the car for a little while this evening, I want to take a little ride?"

"My <sup>Walt</sup> ~~Ellen~~, said Ellen - you've been down at college ~~all~~ nearly all week, why don't you stay in and visit with us tonight?"

"I want to talk - see why. It's been <sup>boiling</sup> my head off nearly all night this week for those exams - I'd like to get out for a little while."

"Alright - son - go ahead - take your mother for a little ride." The boy's expression changed, but he did not let his <sup>parents</sup> ~~mother~~ see it.

"I don't come to go unless you <sup>do</sup> go for me - do you want to go?"

"Just as you say Ellen - I'm a little tired though - I ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> rather relax a little at home."

A few moments later Ellen noticed <sup>Walt</sup> ~~John~~ looking around the room - opening ~~doors~~ drawers etc + she asked -

"What are you hunting for ~~John~~?"

"Key to the garage. I can't find it."

"Isn't it on the mantle - piece?" "That's where it usually is," said his <sup>mother</sup> ~~mother~~.

"I looked - there - looked my place."

Ellen ~~also~~ helped in the search for the key, but without success.

"Had we can't find the key to the garage. May I borrow yours to get the car out?"

John was expressed in his ~~own~~ evening paper - "Huh" - he muttered. ~~Ellen~~ started his request.

"Uh-huh" John reached for his keys with one hand & continued to hold the paper with the other - trying not to lose his place. Without looking up he ~~held~~ <sup>held</sup> fast the keys - "Don't forget to return 'em 'for you go," he said.

Half an hour later the car was parked at the side entrance of the Oasis.

It was midnight when two figures ~~emerged~~ emerged from

321  
The steady figure in an ~~equally steady~~ ~~solid~~ was that of Pop.  
Hargus. ~~front~~ of the Oasis, and in an equally steady voice he  
said. "Now look here Claude, I'm glad for <sup>you</sup> stuff as long as I  
am going to. You can't pull any more and get away with it  
we've no more tape - no more tape with the socket dealer.  
I want you to get you a unit to run now right to let up  
you & Oyle & I will take em down before <sup>you</sup> ~~do~~. I don't want to  
~~do~~ Success if you don't get me something besides promises."

"I'll hell of way to talk to anybody's spent as much as I have  
in your joint. I've bought lots of stuff here" mumbled Chris.  
"Yeah your bought plenty alright, + most of it is on the the  
'cuff' too. Remember. to run now right or I'll <sup>make</sup> you <sup>the</sup> old ~~man~~ "grat"  
"Mush are you?" jangled Chris. "Watt"  
"Got ~~the~~ the tabs inside - haven't added an ace up yet - around a  
hundred + fifty."  
"Ah hell - its easy - how you money for <sup>you</sup> to run now - what  
what's she worryin' about."

"You'll be the one that's worryin' if you <sup>think</sup> ~~can~~ through ~~the~~ <sup>Pop</sup>"  
with about a hundred + fifty bucks to run now" said Pop as he went  
inside.

Ellen & John sat up until 10 o'clock. John was asleep soon  
after they returned but Ellen stayed awake for a time, ~~just~~  
listening for <sup>beats</sup> ~~beats~~ ~~beats~~ finally she too closed her eyes.  
They had been asleep neither of them, but John was  
awakened by Ellen uttering saying - "John - John wake up don't you  
forget the phone?"

"Hear what?" asked John.  
"The phone - hurry - the phone's ringing - goodness, who can be calling  
at this -  
without finishing her sentence Ellen flinched on the table slightly by  
then sat up and looked at the clock - "half-past two" she said as



(33) John got into his robe + sippers + went to the telephone.

"Hello" he said, <sup>a voice with</sup> a full round Irish brogue came on the wire - "Hello, is this Mr. ~~Kendall~~?"

"Yes - this is Mr. Kendall"   
 "Mr. Kendall - this is Dalton"

Who?   
 Dalton Whalen - of the night patrol.

"Oh - yes - Dan - what's the -   
 "Should - Mr. Kendall I hope to be bothering you at this hour, and I don't want to speak too long on the telephone. but could you be after the Coomin club to the Bank right away."

"What's the Bank?   
 "Mis ri"

"My God Dan what's the matter?   
 "Wait Dan that's something's the matter ri, but you'd better after Coomin - on Mr. Kendall - if you can help it don't let anybody or let me see you."

"Heaven's John - what has happened <sup>the patriot</sup>   
 "Don't worry - that was Dan Whalen <sup>the patriot</sup>   
 "Get out <sup>make</sup> <sup>leave</sup> <sup>right away</sup> - see him to get the car out - run you down in a hurry."

"No, no don't do that I can be dressed - half the way <sup>there</sup>   
 he could get up get the car out. Besides Whalen doesn't want me to be   
 any more. I wonder what can be the matter. I haven't <sup>with</sup> the <sup>car</sup>   
 The bus left went in at 8:15 - 9:15 <sup>was</sup> it was closed."

When he reached the door of the Bank John felt in - his pockets. He   
 ~~found~~ "the devil - he exclaimed 'I forgot my keys!" He tapped   
 ~~intentionally~~ on the door. gently on the door - waited a moment -   
 then tapped ~~intentionally~~ again. Just ~~at~~ the door one the other side of   
 the door a low voice said - "Who is it?"

"Kendall" he answered scarcely above a whisper.   
 ~~Unconsciously~~ <sup>unconsciously</sup> <sup>voiceless</sup> the door <sup>opened</sup>   
 <sup>pausing</sup> <sup>left</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>hand</sup> <sup>stepped</sup> <sup>inside</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>door</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>finger</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>lips</sup> - "What a word - Mr. Kendall   
 <sup>come</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>place</sup> <sup>please</sup> <sup>don't</sup> <sup>could</sup>."

24

When

Officer Dan Whalen passed the Bank on his two o'clock round  
 he tried the door. As he expected, it was locked. It had been so  
 on each preceding round since he came on duty in the evening.  
 Just as he took his hand off the latch he thought he heard a  
 sound inside - it sounded like ~~a~~ something heavy, like  
 a chair being overturned. Most any other officer might have  
~~assumed~~ <sup>thought</sup> himself that he ~~was~~ mistaken and passed on. But  
 that was not Dan Whalen's way.

We took out his keys, quietly inserted one and got him  
 self into the main lobby of the ~~double~~ <sup>single</sup> bank. As he  
 did so he detected a shadow dart quickly across the  
 little glass enclosure that served as Mr. Candelas private  
 office. Scoping to reclaim one of the pillars in the lobby, he  
~~cautiously~~ <sup>cautiously</sup> looked cautiously leaned out just far enough to get a  
 view of the inner office. "Come out from behind that  
 door or I'll start pumping lead he commanded - "and when  
 you <sup>come</sup> out - come reaching for the ~~ceiling~~ <sup>ceiling</sup>  
 ceiling. If ye drop one of yer hands I'll drill ye full o' holes.  
 Come out!"

Slowly, with hands high ~~in the air~~ <sup>near</sup> above his head, the  
 figure came, or ~~rather~~ <sup>rather</sup> staggered out. ~~The distance~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>distance</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup>  
~~the~~ ~~feet~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~ceiling~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~middle~~ <sup>middle</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~lobby~~ <sup>lobby</sup> +  
 keep em up, or else you can get it from off" <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ ~~distance~~ <sup>distance</sup>  
 of some 30 ~~feet~~ <sup>feet</sup> between them which ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> in a  
 flash they ~~both~~ <sup>with</sup> his gun ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ ~~ceiling~~ <sup>against</sup> the ~~ceiling~~ <sup>ceiling</sup>  
 body <sup>by</sup> ~~by~~ ~~the~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~standing~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup>  
 hands ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup> + the inner office. in case they might ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup>  
 an accomplice. In an instant he had rapped out the pockets  
 of the man and found that he was not armed.  
 "Take yer chin off yer chest" snarled the officer, + let me have

Nancy Dell

35. a look ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> her face." The figure did not stay. He  
reached for his flash light & thrust it under the man's  
chin <sup>in</sup> after the manner of an "inherent" after a quick scanning  
glance at the features <sup>where</sup> ~~he~~ exploded. "In the name o' God  
if it aint young Randall - ~~Phew! the devil an eye down~~  
~~here~~ and steeled to the gills! Phew! in the devil an eye  
down here?"

"You're crazy - officer - same way - my name's not Randall."  
The officer held the light full in <sup>the</sup> face of his captiv -  
"Well if your name aint Randall, my name's Cohen," he  
said. "~~He~~ <sup>he had just emerged</sup> come in here with me." He led the boy to the  
private office, <sup>he</sup> sat him down in a chair, & replaced his  
gun. "Now lad ~~what~~ I want to know this - what are ye doin'  
in this bank at 2 o'clock in the mornin', drunk as a goat & plumb that  
safe down open?"

Seeing <sup>was</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>was</sup> ridiculous to try to hide his identity <sup>with</sup> - stammered -  
"is none o' yer damn business."  
"Listen me boy - yer father's a fine upstanding man & father  
for his sake I dont want to lay a hand on ye - but ye're to be taken  
care o' yer lip. See me the truth?"

"Keep ye the fact I've just a cop. My name's Randall  
or I would be in this bank - I <sup>can</sup> explain all this but I  
want you to be fair. You a gentleman & you a cop."

"An what a fine gentleman ye'd be if yer brain in caught  
up with yer tongue? But it won't - it's too far back. We  
ye want to explain here or down at the police station, said  
man."

"Well if you had it know - in dad sent me down if I som  
times."

"Shure & its had wakin man ~~ye father's~~ I know yer



37) his keys - had not come back home when he returned - here he was - drunk - officer ~~Whalen~~ Whalen - the safe open - Jensen's money - The justice took swift over him - he swayed - reeled - <sup>but</sup> caught himself in desk and steadied himself for a moment. Then pulling himself to his full height he looked squarely at the officer & said - "Its no use - arrest him now - it'll hurt his mother & disgrace me - but take him down to the police station"

"My God!" <sup>spoke</sup> said Dan humbly - "just a minute - please - ~~look~~ <sup>look</sup> around the Bank - see if anything is alright - please - do that for me"

Nothing else to look at - ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup> anything of any value is in the vault - the time lock is on - ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup> all these cases along the wall, asked the officer - among his flash light along them.

"Filing cabinets - correspondence - nothing negotiable," nevertheless he took the officer's proffered flash light - poked his way back to the vault. a moment later he returned - "Its locked - was ~~locked~~

all he could say." ~~for~~ for a moment - then - "there's nothing else, except last night I put 'God' belonging to Mrs Jensen in my safe here - ~~the officer~~ <sup>Ran</sup> looked at the boy - "Where you got that lead?" he asked. Without raising his eyes. ~~the~~ <sup>he</sup> took from his pocket, 4 - 50

for fifty dollar bills and placed them on the desk. "Take him to the station Man" said the boys father helplessly.

With a swift stride across the little room ~~of~~ Dan Whalen was at the banker's side - "Mr. Crandall - Mr. Crandall. he reeled - wait - sit down - sit down - just a minute - let me talk to you - mechanically - John stepped. With his long hand on the banker's shoulder

Ran continued - with all his heart in his words - "Mr. Crandall - do you mind, way back, when I had been on the force just a little while - do you mind the day I came right into this very office & said to you - me about Benkin - Mr. Crandall - I want to know a hundred

38.) Dollars + Oh Mr. Candell. How I need it. The job to have it  
myself away + me little "Kalumie" - me with ~~the~~ "Kalumie" - rest  
his little soul. he died this mornin' + Kate - Kate. ~~the~~  
on baby - she's got it too - the dam <sup>Prisoner</sup> and <sup>Mamie</sup> - me with  
is down + cant take <sup>care</sup> of the baby. Mr. Candell + I got to ~~try~~  
my little "Kalumie" ~~was~~ just come from Rooney's  
interment parlors. this a nice coffin - a black black coffin  
down the Mr. Candell for fifty dollars. Rooney was de traveling  
for seventy five - the rest I got to have for medicine + the  
doctor for the baby + Mamie. ~~no security~~ Mr. Candell - just  
me work + me job - + I may not have the job long because I have to ~~take~~  
~~care of~~ nurse me family - I might get another man ~~in my~~  
place - but I'll pay the bank back. Mr. Candell - ~~get~~ of it takes  
to help me. if it takes all me life. He looked at me with kindness  
in his eye but shook his head + said "It isn't bankin' business  
Mr. Whalen. I remember you called Mr. Master - but don't stay away  
from your family any longer. ~~you~~ Go back ~~for~~ + take care of them  
for a little while - get see - you come in and see me late  
this afternoon. I want - two or three sick they was - faith the  
doctor thought we had to hold "Kalumie" - funeral for Kate's then in  
the afternoon - a ~~nurse~~ nurse come in. I asked her what  
she wanted + she said she was sent to nurse me family + to take me  
pay from me + then as quick as I could hurried down the Rooney's -  
just to have another look at "Kalumie" - just ~~to see~~ <sup>see</sup> if he was  
alive + and and - (he's the big officer - paused. Tears <sup>came</sup> ~~streamed~~  
down his cheeks, which he made no attempt to restrain, and his  
wife's face shook with emotion) and then I ran back to Mamie +  
Mamie. Mamie. ~~she~~ says - I. they've got "Kalumie" in a little  
white coffin + and there was flowers too - lots of em - and the  
funeral there wasn't many people at - it there but - Mr. Candell  
was there and Mamie's little white + coffin was almost <sup>covered</sup> with flowers.

39.) Do you think I could win Jopit that Mr. Crandal was you  
think me wrong - could win Jopit it - and now it is when we  
go out to his ~~little~~ <sup>the American</sup> ~~place~~ - ~~not~~ <sup>our</sup> Kate helps us put flowers <sup>they</sup> around ~~them~~  
~~she~~ says I to thank her to me - <sup>she</sup> is the Crandal  
were to thank that ~~it~~ <sup>us</sup> both she + Kate are here to decorate  
Dames grave. Could I win Jopit all that? ~~to be~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~it~~?  
Listen Mr. Crandal. Listen - just a second longer - <sup>in things</sup> if you seen  
for yourself that ~~any~~ <sup>else</sup> ~~thing~~ <sup>around here</sup> is alright - there's the two  
hundred. ~~no today's the work~~ I protected the bank - ~~it's~~ <sup>not</sup> nothing  
gone - ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~concern~~ <sup>is</sup> clear - ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~body's~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>was</sup> - ~~no~~  
will they win it - after all his ~~year~~ <sup>year</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>type</sup> - let's let him  
go - let him go Mr. Crandal - Do with him as you wish -  
send him to war if you want to. But let him go."

In the first time ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup> raised his eyes - his father could not look  
at him - "Please - dad - he said - I'll go to war."  
"The lad means it Mr. Crandal" - He after letting him  
John Crandal was human - ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> summoning all his courage - he  
uttered one word - "Go!"

"Wait - again - wait - here you got my money lad" <sup>asked</sup> the officer.  
"No."  
"Don't start him out broke - Mr. Crandal - but it may fit into your hands -  
"Give him the Swades two hundred + you can fix that <sup>in</sup> the money!"

The three ~~left~~ <sup>left</sup> the bank ~~slightly~~ left the bank.  
"Car's in the alley off B-street - here are your keys. The officer ~~continued~~  
his ~~words~~ <sup>words</sup> went back to his "seat" - the banker to his car - the  
boy - ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> be himself knew not what.

Next day the after-noon mail brought a short note - it was addressed  
to John of the Bank.  
"Father - I will leave it to you to concoct any story you may think  
wise about my hurried departure. anything ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~alright~~ <sup>alright</sup> because I  
shall never return to disturb it. all I hope is that you tell me that  
was not so painful for you and mother to ~~see~~ <sup>hear</sup>.  
It ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~sound~~ <sup>sound</sup> foolish for me say that I do appreciate you and mother  
love care for - all my life - but just the same I do and to-day I regret all  
the pain I have caused you both.  
Will you please often ~~whalen~~ <sup>whalen</sup> I don't remember all I said + did to







"Don't shoot - I'm not armed & I ~~won't~~ <sup>can't</sup> harm you - just let me go - I didn't come to harm you. I've been here before. I didn't come to harm you then - I'm not a regular thing - I haven't eaten for days - I was famished - John - I heard that voice" - I cried Ellen - I had nothing but ~~unlucky~~ <sup>unlucky</sup> he went on - I saw the back window - they were low - it looked easy - a few steps up the fireplace - the window was not locked. The first thing I saw was a box - I grabbed it & got out silent. The window - I got away. The box was locked. I needed for it. Next day I searched around still searching for food. I found a ~~piece of wood~~ <sup>piece of wood</sup> in a vacant lot next to a lumber yard. I went in behind some piles of lumber & searched the box - eleven dollars & the pictures were inside. I looked at them & read the notes. I knew you wanted them. I spent six dollars of the money - for a place to sleep & something to eat - ~~good~~ <sup>good</sup> food. ~~God~~ <sup>God</sup> how I needed it. Here is the rest - I wanted to return the box - but was afraid - then I saw the paper. Please let me go - I won't harm you or anyone else. I've been through a lot. Please let me go."

John said - "I'm not very grateful to you for returning my ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> things - but I'm sorry for you. The article in the paper said all I wanted was my boys things - I didn't put it that - but it's true. ~~But I know~~ <sup>But I know</sup> and I would like to let you go but how do I know that you aren't a professional thing. Take off your mask!"

"No, no, please - I won't do that!"  
 "That shows you are a crook - I ought to ease the police, but -"

"I'm not - I'm not even armed & I've got you - just let me go my way!"

"Just why did you - return this box?"  
 "Did you I knew you wanted it - I knew what that man had been through. I had a year of it by self -"  
 "Has your service?"  
 "I had a year of it"  
 "You seem to have come out alright why turn to this?"  
 "Did you I don't do this - as to coming out alright I had"

43) bell shot out of me and getting up down you fire escape was the  
toughest job I've had in a long time - again - I try you to  
let me go, as the man turned to look toward the window  
his mask slipped - dropped - exposing his features. Covered  
with a week's growth of beard - one eye completely gone -  
a baggy face, as she ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~surround~~ - Ellen screamed - "~~oh~~"  
Minutes later when she had been revived - The ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~said~~  
said - "~~oh~~" I didn't want you to see me - I wanted several  
nights for you the chance to put the hot rock. Tonight I saw  
you go out - I had to wait a long time before I could get an opportunity  
to get up the fire escape without being seen. Just as I got to  
you came - I was trapped - I was going to do well until you got  
to sleep & then try to get out. I promised you when I left  
Greenfield you would never see me again. I did not know you  
had left Greenwood. When I got to St. a week ago & did what I did  
it was through hunger - I must have found as long without food as I have.  
I know what it's like in the trenches as I have seen. I picked the  
first window I thought I could reach, then I was go - if  
you were out we - no no ~~how~~ has been known me by the  
name of Canada. I even had to get into that army, but I can  
prove to you that I went. ~~Here is my discharge~~ <sup>here is my</sup> honorable discharge  
of private Thomas Sartor, and the man holding a document.  
& here is his picture. I admit I haven't been absolutely  
honorable since my discharge - but I was the only I was  
in the service. <sup>with</sup>

It was dawn - when they had stopped talking - ~~then~~ <sup>with</sup> had  
told of his ~~own~~ wounds in France - his moments of agony in  
the hospital - his return to U.S. his misfortunes & mistakes  
since. I've had my reasons - now I want to keep my  
name + go

John said Ellen. Every ~~time~~ <sup>time</sup> I thought ~~of~~  
John's words. I thought the same ~~and~~ I said to myself.  
This is for John - ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>day</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~name~~ <sup>name</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~live~~ <sup>live</sup>

419.) He back ~~to~~ ~~glue~~ ~~is~~ ~~far~~ ~~beyond~~ ~~on~~ ~~reels~~ - ~~it~~  
~~can't~~ I can't give him his - but all I have saved for both -  
I can give to ~~the~~ <sup>last</sup> They're mine to give - you can't deny me!"

for several years that has been up ~~posterior~~ ~~little~~ ~~before~~  
start on the main street in ~~front~~ <sup>up</sup> ~~front~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~  
front - the sign - reads ~~Chas. Campbell - Hardware.~~

One evening - Daniel Whalen tried the door of the front  
store. It was locked, but ~~Chas~~ <sup>last</sup> Campbell rushed to the door  
- opened it - "Come in Dan - he said. I want to talk to you."  
"Shoot" said Dan.

"Dan - in all the years you've been giving these sounds to  
see that perfect doors are locked - just how many millions  
unless do you suppose you have locked - ~~gained~~ <sup>lost</sup> ~~the~~  
said + I don't know - ~~but~~ ~~but~~ ~~I'm~~ ~~good~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~million~~  
yet."

"But you are at that" said ~~Chas~~ <sup>last</sup> But that it isn't  
what I wanted to say - you've been at it a long time,  
you wanted me to quit it."

~~What~~ quit it. exploded Dan. What in hell would I do  
after doing it for 10 years?"

"You would you like to go into business?"  
"Who the devil am I head of a ~~of~~ cop running one business  
when he can run the whole town after dark."

I'm moving up to the corner next month Dan - going to  
have a large store, I might want a partner - but business  
is heavy."

"You - no its money you after needin' be. well.  
that a few grand seem in the bank that will  
answer to us whistle & a roll of Liberty Bonds & some  
can't look apart - How much do we want?  
"Not a cent. I want a partner."

45.) ~~What~~ <sup>What</sup> is this harvest? -  
"No. ~~What~~ <sup>What</sup> you can see. If you don't believe, ask day  
when he comes home.

"You much more I have to put up -  
I sleep not a ~~cent~~ <sup>cent</sup> - I'm done better well - ~~I need some~~ <sup>I need</sup>  
~~to keep my money~~ - I need some help.

"Praxis too give the me to do it".  
On the new street on the corner of Miami + Chudwick Sts  
is a big sign - ~~for~~ with a red back ground + green letters.  
It reads - Candace + Whalen - Handmade. on each side  
side of the entrance in red leaf on the show windows - and  
the name - Chas ~~Chas~~ Candace + Daniel Whalen.

The ~~main~~ <sup>as the</sup> steps in the little cemetery at the edge  
of ~~the~~ town, where the grass seems a little greener  
+ the flowers bloom more profusely. 1. These steps ~~are~~  
~~are~~ nearly every Sunday several people go - one is little  
blame Whalen's grave - the other is visited by a ~~doctor~~  
~~doctor~~ ~~and~~ ~~right~~ ~~hand~~ ~~stone~~ ~~many~~ ~~to~~ ~~names~~ -

Henry + May Newton - underneath is the inscription  
"Their marriage was made in Heaven -  
"Har well I remember the first time he said that doubtless  
said Ellen" arranging the flowers tenderly - ~~How~~ and how  
time it was!"

How time it is - answered John.

1.

## Black Panther

Nigger Kate was six feet two. Every bit of his 220 pound frame was big bone + solid muscle. He was something of a mystery. Really about all that was known of him on the docks of Memphis + New Orleans + various other cities where he worked - and fought, was that he could handle more bales of cotton, loads + employed more freight + whip more men than ~~any~~ <sup>most any</sup> two men around.

Kate was good natured. He did not like to fight + only did so when he had to. That was not often, for his very size did not encourage it in others. But when he did, he was <sup>a</sup> mean nigger.

Rarely did any one man have the courage to fight him and the consequence was that

2  
several times they "ganged" him, <sup>even then</sup> ~~and~~ he kept  
them steered about the docks, <sup>in</sup> almost unbelievable  
numbers. Telling it in Uncle's own words he said -  
"Once when I clean is a bunch in a crap game  
dey 'gang up' on me. Next mornin, deys go  
sugges wake up in de Santa Emergency Hospital,  
and at day-light kates right on de dock beavin  
cotton. <sup>Sawed as 1st</sup> But ah don like to fight. I may does  
it when ah has to. But when ah gets ahead  
ahs afraid o no man livin - no two men  
livin."

Someone asked him one day "kate did you ever hit  
a man as hard as you could?" "Sawd no," he  
said - "if ah ever hit a man ~~with~~ all mah  
might with mah fis, it sho kille him."

3  
ahs were built a man + ah she dont want to. Says  
yes two things ahs afraid of + one of em is sometimes  
ah might git too mad - but somebody hands ah  
kins."

"Whats the other thing you're afraid of hate," he  
was asked.

"Well," he said ~~and~~ sheepishly. "ah knows yo  
all som' pake fun at me, but - but - ahs afraid  
o ghosts."

"afraid of ghosts? go <sup>way</sup> on, a seat by myse like  
you afraid of a ghost" - hantened a while for

"Did you ever see one?"

"She did. ~~at~~ One night ah picked a water-melon  
+ was takin it over to com' patch to bus it  
for. Yes as <sup>ah</sup> ~~gits~~ there - Wowie! - seat by ghes  
jump right out at me!"



4. " I just want a ghost hate - that was somebody  
when you nuzzles was stealing water melons + he put  
a sheet over him to scare you away"

" He <sup>sub</sup> ~~was~~ that was a ghost - <sup>oh</sup> need it." Then that  
<sup>unduly</sup> brought in some of his homely philosophy - "Some  
times we don't know what we <sup>can</sup> do till we  
want to. ah alas know ah could fight when I  
need to, but ah never know ah could run,  
ahs rods de rods under <sup>lots</sup> ~~lots~~ o' gas trains +  
watched ~~de~~ de rail-road ties whin by so fas  
dey sets ~~blurred~~ + looks like jus one giant by long  
~~blurred~~ <sup>blurred</sup> <sup>alors</sup> <sup>de</sup> <sup>glens</sup> ~~blurred~~ Ah took out cross ~~that~~ a cotton field + de  
rows o' cotton fly under mah feet so fas, it  
look jus like one solid red o' cotton. Aint no man  
in a sheet can make a nuzzle run like that.

5. ab out-run dat glass - ab don't stop till ab  
gets <sup>clear</sup> de next town. There ab hops a freight +  
seem to me like ab never did see a train go  
no sbs. Its two days. If we get to New Orleans.

● Once or twice I might mean jumps off + run,  
specially after findin out how ab/ever run!  
ab never did go back to dat town. ab left

6 dollars comin in wages + 5 lbs dat watermelon.  
No sir - ab never did go back to ~~dat~~ town!!

Many times when a ship came to port + discharged  
● cargo + reloaded, Kate had a desire to stay <sup>so</sup> aboard.  
One day his restless nature prevailed and he  
shipped on a freighter. For two years he <sup>stayed</sup> ~~was~~ at sea  
and touched many of the world's important parts.

His wanderlust satisfied, for a while at least,

6. he quit the vessel at San Francisco. On the picture  
esque Embarkadero ~~he did~~ <sup>they</sup> he followed the habits of  
most of individuals who infect the water front. ~~He~~  
Walked + fought - drank + gambled his wages.

An enterprising prize fight promoter ~~heard~~  
~~water + came down to the docks~~ tried to commercialize  
water + urged him to enter the ring.

"Fight for a living?" said water - "No sir! ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> sections  
who whipped up stereotypes, + no sailors + no  
truck drivers in any body's head, but all only fights  
when they makes me."

"Look at the money you could make <sup>I need</sup> ~~and~~ the  
promoter -" why water you a born athlete - a born  
fighter - you must about ~~the~~ with the ease +  
grace of a panther - a big black panther. That's

7. ~~What~~ what ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> call you - like you as the  
Black Panther":

"Ain you the ~~no prize~~ fighter" said Watts and  
it was final. The name Black Panther however  
stuck to him. It pleased his vanity. Another  
reason too - down South the word nigger was common,  
rep north it often meant fight, to call a black  
"nigger". ~~Therefore many~~ found Watts had learned  
the different ~~idea~~ things and as a result  
many found it <sup>was</sup> convenient to call him the  
Black Panther.

Several times Watts left the water front & worked  
at various jobs. Once, ~~after~~ <sup>with</sup> some difficulty he  
he managed to get on as Pullman car porter.

Oakland Pier is just across the Bay from S.F.  
after leaving the ferry boats, ~~passenger~~ hundreds of

passengers daily bound trains for the North - East  
& South. Gates' ~~own~~ run was on the Sierra Limited,  
between Oakland & Ogden, Utah. <sup>Sacramento</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>steepest</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>grade</sup>  
run to Sacramento the state capitol, ~~from~~ from which  
east bound trains <sup>shortly</sup> then climb up ~~the~~ through  
beautiful high Sierra Mts. So steep is the ascent in  
certain places & on curves, <sup>that</sup> even the fastest engines  
~~are forced to a stop~~ come almost to a stop. Then  
on through miles & miles of snow sheds.

Six months <sup>in the case</sup> ~~as a~~ <sup>convenient for</sup> ~~path~~ <sup>business</sup> was enough for Gates. He  
said it was like a jail on wheels. He soon found  
himself working for the Express Co on Oakland pier,  
wheeling ~~out~~ trucks loaded high with trunks  
& baggage of all sorts & loading ~~express~~ ~~packages~~  
into the cars.

Often, ~~very~~ often there were coin & currency

9. shipments ~~is~~ brought over in "strong boxes," always accompanied by two armed guards. We loaded many of them. ~~Often~~ <sup>Sometimes</sup> the ~~men~~ <sup>loaders</sup> ~~on the tracks~~ <sup>used</sup> joked with guards saying - "If we had whips in that box we wouldn't have to be loading cars". Usually the guards who remained with the box until the train pulled out, and it was in case of the clerk + guard in the car, would ~~return~~ <sup>reply good naturedly</sup> the joke + say - "Yeah, but try + get it!"

~~The Sierra Limited pulls out of Salt Lake City every morning at 6 o'clock.~~ The Sierra Limited pulls out of Salt Lake City every morning at 6 o'clock. It was August. Even <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ ~~evening~~ night the heat through the Sac. valley was disagreeable. Johnston was the Clerk in charge of the express car. McKeen - "Cross eyed Mac" they called him, the RR detective accompanied. McKeen

10. Had been with the Co. for 4 years. Short, wiry + wiry  
cross eyed man's service dated back to ~~that~~ time  
when his orders regarding train robbery were, "to  
bring in ju - dead or alive." as a matter of fact  
Mac's ~~was~~ quick as wits + nerve + ~~was~~ though  
~~cross eyed~~ probably his ability to shoot had  
enabled to comply with both of those instructions  
His ~~cross~~ optical affliction had not in the least  
impaired his marksmanship.

In a time after the Sierra left Sa. Johnston  
was busy with his books, McKellen was reading.  
Soon after the train had started on its climb,  
The clerk folded up some <sup>form</sup> sheets of paper + closed  
his books. "Sacramento stuff's all entered up  
Mac" - nothing to do now till we get to Ugh. Bend;  
What do you say?"

11. "alright; bring out the old cuttage board - same  
old rule though - just to pass the time." no money  
"Sure" said Johnston: "just to pass the time."

Johnston's revolver lay <sup>upon</sup> ~~on~~ his desk where he had  
stood ~~working~~, on one side of the car. desk was a  
high affair on one side of the car, where he always  
stood up to work. This revolver lay on it. Over it on  
two legs was a sawed-off shotgun. Directly op-  
posite near the other side-door was a little  
wing-table that ~~let down~~.

The express car was divided into two compartments  
by a heavy steel partition; a door <sup>crossed</sup> ~~connected~~ <sup>it:</sup> them.  
~~on the large~~. Both end-doors of the car were  
buckheaded and the only entrances were the  
<sup>big</sup> ~~two~~ <sup>large</sup> ~~loading~~ <sup>doors</sup> on either side. <sup>These of course were rarely looked at</sup> ~~the~~ ~~desk~~  
~~desk~~ was in the ~~large~~ of the two compartments the



12  
~~The partition~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~across~~ ~~the~~ ~~center~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~car~~, but ~~was~~ ~~near~~ ~~one~~ ~~end~~. The ~~clerk's~~ ~~desk~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~one~~ ~~side~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~hinge~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~two~~ ~~compartments~~. At ~~this~~ ~~desk~~ ~~Glanton~~ ~~had~~ ~~stood~~ ~~making~~. On ~~it~~ ~~lay~~ ~~his~~ ~~revolver~~. Over ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~hung~~ ~~a~~ ~~sawed-off~~ ~~shot-gun~~. ~~Directly~~ ~~across~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~little~~ ~~hinge~~ ~~table~~ ~~that~~ ~~could~~ ~~be~~ ~~let~~ ~~down~~. Here ~~the~~ ~~two~~ ~~men~~ ~~were~~ ~~to~~ ~~have~~ ~~their~~ ~~game~~ ~~of~~ ~~cribbage~~. The ~~heat~~ ~~still~~ ~~being~~ ~~oppressive~~, McKean removed ~~his~~ ~~coat~~; ~~un~~ ~~buckled~~ ~~his~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~cartridge~~ ~~belt~~ ~~that~~ ~~held~~ ~~his~~ ~~revolver~~, ~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~beside~~ ~~Glanton's~~, ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~sat~~ ~~down~~ ~~to~~ ~~play~~. ~~The~~ ~~detective's~~ ~~main~~ ~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~right~~ ~~the~~ ~~clerk's~~ ~~desk~~.

x x - x x x x

In ~~discussing~~ ~~it~~ ~~afterward~~ ~~with~~ ~~McKean~~, ~~Glanton~~ ~~admitted~~ ~~they~~ ~~heard~~ ~~no~~ ~~noise~~ ~~other~~ ~~than~~ ~~that~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~train~~; ~~that~~ ~~they~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~even~~ ~~see~~ ~~the~~ ~~light~~ ~~smoke~~

13. from behind the piles of packages + trunks. So stealthily  
was it done that the first thing Johnston ~~who~~ did see  
was the figure in one or two great leaps land at his  
desk.

Already they were covered with an automatic  
which the figure held: "Stick em up gents + don't  
move - yer set at 40 table - but keep em up. Ah  
don't want to use mah gun if Ah kin hep it - but don't  
yo all move."

astounded - they stopped.

Keeping them covered ~~but~~, with his own automatic,  
~~he reached~~ with his other hand <sup>he</sup> Johnston's revolver  
from the desk + put it in his pocket. It would ~~go~~  
so easy with McKeelans as he had to slip it out of the  
holder. He succeeded, and placed it in his coat  
pocket. Still with his free hand he reached up + took  
down the slot gun. Grasping it as he would a pistol

4/ for the instant he covered the men with it which  
he placed one gun in still another pocket. Then he  
continued to cover them with shot gun. It was  
Johnston's first experience. ~~With all his nerves and~~  
~~Wiskella~~, with all his experience and nerve wasn't  
taking any chances with a sawed-off shotgun in the  
hands of a man only ten feet away. Besides <sup>the</sup> Wiskella  
~~with~~ into what working.

"Wiskella get the damned" - he said, "if it isn't the ~~big~~  
Black Panther, who loads the cars at the pier. What the  
hell are you doing - stealing a ride?"

"I ain't no ride ahs stealing! Now Mr. Clerk you jes  
throw yo keys over to dat do to the other part of dis heah  
car, where dat strong box is. Johnston then threw over.  
The negro reached to the door keeping ~~the~~ his victims  
covered.

"Come on Panther" - said Wiskella - you've had your  
job - you fooled us - quit your kidding. I don't know

15' when you want to ~~go~~ ~~add~~ to, but its alright, eh  
Johnston?

"I think he means business man"

"Means business - yo all gon find out, ah means business."  
yo all gon find out, ah means business

"Wait a minute Panther - wait a minute - you havent  
figured this thing out - in the first place these  
keys went to the strong box - it cant be opened until  
I get to Reno"

"ah knows dat - it cant for the box I want the key - its  
for dat do"

"What good would that do you - you cant open it if  
do you to get into the other room - you cant open the  
box?"

Wont see to for de box, heah, ah knows de box is  
right by dat ~~do~~ do + when I ah gits de do open I  
can reach in + get hold de handle <sup>with out hands</sup> + slide it out.  
heah + ~~still~~ keep yo all covered with de other. been  
yo + Mr. Clerk gon ~~contact de big do~~ stay right  
~~close~~ close to gether too ah I'm treeb yo covered

16. + 40's you ofen de side de dump dat box out. been  
you you git away from de do - 9.30 you out; guns  
allt. ~~you quick -~~ ~~can't de aint much no train!~~

McChelous train was working like lightening. "Why  
you damn ~~feel~~ - feel, you're crazy. the train is  
going like hell + you'd ~~kill~~ kill yourself if you tried  
to get off - even if you did for the box ~~is no~~ <sup>is no</sup>  
heavy you couldn't get away with <sup>neither could you</sup> ~~at you couldn't get~~  
it off."

McChelous train ain't you like hell. I was 100 lbs on  
dis run for 6 hrs. I know right where we is - up dis  
grade on some o dese curves dis train go so slow any  
body can jump off. ~~But a right apt you to get too."~~  
oh know what to do about dat string box <sup>too</sup>, also handled  
lots of boxes bags boxes + dey aint strays dey look."

Just then the train struck a curve, lurched and  
threw the negro completely off balance.

17. McSkellan leaped for him. Primitivist in-  
stinct reacted first <sup>the negro</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~negro~~ first shot  
out - struck McSkellan in the face. He collapsed on the  
floor lay ~~motionless~~ motionless.

"Can now - I've only got one to watch," said the big  
black. He picked up the bunch of keys ~~was seen~~  
~~moments finding the right one~~ <sup>due to the necessity</sup>  
of keeping Johnston covered lost some time in getting  
the right one. Opening the door he peered into the  
other part of the car + saw the box ~~several feet~~  
~~inside the door~~ <sup>as he expected</sup> not near the door but some distance  
away. This necessitated his going in. With a  
warning to Johnston not to move - he darted in,  
leaving the door ajar.

Later, news + a quick train after change many  
times - again the train took a curve - in doing so  
the open ~~door~~ <sup>door</sup> swung shut. The negro had left

18. The keys intact. Mr. Kelley who was hurt but  
not unconscious from the blow he had received, had  
purposely been still, ~~for an instant he was~~ looking  
for a chance. He was lying within a few feet of  
the door. As it slammed - he was on his knees in an  
instant + had turned the key. The big black was  
trapped.

With an oath the Panther  
with all the power in his big hands ~~and~~ <sup>arms</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~struck~~ <sup>in</sup>  
vain to ~~open~~ <sup>break</sup> ~~it~~ - then he ~~hinged~~ <sup>thrust</sup> his huge back  
against it. The steel door held.

The train was moving slowly now + conversation  
~~between~~ <sup>was possible.</sup> "Look here," he said - "If  
you all know what's good for you do ~~not~~ <sup>do</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~fast~~ <sup>soon</sup> as you do do.  
Also got <sup>some</sup> "soup" ~~which~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>use</sup> on <sup>the</sup> ~~box~~ <sup>strong</sup>  
+ ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~do~~ <sup>do</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~hell~~ <sup>hell</sup> ~~too~~ <sup>too</sup> <sup>am</sup> When all gets out

19. also liable to start shooting."

McKellas faculties had all returned now and they  
he was never more deliberate. He called ~~it~~ through  
the door to the captives. "You can't soup the door, because  
if you did you'd blow yourself to hell with it."

"No sub - ah don't blow yourself to hell - ~~ah can~~  
keys room maff in de fax end o des room - ah can  
git schin ~~at~~ sumpum when de change goes off."

"But you wouldn't stay back there" said McKella.

"Whate de reason ah wouldn't stay back there?" ~~was~~ ~~was~~  
ah stay back there."

"You'd be afraid"

"afraid o what?"

"Walk ~~to~~ clear back to the end, black boy - just beyond  
that last pile of packages - take a look."

The ~~go~~ <sup>Panther</sup> did so + in an instant was back at the door



20. "Who, who, what <sup>is</sup> dat?" We asked.

"What, <sup>is</sup> that <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>asked</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>man</sup>?" "Don't you know what that is - that big long redwood-wood box <sup>back there</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> a ~~breach~~ <sup>breach</sup> of glass on it? Do you know what in that redwood box nigger? - a casket - nigger - a coffin - and in that coffin is a corpse - a dead man, "Yeow! Yeow! - a corpse - a dead man - oh quick - ~~the~~ quick - ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> open dat do-quick!"

"No - we want open the door - Panther - you're going to stay right in there - locked in with that dead man. Maybe we were too busy at the fire to see you hide but you were too busy hiding to see them load that coffin at Sacramento.

The black man howled - wailed & pleaded. He begged them to open the door just a enough for him to pass the three revolvers & the shot gun out to them - handles

21. Just + they agreed to come out + surrender. Wekulla  
Jannigan with the <sup>infantry</sup> ~~infantry~~ <sup>get</sup> ~~glance~~  
men he held the ~~dep~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~relentless~~

"Hope you're going to stay - you're locked up all alone  
with a dead man - and you can't get out. Now here's  
some more for you + she <sup>main</sup> switch for the lights in there  
~~is~~ the car are on this side - now listen <sup>you hear</sup> ~~listen~~  
listen - I'm going to put the light out in there. You're  
going to sit in the dark - in the dark with that  
horrible thing!

The terrified negro again hunched + bent against  
the door - He howled + yelled - he tore at the bars  
~~across~~ the windows - the very bars designed to keep  
him + his kind out - were now <sup>holding</sup> ~~holding~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>prisoners</sup>

"Oh Lord - make em let me out," he prayed.

"Shut up just a minute" said Wekulla - "Shut  
up just a minute + look back there where it is."

22. Look back & you will see that corpse rise right up out of that coffin - all in white. Look - its coming".

The screams of the negro now reached that high note not unlike the wild scream of a real prairie or thumping in the mountains - Then it subsided to a low moan & then down to a tiny ~~was~~ whimper - almost like a little puppy that is ~~cold~~ shivering with cold & is hungry. Soon all was quiet.

It was with a great deal of caution that the officers at High Bench unlocked the door and peered in. It was with some difficulty that they pushed it open. Caution was not necessary. There on the floor against the door, as if ~~to~~ seeking the protection of the tiny ray of light that came under it - lay the Black Panther.

The surgeon who performed the autopsy found no evidence of suicide - not even any ~~suicide~~ marks

23. of violence other than in his hands, where he had beaten  
against the door + bars. ~~We pronounced death from heart-~~  
~~failure. Having been advised of the facts ~~that~~ pronounced~~  
~~it ~~was~~ death from ~~the~~ ~~heart~~ ~~failure~~~~

We pronounced it - death from heart failure - ~~and~~  
induced by fright.

x x x P  
after hearing all the <sup>testimony</sup> ~~witnesses~~, the coroner <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~  
<sup>was</sup> ready within 5 min to report their findings  
as "death due to a natural cause" but the foreman  
Egan Meeker who had studied law was inclined  
to be technical - also admitted that he had  
a flare for humor + insisted that the verdict  
be brought in as "death due to a Super-natural  
cause."

x x x pro  
When the officials of the company were

24. Considering McKeenan's application for retirement on pension one of the formalities was that he appear in person before the Board. He was asked why he applied for 80% when the customary allowance was 75% after his length of service.

"I thought I was in such a dead-end" said Mac. But when I <sup>described my technique</sup> reached the point of efficiency, I was a lot more to be seen, but I can't seem to reach. I think I ought to get an alpha 5%.

We got it.

✓ a few days later one of the officials <sup>the director</sup> said to ~~McKeenan~~ "By the way, the records show that that was just a cash payment - that that was not a capre in it." "Sure. I mean that all the time - but they can't do anything <sup>way</sup> it served the same purpose. Said McKeenan.

- Power -

Although it was only 8 o'clock in the morning and the ~~offices~~ offices of the J.C. Campbell Traction Power Co. didn't open until 9, old J.C. was at his desk pushing buttons trying to get <sup>his</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>response</sup> on his private phone, and generally looking as though he were developing a prophesy.

Getting no response he scanned the market reports in the morning paper and they added to his ill humor. Then he paced the floor for a few moments. He tried all kinds of communication again, failed. He sat down, thrust his hands in his pockets, stared at his desk. At 8:30 the phone bells arrived and clung to him in his plant. J.C. saw the light & reared to kick at the receiver as a tiger leaps on its prey. Wells 1/4 he

almost burst the transmitter.

"Good morning sir - whom did you wish sir?"  
J.C. roared - "There it is again - Whom! Whom! - Whom do I wish!!? Last night all over again - Whom do I wish!!  
Damn it - Who do I want!! Can't you talk American young woman? Who do I want? I want everybody, where is everybody? Where is Miss Gibbs?"

"I'll give Miss Galt's name" There's no need, it landed in the hands  
GC had a tattoo on desk for a few moments, his plane rang  
& the operator said "Sorry, Miss Galt doesn't answer."  
Now Miss Galt was 45 - respected, homely, efficient  
and loyal. She had been with the ~~Canada Post~~ <sup>C T + D Co</sup> ~~for~~  
many years. She ~~was~~ knew GC's business and was not  
easily ruffled. GC considered her indispensable. All  
the employees looked in awe of her.

She came <sup>in</sup> that quarter of nine. As she passed by  
the switchboard the operator said -  
"Miss Galt, Miss Galt, 'morning 'hand you'd  
better get Mr Campbell right away." Miss Galt  
detected a note of alarm in her voice, but she  
straightened up & said - "and?" - The operator said  
"and?" "Well I don't know 'and", but I can say  
"well" you'd better get this here up there & see  
what's the matter!" ~~Miss Galt looked up at a plane but~~  
Michael Haprise - ~~her years of standing with the~~  
company, her confidence in GC - ~~some day we were~~  
amer told her she'd better see him.

Gibby Cameron with her feet wrapped 541.

For the first time in her life she pulled  
~~down her~~ she hurried up stairs  
permanently

in a hurry. She did not go to her own little office, just off  
J.C. but went straight to his, without first removing her hat &  
wrap.

Glibby, but ordinarily courteous with her, he ignored  
her "good morning", seeing she had her coat & hat on & said,  
"Well are you just getting back from lunch or something?"

"No Mr. Campbell, it's not yet 9 o'clock, what is it sir?"

"Get my son, get my son he's commanded."

"Yes sir - yes sir - but I rather doubt if Mr. Daniel  
is down yet sir."

"Down yet! Well I doubt if he's up yet! Anyway  
get him to my home, my apartment, my night club!  
Probably he's still up! After that tell Johnson to come in  
here."

"Mr. Johnson will be in court today sir."

"He will be in court this after-noon. The case is set for them -  
I think I pay an attorney a retainer of \$5,000 or so - don't know  
when he gets into court?"

Relief came when Miss G. heard Paul, stopping by her door,  
excusing herself she went in bought back some telegrams.



John Anthony Drain wasn't tall, dark and handsome!  
He was about five feet - ten - well built and had brown  
hair. He wore brown - horn - rimmed spectacles with  
~~the~~ ~~glass~~ dark glass covering ~~his~~ eyes. In fact ~~the~~ dark  
glasses angled around over his cheek bone.

In two ~~years~~ seasons Jimmy had taken hard pounding  
and beating as a second string quarter back at Princeton  
He had ~~no~~ small quarters on his Indian team  
but was never quite quite good except for the Kentucky  
New game that day against Yale. The score was  
tied. Princeton's man power was almost gone and  
with only moments to go Jimmy was called in: Yale  
needed only a yard to go for a touch down.  
Jimmy was on the 10 yard line. Yale had cut  
back & blocked everybody. Jimmy paralled line  
& down. ~~He then~~ ~~turn~~ back but as he did so  
one of the ~~state~~ man's deats ~~with~~ ~~at~~ ~~low~~ ~~do~~  
was shot - thing tackle. Down they went but  
the deats on one of the ~~sa~~ Yale was slip  
naked Jimmy's cheek and left. The John Anthony  
Drain and Princeton had soaked the first yard line  
as they called for a receiver to carry Jimmy off. Jimmy  
got blurry & his feet ~~and~~ - hee no - they

Analogue

Hi customer!!

If we went right here in front of  
the bank I'd kiss you

If we went right here in front  
of the bank I'd ~~kiss~~ fuck you  
fuck!!

What? again!

Yes again & again & again!!

Boy - I mean gal - could I make  
anyone!

would carry me off. I'd stay in, on of the coach

would let me, I'd get off under my own  
power. He didn't get off under his own power  
in fact when the gun rounded ending the game in  
a tie and Johns was carried off on the  
shoulders of his wildly cheering team mates.  
He hadn't won the game, but he had left  
it from being lost. That was the nearest he  
ever came to being a hero (except me)

Johns had to leave college because it looked  
as though he might lose the sight of his  
eye.

Back home Johns' dad was head of the Dan Band  
& his Co.

DEALER'S NET COST

EFFECTIVE JANUARY 5, 1931  
(With additions and corrections to Nov. 1, 1931)

McClaren Gold Bond Balloon			McClaren Autocrat Super Service		Autocrat High Press. Cord		
Size	4 Ply	6 Ply	Size	Casing	Size	Casing	
4.40-21 (29x4.40)	\$5.27	\$7.30 *	4.40-20-4.50	\$ 9.03	30x3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Ex C1	\$ 8.55	
			4.40-21-4.50	9.34	30x3 $\frac{1}{2}$ SS	8.55*	
4.50-20 (29x4.50)	5.59	7.58	4.50-19-4.75	10.20	31x4	11.08	
4.50-21 (30x4.50)	5.88	7.82	4.50-20-4.75	10.39	32x4	11.26	
			4.50-21-4.75	10.48	33x4	11.69	
4.75-19 (28x4.75)	6.41	8.09	4.75-19-5.00	10.83	32x4 $\frac{1}{2}$	16.00	
4.75-20 (29x4.75)	6.66	8.33	4.75-20-5.00	11.31	33x4 $\frac{1}{2}$	16.57	
			4.75-21-5.00	11.59*	34x4 $\frac{1}{2}$	17.14*	
5.00-19 (29x5.00)	6.88	8.88	5.00-18-5.25	12.19			
5.00-20 (30x5.00)	7.05	9.13	5.00-19-5.25	12.38	Autocrat Truck		
			5.00-20-5.25	12.70	Size	Casing	Tube
5.25-18 (28x5.25)	7.77	9.78	5.00-21-5.25	13.24	30x5	\$18.01	\$2.13
5.25-19 (29x5.25)	8.09	10.02	5.25-18-5.50	13.59	33x5	19.90	2.31
5.25-20 (30x5.25)	8.37	10.33	5.25-19-5.50	14.12	34x5	21.37	2.37
5.25-21 (31x5.25)	8.55	10.71	5.25-20-5.50	14.44	35x5	21.89	2.46
			5.25-21-5.50	14.95*	32x6 8 Ply	22.80	3.33
5.50-18 (28x5.50)	8.62	10.61	5.50-17-6.00	15.04	32x6 10 "	29.88	3.33
5.50-19 (29x5.50)	9.01	11.02	5.50-18-6.00	15.23	36x6	32.79	3.60
5.50-20 (30x5.50)	9.37	11.67	5.50-19-6.00	15.39	34x7	42.35	4.68
			5.50-20-6.00	16.25	34x7 12 Ply	46.56	4.68
6.00-18 (30x6.00)	9.55	11.74	5.50-21-6.00	16.69	38x7	46.03	5.07
6.00-19 (31x6.00)	9.83	12.12	5.77-23-6.00	17.10	36x8	60.10	6.27
6.00-20 (32x6.00)	10.12	12.33	6.00-17-6.50	16.37	36x8 14 Ply	66.10	6.27
6.00-21 (33x6.00)	10.44	12.78	6.00-18-6.50	16.47	40x8	64.50	6.78
6.00-22 (34x6.00)	-	13.26	6.00-19-6.50	16.91	40x8 14 "	70.93	6.78
6.00-23 (35x6.00)	-	13.81	6.00-20-6.50	17.20	38x9	96.73	8.19
			6.00-21-6.50	17.80	42x9	107.24	9.09
6.50-18 (30x6.50)	-	14.43	6.50-18-7.00	21.53			
6.50-19 (31x6.50)	12.22	14.57	6.50-19-7.00	22.10	Truck & Bus Balloon		
6.50-20 (32x6.50)	12.58	14.81	6.50-20-7.00	22.71	Size	Casing	Tube
7.00-18 (30x6.75)	-	15.19	6.50-21-7.00	23.50	34x7.00-20	\$24.37	-
7.00-19 (31x6.75)	-	15.36	7.50-18-8.00	30.69	34x7.50-20	30.44	4.05
7.00-20 (32x6.75)	-	15.94	7.50-19-8.00	30.94	38x7.50-24	33.60	4.65
7.00-21 (33x6.75)	-	16.50			36x8.25-20	42.18	5.40
					38x8.25-22	44.73	5.73
					40x8.25-24	47.21	6.15
					38x9.00-20	52.82	6.21
					40x9.00-22	55.27	6.48
					42x9.00-24	57.71	6.78
					38x9.75-20	69.00	6.69
					40x9.75-22	71.48	6.90
					42x9.75-24	74.32	7.14
					40x10.50-20	80.98	7.59
					44x10.50-24	86.16	9.45

Note: Prices subject to change without notice.

\*Available until present stocks exhausted.

Prices subject to 2% cash discount.

Road King Cord

30x3	\$ 3.53
30x3 $\frac{1}{2}$ C1 Reg.	3.60
30x3 $\frac{1}{2}$ C1 Ext.	3.68
31x4	6.28
32x4	6.55
33x4	7.32
32x4 $\frac{1}{2}$	9.42
33x4 $\frac{1}{2}$	9.77

McCLAREN RUBBER COMPANY  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEALER'S NET COST

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EFFECTIVE JANUARY 5, 1931  
(With additions and corrections to Nov. 1, 1931)

GROUP SIZE TUBES

<u>Group No.</u>	<u>Fits</u>	<u>McClaren Autocrat (Brown)</u>	<u>McClaren (Red)</u>	<u>Group No.</u>	<u>Fits</u>	<u>McClaren Autocrat (Brown)</u>	<u>McClaren (Red)</u>
1	29x4.40-21 30x4.50-21 30x4.75-21	\$1.23	\$1.11	7	29x5.50-19 31x6.00-19	\$1.85	\$1.62
2	28x4.40-20 29x4.50-20 29x4.75-20	1.23	1.11	8	30x5.50-20 32x6.00-20 33x6.00-21	2.02	1.68
3	28x4.75-19 29x5.00-19 28x5.25-18 29x5.25-19	1.45	1.25	9	34x6.00-22 35x6.00-23	2.17	-
4	30x5.00-20 30x5.25-20	1.51	1.28	10	32x7.00-18 33x7.00-19	2.45	-
5	31x5.00-21 32x5.00-22 31x5.25-21	1.60	1.37	11	34x7.00-20 35x7.00-21	2.57	-
5A	27x5.50-17 29x6.00-17	1.65	1.51		29x6.50-17 30x6.50-18 31x6.50-19 32x6.50-20 33x6.50-21	1.85 1.94 2.14 2.25 2.37	- - 1.77 1.85 -
6	28x5.50-18 30x6.00-18	1.77	1.57	15	32x7.50-18 33x7.50-19	2.99	-

HIGH PRESSURE

<u>Group No.</u>	<u>Fits</u>	<u>McClaren Autocrat (Brown)</u>	<u>McClaren (Red)</u>
25	31x4 32x4 33x4	\$1.37	\$1.14
26	32x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 33x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 34x4 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.68	1.48
	30x3 30x3 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 1.05	.71 .83

Notice: Prices subject to change without notice.  
Prices subject to 2% cash discount.

made Jimmie nervous. He wondered why she didn't take  
the things off & slide the tray away. He pretended to be  
engrossed in the morning paper that belonged to the  
cafeteria, but was conscious of that she was trying to see it  
also.

"Like some of the paper" he asked kindly.

"Just the want a part of the last issue".

Jimmie found it & passed it over.

He continued to pretend to be interested in the paper  
but his eyes started on her. She looked up and their gazes  
met.

"~~Well~~ With a wan smile she said - "Not much  
the likes of me can find to do a heavy job as well  
though. Faith it's about all I can do to get back

to my room - much less try to find work."

"How far asked Jimmie?"

"In Mocksville not far, but in steps it's a long way."

The catch in Jimmie's throat now changed to a  
burning in his eyes and he stammered -

"Well - I - a - have - my - that is the Co. car outside  
~~of~~. If you like twice drive you to your - your home."

"It is an angel out of heaven ye are" she answered, and  
all of her soul seemed to be in her eyes. Her hands

McCLAREN RUBBER COMPANY  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEALER'S NET COST

EFFECTIVE JANUARY 5, 1931  
(With additions and corrections to Nov. 1, 1931)

McCLAREN MULTI-MILE BALLOONS

<u>Size</u>		<u>Standard Four Ply</u>	<u>Heavy Duty Six Ply</u>
4.40-21	(29x4.40)	\$4.07	\$ -
4.50-20	(29x4.50)	4.61	5.81
4.50-21	(30x4.50)	4.69	5.89
4.75-19	(28x4.75)	5.46	6.56
4.75-20	(29x4.75)	5.54	6.79
4.75-21	(30x4.75)	5.70	-
5.00-19	(29x5.00)	5.74	7.01
5.00-20	(30x5.00)	5.81	7.20
5.00-21	(31x5.00)	5.97	-
5.25-18	(28x5.25)	6.43	7.58
5.25-19	(29x5.25)	6.63	-
5.25-20	(30x5.25)	6.78	7.88
5.25-21	(31x5.25)	6.98	8.10
5.50-18	(28x5.50)	7.09	8.51
5.50-19	(29x5.50)	7.21	8.66
5.50-20	(30x5.50)	7.36	8.81
6.00-18	(30x6.00)	-	8.85
6.00-19	(31x6.00)	-	9.00
6.00-20	(32x6.00)	-	9.08
6.00-21	(33x6.00)	-	9.19

NOTE: Prices subject to change without notice.  
Prices subject to 2% cash discount.

The figure walked over and ~~placed~~ placed her quarters  
on the counter. The girl rang it up & gave her the change  
a nickel and a dime.

~~Just after that~~, as she took up her tray the cup  
of coffee slid toward me and a portion of it spilled.  
"Better let me pack it over for you" said the girl.  
She came out & placed the tray on the nearest table-  
top one at which June was sitting.

"Thank ye Miss, thank ye" said the woman,  
again the stiff old fingers ~~jumped~~ jumped at the  
handkerchief in an attempt to tie up the two coins. One  
fell to the floor and rolled away. June was up in an instant  
and retrieved it for her.

The gratitude with which she looked at ~~June~~ June was  
enough but she did say - thank ye - bless ye - tis all  
I can get."

"I am my net" said June to himself and he was  
conscious of a tightness in his throat.

She put a sponful of sugar on her oatmeal & re-dipped  
it in the bowl for some for her coffee. In her hand little  
way she looked at it as if fearing she had taken too much.  
She shook half the sponful back into the bowl & the rest in  
the coffee.

"Spec that's tough" June thought - the feeling in his  
throat got tighter.

With each sponful of sugar she took the sponful  
tray totted up & down ~~on the counter~~ & made a noise that



CONFIDENTIAL

SPECIAL NET ALLOWANCES

ON

M c C L A R E N T U B E S

McClaren Passenger Car Size Tubes, when purchased in quantity lots, are subject to Special Allowance from Dealer's Net Cost Sheet attached, as follows:

When ordered in Carton lots	.....	5¢	per tube
" " " $\frac{1}{2}$ Gross lots	....	7¢	per tube
" " " Gross lots	....	9¢	per tube
" " " 500 lots	....	11¢	per tube
" " " 1,000 lots	....	13¢	per tube

IMPORTANT

This is a Special Allowance given to Dealers who purchase in quantity lots. This allowance has not been shown in the Dealer's Net Cost Sheet, because it should be retained by the Dealer as a part of his own profit.

McCLAREN RUBBER COMPANY  
Charlotte, N. C.

Issued November 1, 1931.

She was such a pathetic little figure that the close attention Jimmie Johnson was directing to his coffee and doughnuts was drawn to her.

The heavy swinging door of the cafeteria was almost <sup>open</sup> more than she could manage. She pressed her weight against it, got partly in when her strength gave way and the door itself hit her back. Quickly Jimmie left his table and held the door <sup>open</sup> for her.

"Thank you - thank you very much" she said slowly, almost timidly she approached the counter with its array of food. For a moment she scanned it then her eyes wandered to the price placards on the wall.

"Just - a - a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee please" she said to the girl.

"That's just her order" thought Jimmie, who was familiar with coffee. Her face <sup>was</sup> wrinkled as she looked at the girl. "You've had a look at a glance."

As the girl disappeared to ~~put~~ get her order the old lady settled her to a chair at the end of Jimmie's table.

Deliberately she began untying a double knot in an old handkerchief. Jimmie tried not to stare but he saw that it held a coin and when she had extracted it he noticed ~~that~~ it was a 25 cent piece.

"But my one remaining dollar against these 2 doughnuts that's all she has" said Jimmie to himself.

The girl re-appeared with the order placed it on a tray - "all ready" she called over.

"Well can you beat that! I've looked through this entire section of want ads, and there's not a regular job in the whole works!"

Peter Mayhugh then ~~reads~~ <sup>reads</sup> that section of the Sunday Morning Journal in disgust, and continued to address his wife - "I see where I remain 'asis', and continue to ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~set~~ <sup>set</sup> one of San Francisco's leading ~~and~~ <sup>continue to</sup> houses lead me around. That is, I'll let em if they'll let me let em."

"Perhaps that isn't such a bad idea after all Peter dear," she answered. "Even with all your talk about you making a change. But don't be silly about ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> advertisements. Surely there are some positions ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~listed~~ <sup>listed</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup>."

"I said regular jobs," ~~said Peter~~ <sup>said Peter</sup>. "Sister" - he said as he ~~rolled~~ <sup>rolled</sup> up the paper <sup>again</sup> and started to read - "Welp wanted."

Wales. Paper-hangers - ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> Steam-fitters, hod-carriers, <sup>and</sup> auto-mechanics and about forty-seven other - -

"Oh I don't mean laboring jobs," <sup>interrupted</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~fact~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~just~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~mean~~ <sup>mean</sup> -

"Oh. you mean nice jobs," <sup>interrupted</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~fact~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~just~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~mean~~ <sup>mean</sup> -

go. Young man to work evenings - Carousers, telegraph assistants, Solicitors. Bright, neat appearing young man, ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~appearance~~ <sup>appearance</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~business~~ <sup>business</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~learn~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~business~~ <sup>learn</sup> ~~business~~ <sup>business</sup> ~~opening~~ <sup>opening</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~ambitious~~ <sup>ambitious</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>young</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>men</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~ambitious~~ <sup>ambitious</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~get~~ <sup>get</sup> ~~ahead~~ <sup>ahead</sup>. <sup>See</sup> ~~See~~ <sup>See</sup> ~~lot~~ <sup>lot</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~door~~ <sup>door</sup> ~~bell~~ <sup>bell</sup> ~~pushers~~ <sup>pushers</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~letter~~ <sup>letter</sup> ~~press~~ <sup>press</sup> ~~jobs~~ <sup>jobs</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~mean~~ <sup>mean</sup> -

Oh - here another one. "Wanted - Boy with Bicycle. There, that"

gives me a bunch. ~~He~~ <sup>me</sup> Guess I'll buy ~~it~~ and ride up + down the financial district. When I ~~see~~ make a sale I'll deliver the secretaries in person. on the bike. Maybe I'll have a sign made + hang it on my back - "Pedaling Peter, Peddles His Own" - or - "Bonds by Bicycle" or - but though I'll

~~Just came over~~ ~~sat on~~ the arm of his chair. ~~With her~~ ~~cheek~~ against his she started to ~~scan~~ ~~the~~ scanned the ~~advertisement~~ after a moment

go around to some antique shop - see if I can find a pair of pants-guards. Remember those metal guards they used to put around the bottom of trousers to keep them from catching in the chair?

"Here we are honey - must have been obsolete equipment when I bought my first bike."

Just came over + ~~sat~~ sat on the arm of his chair. With her cheek against his she scanned the advertisement for a few moments. "There doesn't seem to be very much, does there?" she said. Continuing on down through the columns she came to one set out in bold type. When she had read it one time she ~~said~~ "I ~~had~~ placed her finger on it said - There - did you see that one?"

"Yes I saw that. Sounds like 'confidence man' wrote it."

"Sounds rather interesting I think. Why don't you answer it?"

"Go on - just for fun."

"Now I don't want to answer an ad like that - It's ~~seems~~ too way of it"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Well, for one thing whoever wrote it ~~was~~ used that that old

3. 'cold storage' please about intended future for the right man; ~~and~~ that smacks of high pressure. I'm run down a lot of these ads. and <sup>the</sup> old stock question - are you satisfied with you present income? "Say, every newspaper in the country has that question already set up; the typographer man doesn't have touch it. Why according to that boy - the ~~man~~ the successful applicant will ~~become~~ become his right hand man in no time and maybe a partner in less time than that. You listen to papa Jimmie - he knows. Any time some duck comes along & wants to take you under his wing - propositioning you through a blind ad in a newspaper,

<sup>at that</sup> papa says look out."

"Well, if he ~~take~~ does take you under his wing - if you can do as you just said - 'look out' Look out for yourself. Please honey - answer it - no harm can come from it anyway."

Reluctantly Peter yielded and answered the advertisement. Let it be said, <sup>to</sup> think he did it well. He wrote a brief concise letter, stating his ~~affection~~ ~~and~~ ~~compliance~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~requests~~ ~~and~~ ~~amount~~ ~~complicated~~ ~~with~~ ~~particular~~ ~~suggested~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~advertiser~~ ~~requested~~.

That after-noon when he & Jimmie went out for a walk they posted the letter.

Peter Mayhew's father had been a stock broker. For a number of years he held a seat on the San Francisco Stock Exchange & eked out ~~over~~ a modest living from his trading. As a ~~small~~ <sup>young</sup> boy Peter went down to his father's office & occasionally on to the Exchange. The ~~excitement~~ ~~shouting~~ the wild trading, the excitement all fascinated him. As he grew a little older the boy ~~at~~ <sup>many</sup> spent Sat. a.m.'s and in vacation times

4. ~~working~~ right in the office and by the time he had a year or two in High School he had learned much about the business.

While the elder Mayhugh ~~did~~ devoted some of his time to the development of his brokerage he also worked on his own account as much as ~~his limited finances~~ the limited state of his finances would permit. He played the market with varying degrees of success + failure. Mining stocks - Oils - Industrials.

Mining stocks - Oils - Industrials. He played the market with varying degrees of success + failure. He had watched "Saybrook" one of the Nevada stocks ~~rise~~ rise - pyramid - reach the so-called dizzy heights, and then, almost in a single session crash to the very bottom. Mayhugh crashed with it. During a frenzied moment of the late afternoon Peter's father sustained a heart-attack + collapsed on the ~~top~~ floor of the Exchange. He soon revived, was taken to his office just across the street + subsequently to his home. Several days later his cashier came out to show him some figures. The final result. The stocker broke never saw them. His final summons came as the cashier entered the room.

As the audit of the affairs of Mayhugh's brokerage disclosed absolute ruin it was imperative that Peter, even in his tender years, find some immediate form of work in order to contribute to the support of his mother + himself. It was natural that he should seek employment in the district <sup>the elderly men connected with</sup> where his father had operated and among men whom he knew, principally by reputation. From Auctioneer Goldman it was that Peter sought and received employment. Auctioneer Goldman heard of "one of S. H.'s largest Board Houses." He had known the boys father and expressed his willingness to do something for Peter, if he was willing to start at the bottom of the latter

5. He moved back an eye line, & see that he advanced as rapidly as he deserved. Peter used to say afterward that he started him just a little under the pond the ladder stood on.

The struggle of the ensuing years was one that might have broken the spirit of many a lad. <sup>Then</sup> Sheer necessity had its part, but Peter's determination and his mother's encouragement carried him on, carried him through night school - slowly upward in the Bad House - into a night course in Business College. ~~Was~~ another face unfolded.

One of his friends Anthony Hedman ~~left his papers to Peter~~ did at least one thing - he kept his eye on Peter. Whether he saw to it that ~~Peter~~ the boy was advanced as rapidly as he deserved, well always he - debatable, ~~question~~ ~~between~~ but not debated question between them. Be that as it may Peter ~~was~~ did advance. He was changed from one department to another ~~so often that it~~ department - not always an ~~advance~~ but ~~attainment~~ ~~helps~~ a promotion by any means, but each time something new. It means common talk about the office that Pete Mayhugh was changed around from post to post more than any two men in the organization. Peter took it ~~over~~ on the chin & used say to himself - "Get <sup>my</sup> hand - each time I hit a post or in just that much better posted."

The intelling force in business college was one that Peter was not at first conscious of. When he became so he tried for a time to resist it. Peter was not without magnetic force himself and when these two forces met the ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> June Ellsworth + Peter Mayhugh ~~went forward~~ gained the momentum that knows no stopping.

6. They built their castles, <sup>and dreamed their dreams</sup> as youth ever ~~do~~ do, but in the plans & specifications there was wisdom born of self-derivation & devotion to Jimmie's purpose. Jimmie too had ~~heard~~ <sup>heard</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>heard</sup> ~~voice~~ <sup>heard</sup> of head and heeded the stern voice of necessity, which had a great ~~deal~~ <sup>influence</sup> influence upon his character and he had crested into a sweet self-reliant fit.

X Peter would finish his course in business college one year ahead of Jimmie. Immediately after his graduation it was to find a position. Then, ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~shrub~~ <sup>shrub</sup> shortly thereafter, with one bold stroke of youth - they would be married. Poor Peter's pride rebelled against his working after their marriage, but poor Peter could not be married when they planned, if he did not <sup>submit</sup> consent to that necessity. Poor Peter also wanted to marry Jimmie more than ~~any~~ <sup>anything</sup> he wanted anything in the whole world, so that piece of lumber went into the cattle with the understanding that it <sup>would</sup> ~~could~~ be ~~done~~ <sup>done</sup> taken out at the earliest possible moment.

Peter's mother loved Jimmie. <sup>She wanted them to live with her after the marriage</sup> There were many frank discussions about the matter between Jimmie & Peter regarding this. ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~outcome~~ <sup>outcome</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~done~~ <sup>done</sup>? Peter often brought up the old query - can it be done? He wanted Jimmie to decide for himself. ~~The~~ <sup>He</sup> ~~fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> Jimmie had three factors to help her. He had said Peter wanted ~~wanted~~ <sup>wanted</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~marry~~ <sup>marry</sup> Jimmie more than he wanted anything else in the world. Jimmie wanted Peter to do just that very thing more than anything else in the <sup>whole</sup> world and Peter ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~wanted~~ <sup>wanted</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> her the greatest desire of Peter's mother



7. was to have them with her. So <sup>when</sup> it was left to June, that little ~~individual~~ individual said "ask me another one - only next <sup>make it</sup> ~~time~~ a difficult one.

Being at the head of the graduating class and the <sup>needed</sup> letter of recommendation from the head of the Business College made the securing of a position an ~~easy~~ easy matter for June.

But long after, Peter had to make one of his <sup>most</sup> difficult decisions. Had to make it right in the midst of ~~many~~ ~~people~~ a crowded ~~place~~ ~~where~~ he felt the eyes of the entire crowd were upon him. Showed it to Ladies of the Valley, Orange Blossoms. Orange Blossoms they were that June carried into the Little Church around the Corner, Orange Blossoms carried by June - and in that <sup>very</sup> month of June.

~~It is~~ according to the calendar the months would change - each in its turn, but surely the calendar was wrong for them it was always June. Late in the first year of their married life the death of Peter's mother was the <sup>one</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>subject</sup> ~~and~~ ~~was~~ their ~~at~~ ~~more~~ unclouded sky.

When the time arrived for consideration of salary advances in Holderness, Peter was given one but it was far from commensurate with what he felt he deserved. Therefore we find him "looking around and as his wife urged him - "looking out".

Monday evening when she came home June ~~did not find~~ <sup>found the year of</sup> ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~mail~~ ~~box~~. An ad from a chain store - Subter ~~guide~~ - the telephone bill. Tuesday evening - ~~the~~ ~~nothing~~ of importance. Wed. One or two advertisements - notice of change program at the neighborhood in our house - and - a ~~letter~~ envelope

8. from a business house - addressed to Peter. Ever since they had been married Peter had said to her, both seriously and to tease her - "You are privileged to open all my mail - that comes to the house - a wise dog keeps his chickens away from bones - ~~to be sure~~ my girls all know better than address me here - they send it to the office!"

Thus privileged, June opened the letter. ~~It was on the stationery of~~ The stationer ~~to~~ bore the name -

George W. Fall - Sticks & Buds. ~~It was an acknowledgment of Peter's letter - application.~~ In <sup>one</sup> short paragraph it acknowledged Peter's letter & application, asked him to call at a stated hour for an interview & to ask for Mr. Van Orden.

~~a few months after he & June were married Peter asked for an opportunity in the sales dept. It was given and some time he had been in the outside. Peter felt he had done well.~~

While she was getting dinner June made numerous trips to the window to look for Peter. She could scarcely wait <sup>until</sup> his arrival. Finally she saw him and raced down ~~the~~ the steps to meet him. After their greeting they entered the flat - Peter asked casually - "any mail?" June could restrain her enthusiasm no longer. While ~~she~~ he was removing his hat & coat she produced the letter & said "Mail. I should say that is mail - a letter for Peter - My Peter is going to be manager, or partner or owner or something of a big Stock & Bond House - read it - quick!!"

Peter laughed as he took the letter from her. When he noted the name on the stationery his smile faded away, then as he



A. J. Mansford. 40  
5505 W. McMillan St. Fremont  
Tax at Post office.

---

J. A. Melling. 916 Cornell.

"He decorated by Westfall's cordial manner, but said

"I thank you Mr. Westfall - I'm glad to see you and I appreciate the opportunity of this interview."

(I know since way about him thought Westfall)

As you ~~say~~ <sup>said</sup> I was pretty much a youngster in those days & I'm surprised that you would remember me. ~~He would never~~ naturally I would remember you - I see you very often.

(Every backer - has praise thought Westfall) <sup>his family</sup> ~~also his family was slightly touched.~~

"I recall that ~~my father~~ ~~never~~ ~~for~~ my well hearing my father speak of you." Then to himself. "and you can take that any way you want to too."

and ~~to~~ Westfall to himself. "Wonder just how he means that!"

"These are panicky times my boy - panicky times, too bad - too bad you father get next in deep."

"~~Yes, my father~~ ~~never~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~matter~~ ~~of~~ ~~course~~ ~~I~~ ~~remember~~ ~~something~~ ~~about~~ ~~it~~ ~~myself~~, but my mother used to speak of the Sarghob deal - after ~~the~~ ~~deal~~ ~~died~~. (and like that one on the button" - said Peter to himself).

"Yes, yes - lot of us were hit by some of those stocks at that time, in fact if I hadn't been well financed I would have gone & the way myself said Westfall with ~~some~~ ~~show~~ ~~of~~ ~~pomp~~.

(Send you to mahogany walls, elegant felt - noting the elaborate private office)

The pleasantries over - the two men got down to the business in question.

Mr. Westfall was ~~young~~ ~~man~~ ~~and~~ ~~more~~ ~~into~~ ~~Bank~~ ~~than~~ ~~securities~~, what he really wanted was a man who had <sup>had</sup> some executive experience, but Peter appealed to him as a man who would develop rapidly.

"How long have you been with Hedman - ah - ah. ~~what~~ ~~you~~ ~~just~~ ~~ah~~ - let's see as you named father?"

"No sir - my ~~name~~ ~~is~~ ~~Peter~~." "Peter - that's right - Peter. I should have remembered it from your letter."

10. That he had been so busy interviewing applicants that he was behind his schedule. At the interview progressed Peter felt that had impressed Van Orden - as a matter of fact he had - So much so that Van Orden told Peter he would take his references into Mr. Westfall, discuss the matter with him and arrange for an "audience" the next day on Friday.

That afternoon Van Orden told Westfall all about Peter & that Peter told June all about Van Orden.

Of all the applicants Van Orden interviewed he had eliminated all but 4 - ~~the ones that look best~~. Westfall had said to him "Bring down to 4 or 5 of the ones that look best - there send em in to me - at different times; Peter was among the 4."

Peter had said to June. "If it is all Van Orden says it is - it doesn't look so bad - I'll see what the old gent himself has to say ~~to~~ ~~me~~ on Friday."

Yes, Westfall wanted just ~~to know~~ ~~to know~~ for reasons of his own he wanted to know all about Peter. He reviewed his references and was in possession of all the info he wanted when Peter was ushered into his office at the appointed hour.

Tall, immaculately groomed, wavy grey hair - Geo W. was ~~an~~ an imposing figure, <sup>with</sup> a ready smile & affable manner <sup>he</sup> made ~~himself~~ friends quickly and he was well known for his personality; ~~He rose from his chair~~ He was keen, and judged himself on his ability to judge ~~men~~ human nature.

As Peter entered Westfall rose, came out from behind his desk extended his hand and said cordially. "Well, <sup>Wrayleigh</sup> ~~Mr. Westfall~~ I'm glad to see you again. When Van Orden brought your letter & references in the other day told him to find out if you <sup>are</sup> son of Benjamin <sup>Wrayleigh</sup> ~~Westfall~~."

June had ~~heard~~ ~~heard~~ that ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~fact~~ I remember once in a while ~~when~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~used~~ to bring you around to the old exchange - you were just a little share then; yes-yes - I knew him well. Sit down."

~~That day~~ ~~the~~ ~~Westfall~~ ~~said~~ ~~to~~ ~~Peter~~ Peter didn't allow him self

12.

"How long had you been with Holdmans?"

"Started with them about a month after my father died."

"Been there ever since?"

"Yes sir. Oh modern changes."

"That's a pretty good record - why do you want to leave now?"

"I can't exactly say that I want to leave, but I saw the advertisement in the journal & was attracted by it. Naturally I am anxious to better myself so I decided to investigate."

"Oh - curiosity eh?"

"No, <sup>simply</sup> ~~curiosity~~ interest."

"Yes." "Well; you've been there quite a while - what were your duties?"

"To put it rather bluntly Mr. Westfall I have had about every job on this. By that I mean I started at the bottom and ~~worked~~ worked on up through every dept. Finally I had charge of the customers' ledgers. ~~When I got married I went to the~~ <sup>transferred to sales</sup> ~~then transferred to sales~~ dept. Now I'm outside."

"Customers ledgers eh? said Westfall quickly - "that you ran a good line on them ~~the~~ <sup>they</sup> cheated didn't it? Big business on them - must have a large volume. About what do they run for year?" asked etc after ~~the~~ Westfall."

"~~Well really Mr. Westfall~~ <sup>Mr. Westfall</sup> I couldn't say; I haven't had access to the books for some time. as I said before I'm outside now. ~~as but~~ <sup>they</sup> do a large volume."

"Just roughly?"

"Really Mr. Westfall I don't know the volume. I could estimate it but <sup>that</sup> wouldn't be fair. after all I'm still in their employ. If I were making for you, you wouldn't want me <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>would</sup> I divulge any of your business to anyone."

13. "That's right, <sup>to himself, side piece you didn't</sup> that's right. I didn't want you do directly  
any of their business - I - I just sort of wondered how long the volume  
is." Then to himself - "Soyal devil - wide awake too!"

~~Peter said to himself. I do bet you didn't.~~

"You say yours on the street now?"

"Yes sir."

"How do you like it?"

"Very much - much better than inside. Although when I was  
inside I learned the accounts pretty well; now I have a chance to  
meet many of them & ~~meet them~~ in person."

"Good combination. Straight salary?"

~~"Salary and commission"~~ "Drawing account and commission."

"Succulent?"

"I've done fairly well, yes sir."

"I don't mean to be formal, <sup>straight</sup> but if we are to get together I have to  
know certain things. You understand that don't you?"

"Surely."

"How much do you average for month?"

"Around three hundred dollars" lied Peter.

The interview lasted for an hour. ~~Peter had~~ Westfall was sold on  
Peter ~~and~~ he was the man he wanted <sup>when</sup> and he had finished  
telling him in minute detail, all <sup>about</sup> the position - its ~~future~~,  
~~all the possibilities~~ the possibilities - Peter's future - Peter was  
sold on Westfall - the job - the future - and Peter was the man  
Westfall got. He ~~left~~ ~~asked~~ ~~permission~~ ~~to~~  
leave it on with June that evening & agreed to give her answer the  
next A.M.

June & Peter talked until midnight & were both agreed that  
Geo. W. wasn't nearly as black as he had been painted. That he  
was a ~~fairly~~ kindly & factually sort of man - no matter what his  
private life <sup>might</sup> be - it couldn't hurt them and after a



14. it was a real job. Peter admitted too that he ad want so fast  
after ~~act~~  
Next morning he ~~got~~ had a talk with Archibald Goldman,  
"got notice" of the work + in due time started with Geo.  
Westfall.

As for the case, a change in position, a change in ~~business~~  
and new environment causes me to become imbued with new  
energy, enthusiasm. So it was with Peter, <sup>the</sup> change had  
acted as a "tonic" <sup>for him</sup> and with new incentives he threw himself  
into his work with all his energy. His past experience had stood  
him in good stead his capacity for work surprised even himself  
and delighted Westfall.

At first Peter's new employer was somewhat patronizing and  
assumed an attitude akin to "paternal interest," until,  
~~then~~ as he expressed it to himself. "Peter got ~~into~~ on to the ropes."  
Peter accomplished this in a surprising short time and as matters  
devel on Westfall ~~from~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~was~~ placed additional resp on  
~~him~~ on him.

Westfall made frequent trips out of town. Once or twice a  
year he went east. Before Peter had been with him two years he  
~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> heard of in charge of the business while  
he was away. Peter's salary increased beyond his expectations,  
and had long since <sup>run</sup> up the position + they felt they had ~~lost~~  
at least <sup>lost</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>real</sup> business ~~supervise~~.

There were new strikes in Canada ~~being~~ <sup>near</sup> and Westfall  
had made several trips of inspection to <sup>visit</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>various</sup> <sup>factories</sup>. Returning  
from one of these trips one day he called Peter into his office.  
He was ~~so~~ bustling with ~~an~~ enthusiasm. "Peter, he said,  
~~you~~ "You know I've been watching that new district in Canada.

1. "Well I've looked them all over, ~~that~~ I've concluded that  
~~Paybreak~~ these fellows who ~~live~~ own that "Paybreak" claim  
have the goods. They only have the stuff down about 50 feet and  
the assays are showing up ~~for~~ <sup>really</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>in the limit</sup> look at these samples of ore. ~~we~~  
I made a deal with them. I'm going to take the proposition  
short. If it looks ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> get the report lined up after I get in  
New York I will list it on the Comb. It will be a big thing ~~to~~  
~~we~~ ~~need~~ ~~some~~ ~~help~~ + take a lot of work. I will need you.  
Please your wife to throw some things into your trunk, ~~to~~ ~~go~~ ~~with~~  
we leave for N.Y. tomorrow morning.

When Peter recovered from the shock his first thought was "See  
how I wish I could take June."

"I'm going to be busy the rest of the day so you get ~~everything~~  
~~together~~ ~~to~~ get together with Van Orden + get  
something in shape for him. Van will have to <sup>be</sup> in charge of  
the office while we are away."

June went to the ferry with Peter + at Mr. Westfall's wife.  
crossed the ferry with them. She was as happy for Peter as he was  
for both of them. Her lips quivered a little as Peter kissed her  
good-bye + ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> was glad that Mr. Westfall had ~~gone~~ gone on  
with the train: as it pulled out, with Peter standing on the observation  
each waving to the other, June had <sup>a</sup> handkerchief <sup>in</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> hand  
<sup>near</sup> <sup>to</sup> Peter + the other to catch the tears. It was the first time  
they had ~~not~~ been separated.

As Peter passed through the observation car on his way up to his  
own space he noticed a young, modestly attired woman reading a  
magazine. She looked up and their eyes met - his was but a hurried  
glance - but, he thought ~~rather~~ ~~bold~~ ~~just~~ ~~a~~ ~~glance~~ at the end  
of the aisle he was obliged to turn slightly <sup>in</sup> <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~observed~~  
that her eyes were still on him and he was conscious of the fact that

16. They remained so as he left the car: Peter was puzzled. He was  
undergoing that ~~some~~ slightly annoying experience of seeing  
possibly he had seen the person before - but could not place her.  
~~Westfall~~ Westfall had invited Peter to share a compartment with  
him and his cheerful "come in" in answer to Peter's nod, the  
latter dismissed the incident of the observation car.

"Sit down Pete", said the older man cordially, "lets make our  
seats comfortable - relax a little. I've been on the go ~~constantly~~  
constantly for the last week - you haven't been exactly "resting"  
yourself, especially since I ~~started~~ sprung this trip on you  
yesterday. I guess ~~you~~ it left you a bit well but  
myself didn't it?"

"Oh it wasn't bad at all - we wound up about eleven. Everything  
ok at the office."

"Sure. I guess Van will manage while we are away."

"Absolutely - Jim says he has ~~any~~ everything in hand. It was  
my job to ask you to invite me to share your compartment Mr.  
Westfall. I appreciate it and I am going to enjoy the  
companionship. I know you have a lot on your mind <sup>change</sup> and if there is  
anything I can do enroute, you know you will let me know won't you?"

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"Thank you Peter - ~~sure~~" "Yes Peter, I will. I'm glad to have your  
company though that's the reason I ~~asked~~ asked you. although we  
see each other almost every day ~~and~~ we really haven't  
had ~~any~~ much of an opportunity to visit ~~before~~ ~~now~~  
how we can talk - and I do want to talk with you."

## DECEPTION.

In his long career as a detective Daniel Whalen admitted he was never more puzzled, momentarily, at least, than when his secretary came in and announced that Mrs. J. Bradley Henderson was in the reception room and desired a private interview.

"You mean Mister and Mrs. J. Bradley Henderson, dont you; isnt her husband with her,?" Dan asked.

"No sir, she's alone, and I could see that she is trying to suppress some agitation."

"Strange", said Dan. "I'll see her in just a few moments. "Please show her in when I ring".

The secretary withdrew and Dan continued to muse, "Strange, very strange; and yet why should it be? after all Bradley Henderson is my best friend."

Mrs. J. Bradley Henderson was young, and she was attractive; She was the second wife of J. Bradley Henderson. He was head of the Federal Savings & Trust, the City's most powerful bank, and many years her senior.

The friendship between Whalen and Henderson had stood the test of some twenty years; as time drew on they seemed to be more closely cemented, though rarely did exchange visits in their home. It was one of those splendid associations often formed between men, and carried on in the manner and the haunts of men.

During the brief exchange of pleasantries, after Mrs. Henderson entered his office, Whalen easily discerned that his secretary had been correct in her deduction; that Mrs. Henderson was under stress of some emotion.

"I grant", said the woman "that I am here under very unusual circumstances and to make a most extraordinary request. However, I have come to you because you are my husband's best friend."

"As the years draw on I become more and more proud of that distinction Mrs. Henderson."

"Mr. Whalen I dont know whether you are aware of this or not, but my husband is insanely jealous of me. Almost immediately after our marriage his jealousy developed into the oddest of idiocroncies; he will not permit me to have one cent of money. I can have a charge account at every store in town; I can entertain lavishly; I can be the best dressed woman in the city; anything, - everything. But, the bills must all go to him, and he settles everything. Oh I know there are dozens of ways one in my position could obtain money. I even know women whose husbands do not provide them with as much money as they want but permit them to have charge accounts. To obtain their favor and patronage, certain stores will will issue bills for merchandise, when in reality a large portion of it represents cash advances. To such things I will not stoop."

"I've learned of a destitute family. The woman, a splendid little creature - under-nourished and ill; a little girl upon whom mal-nutrition has such a hold she cant even attend school; the husband, - well he has served a term in prison but is now out on parole. He has worked at various things, but always with the same result; his employer learns of his record and he is discharged. I know though that he is trying to rehabilitate himself, and that he has given his earnings to his family. And now, - soon there is to be another - baby."

"Mr. Whalen I have come to ask you to loan me money. It will take time, - perhaps a long time, but I will repay you."

"Mrs. Henderson", said Whalen kindly, "you dont have to resort to this. There are charities and clinics to administer to such cases. And even if there werent all you have to do is tell Bradley about it and I'm sure he would see that they had care, physicians,

anything you might think necessary".

" Oh I suppose so; but charities and clinics are not sufficient. I want to do this myself. I found them, - I feel they belong to ME. I want to know I am something other than just the wife of an eminent banker."

"You place me in a very awkward position Mrs. Henderson. You say you come to me because I am your husband's best friend; that you do not wish to deceive him; you ask me for money with the knowledge you cannot repay it without in some way deceiving him and I automatically become a party to the deception".

"Very well Mr. Whalen", said the woman coldly, and rising to go, I am sorry to have bothered you; but I shall get the money some way. The knowledge of that frail woman trying to give life to an unborn child when she, herself is so under-fed as to make life dubious for both; - well, I'm not going to have it on MY conscience ! Good afternoon Mr. Whalen."

"Just a moment, - please Mrs. Henderson. What is the name of this family?"

"Baird. Arthur Baird; they live in a miserable little flat in one of the poor districts."

"How much money did you have in mind?"

" I could do a great deal; oh, so much with two hundred dollars".

Some minutes later when he was alone, old Dan chuckled. "A spirited little devil; and I'll back my judgment of human-nature with a thousand dollars against the two hundred I gave her, that she's one grand little woman".

\*\*      \*\*      \*\*      \*\*

It was almost three months later when Mrs. Henderson again appeared at Whalen's office. With her she brought an account of expenditures, an enthusiastic recital of the condition of the family's health, a glowing report of the new baby boy, - and, - a request for another hundred dollars.

"Certainly", said Dan. Careful though; just so we, so you don't get in too deep".

Thus, a few evenings later it was with mixed emotions, but in a steady voice that Mrs. Henderson told her husband she had, for the first time, deceived him; furthermore, it was in regard to money that she had done so. Money she must have, to repay a loan. That it was her sincere desire and determination to earn the money in some way and in turn discharge her debt to him.

"How much money?" asked the banker.

"Three hundred dollars".

"Is it in regard to the Baird family?"

His wife gasped her astonishment "Why - why you - KNOW? Then Mr. - Mr. Whalen told you. Oh, I thought him more chivalrous".

"I gave him a check for a hundred and fifty yesterday".

"A hundred and fifty? Why I - owe him three hundred".

" I want to tell you several things my dear. First, how simple, and how natural it was that I should find out. Not only did you take your troubles to the man who is my most loyal friend, but is one of the country's greatest detectives. You spoke of chivalry; let me tell you something about Dan Whalen. He knew all about the Baird family long before you did. When Baird was released from San Quentin he was paroled to a client of Whalen's. Whalen's office has had him under surveillance and knows every move he's made. He knew your story was true and that the family was deserving. In his great big old heart he wanted to help, but obviously he couldn't come out in the open and do so. He didn't tell you anything because he wanted you to have the joy you've gotten out of it.

I havent said anything, because, - well, -- even at sixty I'm not too  
learn". There's just one thing I dont like about the whole thing though!

"The deception, of course".

"No not that; its that silly joke of Dan's. He keeps prodding  
me with it all the time; says he has something ON me."

"Why Bradley, how could he, or anyone have anything on you?"

"He says he's going to hold it over my head the rest of my life  
if I dont provide for that new Baird baby. I suppose the Baird family  
wanted to show their gratitude to you, and maybe they even thought they  
were paying me a compliment, but I dont like it".

"I dont understand".

"Now dont sit there and try to plead innosence. You know as  
well as I they've gone and christened the little beggar Bradley  
Henderson Baird!"

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1.  
When Miss Schultz left Crawford's office at the  
Bryce Club after noon she left a copy of Wm's composition  
with him.

Mechanically he picked it up & read it over. "Not bad at  
that, for a youngster," he said to himself. Then he got an  
idea. He wrote a little "puff" about Wm, & calling him  
one of Greenfield's promising young boys & clerical work  
in connection with him being the son of Greenfield's  
well known local merchant & one of her leading citizens.  
Then he took it and the composition in to the press  
room & had a copy run off.

That night when Wm Sr. came out of the meeting school  
Trustee Crawford was waiting for him. "Anything  
special come up at the meeting Wm - anything for the  
Bryce?" he asked.

"Mostly routine business" answered Wm. The two  
men walked down the street together, as they ~~passed~~  
reached the Bryce office Crawford said, "step inside for  
a moment. I want to show you something." Wm  
replied that he wanted to get on home. "But  
this is something that will help your business".

"More advertising Tufford" -  
"Some free advertising"

2. "Well? In the Budget?" asked very doubtfully.

Once inside Crafty old Crawford called attention to the fact that the Budget had a large circulation in the outlying towns, and launched the argument that now the automobile was "here to stay"; people used to traveling near & near & from <sup>the smaller</sup> ~~other~~ places many used to driving into Greenfield to do their marketing and shopping.

Wm countered with that it worked both ways. People in Greenfield might be driving away to do theirs.

Crandall was ready for that - "an aggressive advertising campaign!"

"I mean there was a string tied to it," he said Wm sarcastically.

"Well if it is a string - you will be the one to hold it - call it a dead string if you want to, because it won't pull a lot of dead business right with you now."

"How do you see Wm - well what I'm going to do for you" with all the enthusiasm of which <sup>he was</sup> capable the old man read the top composition and put on record steam when he read the "puff". "Why Wm - do you know



3 what I nited doing to measure? I intend to have you  
go come down here + stand right in front of the mess +  
let him actually see his own story, <sup>being</sup> run off. I'm  
going to give him the first copy of the Budget. I'm  
going to autograph it - Why if my photograph doesn't  
happen to be out on an assignment I'll have him  
take a picture of both us standing in front of the  
mess. <sup>Q. don't want any light + a newspaper man I want him to be a publicity man.</sup> Don't you see the value of the publicity -  
<sup>Why don't you see how it ties in with your</sup>  
~~business~~ your advertising campaign?"

"You're the only one who has said anything about my  
advertising campaign," said Mr.

After all Mr. was human, and he did recall that  
recently some customers had come into his store from  
some of the other towns.

When Mr. left the office Crawford had him surprised up  
for an advertising campaign, but Mr. felt he had a double  
coming because he had made Crawford give him a better  
rate, and after all, the "publicity" about young Mr. couldn't  
do any harm.

Crawford filed Mr.'s new contract - re-read his "puff" -  
cut it down a bit, took it in the make-up man's hand & said  
"run this as a filler - wherever there is room!"

Mr. Beach was still up when Mr. got home and

4. told her what had taken place. She was highly elated  
"this picture in the paper!!" "Walden has own story being run off  
the press - Oh -!!"

Next day the news had spread so rapidly that half the  
school children were on hand at the Bugle office. Crawford  
was all smiles, Mrs. Barch & Miss Schenck's teaming. A man  
of importance had taken ~~hold~~ <sup>possession</sup> of Mr. G. Crawford led him to a  
place in front of the press - "When do they snap the picture?"  
asked Mrs. Barch about the din of voices.

"O-ahem - we got word a little while ago that there  
was a fire down Hillside way and the ~~the~~ staff photographers  
had ~~rushed~~ down there. Unfortunately he ~~wasn't~~ <sup>wasn't</sup> ~~followed~~  
back" said Crawford unconvincingly. Later he explained  
that the fire was extinguished & that is why a picture  
of it never appeared in the Bugle.

However Crawford quickly gave the signal for the  
machinery to be set in motion; and amid much  
mechanical noise and clanking from the ~~chamber~~  
galleries the Bugles started coming off the press.  
Crawford with great dignity walked over - got the first one,  
~~looked at it & handed it to young W. G.~~ took a large  
pencil from his pocket - autographed it - bowed and  
presented it to young W. G.

It took a little while to find the composition, but after  
all it was in the paper - W. G. the card stood for a few  
~~minutes~~ moments & watched the Bugles click off the press  
as they had been doing for 40 years.

Dear Mum -

I am being bold enough to leave with you the enclosed "attempt" at a story.

The idea was suggested by the newspaper clipping I saw while with the Mausoleum. Subsequently I called on this elderly couple as prospects, but finances prevented them from purchasing space. At least that much is founded on fact.

I know it is too long and scars all the ear-marks of a "first-attempt." My thought in imposing on you, i.e. if you have the patience - or rather fortitude to read it through, is that you may tell me where it might be changed, cut down so as <sup>to</sup> make it usable.

In reality I did it just for fun, at odd times, about two years ago + ran across it just the other day.

If after reading it you will promise not to turn me over to the "State Sanity ~~Board~~ Board" + tell me about it on your next trip up, I shall be grateful.

ZAC -

See

"  
THE UNKINDEST CUT."  
"

As the car bearing John and Ellen Crandall to the depot passed from sight and the last of the wedding guests had departed from the steps of the church, the genial old Doctor Newton and his wife turned arm in arm back into the building and entered the little room known as his study. Here for a generation he had written his sermons.

When they were alone he said "Well if the old saying is true that some marriages are made in Heaven, I'll venture to say that one was and it is at least the second I know of"

"And whose was the first"? She asked smiling up at him.

"You know" he answered patting her cheek and stooping to brush her soft grey hair with his lips, "and how happy I am to have had a hand in it"

"Had a hand in it, why for over twenty years you have been practically the guiding hand of those two young lives Henry"

"Don't forget your part my Dear. You almost helped to raise Ellen even though it wasn't actually under our own roof. "H'm" mused the old pastor "I officiated at the christening of both and they have almost grown up in our Sunday School and Church. That is to say Ellen has ; John jumped over the traces a few times. He never did anything really wrong though - just played hookey and went fishing and I suspect once in a while to ball games."

"Henry Newton! Do you mean to say that going to ball games and fishing on Sunday isn't wrong? Suppose ~~sex~~ some of your congregation should hear you say that?"

"Well, er - I mean, that is to say - ah, ah - John never did anything bad - sinful."

"Sinful, SINFUL ! ! ?? "

"Oh - er - yes it was sinful" said Henry somewhat alarmed by his wife's tone, "But you know what I mean, John wasn't a bad boy - justt Boy that's all. He did what most - ah - that is what a great many boys do"

*Mary's*  
Ellen's features relaxed into a smile and then tenderly, "Bless your old heart, you do understand and love and make allowances for all don't you"

Visibly relieved Henry repeated part of her remark - 'Bless my old heart' "Don't you say old, - I am not old, I've just been around for a long time, that's all. "

"Alright have it that way then but on the 21st of this very month you will have been around, just sixty-two years " Then in a serious tone, "I do hope they get to the depot safely; I don't see why John had to go and hire that newfangled taxi-meter auto. In the first

place those things aren't safe, and in the second it was extravagant. Why didn't he have a cab from the livery stable?"

"Well, everything else about their wedding was simple and not costly, and I guess John wanted to put on a little style. He figures a man only gets married once"

"Only gets married once? The way young folks carry on nowadays, even some of the married ones! Why almost every day, there is something in the paper about the scandalous goings on and divorces and the like"

"Now Mary, -gracious, - don't have such gloomy thoughts on such a happy day - and besides (with a merry twinkle in his eyes, but in a reprimanding tone) what if some of our congregation should find out that you read the scandalous things in the newspapers?"

"Oh - I - I - don't read them - I just see it in the head lines - and - and why - we - we know those things happen "

Enjoying her confusion, Henry laughed aloud but then said - "Here is the envelope John gave me, you take it and buy yourself something"

"How much did he give us - I mean how much did he give you Henry?"

"I don't know, - I havn't opened it. You open it Mary"

With pardonable expectancy she tore open the envelope and took out a crisp piece of currency. When she noted the denomination her face lighted with pleasure and she exclaimed, "A Ten dollar green back! Bless his dear generous extravagant heart!"

"My, John shouldn't have done that! I don't think he can afford it, with all the extra expenses he is going to have."

"I simply won't take it Henry ; you need several things yourself. You should have some shirts - your cuffs are all unraveling - and your neck tie is shabby."

" Nonsense - If I go buying shirts and neckties and the like, all the young ladies in church will think I am sprucing up for them."

"What was it you said a little bit ago about a certain marriage that was made in Heaven?" asked Mary arching her eye brows. "Then you talk about sprucing up for the ladies."

"Take John's offering now Mary and trot along. You need a new bonnet and besides I have a Board Meeting in a little while. Hurry now or the stores will be closed."

"I never paid over five dollars for a bonnet in my life Henry and you know it. I did see a real nice one in the Emporium window though the other day. I - I might run up and price it."

"Well you'd better hurry or they will be closed."

"Oh I hate to buy a bonnet in a hurry. Come to think about it though, this is Saturday, and they keep open a little later"

With a tender look in his eyes, and an amused smile, the old Doctor bade her be on her way rejoicing.

\* \* \* \* \*

The town of Greenfield is suburban to San Francisco and about an hour's ride therefrom by rail. Here John Crandall and Ellen Ralston were born. Born of parents whose struggle toward livelihood was honorable and they enjoyed the respect and good will of their townspeople, but in both cases their efforts brought little more than a very moderate living.

Here it was that John and Ellen were reared. Here they played together. Here too each attended school and in turn received the reward of love and respect that had been their ~~parents'~~ <sup>field work</sup>. In ~~Greenwood~~ <sup>field work</sup> it was that they both knew joy and sorrow, sacrifice and love, and joy again.

To ~~Greenwood~~ <sup>field work</sup> it was, after a brief honeymoon, that John and Ellen returned. Returned to continue and know new joys and sorrows too.

For two reasons they began their new life sensibly and modestly. First because they were sensible persons and second the modest salary John received as a clerk in the likewise modest but substantial Farmers and Merchants Bank necessitated care.

Their desires were simple; their requirements small and at the end of their first year both reflected; - "Doctor Newton must be right - Surely our marriage was made in Heaven."

Happy as they were in their love and new life they were yet to learn of happiness and joy supreme. During the second year this came to them.

"Now I know old Doctor Newton was right! Everything about our wedding was made in Heaven" exclaimed John in a frenzy of joy, - "What shall we name him Ellen?"

"Name Him?" enquired Ellen with a knowing little smile, "Well I have just a faint suspicion you wouldn't object if we named him John".

"Aw, that's not a very good name - He ought to have a better one. Tell you what let's do, let's leave it to old Doc Newton. He'll pick out a good one. Maybe he'll choose the name of some one of his ~~Saints~~ or Apostles or something. ~~Sonny~~ ought to have something like that"

"Alright, but I want to have a little conference with Doctor Newton before the christening, to make sure he picks out the right ~~Saint~~." And Doctor Newton did just that very thing. At least he chose Ellen's favorite ~~Saint~~ and named the baby John.

As weeks and months drew on peace and contentment continued to rule (except for the various interruptions day or night, when Sonny snatched the scepter) in the house and lives of John and Ellen.

"John". said Ellen one evening after she had gotten the baby in bed and was gathering up some of his things, "I wonder why it is whenever I see or handle any of Sonny's things, I always use the word "Little". For instance just now when I picked up his shoes, I said to myself - 'Sonny's Little Shoes' or if I am doing his washing and come to his so x I say 'Hm Sonny's Little 'Tockies'.n I don't say just 'Sonny's Rompers', - it's 'Sonny's Little Rompers'. To me there is a world of endearment in that word Little - It seems to express so much - I wonder why?"

"Don't know Honey, guess there is just a world of love in you and you have to have your own way of expressing it. The use of the word "Little" seems an odd way of doing so, but I agree there is a lot of affection in it when used that way."

Except for John's promotion to Teller in the Bank, with its attendant advance in salary no event of very great importance took place until Sonny's third birthday. This was being celebrated in the form of a party one Saturday afternoon when John could get home early. A number of Ellen's friends brought their babies over and as John expressed it later, the party was a "Howling" success.

On his way home to the party whom should John meet but Doctor Newton.

"Doctor of all men in the world you're the one I want to see!"

"Why what's the matter son? You seem excited about something. Goodness nothing's happened I hope."

"Plenty! Ah- That is - I want to tell you a secret. First ~~though~~ though I would like to know, where you get all of your influence with Heaven. You're a wonder."

"Tut my boy that is sacreligious. You must not speak that way even in fun".

"I don't mean to be sacreligious and I was never more serious in my life. You've always said our marriage was made in Heaven, and ever since you made that crack" - -

"Ever since I **WHAT**"?

"Ever since you first said that, everything for three years has been absolutely Heavenly, By George you havn't missed once."

"John - John !! We're on the street. Don't use such terms my boy. Tell me what is the matter."

Abruptly John stopped turned and placed his hands on the old Pastor's shoulders, shook him gently and said :-

"Go down to the Church, get out all the books you have, take plenty of time and pick out the name of another Saint! Only this time feminine gender, - a lady Saint. That is - we think - I mean we hope so"

Recovering ~~from~~ the shock caused by John's hilarious manner, Doctor Newton broke into a gentle laugh and said tenderly,-

"God Bless you Son - God Bless you and Ellen both. It has to be a Saint's name does it John?"

"Absolutely ! Sonny's one, - so will she be."

A mist spread over the kindly old doctor's eyes and he asked in a tone filled with reverence - "Mary - John, - How about Mary?"

"Mary? <sup>Sounds</sup> Sounds alright to me. Maybe you are mixing up a lot of religions on me. As a boy who used to play hookey from your Sunday School I ought to know about these different Saints, but I'll admit I don't. Anyway it's all right as long as she was a Saint."

"Honest confession is good for the Soul John but if you hadn't played hookey so much you would know. There is ~~another~~ guide for you though. Don't you know why I said Mary? Because of Mary, my Mary, my wife. How happy it would make her."

"Doctor forgive me. I am so happy I don't know anything. That's the first thing I want to tell Ellen. You know how she loves "Aunt Mary". Not only for the sweet old name itself, but that it is for "Aunt Mary" herself, will please Ellen. So Mary is as good as named right now (said John returning to his gay mood) All we need is a little water and you to say the words "I christen Thee Mary". That is sometime next Summer."

Assuming an air of offended dignity, and at the same time having difficulty in concealing ~~the mixture~~ his amusement at this down man's boyish joy and manner, Doctor Newton said:-

"Come along now, I am going home with you. Didn't you know ~~my~~ wife and I are invited to Sonny's birthday party?"

"Fine - Fine! Then Ellen can tell Mary about Mary."

\* \* \* \*

About ten o'clock one night "Next Summer" Doctor Newton was awakened by the ringing of his telephone bell. He roused himself, sleepily made his way to the instrument, and said "Hello!" An excited voice at the other end of the wire said

"Hello-hello- Doctor Newton? This is John."

"Who"?

"John - John Crandall. Say you'll have to switch, you missed it this time. Any more gentleman Saints left on your list? Mary didn't get here, Sonny has a baby brother."

"How about Matthew?"



"Gee Doctor you know all the answers without looking at the book don't you? - Not a moment's hesitation on that one."

"You would too if you looked at the Book a little more John."

"Matthew - eh? Well that's O K with me, I'll tell Ellen.- g'bye."

"Wait - Wait - Hello - John"

"Yeh"?

"God Bless you all John, - How is Ellen?"

"Oh She's fine thanks, - So's little Matt." Come over and see them tomorrow - you and Aunt Mary - Good Night."

Chuckling audibly Doctor Newton returned to his bed. "John and Ellen have another boy - Mary"

"Another boy! Bless it's little heart. I'll run right over in the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

The passing years, and the Farmers and Merchants National ~~xxxxxxx~~ had both been kind to John and Ellen. John had prospered as the institution grew, and he became Assistant Cashier. By practising strict economy they had built a home and with a few more installments it would be their own. John Junior and Matthew were cared for as the children of John and Ellen would be. The younger John, a serious minded, studious boy, a joy and comfort to his parents. Matthew likewise a joy, but not always a comfort.

On days when he came home from school with unmistakable evidence of having been in a fight or brought a report card with "Not satisfactory" in glaring red, Ellen often took her troubled thoughts to her husband.

"Oh He'll be alright Ellen, don't fret so about it - it's just the boy in him that has to come out"

So often this was John's way of settling the matter and equally often did Ellen want and try to believe.

From Grammar School to High School, from High School to College. John in his senior year at Stanford, - Matthew just entering. Stanford to John was a place to get his degree in Engineering, to equip him for his real start in the world. To Matthew, a place to go to get College Life, - A place to go, as he expressed it, to have a "Whale of a time".

During John's Freshman year, the matter of Fraternities presented itself and was disposed of in a manner satisfactory to his father and himself.

Greenfield was but a few miles from the University and John commuted daily between Palo Alto and his home. Therefore he was known as a day student; one who does not live on the Campus. ✓

After giving it considerable thought the boy said to his parents one evening:- "I have received 'bids' to several Fraternities down at college and while I would like to be a Fraternity man, there is some question in my mind as to how much I would get out of it. In the first place my engineering course is a stiff one and if I want to get through it will take about all of my time. Another thing, living at home as I do I would have vvery little time to spend with the fellows at the house. Then of course there is the expense."

"How much would it cost son," enquired his Mother - "if it isn't too much, perhaps we -"

"Now Ellen" interrupted the Father, "pardon me but I think John has taken a very sensible attitude. I know all boys want to join a Fraternity when they get to College, but as John says he ~~xxxx~~ won't be living at Stanford and his time is so taken up he can't enter into activities".

"Oh just the actual joining doesn't amount to a great deal," said his son, "But of course that isn't all. It's the -"

"That's just it" again interrupted the elder John - "it's the ~~xxxx~~ expenses in conjunction; dues, entertainments, etc. I had a talk with Mr. Russell just a get a line on what it is costing him for his boy. He's been there three years now and his father tells me just the actual necessary expenses are small enough, which I know, but he also says the purely social side of Edward's expenses are infinitely more than he originally bargained for."

$\frac{1}{2}$ " Well you know Mr. Russell's reputation and his idea of a bargain" laughed Ellen

"That may be, but just the same he's one of the heaviest depositors in our bank"

"We want the boys to see some of the social side of College, don't we John," pleaded Ellen

"Of course we do my dear, Certainly we do, But you know we haven't retired the second mortgage on the house as yet and when that's done I want to buy some more stock in the Bank. John's clothes, his commutation book every month and other incidentals mount up. I notice the difference already."

"Oh don't worry about it" said the boy "I said in the beginning I'm not keen about it; I'll manage to get in on some of the activities in college and the ones I will enjoy too".

"We don't have to make a closed incident of it right now son. Perhaps next year." Thus it was settled.

The next year, the year after, and at the start of his Senior year John had not joined but it was of his own choosing.

The first three years of John's career in College were likewise Matthew's last three in high-school. For John, years that were marked with diligence and concentration. His strength of character and development into young manhood might well be a source of pride to any parent.

Not so with Matthew. His lack of interest in school necessitated enforced periods of study. The discipline imposed upon him only served to increase his restlessness, but being possessed of a good mind, he was able to keep up with his class. His associates were not entirely desirable and the increasing requests for money caused Ellen concern. With a Mother's intuition she discerned many things that were not revealed to her husband. But when some new escapade that seemed to point toward trouble or some trait manifested itself far too plainly in a boy of Matthew's age, she at last would turn to the boy's father. John at times would remonstrate with the boy or lecture him severely. Invariably though he would take refuge in his love for Matthew and explain that he was a different type, - a different temperament than his brother - that Matthew was "just a little wild"

But such things as remaining out until the wee small hours, and coming home in a condition that she never dared to let John know about, were to Ellen far more serious than being "just a little wild"

Frequent visits to San Francisco for week-ends, presumably as a guest of "some one of the fellows" or a trip down the peninsular with "so and so in his car" nearly always resulted in a late return Monday morning and drew complaints from his teachers and ultimately the Principal.

One afternoon on the first day of the month, Miss Gibbs (Dad's ancient and Trusty Secretary) as Matthew called her) came to the banker's desk and said; "The bank statements are out Mr. Crandall, do you wish me to check your personal account for you?" This had been her custom for years.

"If you please Miss Gibbs, and when you have finished please have Mrs. Crandall's statement on my desk so I may take it home to her this evening. "

" Yes, Mr. Crandall"

The Secretary withdrew and during the afternoon returned. She placed Mrs. Crandall's envelope on the desk and enquired; - "Shall I file your's sir"?

"Do I balance?"

"Yes Sir"

"Not in the red this month eh" said John smiling. That was one of his pet jokes. For John Crandall to be in 'the Red', even when he was getting 'seven a week' was something next to impossible.

"Yes you may file it, I know about how I stand anyway, I think." Again smiling at his own joke - "Glad I'm not overdrawn"

"By the way though Mr. Crandall, I don't recall that you went up to San Francisco week before last. The bank examiners were here then, and I was certain you had not been away at all."

Crandall had turned to his work and he said in an unconcerned tone; "To San Francisco - don't recall that I did either - fact I didn't the week they were here"

"But - - -"

The banker looked up wondering why she had not withdrawn and asked with a slight show of impatience; - "Why - What is it Miss Gibbs? What do you mean about San Francisco?"

"Oh it's of no importance sir, I just noticed in balancing your account that you had cashed a check at the Palace Hotel and as I said, you were so busy here all week, with the examiners, that I was quite positive you hadn't gone up. What really drew my attention to it though, was that the check had no number, and there was no stub in your book. But then I know of course you often carry some of our loose checks with you. I have noticed them coming through before."

Crandall looked puzzled. "You say it was cashed at the Palace Hotel?"

"Yes sir"

"Well I have cashed checks there but I can't seem to remember - just - this particular one. To whom was it drawn - self - or in favor of the Palace or - - -"

"Drawn to cash sir and cleared through the First National up there"

"How much was it for?"

"\$25.00"

"Let me see the check please."

From the cancelled checks with his bank statement, the secretary drew forth the one in question and handed it to him. He scrutinized it carefully for a moment. Then John Crandall's face went deathly white. His hand trembled. For an instant he saw not. The signature was perfect but the rest was not. Had he not years before guided the tiny hand that held the pencil - had he not with a father's love and pride helped to form the letters and numbers brought home from kindergarten - could he now fail to know - fail to see - that which was writing into his very soul - burning across his heart with a red hot crayon of fire? Then he recovered his composure sufficiently to stammer out, "Oh yes, I - ah - recall this check - I went up to town one evening hurriedly; didn't know I was going when I left the bank - didn't have much money with me, so I cashed a check. That is all now Miss Gibbs - thank you."

How John Crandall got through the remaining hours of the afternoon in that bank he never knew. Three things were uppermost in his mind. One - the fear that Miss Gibbs may have discerned the truth, another

that Ellen must never know and that he must deal with Matthew. "God" he moaned to himself "How shall I deal with my son? <sup>or</sup> IS he ~~my~~ son?"

Ellen heard his key in the latch and went to meet him. "Home early aren't you dear," she asked. Without waiting for his greeting she said quickly; - "Why, John - what is the matter - you're pale - Are you ill?"

"No no Ellen, just a little tired - Been warm today - stuffy. I've had rather a hard day - think I'll go up and lie down for a few minutes before dinner. Boys home?"

"Not yet. You know John has a late lecture on Wednesdays and doesn't get home to dinner"

"That's so, - I forgot - and Matthew?"

"He stopped in for a moment after school and went on down town. Go on up and have your rest - I'll call you at dinner time. Sure you're just tired?"

"That's all - just tired."

Nearly an hour later Ellen went upstairs. "Dinner has been ready for a few minutes, but I thought I would let you rest as long as you would. Matthew isn't home yet but let's go down, he will be here any moment. How do you feel?"

"Better now thanks."

They had been at the table a short time when Matthew came in. Here it was that John had his greatest struggle.

"Hello Mother - Hello Dad. Sorry I'm late"

"Sit down Matthew, - I do wish you would get here on time ." Ellen said with some annoyance.

"'Evening Son" Said his father

What an ordeal that meal was for John! Toward the end of it he asked "Are you doing anything this evening Ellen?"

"Mrs. Nichols is coming in for a while, she is the Club's new Secretary you know"

"Oh I See. Mr. Nichols is not coming?"

"No dear - Why - was there something you wanted?"

"No no, As long as Mr. Nichols isn't coming, I thought I would like to get a little air. Thought I'd have Matthew get the car and we'd go for a drive. "

"Sure Dad! I'll get the bus out right away. "

As they left the house the father said:- "Drive down past Mr. Hodgkis's garage Matthew".

"You mean Mr. Hodgkis's 'livery stable' that he now calls a garage", corrected his son. "Love of Mike what do you want to go down to that dump for Dad? If you need anything for the car let's go to the Highway- thats a regular place."

"I want to see Mr. Hodgkiss."

"Think he'll be there at this hour?"

"We'll see- drive down there!"

During the hour before dinner that John had lain down he did not nap, nor did he rest. His soul-his very being burned within. He was wounded - hurt - shaken. He tried to reason- he struggled, fought, fought on and on- and lost!

When they reached the garage he left the car hurriedly, saying- "Just keep the motor running Matthew; I'll see if Mr. Hodgkiss is here; I'll only be a few moments."

Old Mr. Hodgkiss always came down to the 'gagage' after supper- as he used to come down to the stable in times gone by. After visiting for a few moments John, with a clever sort of rouse, made his odd request. After a short search the article asked for was produced, and with a promise to return it to-morrow, John thanked him and left.

"Well for the love of Pete Dad-what have you there? What in 'hotel' are you going to do with a buggy-whip.?"

"Its not a buggy-whip, its a horse-whip."

"But this iron-horse doesnt need a whip, she uses gas, and a gentle pressure of the foot on the throttle is all it takes."

"I didnt get it for the car."

"Gee you're funny to-night Dad-I dont get you."

"Drive out the Hillside Road Matthew".

"Some more cheer. Gosh, that road is the bunk. Full of chuck-holes and not a house in a thousand miles. Quiet as a grave-yard."

Both were silent except ffor an occasional protest from Matthew when they struck another bump and were forced to slow down to a very low speed.

When they were well out of town John broke the silence:- "This will do Matthew. Pull up by the side of the road and shut the motor off."

"What the deuce is coming off Dad?'

"Both our coats!" But before that I want to ask you just what

kind of a fool you think I am--or rather I will put it this way--what kind of a fool do you think Miss Gibbs is?"

"The term doesn't apply to you at all Dad, but as for Miss Gibbs,-- well, you see I'm ~~just~~ still just a High School boy--I haven't gotten to college yet where they get the deep stuff--learn all the big words."

"I have a word for you though!" John's eyes were ablaze; he felt his rage rising, but still it took his last ounce of strength to utter the dread words--;"You FORGER!"

Terror gripped Matthew. His blood froze in his veins; he was left devoid of all power to move or reply.

After the utterance of the terrible word John's strength returned and his rage increased as he said--;"My Grandfather used to tell me of the frontier days when they did one of four things to a criminal. Punishment was meted out according to the crime. They hanged him--shot him--put him in irons, or they HORSE-WHIPPED him. You have a mother who is one of God's own masterpieces. A brother who is HER son. In my heart you have always been the same. God!-- to think that you are Ellen's son! You are not going to drag the name down-- you are not going to punish them-- kill your mother perhaps! The punishment will be taken by you and me; mostly by me, in the knowledge of what you are. I have only one choice according to the old law of my Grandfather. I am going to HORSE-WHIP you, but I swear if you try to get away from me I will see that you go to jail. Now get out of here, take off your coat and remember what I have said."

With the first lash, Matthew's faculties returned, and regardless of what may be said of him morally,-- physically he was not a coward. Let us close our eyes upon this scene, but let it be said, in the vernacular of his associates, that Matthew "took it." Took it until he could endure no more. Then, whether it was fear of his father's threat to expose him, he did not know, but he did not attempt to escape, -- then he plead with his father to stop.

Breathless from exertion and emotion, both returned to the car. Silently they replaced their coats. "I will drive," spoke the father. They were the only audible words, but in his heart Matthew swore eternal hatred toward his parent.

When they reached town John broke the silence;-- "Go some place and straighten up your disheveled appearance. Not a word to your mother! I will tell her I let you stay down town for a while."

"Alright father. The primitive laws of your Grandfather may have been alright for the men, but I've never heard you tell of them horse-whipping their own sons. Still (said the boy as he alighted painfully from the car) you just bemoaned the fact that I am your son, ~~and~~ (and with an unsuccessful attempt to choke back a sob) I'm not proud of the BEAST that is in the man that used to be my father."

Like an arrow the words went straight to John's heart. He did not drive home. In a sort of daze he drove to a secluded spot and stopped. The tension had been too great. His strength and emotion could endure the strain no longer. The storm broke in all its fury, and John Crandall wept and sobbed like a child.

"~~Oh~~ <sup>truth</sup> should I have done it that way"- he moaned - "should I have done it that way?" Perhaps there was a better way - Oh but I thought of Ellen - My Ellen - and our other boy - The disgrace ! But he is so young - just a boy - Young as he is though, he showed me the ~~truth~~ - I was a beast! My Boy - My Son - nearly as large as I, but still my little boy. - and just now he said he wasn't proud of his father". It was a long time before John Crandall could conquer his grief but finally he summoned enough self control and regained sufficient poise to drive home.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the year through the death of Col. Maxwell, Crandall became Vice-President and Cashier of the Farmers' and Merchants' National. The Colonel, an elderly gentleman, who should have relinquished his duties long before, hung on to the last, but for sometime, John had assumed most of his work. ~~His~~ his task was an arduous one, John devoted ~~XXXX~~ such time as he had away from the bank to his family; even more so, if it were possible, than before. Matthew entered Stanford and the carefully guarded pact between his father and himself had never been broken. Ellen and John Jr., knew ~~in~~ that some volcanic action had taken place, but it was soon lost sight of in the Father's tenderness to them all and the general harmony of their home. His aching heart found some secret solace in the knowledge that he and Matthew had a common bond in the keeping of that pact. Matthew inwardly bitter but taken up with new friends, new interests that entered into his college life began to relent somewhat in his feeling toward his father.

As the matter of joining a Fraternity had presented itself to John Jr. in his freshman year, so it did to Matthew. One day during the "rushing" season, the two brothers met on the Campus between classes. "Well said John Jr., I see several "houses" have had you in tow - have you done anything yet?"

"Sure I was pledged Theta Upsilon last night, but don't you tell dad - I want to ask him first if I can join then break it to him gently that I have already accepted. Bid by a couple of others too"

"You shouldn't have pledged yourself before you knew whether it was O.K. with dad or not Matt. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but the <sup>with</sup> Upsilon's have the name of being a pretty wild bunch".

"There you go now trying to spoil the parade! What do you know about the Thetas? I have seen most of the crowds down here and they are the best on the campus."

"Well I am in my Senior year here now, and I happen to know a little bit about their crowd as well as some other ones that I would rather see you join."

"Gosh now you're gging to preach - as if I didn't get enough of that at home. That's one reason I'd like to live on the Campus - just to get away from home. You're not a mixer, and I'll bet you havn't half a dozen friends in college"

"Saw Bill ~~P~~Bole this morning and according to him you were ~~mi~~ ~~em~~"



'mixing em' pretty well about twelve o'clock last night down at the Oasis - and as to the half a dozen friends I have - they're all six worth while. Better not let dad get wise to your party last night"

"Yeh there goes some more advice" retorted Matthew

A few evenings later Matthew informed the family that he had been "bid" by several Fraternities and asked permission to join. To his surprise and great relief, his father consented at once and asked which one he wanted to go into.

"Theta Upsilon" said Matthew.

"I don't know anything about the Fraternities Matthew," said his father, "but John must. John you've been down there for a long time what sort of men are these - ah - what did you call them Matthew?"

"Theta U's"

"I don't know a great deal about the frats either dad," - (then with a look at his brother) I'm not much of a mixer, but I think most of the houses down there are good. Matthew is in a better position to make his own decision. "

Ellen, John Sr., and Matthew were all happy. While elated over his good fortune Matthew knew ~~that~~ it would be premature to approach his parents on the subject of living at his frat house. So for the time at least he lived at home and went down to the University - that is down to the frat house daily.

Mr. Russell had been right, when he told Mr. Crandall three years before that the expenses ~~xxxxxxx~~ of his boy at College were higher than he had bargained for. Indeed Matthew's father was finding it out also.

For reasons best known to himself he had attempted to be watchful of Matthew. Watchful for the boy's welfare, but he had a sincere desire for him to have, as Ellen had expressed it 'some of the social life at College'. When John thought he saw warning signs or danger signals he called his son to strict account. Matthew was obliged to slaken his pace but would counter with the remark " You just don't understand College life - I do just what all the other fellows do"

As the weeks sped on Matthew sped with them. For a time his father would comply with the requests for more money. Clothes - more clothes - money for entertainment. As Matthew put it he had to do his share at the house. Then an abrupt halt would be called by John, then a lull - during which Matthew would seem to devote more time to his studies - then - away again!

One day when his father had just curtailed his expenditures Matthew complained - "Gee whiz , it embarasses me down at College I don't have as much money as a lot of the fellows in our house. People know your position - know you're a banker - they wonder at me -

wonder at you. I don't see why I can't live down at the house and come home week ends"

"LIVE At the house" exclaimed his father "That's just about what you are doing. Why sometimes we don't see you from week end to the next"

\* \* \* \* \*

The war in Europe! Germany and the Allies had been for many many months in the death struggle and the rumbling was reaching America. There were grave times - suspense and anxiety. It began to look as though America would enter the struggle. America did enter the struggle! With graduation but a few months away - with a lump in his throat, but with patriotism in his heart, - his fine head erect - John Crandall Jr., marched away to a training camp. Later he 'went over' with the Engineers ~~as~~ Lieut. John Crandall Jr.,

Excitement everywhere! That high tension - that feverish haste always prevalent in war time gripped the nation almost over night. Reorganization of financial institutions, commercial houses, railroads, - all were affected. In the reduced ranks, one man or woman was doing the work of three. Industrial institutions making war munitions doubled and trebled their forces. Shipyards were a seething mass of activity. Colleges contributed their share of young American manhood along with the rest.

The high pressure drives! The Red Cross - Civic organizations Womens' Clubs, all doing their 'bits.' Like millions of others John Crandall was drawn into this cyclonic whirl. In addition to his already increased duties at the bank, there were committies - more drives - more war work to perform. His home became a place where he could have but a few hours of rest and brief periods of comfort from Ellen and when Matthew was there, talks with him.

With a boy so susceptible to temptation as Matthew it is easily understandable that he should yield to the additional ones during those trying times. Drinking, however, was not the worst of his faults. His passion for gambling was unconquerable. Any form - any game of chance was irresistible to him. His friends used to say of him - "Matt Crandall will bet you where a fly is going to light" This led him down the inevitable path of debt.

About six o'clock one evening as Matthew arrived at home he noticed at once that his father was not there. "Dad upstairs" he asked of his mother. "

"No Matthew, he isn't home yet. Why don't you go down to the bank and come home with him? He's tired these days. It will make him happy - go on down"

"Alright mother"

He reached the bank a few minutes later and knocked on the door. After a moment a face peered out from behind the drawn shade. It was his father's and he opened the door to admit his son.

"Hello, I came down to bring you home to dinner."

"Hello Son come in - I'm not quite ready to go home" The banker closed the door and they walked back into his office.

"Sit down Matthew, I won't be long; I'm glad you came. havn't seen you since Monday"

"Thanks. Yes I've been 'boning' pretty hard every night this week for a couple of exams so I stayed down at Theta U. Believe me I'm glad this is Friday."

"Believe you do look a little worn Son" said the father kindly then turned to finish his work.

He had been thus engaged for a few moments when another knock and a shaking of the front door of the bank was heard.

"Shall I go"? asked the boy.

"No thanks - I'd better"

Again John peered out from behind the drawn shade and recognized one of the depositors. Opening the door, he greeted the man - "

"Well hello Mr. Jensen, what are you doing in town at this hour? Come in. I thought all you prosperous farmers went home in time to 'go to bed with the chickens'".

Despite the fact that he had not seen his native Sweeden for thirty years, Mr. Jensen still spoke with a broad accent.

"Aye bane on my vay home now. Aye guess Mrs. Yensen she got the chickens fed and in bed by now, but if aye don't get there pretty queek she don't fed me"

They now had reached John's office. "Sit down Mr. Jensen - Oh - you know my son - what can I do for you - want to speak privately?"

"No - no. Howdy Meester Crandall - yes I bane know him when he was knee high to a grasshoper."

Then addressing the banker personally - "Vel ~~XXXXXX~~ aye yoost sold my hay to Mr. Yones. Ve make the contract this afternoon and he bane give me two hundred dollar depossitt now and pay me all when he finish de hay. Ve go to hnees bank and he draw out the two hundred dollar. He don't bane giff de scheck - he giff de money. Aye don't like to go vay out to de ranch with so much money. If aye don't bane too late aye like to leave it here."

"Why certainly Mr. Jensen. The vault is closed and the time-lock is on, but I will open my safe ~~right here~~ and put it in there. I will give you a receipt for it now and in the morning we will credit your account and mail you your duplicate deposit slip."

"Tank you, only you don't need to mail de slip - aye been coming back to town tomorrow and aye come een."

"Alright Mr. Jensen- fine".

"Good-bye Mr. Crandall", said the farmer to Matthew.

"Oh-ah good-night- ah Mr.- ah - Jensen", answered the boy.

They walked to the door. "Tanks again Mr. Crandall, aye going to bring you one damn fine fat chicken for Sunday dinner."

"Not at all Mr. Jensen- glad to do it for you, and dont you bother ~~xxxx~~ about the chicken. "Good-night."

Mr. Crandall returned to his office, approached the safe, turned the dial back and forth several times until he found the number he wanted. After manipulating it for a moment he stopped and twisted the handle. The safe did not open. "Hm-- , thats funny," he said. "Miss Gibbs always has this open when I get here mornings- been so long since I - lets see now", he went on talking to himself, but audibly, "55 right, three times, left twice, back half-Stop." He turned the handle, pulled, and the door opened. Taking his keys from his pocket, selected one, ~~and~~ opened the little drawer and placed farmer Jensen's money inside- re-locked it and closed the safe.

Early in the evening after they had finished dinner Matthew inquired-: "Could I have the car for a little while this evening? I want to take a little ride."

"Why Matthew", said Ellen, "You've been down at College all week; Why dont you stay in and visit with us this evening?"

"I wont be late. Gee whiz, I've been 'boning' my head off every ~~xxxxxxx~~ night this week; I'd like to get out for a little while."

"Alright son, take your mother for a little ride too." An expression of disappointment came over the boy's face but he did not let his parents see it.

"I dont care to go unless you do John," said Ellen, "Do you want to go?"

"Just as you say Ellen. Im a little tired to-night though; Beleive I would rather read."

A few minutes later Ellen noticed Matthew looking around the room, exploring table drawers etc. and asked. "What are you hunting for Matthew?"

"Key to the garage. I cant find it."

"Isn't it on the mantle-piece?", asked his mother, "Thats where it usually is."

"No. I looked there; looked everyplace."

Ellen helped ~~xxxxxxx~~ in the search for the key, but without success.

"Dad, we cant find the key to the garage. May I borrow yours to get the car out?"

John was engrossed in the evening paper. "Huh?" he muttered. Matthew repeated the request.

"Uh-huh". John reached for his keys with one hand and continued to hold the paper with the other, trying not to lose his place. Without looking up he held forth the keys. "Dont forget 't return 'em 'fore you go" he said.

Half an hour later the car was parked at the side entrance of the "Oasis."

It was midnight when two figures emerged from the side door of the road-house. One was steady- the other was not. The steady figure was that of "Pop" Harms, proprietor of the Oasis, and in an equally

steady voice he said;—"Now look here Crandall, I've stood for your stuff as long as I'm going to. You cant pull any more of it and get away with it with me. No more booze, and no more 'tabs' with the Roulette dealer. I will give you until to-morrow night to take up your I.O.U's, or I will take 'em down to your 'old man'. I dont want to, but I will, if you dont give me something beside promises."

"s-hell of way to talk 't anybody 's sphent as much as I ~~have~~ have in your joint. I've bought losh a stuff here."

"Yeh you've bought plenty alright, and most of its 'on the cuff' too. Remember-to-morrow night, or I go right to the old gent himself."

"How much I owe you?" gurgled Matthew.

"Got the tabs inside; havent added 'em all up yet-around a hundred and fifty."

"Aw hell ats eashy - have yer money for you 'morrow mornin-wha sha worrin 'bout?"

"You'll be the one thats worry<sup>y</sup>ing if you dont 'kick through' with about a hundred and fifty bucks ", said Harms as he went inside.

Ellen and John sat up until ten o'clock. John was asleep soon after they retired, but his wife stayed awake listening for Matthew. Finally she too closed her eyes.

How long they had been asleep neither of them knew, but John ~~w~~ was awakened by Ellen who was saying-: "John- John-wake up! Dont you hear the telephone?"

"Hear what?"

The phone- hurry - the 'phone's ringing. Goodness who can be calling at this---" without finisning her sentence she flashed on the little light at the head of their bed and looked at the clock. "Half past two", she said as John got into his robe and slippers and went to the telephone.

"Hello", he said drowsily.

A voice with a full round Irish brogue came over the wire.

"Hello- is this Mr. Crahdall?"

"Yes-yes-this is Mr. Crandall."

"Mr. Crahdall, this is Dahn."

"Who?"

"Dahn Whalen, 'o the night patrohl."

"Oh - yes Dan-whets the---"

"Schure and Mr. Crahdall I hate to be botherin you at this hour, and I dont want to spake too loud over the tiliphone, but could you be after coomin down to the Bahnk right away?"

"Down to the BANK?"

"Yis sir."

"My God Dan whats the matter?"

"Dont know that inything's the matter sir, but you'd better be ~~a~~ after coomin- an Mr. Crahdall, if you kin help it dont tell inybody or let em see you."

"I'll be RIGHT down! Good-bye."

"Heavens John! What has happened?" cried Ellen in alarm.

"Dont know. That was Dan Whalen, the night patrol officer; ~~wants~~ wants me to come down to the Bank right away."

"I'll wake Matthew and tell him to get the car out and run you down in a hurry."

"No, no, dont do that! I can be dressed and half way there before he could get dressed and get the car out. Besides Whalen doesnt want me to tell anyone. I wonder what can be the matter? ~~It know~~ ~~it isnt~~ <sup>cant</sup> it isnt, the vault. The time-lock went on at 3.05. I KNOW it was closed."



I coo eschplain all this but I'm not goin to to you. I'm a ghentleman and you'be a cop"

"And what foine gentleman ye'd be if your brain iver caught oop with your tongue. But it never will - it's too far behind.! Do ye want to explain here or down at the Police Station?"

"Well if you have't know -'m dad sent me down fer shome papers"

"Schure and its a hard workin' man I know your good Faather is, but what does he want with papers at two o'clock in the morning?"

"Sent me down earlier but I coodn't get here 'till now"

Not knowing a great deal about Matthew other than that he was known as a wild one in college, the officer was enclined to believe it possible that the boy's father might have sent him down earlier in the evening for something and Matthew decided to attend to some 'personal' matters first. Anxious as he was to protect the bank, Dan Whalen was also going to protect DAN WHALEN, so he answered

"Well maybe that's true lad but I'll find out fer meself", and he reached for the telephone.

"No you don't! said the boy and he grasped an ink bottle from his father's desk to hurl at the officer's head. Dan caught his arm just before the missel left his hand. Wrenching it from him he took an iron grip on the boy's collar, shook him vigorously and sat him down again in the chair.

"There now - stay there and don't boodge! Praise be, me name ain't Whaalen fer nothin and it's whalin Hell out'o ye I'll be if ye bat an eye! "

Then he called John Crandall on the telephone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Officer and Banker strode across the lobby and into the latter's office. There slumped down in a chair, his eyes cast downward - *glowered* even the dim light of the room unable to lift them to meet his gaze - John Crandall saw his son.

His glance swept the room - he stood motionless - a thousand things shot across his mind - Matthew had not returned his keys - had not returned home when he and Ellen had retired - here he was - drunk - Officer Whalen - the safe open - Jensen's money!

The gastly truth swept over him - he swayed - he reeled - but caught his desk and steadied himself for a moment. Then pulling up to his full height he looked squarely at the officer and said ; -

"It's no use - arrest him Dan! It'll kill his Mother and disgrace me - but take him down to the Police station"

"Mr. Crahdall " , spoke Dan hurriedly "jist a minit - please -

Here's my flashlight; take a look around the bank and see if every thing else is alright - please - do that for me "

"Nothing else to look at - everything of any value is in the vault and the time-lock 's on"

"How about all those cases along the wall? " asked the officer running <sup>the</sup> flashlight across them"

"Filing cabinets. Correspondence - nothing negotiable." Nevertheless he took the proffered spotlight and groped his way back to the vault. A moment later he returned.

" "It's locked", was all he could say for a moment - then "There's nothing else, except last night I put two hundred dollars belonging to Nels Jensen in my safe here"

Dan looked at the boy "Have <sup>ye</sup> got that lad? " he asked. Without raising his eyes Matthew took from his pocket four fifty dollar bills and placed them on the desk. "Take him to the station Dan" said the boy's father helplessly.

With a swift stride across the little room Dan Whalen was at the Banker's side "Mr. Crahdall - Mr. Crahdall! "he pleaded "Wait - sit down - sit down just a minit - let <sup>me</sup> talk to ye" Mechanically John obeyed. With his big hand on the Banker's shoulder Dan continued - all his heart in his words.

"Mr. Crahdall - do ye mind , way back whin I'd been on the force just a little while - do ye mind the day I came right into this very office and said to ye - me heart ~~krakin~~ breakin' "Mr. Crahdall I want to borrow a hundred dollars. Oh Mr. Crahdall - how I need it! I've got to have it right away. Me little Dahnnie - me little Dahnnie, rest his little soul - he died this mernin. Katie - Katie - our baby - she's got it too - the damn pneumonia. Mamie, me wife is down and can't take care of the baby. Mr. Crahdall I've got to bury little Dannie. I've just coom from Rooney's undertakin' parlor - there's a little coffin, a black one, (God how I hated the thought of a black one) down there Mr. Crahdall for Fifty dollars. Rooney will do everything for seventy-five - the rest I've got to have fer medicine and the doctor for the baby and Mamie. I've no security Mr. Crahdall just me word and me job - and I may not even have the job long because I have to nurse ~~my~~ family and they've got another man in ~~my~~ place - but I'll pay the bank back Mr. Crahdall so help me - if it takes all me life'. Ye looked at ~~with~~ me with kindness in yer eye but shook yer head and said "It isn't banking business Mr. Whalen' I remember ye called me Mister - 'But don't stay away from your family any longer. Go back and take care of them for a little while - I'll see - You come in and see me late this afternoon." I wint - 'twas awful sick they was - Faith the doctor thought we'd have to hold Dahnnie's funeral and wait for Katie's. Then in the afternoon a nurse coom in. I ask her what she wanted and she said she was sint to nurse me family and was to take no pay from me. Then as quick as I could I ran down to Rooney's - just to have another look at Dahnnie - just to see if me little lad was alright - and - and - (here the big officer paused; tears coursed down his cheeks ,which he made no attempt to



restrain and his huge frame shook with emotion) and then I ran back to ~~me~~ wife 'Mamie - Mamie - ' says I 'They've got Dahnnie in a little WHITE Coffin'. and there was flowers too - lots of em - and the funeral - there wasn't many people at it - but Mrs. Crahdall was there and Dahnnie's little white coffin was almost covered with flowers. Do ye think I could ever forget that Mr. Crahdall - do you think ~~me~~ Mamie could ever forget it? And now it is when we go out to the cimitery, <sup>and</sup> our Katie helps us put the flowers around, says I to Mamie or her to me - 'Schure 'Tis Mr Crahdall we've to thank that we're all here to decorate Dahnnie's grave.' Could we ever forget all that? Listen Mr. Crahdall - Listen - just a second longer and I'm through. Ye've seen fer yerself that iverything else around here is alright. There's the two hundred - I protected the bank and there's nothing gone. Me conscience is clear - nobody's the wiser - nor will theyiver be. After all he's your bye - let's let him go - let him go Mr. Crahdall - do with him as ye will - sind him to war if ye want to - but let him go "

For the first time, Matthew raised his eyes. His father could look at him. "Please dad - I'll go to war." he said.

"The lad means it Mr. Crahdall. Be after lettin him" pleaded Dan. John Crandall was ~~xxxxxx~~ only human. Summoning all his courage he uttered one word - "Go!"

"Wait - again, wait! Have ye got iny money lad?" inquired the officer.

"No,"

"Dont start him out 'broke' Mr. Crahdall - he'll only git into more trouble. Give him the Swade's two hundred, and ye can fix that up in the marnin."

The three silently left the Bank. When they had gone a short distance Matthew spoke-; "Here are your keys father. The car's in the alley off B Street."

The officer went back to his 'beat' - the Banker to his car - and the boy - to he himself knew not what.

Two days later John received a letter. It was addressed to him at the Bank, and bore the post-mark from San Francisco. It read-;

"Father:

I will leave it to you to concoct any story you may think wise about my hurried departure. Anything will do because I shall never return to refute it. All I hope is that you will tell one that will not be painful for you and mother to bear.

It sounds foolish for me to say I appreciate all you and mother have done for me - all my life. But I do, and to-day I regret all the pain I have caused you both.

Will you please tell Officer Whalen I dont remember all I did and said the other night, but that I am sorry, and grateful to him. One more favor I would like to ask and it will be my last. I owe Pop Harms, proprietor of the 'Oasis' a hundred and fifty dollars. Will you please pay it for me? That is what I wanted with the money I took from the safe. As I look at it now I dont see how I would have ~~be~~ able to have gotten it back without you knowing it, but I meant to repay it out of my allowance. I didnt mean to steal it, but Harms had me scared and I was drunk.

I know you never will, but dont ever try to find me. I have disgraced the name of Crandall for the last time.

Matthew."

The

The months swept on - the fever heat of war still raged. People were keyed up to the pitch of accepting unusual things as commonplace. In their anxiety and sorrow, John and Ellen marched straight onward. Never faltered! With all their fortitude and strength - how ~~xxxx~~ piteously did they cry out to God for more, when one day John received an official document from Washington. It read: "Lieutenant John Crandall Jr. 1st Engineers - Killed in Action!" Followed then a brief description of his courage in the engagement, the place, date etc.

Many weeks later a letter came from John's Captain, telling ~~in~~ all in detail, and enclosed was a picture of John's grave. The picture of that grave and their boy who reposes there became the most sacred possession of John and Ellen.

Such continued havoc wrought on Nations - such a drain on man-power and resources, could have but one result-: ~~THE ARMISTICE!~~  
The ARMISTICE!

The frenzied joy! The period of readjustment. The struggle for the return to normalcy. Likewise the struggle for supremacy in business - based on Nature's never ending law of The Survival of the Fittest. Consolidations - gigantic mergers were taking place everywhere. Came then the Nation-wide financial Institutions - the Branch Banks.

The Farmers and Merchants National of <sup>field</sup>Greenwood was purchased by The National Trust Company, a powerful Institution with the Branch system.

After a short period as head of the Organization he had grown up with and helped materially in guiding it to its ~~xxxxxx~~ success, John was asked to become Assistant Cashier of the now ~~xxxxxx~~ Parent Bank, The national Trust, whose Pacific Coast Headquarters were in San Francisco.

It has been said that <sup>field</sup>Greenwood is but a short distance from San Francisco. From early Spring until Autumn, John Crandall commuted from his home to his business. During the other months they took an apartment in the City.

Complete solace is never known to the hearts of men and women like John and Ellen Crandall. The Grief - the anxiety - the uncertainty! Rarely did they speak of it to one another, but once when he could endure silence no longer, John for ~~xxx~~ one moment let Ellen see his heart. "If we only KNEW. If we only knew SOMETHING. Even if ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ were to know that he were dead - I believe I could carry on better. Ellen understood and her heart bled with his.

Not many years ago there appeared in one of San Francisco's leading news papers ~~xxx~~ an unusual article, headed thus-; "War Hero's Parents Ask Burglar To Return Relics." Follows the article.- 'A return visit from a burglar is being ~~expected~~ awaited by Mr. and Mrs. John Crandall to their Apartment on California Street. SO much faith have they in human nature that they are sure the burglar who entered their home last Saturday night will somehow return to them a box containing mementoes of their son, Lieut. John Crandall Jr. who was killed in the Argonne.

Unfortunately for the Crandalls the box was locked and the burglar therefore thought it contained valuables. When the box was opened all that was found were various papers concerning Lieut. Crandall's army career and a picture of his grave in France.

To any one but the Heroe's parents the contents of the box mean nothing. To them they mean everything.

A small amount of money was in the box but that is the burglar's without question. All the Crandalls want are their keep-sakes. That is why they look wistfully at a photograph of their son and ask that one burglar show that he has a heart.

John Crandall is Assistant Cashier of the National Trust Co. of San Francisco.'

How this got into the papers John never knew.

Returning from the theatre one night about a week later John and Ellen entered their Apartment. "Why John, that's strange, I didn't leave the bed-room window open."

"You must have done so and forgotten about it my dear, because I'm sure I didn't."

"No I didn't John! I know I --," before she could finish her sentence Ellen grasped John's arm in terror. Too terrified to speak, she could but point to the large mirror over her dressing-table. Reflected there John saw a figure emerge from a door across the hall and attempt to pass down it unseen. Standing by his dresser he quickly drew a revolver from a drawer and called-; "Halt! Halt or I'll shoot and give the alarm!" Then he stepped quickly to the door and said again to the retreating figure-; "I'll fire if you don't stop!" The man stopped. In a muffled tone from under his ~~mask~~ mask improvised from a handkerchief, he said:- "Don't shoot! I'm not armed and I won't harm you. Just let me go. I didn't come here to harm you. I've been here before - I didn't come to harm you then. I hadn't eaten for days - I was famished! ("John - John! - that voice -", cried Ellen) (not noticing her interruption the man continued) I'm not a regular thug. I saw your back windows - they were low - it looked easy. I climbed up the fire escape - the window wasn't locked. The first thing I saw was a box. I grabbed it and got out. I got away. The box was locked. I couldn't open it. Next day I walked around, still starving for food. I found a piece of iron pipe in a vacant lot next to a lumber-yard. I went in between some piles of lumber and smashed the box. Eleven dollars and the pictures ~~and~~ and papers were inside. I looked at them and knew you wanted them. I spent six dollars of the money for a place to sleep and something to eat. FOOD - God, how I needed it! Here's the rest of the money. I wanted to return the box but I was afraid I couldn't get back without getting caught. The box was hard to carry around and I was afraid the police would notice me with it under my coat. Then I saw that piece in the newspaper. Please let me go now. I won't harm you or anyone else. I've been through a lot. Please let me go."

"I think you are a professional thug,, but I am grateful to you for returning ~~my~~ my son's things. The article in the paper said all we want is his mementoes, that the money was yours. I didn't put it in the paper but it is true. I would like to let you go, but you'll rob someone else. Take off your mask!"

"No, no - I won't do that!"

"That shows you ARE a crook! I ought to call the police."

"No I'm not - I'm not even armed I told you. Please let me go my way."

"Just why did you return this box?"

"I told you I knew you wanted it - I knew what that man had been through. I had a year of it myself."

"You saw service?"

"I said a year of it!"

"You seem to have come out alright, why turn to this?"

"I tell you I dont do this - and as to coming out alright - I had hell shot out of me in France. Getting up and down your fire-escape was the toughest job I've had in a long time. Again, I beg you to let me go."

The man turned and in some manner the mask slipped, dropped exposing his features. A haggard face covered with a week's growth of beard, one eye completely gone - the other swollen and blood-shot. As she swooned, Ellen screamed - "MATTHEW!"

Minutes later when she had been revived, Matthew said. "I didnt want you to see or know me. I would have given anything to have prevented it. I've waited several nights for a chance to put the box back. It is pretty badly smashed but the things are alright. Tonight I saw you go out, but I had to wait a long time before I could get up the fire-escape without being seen. Just as I got here you came - I was trapped. I was going to wait until you were asleep and then try to get out. When I opened the door of that closet across the hall I didnt know you were where you could see me. When I left Greenwood I promised you you would never see me again. ~~When I got to San Francisco~~ I didnt know you had left there. When I got to San Francisco a week ago and did what I did, it was from hunger. You've never gone without food for days, and dont know what it is or what it will make a man do. I never went as long in the trenches as I have since. I picked the lowest window I thought I could negotiate. Now I will go. No one has ever known me by the name of Crandall. I even lied to get into the Army, but I can prove that I went. Here is the honorable discharge of Private Thomas Lawson", said Matthew, producing the document and his picture. "I admit I havent been absolutely honorable since my discharge, but I was O.K. while I was in the Service!"

"Tell us my darling, did you ever see your brother?" asked Ellen.

"No, I never saw him. John and I were in France at the same time, He got there a long time before I did of course, and we were not in the same Sector. We never saw each other, but I knew that, - that - well I learned everything."

It was dawn when they had stopped talking. Matthew had told of his experiences in France, his months of agony in the hospital, his return to New York - his discharge from the Army - his misfortunes and mistakes since.

"John", said Ellen, "every time I bought Liberty Bonds, or every time I added to my Savings Account I would say to my-self-. "This is for the boys - for John and Matthew. They will BOTH be back some day. John is with his God, but all I can give what I have saved for both to Matthew. Its mine to give - you cant deny me!"

\*\*\*\*\*

For several years there has been a prosperous little store on the main street of Greenfield. Across ~~across~~ the front, the sign reads-- MATTHEW CRANDALL - HARDWARE.

One evening the faithful Daniel Whalen was 'on his rounds' as usual. He tried the door of Matthew's store. It was locked, but from within Matthew waved to him and rushed to the door and opened it. "Hello Dan."

"Hello Matt. Workin to-night eh?"

"Oh just a little, Come in Dan - come on back here, I want to have a little talk with you."

The two men walked back into the office of the store and sat down.

~~Shoot!~~ "Shoot!" said Dan.

"Dan, in all these years ~~xxxx~~ you have been going around to see that people lock their doors at night, just how many thousand miles do you supposed you have traveled?" grinned Matthew.

"Faith and I niver kept track, but Im good for a good many thousand yit."

"Bet you are at that, but that isnt what I wanted to say. You've been at a long time - how would you like to stop?"

"STOP?" exploded Dan, and what in hell would I be after doin if I did?"

"How would you like to go into business?"

"Who the divil ever heard of a cop runnin one business when he can run the whole town after dark?"

"Im moving up to the corner next month Dan. Going to have a larger store. I might want a partner - the business ~~is~~ growing.

"Ha, so its money yer after needin eh? Well there's a few 'Grand' layin over in the Bahnk that'll answer to me whistle, and Mamie and Katie have got a roll 'o Liberty Bonds that ~~is~~ that would choke a cow. How much do ye want?"

"Not a cent - I want a partner!"

"Matt is this blarney yer givin me?"

"No! If you dont believe me ask Dad."

"How much would I have to put up?"

"I tell you not a dime. I've done pretty well. I dont need money, I need some help."

"PRAISE BE, then I'm the bye to give it to ye!"

Over the new store on the corner of Main and Chadwick Streets is a big sign with a red back-ground and bright GREEN letters. It reads CRANDALL & WHALEN. On each side of the entrance, on the window, in full gold-leaf are the names, Matthew Crandall, and Daniel Whalen.

~~xx~~

There are two spots in the little cemetery at the edge of town where the grass is a little greener and the flowers seem to bloom more profusely. One is little Dannie Whalen's grave, in ground consecrated into the faith of his father - the other, just across a path, is ~~is~~ marked by a wide, single head-stone bearing two names - 'Henry and Mary Newton.' Underneath is the inscription - "Their marriage was made in Heaven."

To these two spots, nearly every Sunday, several people go. "How well I remember the first time the Doctor said that about our marriage" said Ellen, arranging the flowers tenderly, "How true it was!"

"How true it IS!" answered John.

"Yes, how true it IS," said his wife.

Greenhampton -

On his little booth at the rail-road crossing, Clem Hardy the jizzled old flag-man sat between trains and puffed contentedly at his pipe.

Clem's smile of contentment was partly due to the contemplation of his retirement on pension, less than a week away and partly on account of the satisfaction of a record service without accident with the rail road company.

His alert eye caught a young woman crossing the tracks toward him. "Bet it's that reporter from the newspaper" said Clem to himself. "Mr Hardy?" inquired the woman. "Yes ma'am", "I'm from the Gazette, and I've been sent to interview you. I understand you are to be retired next Saturday after some 45 years of service ~~of~~ with the Company."

"Well Miss you're right about the last part of your statement and I'll take you word for the first part. There was a go' together round here this mornin' for a picture & he told me you'd probably be 'round, though it'd a been better if both o' you had waited till after I got off work. You see they's 'lectric trains shootin' out that tunnel one way, 'n' comin' round the curve t'other way, few minutes - I ain't got <sup>made</sup> my record by doin' much visitin'. But so long's you're here, here's a stool. Set down & we'll talk outside here. My business has been guidin' trains in traffic <sup>but</sup> when it comes to interviews you'll have to do the guidin'. What do you want to know?"

"Well Mr Hardy suppose you give me your reactions to your future as compared to your past years' useful service to the R.R. Co."

"But know's I could go far wrong either way Miss, 'cause  
they both have a lot to do with 'Myri'".

"Whom"?

"Myri - My grandaughter".

"Yes I believe I was told there was a grandaughter - Her name is Myra?"

"Myri".

"Yes. Now, a little about your people".

"People?"

"Yes - your family".

"Well Miss - 32 is due in about three minutes is I reckon I can  
tell ye all about them in less in that time. The Hardy's  
was allus a God-fearing <sup>little</sup> Yes in his way a God trusting  
people. As far as I can remember they was rail-road  
people. They paid their bills, was honest & upstanding ~~people~~."  
My father used to say "Clemens they aint no more honorable  
a callin' as fur as I know they aint no body got more lives  
in their hands, got more a responsibility than rail-road people."

"Just - now something about your early life."

"Started in the round-house. Worked in - after long time got to be a  
<sup>got married,</sup> fireman. Finally got an engine. Was the youngest man to be a  
engineer."

"Then?"

a mist spread over Clem's eyes - "ah miss, ~~it's~~ a long time ago  
now, it still - -

"I'm sorry, but please"

"Well I was on a night run - a freight run - We was going to

have a baby. The doctor said everything was going to be alright - I didn't want to go. He said about midnight he thought - I got back - not just in time - in time, I saw my wife - her name was Myra too; Miss Ginn going to make a family - maybe it will make you feel red, ~~but~~ you seem young yourself, but my Myra died in child-birth. I was a girl - a wee girl - and I said - just in time - Myra - for you - I'll call her Myra. Myra - she was - Miss - all in a daughter that the first Myra was in a wife. Now I mentioned how she grew - My first & my very born. And I was when she leaned on my arm & we walked down the aisle & I got her in holy matrimony to the most prominent fireman in the division. And I was too when the division left announced he was going to put the best fireman on the road to the best engineer on the road. He did, and Miss Ginn always thought it took wings to get to heaven, but surely it looked as though our family would get to heaven on wheels - we was all so happy, and - and - to ~~be~~ hermit - one day he told me - my son-in-law told me, soon I was going to be a grandfather, that night they made me come over - over to their little house. And Myra - my own flesh & blood - my Myra - said - "Dad if its a boy it will be Clemens & her husband said so too, but if its a girl it will be Myra - for mother." - "For mother and you I said"

"Here's 24 - I must go out."

Then how we got along - no engineer pulled a throttle - no fireman ever did he got better. Because that was father-in-law ~~son~~ there was no talk - about petty politics. Then - there



was the wash-out - the bridge wash out! No fault  
 of our own. I was a rainy night - a mean - wet  
 rail! Then - the bridge - the wash-out - over we went.  
 "I don't care for myself - said the boy - my own child's husband -  
 my own husband - "take care of her" he said, down on the  
 rocks of the canyon - and in my arms - he - he - died.  
 If ever the best that was in the Hardy's rose up + shake - I, on  
 my broken legs, whatever I had left rose up + promised  
 that just by I'd take care of her + my child, this  
 Clem Hardy, would be all to her, that a decent man  
 should be. "Is about all Miss. I've tried to be that!"

"What that whistle? Know what that makes me think of?" This fella  
 or thant many years he'll I see second little Myri crossing these  
 bear tracks to + from school.

"If for the second time in my life, Miss I had to travel by a bed + see a dying  
 woman + cheer time - my - my own own Myri, I'd take care of her - and my  
 own. I've did it Miss. Least ways I've tried to. 280 come round  
 the coast. Strange me. So now you back good many years I has another  
 Myri - not my hands - but in my heart. Yes Miss it was - in  
 my heart + it cost me a pretty penny to get the right kind of a woman  
 to help me raise her."

But I had a gut head in myself. After the washout + my  
 own in. have did it was quite a while for I couldn't. Lost my  
 left arm cos I couldn't pull a throat as my as the I  
 put me in the depot calling names. Did that for a

number's years. Then the hard floors kind o got to my  
 rheumaty or what ever it was I developed. They was  
 lout to relief me. I couldn't stand that so they took  
 me if I still wanted to stay on I could have but  
 + here I've been for nigh on to 25 years. I loed ~~up~~  
 41 Mrs I come from a God trusting people. all  
 these years I been getting here I've had lots o things to  
 think. That about all the love I've had - + yet  
 the o love I've wanted most to save. I couldn't.  
 Reddon would take that addin machine in little Myri's  
 office ~~when~~ when a time to fixer all the love I've had safe  
 It takes a God trusting man to do what I've done + you know I've been  
 right in front of him - cause after all look what I've got. I've got ~~Myri~~  
<sup>Myri</sup> the sweetest person he ever had but the heart o ~~Myri~~ <sup>Myri</sup> into. I am my little  
 home - I've got a little money paid by - Myri is strong + well + good - and  
 Mrs o got contentment. Contentment - + now I got my retirement - a  
 reasonable retirement. I used to be kind a better - thought he'd take  
 a lot from me, but I saw before I've had lots o times think, I'm  
 powerful happy. Some day the night ~~fell~~ fell I come along + Myri'd  
 get married. They've been lots of in round + I had o fixer chairs my  
 she said a "gone on" ~~but~~ while I ain't sayin' anything seems to me  
 he ain't just the kind for her. Poor child last few weeks she's been  
 kind o pale + ain't just like herself - but I'm goin to leave it to  
 her level head to choose the right one."

"Mrs I don't know I've give ye very much to put in yer paper

Thank you Mr. Handy - a very honorable career, even if it is a bit drab.  
6. "I'll touch it up a little"  
"Work and how you can touch up the touch mess"  
"Well, I'll add just a little color -"  
"Be successful what else you use. 4 + some of that red - course red to a RR man <sup>was</sup>  
"Gotta use just plain black ink - mess" and then laughed at what he considered "total"  
but that's about all that is. If you want to write another column

right minute Myra's train I'll join by - you is it be  
near to me - See she gets off work in the city ~~at~~ 4:15 the  
5:15 + goes home to get supper. I'm allus fearful but every  
train, but for some reason I'm just little a little nervous  
about the 5:15. Clem chuckled to himself. As I said for  
the last 20 year about all I been down is at getting up  
every little while I take my stop + go <sup>in red glass</sup> sign + go out  
as I like to say - now come here. That is the banquet  
thing's going to give me next Saturday night mess is  
about all that is to say so meet you at better run  
long now + write what you want to for ya newspaper."

Less than the following Saturday after noon found old Clem  
with mixed emotions. He was through - his years of service was  
at an end. The Supr had told him to take the entire day off -  
or even the after-noon, but no - Clem would stay on - right up  
to the last minute. Tears stood in his kind old eyes as he  
waved on his glass + alt. go sign to good white his old  
friend.

He <sup>was</sup> ~~went~~ over to the bank shed to get "slicked-up" for the  
banquet + left for home where he knew Myra was ~~waiting~~  
had his white shirt + "Sunday suit" ready + waiting to help  
him. It was to be a "stag" affair so Myra would not be going,  
as he neared the house his faithful old housekeeper - Mrs  
Parker hurried down the block to meet him. He could see  
that she was greatly agitated.

"Mr. Hardy - Mr. Hardy - my heart - Myra - Myra is sick -  
~~and sick~~ - she fainted - I got the doctor - Chab's car in  
 front of the house - and - and - Next you'd better go to her for  
 a few minutes - then - then see the doctor alone."

As Clem entered the room Myra half rose from the couch  
 where they had placed her but Clem gently arrested her back.  
 "Now my darling - tell me what's the matter" he said in his usual  
 "Oh granddaddy Clem - that I should have a nice old note  
 of hell on this, above all night, but I'm really much better  
 now - in fact now that you're here I'm - I'm alright. She  
 placed her arms around his neck and silently began to weep.  
 They sat for a few moments, then the doctor caught Clem's  
 eye and ~~indicated~~ indicated by signal for him to leave her  
 & come with him.

<sup>The old man</sup>  
 Clem tenderly laid her back telling her he was just going out  
 to the car with the doctor.

Clem had known grief - had known great sorrow. Had known death  
 to his dearest ones - and now as he learned the truth from  
 the doctor he had his greatest sorrow with the most calm.  
 He returned to the girl; lovingly - even reverently he took  
 her in his arms. "My little flower, my tender little flower -  
 it's all my fault. I tried to tell mother, father, grandfather and  
 friend, all in one, and I should have known long ago that it was  
 more than one man can do - I should have done different. I should  
 have told you more, but you were ~~so~~ such a little flower and  
 I wanted to raise you that way - but it wasn't practical

Myri - "Dare it now - and its all your foolish, washrufen old  
grandfather's fault."

"But why didn't ye tell me earlier - why didn't ye tell  
me? No matter what ye may have done - ye could always  
have come to me - toward here been alright - and I'd have  
understood - as I understand now."

"Oh grandpa Clem - I couldn't - I couldn't - I wanted to ~~but~~  
but I just thought somehow - somehow - things would right  
themselves - and especially did I not want to spoil the right  
for you," Grandpa Clem - it is not your fault - it is my own. I'm  
not a child as you think of me but a woman - but oh - Grandpa  
Clem - I - loved him - and -"

Rose - partly controlled rage ~~surged~~ fixed the old man's  
face - "His name! Myri! The name of the man who betrayed  
me!"

"Mr Grandpa Clem - not that - please -" Clem saw her  
eyes fix her gaze on a picture on a table; saw a peculiar  
far away stare. He placed both hands on her shoulders &  
held her at arms length - with unbelieving eyes - "Myri -  
it wasn't - it ain't - him?" Clem needed no answer -  
"Why ye loved him - I thought he loved ye and honored ye and  
was going to lead ye into holy marriage."

"Mr Grandpa Clem - yes - yes - so did I think so."

"Well how to die - die"

"No - no - never - he won't - he's said so and even if he  
could - now - now that I really know him I wouldn't,

"I couldn't! Oh he's offered money and all that sort of thing and"

"What! The animal dares to think that his filthy money could heal - this -!"

Clem composed himself but in a vibrating voice said "There's only one thing I want to know Muri - my darlin' - and you must tell me true - do you love him yet?"

"No - no - I loathe him -"

"Oh darlin' - are ye sure - may be ye don't know yourself - I'm just as sure as I am that you are one of God's mistletoes."

"<sup>all</sup> I want to know - all I want to know," Clem said in barely a whisper.

"Go into ye room now child + get undressed + undressed + sit sit by ye - ~~at~~ sit with ye + Mrs. Kuddie will bring ye in something ye can eat."

"No no granddy Clem - you forget about to-night - your wonderful banquet -"

"Sweet thing do ye think yer old grandfather would leave ye now - not for all the banquets nor all the Rail-roads in the world -"

"Oh but you must - you must - I'm really better - honest I am - and besides - he's coming here!" -

"What the dog dares to set foot in this house again, why did, did -"

"Sister grandpa Clem - yes - he is coming - coming at

at my request. I told him you would be away and I want to have just one last understanding with him + then we are through forever!

at the banquet that evening, even those who knew Clem ~~the~~ best did not detect anything unusual about him. He got through it splendidly and if there was any show of ~~emotion~~ emotion at all they attributed it to the many nice things that were said about him and the presentation of a gold watch with an inscription by the President of the road himself.

It was all over by ten o'clock and Clem packed directly to the old post he had so recently vacated. Jed White in great surprise greeted him - "Well I'll be damned if it ain't you. We all said even though you'd returned you'd be round here 'bout half of your time, but Clem I didn't expect you back so soon. Tell me all about your banquet. Suppose you had wine + all other trimmings?"

"Aint never started lickin in my life + I don't calculate to start now."

"I know it Clem - I was just playin on you."

"Jed I'd like to ask a favor of ye."

"Sure Clem - anything you want - what is it?"

"I'd like to handle the signals - just once more - go out to the crossing for just one more train."

"I always said you was a sentimental old codge. Course you can Clem - any train you want."

11. ~~anybody~~ that's left this corner clear all these years  
~~that you have~~  
 You're left this corner clear for 25 years, now you're  
 DAILY REPORT

Salesman

Date

NAME	ADDRESS	SOURCE	Next Call	Per. or Tel.	REMARKS
					cupper now - you're a part master. What train do you want?"
					"Oh - don't know yet - give take one by one."
					Clem's son noticed a white roadster, an afternoon make pull up and stop in front of a saloon a short distance away - he thought he could distinguish <del>figures</del> a familiar figure got out of it and the drinking place. He told <del>Clem</del> <sup>get</sup> he thought he'd just take a turn across the tracks & up the block a little way. Said he wanted a little more air after the stuffy banquet room. Clem watched past the saloon & recognized his chief & returned a few minutes later to Jed.
					"Getting late for you ain't it Clem - must close clock - why don't you <del>take</del> <sup>hand</sup> the first train & go home?"
					"I will pretty soon Jed - yes - guess I'll take one night away - let's see - the old switch engine will be dead head in back any minute now out the. Take you them a little & have a cup of coffee & Jed - make the hand a couple of trains."
					"Bileas, say Clem - Santens & everything is right outside here - give it in here."
					Clem took the red train lanterns - a red and a green



12 and hurried out on the crossing - The street cars were practically deserted - His eyes swept both sides of the tracks as they approached - Then - on came the roadster - on it came to the far side of the crossing - he saw it slow down about to a stop - waiting for a signal - at that instant the muffled whistle of the switch engine came from at the tunnel - Clem could not see it, though the window in the booth - his back to him, calmly drinking his coffee - Clem waved a signal to the car man in the car - Yes Clem waved ~~the~~ a lantern - on came the car on its tracks - at the same instant out shot the switch engine from the mouth of the tunnel only 50 ft away - a rush of steam, a ~~rush~~ succeeding of whistles - and a crash - Yes Clem had waved a lantern - but it was the green one,

at the inquest several witnesses who had been in the saloon including the bartender testified that the young man had been drinking - and Clem testified that he waved the red lantern.

Yet received a reprimand from the RR Co for turning his signals over to Clem, but both were exonerated from all blame, and the jury's verdict was that the man came to his death as a result of ~~the~~ drinking too excessively to properly heed the signal.

SAN FRANCISCO  
MARKET AT ELEVENTH  
PHONE UNDERHILL 4380



SINCE 1903

LOS ANGELES  
SOUTH OLIVE AT TENTH  
PHONE WESTMORE 8221

San Francisco, Cal  
February 3rd, 1934

Dear Sir:

It is with a great deal of pride that I announce my connection with the WM L HUGHSON COMPANY of San Francisco.

The high plane on which the company conducts its business, the high esteem in which Mr Hughson is held and his leadership in all civic and charitable activities, are well known.

Mr Hughson has the distinction of being the oldest authorized Ford Dealer in length of service; his franchise dates back to 1903 and has been in effect and operation continuously since that date. I dare say there are few things of which he is more proud.

To me it is a genuine privilege to be a member of his selling organization and I anticipate the pleasure of an early opportunity to discuss with you the salient features of the 1934 V-8 Ford cars.

A complete line of Ford commercial trucks is always available, as well as many used cars, parts, tires and accessories.

Of great importance to users is the fact that a complete service department is in operation from seven o'clock in the morning until one o'clock the following morning, thereby insuring anyone against loss of time.

Our sales rooms are open until nine o'clock in the evening.

Very truly yours,

*Deland J. Sparks*  
Sales Department

LS\*C

*Hughson's Ford Corner*

and looked in his room that night. Clean ~~lighted~~  
 and lifted his eyes and voice to heaven. - "and  
 "and as you are my judge, God, you know I never knowingly broke  
 a commandment - and now you know what most folks would  
 say was the word. You know that I am God fearing and God  
 trusting - and you know the great love you give me for my  
 and I'm still trusting <sup>that</sup> you in your great wisdom will  
 understand - I'm still trusting - God - I'm still  
 trusting."

My husband was the distinction of being the oldest authorized  
 Ford dealer in town of service, his franchise dates back  
 to 1913 and has been in effect and operation continuously  
 since that date. I dare say there are few things of which he  
 is more proud.

To me it is a genuine privilege to be a member of his selling  
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Sales Department

1840

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