

- Engineer -

John Anthony Weaver sat at his big desk in his private office of the large construction company that bears his name. He sat for a long time staring into space.

Suddenly he roused himself and pressed the buzzer for his secretary. Miss Newson appeared in the doorway of her own little office, just off J.A.'s. Small, efficient-looking, well-groomed and refined, Nancy Newson did not look her 28 years to which she readily and laughingly confessed. The Weaver Construction Co had been her first and only job. She came to it only a few days after her graduation from business college. Henry Hammond, the wily personnel director, with his uncanny judgment of human nature, scanned her application quickly and hired her at the end of the first interview. He hired her as a stenographer, but promotion after promotion eventually found her as secretary to Mr. Weaver.

After J.A. had been heard to answer - "ask my secretary" - or "see Miss Newson, she knows more about the business than I do". Not literally true, but evidence of the soft earned faith he had in her. Nancy lived with and was the sole support of ~~the~~ an ailing mother. All employees of the Weaver Construction Company were well paid.

3) Well don't blame me!! Just blame
about 4 days of that delay onto Mr. James
Clarkson!!!

"I don't believe I understand; you just said
he was a good engineer - a - but - a very good
engineer - or would be some day."

"He well - he well - but damn him I
can't get him to talk," and for his first
come down on his desk with such force that
ash trays ^{bounced} ornaments rattled + fell over.

"I had him up at the ~~right~~ ^{days} ~~office~~ ^{office} ~~every~~ ^{every}
week long - took him around myself + had
4 or 5 foremen take him all over the
project; trying to feel him out; trying to
find out if he has anything on the ball.

Once I ~~was~~ ~~today~~ ~~sub~~ ~~card~~ ~~me~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~
foreman say - "he didn't know I was around" -

"That guy the boss brought up here doesn't
know beans - he's just flash!" as he does
say - "just wonderful - sure!"
"Believe you me, honey" (he called her that
when he was excited or angry) a guy who
comes out of Carnegie Tech with Cum. Laud

~~on his~~ ^{written} all over his degree in engineering
isn't flash!"

"Then at night when we'd go back to the
hotel - so on some plans he'd be the same
way; but I could tell he understood what
he saw. He could assimilate a job through

But then that foreman said he'd go to Judge Luman making - he's bound to see that
a certain amount of correct is pointed every day.

2) ~~and a~~ It was not only because it was something that was close to J.A.'s heart, but he went on the premise that a well paid employee not necessarily respects his employer, but has a higher degree of self-respect. Therefore when he would call Henry Hammond into conference on personnel matters he not only took into consideration the efficiency of the employees, but their personal problems as well. Nancy Newson was in that category.

Miss Newson took her customary seat across the desk from J.A. awaiting dictation or any instructions he might have. After a few moments he broke the silence - "Miss Newson, you saw that young man who just went out?"

"You mean the young man who came back with you after lunch?"
"Yes."
"Oh?"

"Gist had him up at the dam with me all week. He was the making of a good engineer - a hell of a good engineer!! His name is Jervis, Carlotti."
"Oh yes - I believe I recall some correspondence."

Then J.A. was silent again; I thinking he was through with the subject ~~was~~ Nancy said - "Mr. Wevera that is an awfully large accumulation of things that need your personal attention. I took some of them to Mr. Brennan and some I took care of, but - but you know you were away longer than you said you would be."

4. a set of blue-prints like a fat ~~to~~ out of
trades. And yet - what would he say? -
"Wonderful - just engineering like we are -
and you certainly have some very good
draftsmen - drawings are very clean."

"I tried to hang on to myself, my patience,
not get afraid I didn't - I said - blue
prints - clear drawings - well finished, any
~~body~~ ~~but~~ out of high school with a couple of
years experience in mechanical drawing
could turn out these drawings!"

"again he wouldn't talk - didn't say a
thing: just looked at me; looked at me
with a questioning, almost accusing
expression in his eyes. I don't like it!"

"and yet you liked him?"

"Oh damn it yes. I liked him! I liked him

because - because -

just then the telephone rang on J.A.'s desk. Mrs
Newson answered + gave ~~the~~ ^{the} message to J.A. That
bit of conversation seemed to clear the atmosphere
+ when J.A. hung up ~~that~~ a softer, kinder
expression spread over his face; the lines
resumed - "What was it? Oh yes, I liked him

not because I had to, but because I wanted to,
and then it was that Nancy Newson sat
and learned from her employer's lips a some
thing that she partly surmised.

"Quinn's carbon ^{fact} and I was
in World War, together. In fact we

I've moved back & say "listen, Jim glad I am skinning - Jim the safest guy in (5) the world how can those devils hit what they can't see"? A grand little guy.

was 'buddles'. Went over seas together with the First Engineers. He was a little fellow only weighed about 130 pounds. We used to kid him about it. He was from a small mid-west town. ~~married~~ Not long before he went

over he married his school-girl sweetheart. Mail wasn't coming through very regularly those days but finally Jim got a letter from Madge telling him they were going to have a baby. From that moment on Jim lived for nothing else. Madge would read her letters to me & his answers to her. They were a couple sweet kids & began to argue about a name for the baby. I'd a hunch it would be Madge - that was Jim's nickname - if a boy - James for that was Madge's - then Jim would say "support its terms -" & Madge would write back & say "awright - awright - if its a girl, a boy - its Madge - George - then Jim would count & say - if its term love its for Jim & John." The John was for me! Madge & I would be a long time, but Jim would get 5 or 6 letters & one of them 9 - John was agreed upon in case it was twin boys.

One night we were skinning bark was across in mans hands. It was dark & all seemed well.

(5) ~~Without your name~~ ~~all about~~ ^{without your name} Gladys began ~~laying~~ ^{laying} a lot of the whole area. The Germans got the range & all hell broke loose. I stopped a couple of pieces of shrapnel + I remember Jimmie dragging me into a shell hole; that's all I do remember. Jimmie with his eyes 130 pounds chugging my 200 lb hulk into a shell hole for protection.

Next thing I knew we both woke up in a hospital behind the lines.

Jimmie was in bad shape - very bad shape. Our cots were close together & it wasn't long before I could walk over + talk to him. He suffered intensely, + patted a lot about not hearing from Madge. I worried up with him - soon he probably would get 4 or 5 letters all at once.

He kept getting weaker + weaker. I talked to the doctor. He shook his head + said "not much chance". Jimmie kind of look after the - the baby.

I got well + our outfit was moved away. ~~but~~ I never received any mail. Soon the armistice was signed + we were on our way home. The first thing I did was go out to see Madge + the baby. I saw the baby, but Madge had died in childbirth. ^{Jimmie's sister} a sister of Jimmie's was taking care of the baby. Seems her husband had died + left her in very modest circumstances, but

7) she would always hold her head high & say - "we are managing nicely!"

Year after year when I had to go east I always made it a point to stop off & see them. I used to tell Jimmie that someday he would be a big engineer & come out to San Francisco with me. The thought took hold & each time I saw him he would remind me of it & ^{his hands} say - "I'm going to be a big engineer - I'm going out to San Francisco with my uncle John - I'm going to build rail roads & dams & all kinds of things."

I wanted & offered him after time to do something about his boys' education. always I received the same answer - "we are grateful to you, but we are managing nicely!" Once I said, "well can't we just call it an advance - just something to tide you over?" again she thanked me & her chin went up & she ~~and~~ informed me that the word "advance" in plain Anglo-Saxon language, meant a "loan" - something that had to be paid back and as far as she knew the Clarksons paid as they went & owed no one. In fact, the Clarkson family doesn't owe me one thing dime! The fact that I would Jimmie to come out here & pay his expenses, was my own deal. He didn't ask for it.

Well finally he entered Tech. Then word was I started & he enlisted in the Marine Corps. That interrupted his studies, went to the coast Pacific. ~~and~~ ~~to be honest~~. want me with the first wave of

5) Oahinawa. Didn't do anything spectacular, but was wounded
+ came out a lieutenant + the fickle heart.

In the meantime his aunt died. Somehow, with
some work on the side and the aid of his G.I. allowance
he finished back. I saw him when I was east last
month + told him when I got home I would look
around + find a place for him + ~~would~~ was him when I
was ready. He was grateful, because he needed a job.

"That, Miss Newson is the back-ground of the young
man who went out the door a little while ago"

"Now here is where you come in. Sweep it away a lot,
I want you to - to sort of take him under your wing -
you know - introduce him around the office, show him
about a little - maybe lunch across the street at
Marco's where the crowd all goes. He's reserved and
a bit shy - especially girl shy."

Nancy's lips tightened. G.A. could see that she
wasn't ~~taking~~ taking to the idea. Then she
said - "Girl shy! - Mr. Weaver did you ever hear of
a Marine being girl shy?"

again the telephone rang on G.A.'s desk. Somebody wanted
to see him. "What's all for now" he said to Nancy and
she went into her own little room. She sat down at
her desk and this time it was she who stared off into
space. The longer she stared the madder she got,
"So" - she turned to herself - "I'm to take this
child to raise - give to take this sweet

9.) young thing under my wing and square
him ~~out~~ around. In to introduce this thing
to ~~marcus~~ ^{W. L. L.} about the office + take him over to
Marcus + show him where the gang goes. ^{W. L. L.}
Nancy managed to work herself into what she
considered a rightful frenzy. "Gump's slip
penzied - I can see myself as the whole
organization would judge me - I can hear them
titter + say - "she's 38 + he looks about 24 -
she's making a play for the boss' protegee".
I wish I had the nerve to walk right into his
office + pull out a fist full of his hair; I'd like
to trust his nose + tell him what I think.
I think it would be a swell idea." The
ridiculousness of the idea dawned upon Nancy
and she broke into a broad smile. The
smile cleared the atmosphere for her. At its
height he don't frown and J. A. stood there. He
saw the smile + said - "Oh no you like the
idea do you -" Nancy ~~continued~~ looked at
at him + continued to smile but she
ground her teeth, said to herself - "Speak, but
if he only knew which idea!!" He placed
some papers on her desk + left.

Nancy Newsome's self assurance rarely

18) deserted her. Jimmie Carlson came in the next day and Weaser introduced them. Weaser took Jimmie in to Sam Breedon - his department head + told Breedon what to do. That, straight away is ~~what~~ as it should be, "Why pick on me!"? She did however introduce him to several of the department heads, but Breedon took over from there; Breedon + Jimmie went out to lunch together + Nancy saw no more of him that day.

In the next two days Weaser left Nancy so busy that she forgot all about her "peers". Then he had to leave for Oregon to inspect another of his projects.

Breedon kept Jimmie in tow + Nancy began to think things weren't going to be a bad as she had pictured them.

Once or twice they saw each other at lunch at Menard, + showed cordiality. Each time Jimmie was with Breedon + Nancy thought "This is just what I need!"

Then one day I called him on my long distance from Oregon. He wanted Breedon - Breedon was out - alright he would call to Miss Newson. But I wasn't back he barked

Step

Step - It's just like the whole thing
I want to tell you before this, but I
can't - I'm still not sure
to say it. I'm sorry!

2, 24

Now I'm just - well just to have to face each

other ^{my} ^{hand} ^{the} ^{body} ^{name} - no doubt
no ^{of} ^{feeling} ^{look} - Please - your name, also

myself some day because hell of a good
reputation, but just now a hunt, and I'm
also want just a few print on a file, and

I'm just - I'm also have a good job or more
to do it to my name - but I'll do it - please!

12. without dinner + made the post office on time.
Then came the let-down - they were both fatigued.
Jimmy managed to say - "Would you care for a
coke, or a malted milk - or - or - maybe something
to eat?"

To him Nancy's answer was, "Thank you, but I'm late
- must get on home" but to herself she said -
"Well yes I'd love a coke, a malted milk, or
cupful of martini, + a porterhouse ~~steak~~ steak
or any thing + everything that ^{as Jimmy put her in a cup} ~~was to go~~
well." "Doh!" she said to herself when she got
home she raided the ice box.

When we were returned from Oregon + her + Miss
Newson had destroyed of his mail - he asked - "Was
Clarkson?"

"I haven't seen much of him!"

"Thanks for the blue-prints - they were exactly what we
needed - arrived in good time"

"You're welcome sir"

"That's all - now please have ~~Brook~~ Mr. Brecken
come on!"

1)

Big Bradley Martin lay huddled in a shell hole in the
argonne, and machine gun bullets splattered all around him.

Since early morning he had been there. Brad had been
cut off from the rest of his company in the thick of a fight
and he dove into the shell-hole for protection.

A machine-gunner spotted him and opened fire. For a
while he kept the gun trained there, then deciding that
no human being could still be alive he stopped.

Brad was six feet two and after an hour or two his
frame became cramped. He changed his position and
ventured a peek over the rim of the hole. Somebody
saw the movement and again bullets stirred up the dust
an ~~even~~ ^{again} landed ^{against} the wall of the hole close to Brad's feet.

"Nothing to do but keep down ^{till dark}" said Brad to himself and
that is what he had done for hours.

Toward mid-afternoon ^{general} bombardment from heavy artillery
started and Brad felt that for the time at least he was
forgotten. It lasted but a few terrible minutes then
stopped. Brad still kept down. He heard what he thought
to be footsteps running toward him. Then - Ugh!! Brad's
wind went out of him. "Ugh" went somebody else's breath.
Brad grabbed for his automatic - so did somebody else.
Instantly they both saw that each wore an American
uniform.

Neither spoke for several minutes. Then they saw

2) Come said - "Sorry to jump in on you so."
"Keep" down!! Said Brad - "S'accl right - Taint Kuratt -
'boys' you ain't a Dutchman!"

again for minutes madame gun bullets tore up the
ground around them. again they stopped.

"Ok for a while maybe" said the new comer.

"Hope so" said Brad. "Been in this damn hole since
early mornin'. They'd better away at me for a while then
stop. Then maybe they'd see me more - start lefterin'
away ~~again~~ again."

"I know why they stopped little while ago" asked the new
comer.

"Jiggered I was maddled I guess" said Brad.

"They haven't figured that for a long time" said the visitor.
"Two hours ago our commander saw them shooting hell out of
this hole + he thought there must be some good reason. He
called for two volunteers to go out + wipe out the madame's
gun nest that was trained here. another fellow I
offered." We started - we got quite a long way - then I
heard him holler - Well a snifer got him! I ran - I
ran like the devil + I saw a little rise in the ground + I
crawled up to get behind a shell shelled tree. Then -
what do you think I saw? I saw three German
madame gunners taking a pot shot at - at - you. I was
alone - I had a peach of a position - No why was near

3) me. I dived head ~~down~~ pulled the trigger. The one I aimed at I missed. I shook - thought to myself - "was or was not I killed a man!"

"Is hell aint it - said Mark."

"I was far away of course to hear what those fellows said when their pal died, but I could see from the way they acted that they weren't going to let anything stop them from winning the war!"

"I got one more," but as I did it the dead must have seen when I ~~was~~ fired from. That to me - and the fact & only thing I saw to mean for was this shall hold."

I started back to our place - then all of a sudden things started popping around my ankles. I couldn't get back to our lines. Saw some shell holes - this was the first I killed in.

"Dropped. Did you say -
Well - fell in there."
"What's the outfit Buddy -"

"12th"

"Amp? Got what?"

"12th Calf"

"Stents mean too; Jimmy Traver met you, but men + outfits are changing faster fast right now!"

"You said it."

"You look better young!"

"Twenty-two"

"Where's your home"

"Stockton. Calif. Penfield; my name. Bill Penfield"

4. Well Mr Penfield you did one hell of fine job and a
~~and~~ great big swell in wiping out that runcing
your nest. ^{Great look, just - your job all} If you need to want anything - you ask,
write or telegraph Bradley Martin, Sacramento, Calif.

"Shake."

The shook.

Young Bill Penfield's price was better & far away. Well
that wasn't anything - I wanted to get shot. That's
why I volunteered. But when those pellets started popping around
and I decided I didn't like only I ran for election to get out of it
"Young Mr. Bull you sound like a man who has been
a fuss with his girl and is taking it harder than this
fuss were all in."

"Hard you guess it?"

"Didn't know I had. Just said you sounded like it."

"Well you hit it right on the nose."

"Sure tough, ain't it?"

"Yeah. Kids together. Grow up together. Anybody knew right look
it for granted wed be married. Could have married her just before
I left but I didn't think it was right. ^{her} My girl not come back."

"Nighly decent of you."

"What'd I get? Gota letter from my folks shed married me
of the home town boys; son of a banker who wanted to make it
safe for us over here by having him put in charge of Security Bond
drive in Stockton."

"Awful sorry for you Bill. But who knows? Maybe you're better
off. I'm glad that Henie was such a bum shot. Maybe when
you get back home you won't want to hit that; see in her
in anything. Back in Sacramento I got a nice little auto
accessory business. That is I did have when I left. I'll
tell you what it'll be when I get back but I'll be needing
you to help me build it up. That is - if - if - you want it."

3. "and that was Bradley Martin. Impulsive - honest, trusting.

"Gad I'm thirsty," said Bill. "Wanted to travel light when I went out after that nest. Didn't take my canteen."

"I haven't had a thing to eat or drink since day light" said Brad.

"Say - say - said Bill. "There are a lot of - of - dead buddies lying out there - maybe some of them have water in their canteens. There's one just about 20 feet away. Maybe he's got one on him. I'll take a careful peep + see.

Everything quiet now. If he's got me, let I creep out + get it + get back before the Henries know what happened."

"Brad's right hand pressed Bill's head down. "You'll do no peepin' son - if there's any to do - I'll do it myself."

"Waw - let me - I -"

"Brad's hand pressed harder. "Listen feller - I know we is in France, but just the same you cut out the alphonse + Gaston stuff!"

~~Inch by inch Brad raised his head until he could see the dead soldier. Yes - he had a canteen. Cautiously Brad lifted himself from the hole. Flat on his stomach he crawled + reached the man. Hurriedly he unbuttoned the canteen + started back. Only 20 feet away lay protection.~~

But the impulsive youth, ^{raised} his head + looked out at the dead soldier. "Yes sir - yes sir - he's got a can't" - Ping!! He did not finish his sentence but fell back into the hole; blood was spurting from a gash, hole in his neck.

Mr. Wulfer I don't know whether you are aware of
this or not; ~~that~~ ^{my} husband is insanely jealous of me.
Almost immediately after our marriage his jealousy
developed into one of the oddest of idiosyncrasies. He
will not permit me to have one cent of money. I have
done acts of every sort in town - I can entertain
on a lavish scale - I can be the best dressed woman
in the city - anything - everything - but the bells
must not go to him.

"Oh I know there are dozens of ways & are in my position
could obtain money. I have known women whose husbands
don't give them all they - money they want but
~~not~~ permit they acts in stores. I ~~do~~ obtain their
favors certain stores ^{will} issue bills at the end of the
month when in reality they have advanced a certain portion
amount of cash - ^{represent} to such things ^{here advanced} "Sweetest stop";

"We learned of a destitute family. The woman a splendid
little creature - undernourished and ill; a little
girl upon which maternal intuition has such a hold that
she cannot even attend school. The husband - well - been
imprisoned a term in prison, he's out on parole, he has
had various jobs and lost them. But Jim exercised his
doubtless best. I know he has given all of his earnings to his
family, and now - soon - there is to be another baby."

"The Wulfer has come to ask you to loan me money. ~~Just~~
a modest sum - perhaps - a long time, but I will repay you."

"Mrs. Henderson", said Wulfer kindly - It is not necessary
to resort to this. There are charities and ~~char~~ clinics to
administer to such cases, and even if there were not, all

You have to do is tell Bradley about it; no doubt the medical
that they had care, and the best physicians and
gladly pay pay generously for all."

"Oh I suppose so - but charities and clinics are not
enough; I want to do this myself. I found them -
● As my case - they belong to me. I want to
know I am something other than just the wife of an
immigrant banker."

"You had me in a very awkward position Mrs. Henderson.
You say you come to me because you are your husband's best
friend; that you don't wish to deceive him; you ask me
for money with the knowledge that you cannot repay me
without in some way deceiving him - and at the same
time I automatically become a party to the deception!"

"Very well" she retorted said the woman rising. "I'm sorry to
have bothered you, but I shall get the money some way."
The knowledge of that paid ~~in case of woman~~ ^{woman}
~~carrying an orphan child, when she herself is so~~
~~hardened that it~~ trying to get left to an orphan
child when she herself is so hardened as to make
up a fortune for both vice - well - I'm not going to
waste it on my conscience - Good - afternoon ~~that she~~ "Helen"

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

"Brand - Arthur Brand - they live in a miserable flat way out
by the stock - yards"

"How much money did you have in mind?"

"Oh I could do - so much, with two hundred dollars."

Some moments later when he was alone Dan disclosed
to him self - "a spirited little devil, and ~~90~~ back up
judgment of character with a thousand, against the
^{two} hundred I gave her that this one fine woman!"

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

"Certainly" said Dan - "careful though - no we - you
can't get in ~~to~~ too deeply!"

It was with mixed emotions, but a steady voice that
Mrs. J. Bradley Wenderson told her husband that for the first
time she had deceived him; and that it was in regard to
money; money she must have to repay a loan. That she
could even earn the money if he would just let her.

"How much money" asked ~~Bradley~~ the banker.
"Two hundred dollars!"

"90 in regard to the Band family?"

His wife gasped her astonishment. "Why - why - you know? Then
the Whalen told you - he - thought him more dishonest!"

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

"A hundred + fifty? Why - I gave him three hundred dollars."

~~Wasn't he of character. Did tell you something about the Whalen.~~
~~But though he's back about you but only~~

Wenderson's story was simple, it was to find out, but
only did you go to my - most loyal friend, but

to the greatest delight in the ~~country~~ country. Then you
spoke of durability. Let me tell you something about Ben
Whelan. We knew all about the Baird family long before
you did. When Baird got out of ~~the~~ San Quentin he
was paroled to a client of Whelan's. Whelan's office has had
him under surveillance + knows every move he's made, ~~and~~
~~knows~~. We knew your story was true + that the family
was deceiving. In his great big ad heart he wanted to
help but obviously he couldn't come out in the open. do so.
We didn't tell you anything because he wanted you to have
the joy you've gotten out of it. I didn't say anything because
well - even at 60 I can still learn".

"There's ~~one~~ one thing I don't like about the whole thing
thing ~~the~~ thing".

"The deception of course."

Wasn't that - it's that silly job of Denis. He keeps hounding
me all the time he has something on me."

"Why Bradley can't see or anyone else anything on you?"
He says he wish he'd it over my head all my life if I

didn't have that new baby. "I suppose the Baird family
thought they were ~~participating~~ ^{participating} to you + he's wanted to buy me a contingent
"I don't understand"

"You don't ~~see~~ ^{at} that + try to plead innocence, You
now as well as I do they've gone + murdered the little
Aggie, Bradley Henderson Baird".

D

Black Panther

"Nigger Kate" was six feet-two. Every bit of his 220 pound frame was big bone and solid muscle.

He was something of a mystery. Really, about all that was known of him on the docks of Memphis and New Orleans and various other cities where he worked and fought - was that he could handle more bales of cotton, load and unload more freight, and whip more men than almost any two men around.

Kate was good natured. He did not like to fight, and 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 a mean nigger.

Rarely did any one man have the courage to fight him, and the consequence was that several times they "ganged" him. Even then he left them strewn about the dock in almost unbelievable numbers. Telling it in Kate's own words, he said, "Once when ah clears a bunch in a crab."

2.) game dey gang up on me. Next mornin dey go
niggahs wake up in de Hunter Emergency Hospital,
and at day-light, kates right on de dock
wearin cotton same as brah. But ah don like
to fight; ah only jes does it when ah has to.
But when ah gets mad ahs paid 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?"

"Lawd no", he said - "if ah ever hit a man
all mah might with mah fis it sho kill him,
ahs never killt a man in mah life and ah sho
don't want to. Dey jes two things ahs paid of,
'n one of em is sometimes ah might git too mad
'n hit somebody hard's ah kin."

"What's the other thing you're afraid of kate,"
he was asked.

"Well", he said sheepishly, "ah know yo all
goin poke fun at me, but - but - ahs paid o
ghosts."

"afraid of ghosts? Go way - a great big

3)

nigger like you afraid of a ghost!" taunted a white boss. "Did you ever see one?"

"She did! One night ah picked myself a water-melon and was takin it over to a corn-patch to bus it open. Jes as ah gets there, Wowie! - great big ghos jump right out at me!"

"That wasn't a ghost mate; it was somebody knew you niggers was stealing water-melons and he put a sheet over him to scare you away!"

"No suh! That was a ghos; ah seed it!"

Then mate indulged in some of his homely philosophy. "Sometimes we 'don know what we kin do till we hast to. ah alias knew ah could fight whin ah had to, but ah never knew ah could run. ah rode de rods under lots o' gas trains and watched de rail-road ties whiz by so fas dey gets blurred and looks jes liak one great big long plank. When ah sees dat ghos ah tuk out cross a cotton fiel and de rows o' cotton fly under mah

4.) feet so fast, it look jes liak one solid
raid o cotton. Ain no man in a sheet
can make a niggah run liak dat.
ah out-run dat glee 'n ah 'don stop till
ah gits to de nex town. Sheah ah hops a
freight an seem to me liak ah never did
see a train go so slo. Its two days fo us
gits to New Orleans. Once or twice ah might
near jumps off 'n runs; specially after
findin out how ah kin run. Ah never
did go back to dat town. ah lef six
dollars comin in wages an ah los dat
watah-melon. No such, ah never did go back
to dat town!"

Many times when a ship came to port
and discharged cargo and reloaded, Kate
had a desire had a desire to go. One day
his restless nature prevailed and he slipped
on a freighter.

For two years he stayed at sea and
touched many world ports.

His wanderlust satisfied, for a while

at least, he quit the vessel at San Francisco. There, on the picturesque Embarcadero, Kate followed the habits of most individuals who infest the water-front; worked and fought - drank - and gambled his wages.

An enterprising prize-fight promoter tried to commercialize Kate's prowess and urged him to enter the ring.

"Fight for a livin'?" he said. "No sah!" said Kate. "Ah reckon ah's whupped no steredoes n' no sailors 'n' no truck-drivers 'n' anybody round here, but ah only fights when dey makes me."

"Look at the money you could make," urged the promoter - "Why Kate, you's a born athlete, a born fighter; you move about with the ease and grace of a panther - a big black panther. That's what we'd call you. We'd bill you as the 'Black Panther'."

"Ah ain't goin' be no prize-fightah!" said Kate and it was final.

e) The name 'Black Panther', however stuck to him. It pleased his vanity. Another reason too; down South the word 'nigger' is common. up North, it often meant fight, to call a black, 'nigger'. Kate had learned the different order of things and as a result many found it safer to call him Black Panther.

Several times Kate left the water front and worked at various jobs. Once, with some difficulty he managed to get on as a Pullman car porter.

Oakland Pier is just across the Bay from San Francisco. after leaving the ferry boats, hundreds ^{of} passengers daily board trains for the North, East and South. Kate's run was on the Sierra Limited, between Oakland and Salt Lake City.

From the Pier it is but a short run to Sacramento, the state Capitol; continuing, the east bound train shortly begins the climb

Up through the beautiful high Sierra Mountains. So steep is the ascent in certain places and on curves, that even the fastest trains come almost to a stop. Then on through miles and miles of snowbeds.

x x x x
Six months in the close confinement of a Pullman car was enough for Kate. He said it was like a jail on wheels. Soon he found himself working on Oakland Pier, wheeling trucks loaded high with trunks and baggage of all sorts and loading express into cars.

Often there were coin and currency shipments brought over in "strong boxes", always accompanied by armed guards. Kate loaded many of them. Sometimes the loaders would joke with the guards saying - "if we had what's 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 care of the clerk and guard in the

8) car, would reply good-naturedly "Yeh, but lets see you try and get it."

The Sierra Limited pulls out of Oakland Pier every evening at 6 o'clock. It was August. Even at night the heat through the Sacramento valley was disagreeable. Johnston was the clerk in charge of the express car. Mr. Kellan - "Cross-eyed Mac" - they called him - the Railroad detective accompanied.

Mr. Kellan had been with the company for ^{years.} Short, wiry and wiry, cross-eyed Mac's service dated back to the time when his orders regarding train robberies were to "bring 'em in dead or alive." As a matter of fact Mac's quick wits and nerve, backed by his ability to shoot straight had enabled him to comply with both those instructions. His optical affliction had not in the least impaired his marksmanship.

For a time after the Sierra left Sacramento Johnston was busy with his books. Mr. Kellan was reading.

9.) Soon after the train had started on its climb the clerk folded up some form-sheets and closed his books.

"Sacramento stuff's all entered up Mac; nothing to do now till we get to High Beach; what do you say?"

"Alright, bring out the old cittance-board. Same old rule though - no money."

"None - no money; just to pass the time."

The express car was divided into two compartments by a steel partition running crosswise; a door connected them. Both end-doors were truck-headed and the only entrances were the big loading doors on either side. These were securely locked from the inside except at stations.

The partition was not across the exact center of the car but somewhat nearer one end. The clerk's desk, a high affair, against one side, was in the larger of the two

10.) compartments. at this desk Johnston had stood working. On it lay his revolver. Over it hung a saved-off shot-gun. Directly opposite was a little hinge table attached to the wall that could be let down. Were the two men were to have their game of cribbage.

The heat still being oppressive McKellan removed his coat; he unbuckled his heavy cartridge-belt that held his revolver and laid them beside Johnston's before he sat down to play. The detective's back was toward the engine; Johnston faced him.

x x x x x

On discussing it afterward both McKellan and Johnston admitted they had heard no noise, other than that of the train. That they did not even see the figure emerge from behind the piles of packages and trunks. So stealthily was it done that the first thing Johnston did see was a figure in one

11. or two great leaps land at his desk.
Already they were covered with an
automatic which the figure held. "Stick 'em
up gents, and 'don more! jes set still at
70 table an keep 'em up! ah 'don want to
use mah gun if ah kin keep it - but he sho
40 keep 'em up!"

astounded, they stayed.

Keeping them covered with his own auto-
matic, with his other hand he took Johnston's
revolver from the desk and put it in his pocket.
It wasn't so easy with McCellair's as he had
to slip it out of the holster, he succeeded and
placed it in his coat pocket. Still with his
free hand he reached up and took down
the shot-gun. Grasping it as he moved a
pistol, for the instant he covered the
with it while he slipped his own gun
another pocket. Then he continued to
with the shot-gun.

12)

It was Johnston's first experience. McKellar
with all his, and even with all his nerve, wasn't
taking any chances with a sawed-off shot gun
in the hands of a man only ten feet away.
Besides - the McKellar writs were making

"See My Attorney"

Young Billy Bechtel was a jewelry salesman. He was an outside man for a concern whose business was selling jewelry from house to house.

But Billy's fondest ambition was to be a short story writer. He indulged himself in this up ^{to the hilt} a point of having sent in some 8 or 10 stories. Elsie, his wife, mildly shared his enthusiasm up to about the 4th or 5th story, after that when anyone would ask "how's Beedie" was coming along with his ^{stories} ~~stories~~ she would say "Oh just - hundred per cent! Her sent in about 10 now & hasn't missed one. Every ^{manuscript} ~~one~~ has come back decorated with a rejection-slip. How's that for a perfect score?"

Billy remained undaunted. With each rejection-slip he would say with all the assurance of his 24 years "Sabright, never mind - you watch. I'll get one across some

27

one of these days, and when I do, I'm as good
as made. The minute I get me accepted
I'll have a standing. Then I can command
a price. I'll hang onto my jewelry job for

a while, then - ^{interviewed}
"Yes Billy dear," said Elsie, "you do that."

Please hang onto it for QUITE a while, wait, you.
If you happen to get a story across ^{occasionally} ~~in a~~
while that brings an "enclosure" that entitles a
rejection-slip, that's just so much relief.
You know the furniture for this 3 room palace
was bought on contract, and ~~it~~ we need a
different kind of enclosure to present a pre-closure.

Billy had made friends with Hank Gowdy,
the news dealer down at the corner. Hank laid
some claim to being a literary critic. Billy
substantiated the claim. Inasmuch as no
one took the time to dispute it, it remained a
fact; at least ^{with Billy & Hank} anyway.
Hadn't Hank sold Periodicals for years spread
"ray-sting" from beer & breakfast? ~~Let's~~

3.) When Billie's manuscripts came back, he would
take them down to Hank for "analysis"; to find out
why they didn't get over. One day Hank said
"Wazzore it Billy, these sumpion the matter
with you stuff, I haven't got it quite doped out
yet. You're pretty good at plots, but you just seem
to sound even out - You don't get the kick with em.
Now you take that last one they sent Hank - Sylvia's
Return" - that's ~~was~~ a good story - Plot's ok - plenty
of action, and a certain amount of creation, but
right at the climax, that night scene you
go flat. Then the guy gets Sylvia out in the rose
garden; he's been taking her there every night
for a week - she's stayed for love + he's bawling up
to tell her of his, but he's afraid; finally this night
he's made up his mind to do it dip. They sit
on the bench - there's the fragrance of the roses,
the night is soft, so he says - the stars

"I am out - the moon comes up - You get us out
on the edge on seats all steamed up for a love
scene that's hotter than Mexican Beans, and
what do you give us? Duke-warm-soup! Right at
the climax. No wonder they fied it back at you.
You're alright as a jewelry salesman Billy, but
as the great Love you're a hell of good Esquimaux!"

"I know - I know", said Billy dejectedly. "I was
always that way. I can have the boy get the girl
out in the moon-light, but when it comes to
kissing ~~it~~ him from the passionate love-stuff
in her ear - ~~in~~ ~~not~~ that. ~~It~~ It was the
same when I proposed to Elsie. We were alone
in her parlor - seated on the divan; I spread my
silk-handkerchief on the floor - got down on one
knee, clasped my hands before her - got all set +
my damn tongue wouldnt work. Elsie said,
"Get up Billy, you look like you're trying to pray. You
know ~~all~~ for a long time what you were

5. going to say "The answer is yes" + I'll set the date as the second of June!" Not very romantic but ~~we~~ we've lived happily ever since".

One morning as he left ^{for} work Billy said "else please send my blue suit to the cleaners today with you. I have to make a night call today, ~~and~~ want it. Dollars to doughnuts I sold the butcher's widow that 82.50 necklace. I make 20% on ^{that} stuff + I'll leave it to you whenever we can use 17.50. Nearly sold her last week but she wants me to bring some more stuff around. We had her ^{receiving} all these years she was lucky to be the wife of a suspicious butcher. Was ^{been} dead three months now + she's learned that one lot of things in life better than plenty of round steaks + pig knuckles. Starting to step out. Why not she's only 52? Started ~~reducing~~ reducing too. Said she was down to 191.

Billy had a good day that day. He was all excitement as he ran up the steps that evening to tell Elsie. A strange man approached him + asked "Mr Bechtel?" "Yes, good evening" Billy answered.

6.) Mr. Wm. J. Rechtel? the man persisted.

"Yes sir!"

"a document for you". he said as he placed a paper in Billy's hands.

~~"Oh - ah - thank you"~~ - "what is it" "shall I do with it"?

~~"Yours entirely welcome just look it over when you get inside"~~
"Look it over when you get inside"

"Oh - ah - thank you"

"Yours entirely welcome" said the man as he left.

Billy bounced into the hall + gave his customary whistle. Elsie didn't answer. The hall light was out too. "Gunny, Elsie usually has it on". He went into the kitchen. Elsie wasn't there getting dinner and the table in the dinette wasn't set. "Elsie" he called. No answer. He hurried into the bedroom + snuffed on the light.

There crumpled on the floor in a heap lay Billy's blue suit. It showed every evidence of having been trampled on. He opened the closet door. Elsie's clothes were gone.

Billy became panicky. Then he noticed an envelope on the dresser addressed to him.

7.) With trembling hands he opened it and read.

"Billy-

I know all. You unfaithful wretch.
and to think of the way I have trusted you.

I have gone to mother's. Don't try to com-
municate with me because I won't open the
door + don't try to phone ~~me~~ because I won't answer
the bell. See my attorney. He is Mr. A. B. Lake,
in the Pacific Bldg."

Elsie."

Billy was so excited. He had forgotten the
document given him by the woman. He opened
it + read. "She's - she's suing me for a divorce,
and - and oh my God -" he gasped and
changed - another woman!!

Hatless and with the papers in hand Billy tore
out of the house + up to Elsie's mother's several
blocks away. He rang + rang until ~~until~~ both
his thumbs + most of his fingers were numb.
Then he remembered a trick he learned as a
kid + stuck a pin in door bell. Only, as a kid,
he didn't run. He sat down on the step "That'll
smoke 'em out after a while" he said to himself.

8. It didn't. Finally he heard the bell no more + knew they had muffled it upstairs.

Billy went home to the cold house, tried to collect his thoughts. "another woman!" kept repeating, "Why

• I've never even looked side-ways at another woman!" and that was true. The worst thing he could think of was, however, in regard to the butcher's widow. She was fat + short + had difficulty in when trying on necklaces in getting her arms up to fasten the clasps at the back of her neck. ~~He~~

Much to Billy's concern she asked him to put them on her neck + fasten them for her. and he it said for him he stood at such a respectable distance that he had as much difficulty as she. He even glanced back at the door several times as in fear ^{that} the butcher may have come to life, was standing there with a cleaver in his hands ready to

• chop him to pieces for putting necklaces on his wife.

Then too, there was that time he was trying wedding rings on that silly bird to H. but he had to take hold of her hand, but her finger was

9. right there in the room.

Even with such heavy cases, when is it that one can sleep. It was late when Breeley awoke next morning. He dressed hurriedly to make his way to the attorney's office.

● as he ~~left~~ ^{was leaving} the house a messenger boy handed him a telegram. "Sign here" he said. Breeley signed + had to run for his street car. He thrust the telegram into his pocket. all the way down town he was so intent on what he was going to say at the attorney's office he thought of nothing else. "I'll tell him" he said to himself - "I'll tell him plenty!!"

He entered the reception room + gave his name to the ^{sec.} ~~girl~~ at the desk. She wore heavy glasses + look very stern. She frightened Breeley. She took his name into Mr. Lark + returned + told him he would have to wait. He waited nearly an hour. ~~But~~

● During the time he changed his plan. "These lawyers are fools" - he reasoned - "maybe I'd better ^{at} conciliate ^{at the} to start + then if I have to get tough I will."

He had ~~become so~~ ~~unhappy~~ indulged ~~as~~ ^{decided} self-biter that the moment he entered

10.) Sales private office he became emotional + insisted on assuring the gentleman that his married life had been above reproach.

Sales spoke in a quiet deliberate tone. "Now young man that sort of thing isn't going to help matters at all. You may as well ~~get~~ stop your dramatics because we have absolute proof of your duplicity!"

"Proof-proof-?" gasped Billy, "why the unit any such thing?"

"No?" said the lawyer. "How about this?" He took from ~~the~~^a drawer a piece of paper + held it before Billy. "Go that your hand-writing?"

"Why-ah-er-yes-looks like mine-let me have it."

The lawyer withdrew ~~it~~ it. "Not the original" he said. "You might destroy it + we want to keep it + mark it Exhibit A. Hence a photostatic copy of it you may read ~~it~~ through."

"Yes- that's my hand-writing" he said. Then

11. / ~~the~~ be read. "Adorable ~~one~~-night after
night was wandered among these roses. Before you
came, how beautiful they seemed - now they droop
their over-burdened heads in acknowledgment of your
superior beauty: night after-night he longed to
pour out my love to you -" with a loud peal of
laughter Billy broke off in the midst of a sentence.
He laughed loud + long: finally the lawyer
succeeded in stopping him. "I've seen some strange
cases young man, but you take the prize. First you
rush tearfully into my presence and implore me
to help in your innocence - and now - here you
are laughing like an idiot."

Unconsciously Billy's hand wandered into his
pocket. "What is this?" he asked himself. He drew
forth - ~~the~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ an envelope. The telegram
shows he had forgotten it and it remained
unopened. Evidently he had done so.

"Wherefore Billy yelled, and literally threw

(2)

the telegram to Lake. "Read it - be shouted -
read it!"

"My gods" said Lake - "alright I'll read it, but
before I do I want to say this - ~~what you don't~~
~~you~~ you case doesn't call for a lawyer - what
you need is a doctor! Then he read.

"Your story, Return of Sylvia again received.
Revision of love scene now makes same acceptable.
Offer one hundred dollars. With acceptance." It was
signed, Lovers Magazine.

A few minutes later Lake ~~excused himself~~ &
went into another room. He got Elsie on the telephone.
"Mrs. Bechtel" he said, "I uncovered some additional
evidence that is very important. It is urgent that
you come to my office at once."

"Additional evidence? ~~add~~ what - more?
The best! ejaculated Elsie. "and how you
seen him?"

"Yes I have just left him!"

"and did he admit - did he admit it was

13. His handwriting - that he actually wrote -
"He admitted everything" said the lawyer.
"O the match! All the time in half an hour!"
An hour later Billy was shaking Lake's
hand and his other ~~arm~~ arm held Elsie
tightly. Elsie said "and ah - you see,
Mr. Lake - it will be taken care of - right
away"

"Very good". The attorney asked. "O take it and
give your husband a course in story-writing."
"What do you mean a course?" said Billy -
"in ^{a full-fledged} ~~an~~ accepted writer now!"
"In that case, buy you will another wedding
ring"

"Oh I have ~~the~~ ^{my} other one right here in my purse
said Elsie as they left the office.

That evening they stopped by the corner to
tell Hank the good news.

"~~She~~ ^{said Hank} told you that soon as I read the
story, I said you'd ~~best~~ ~~rewrite~~ ~~that~~ ~~best~~
~~and~~ get it across if you'd ~~rewrite~~ ~~that~~ ~~best~~
scene - make it plenty hot!"
"Well"

14. Hank put on his wisest expression &
said "Sure - I told you that right from the
start. I said you'd get it across if you'd
rewrite that love scene & make it plenty
hot".

"Well be made it plenty hot alright"
said Elsie's

See My Attorney

Young Billy Bechtell was a jewelery salesman. He was an outside man for a concern whose business was the sale of jewelery from house to house.

But Billy's fondest ambition was to be a short story writer. He indulged himself in this to the extent of having sent in some eight or ten stories. Elsie, his wife, mildly shared his enthiasm up to about the fourth or fifth story. After that when anyone wouod ask "How's Billy coming along with his writing?" she would say, "Oh, fine--hundred percent! He's sent in about ten now and has'nt missed once. Every manuscrip has com back decorated with a rejection slip. How's that for a perfect score?"

Billy remained undaunted. With each rejection slip he would say with all the assurance of his twenty-four years "S'alright, never mind. You watch. I'll get one across some one of these² days. And when I do, I'm as good as made. The minute I get one accepted, I'll have a standing. Then I can command a price. I'll hang unto my jewelery job for awhile though. *and*"

"Yes, Billy, dear," interrrupted Elsie, "You do that. Please hang onto it for quite awhile, won't you. If you happen to get a story across, that brings *and* enclosure that is'nt a rejection slip, that's *just* so much velvet. You know the furnitu e for this three room palace was bought on contract, and we need a different kind of enclosure to prevent a foreclsure." *James!*

Billy had made friends with ~~Y~~ank Gowdy, the news dealer down at the corner. ~~H~~ank laid some claim to being aliterary critic. Billy substantiated the claim. Inasmuch as no one took the ^{trouble} time to dispute it, it remained a fact; at least with Billy and ~~H~~ank. Anyway, had'nt ~~H~~ank sold periodicals for years? Had'nt he read everything from hell to breakfast? *Some he had.*

When Billy's manuscripts came back he would take them down to ~~H~~ank for analyssi³ ~~in order~~ to find out why they did'nt get over. One day ~~H~~ank said, "Doggone it Billy, there's sumpin' the matter with your stuff. I

hav'nt got it quite doped out yet. You're pretty good at plots, but you just ^{don't} seem to round 'em out--~~flat~~. You don't get the kick into 'em. Now you take that last one they sent back--"Sylvia's Return"--that's a good story. Plot's O.K. plenty of action, and a certain amount ^{of} creation. But right at the climax, that big love scene, you go flat. There the guy gets Sylvia out in the rose garden; he's ^{been} taking her there every night for a week--she's starved for love--he's burning up to tell her of his, but he's afraid; finally this night he's made up his mind to do it or die--they sit on the bench--there's the fragrance of the roses, the night is soft, ~~so's not to~~ the stars are out--the moon comes up. You get us out on the edge of our seats, all steamed up for a love scene that's hotter than Mexican beans, and what do you give us? Luke warm soup! Right at the climax. No wonder they fired it back at you. You're alright as a jewelery salesman Billy, but as the Great Lover, you're a hell of a good Esquimo!"

"I know, I Know," answered Billy dejectedly. "I was always that way. I can have the boy ^{engineer} get the girl out in the moonlight, ^{absent} but when it comes to having him pour the passionate love stuff into her ear--I'm not there. It was the same when I proposed to Elsie. We were alone in her parlor, seated on the davenport. I spread my silk handkerchief on the floor, got down on one knee, clasped my hands before her--got all set, and my damned tongue would'nt function. ^{took me by the ear and} Elsie said, 'Get up, Billy. You look like you've ^{been} ~~just gotten religion~~ ^{trying to pray}. I've known for a long time what you are about to say. The answer is Yes. I'll set the date ^{for} as the second of June.'" Not very romantic, but we've lived happily ever since." Q

One morning as he left for work, Billy said, "Elsie, please send my blue suit to the cleaners today, will you? ³ I have to make a night call ^{to want to wear it.} Friday. Dollars to donuts I'll sell the butcher's widow that eight-two fifty necklace. Make twenty percent on that stuff. I'll leave it to you whether ⁴ we can ~~eu~~ use the seventeen-fifty. Nearly sold her last week, but she ^{had her mind set for believing} wants me to bring some more stuff around. ~~she~~ had her thinking all these

1. Wish I knew; that might have been so in your case but it isn't
the kind of stuff that goes down in stories. You got to get the trick with
it. said Hank.

years that she was lucky to be the wife of a prosperous butcher. He's been dead three months now. She's learned that there are lots of things in life better than plenty of round steaks and pig's knuckles. Starting to step out. Why not? She's only fifty-two. Started reducing too. Said she was down to a hundred and ninety-one."

Billy had a good day that day. He was all excitement as he ran up the steps that evening to tell Elsie. He was suddenly confronted by a strange ~~man~~ man, ^{on the landing} who asked, "Mr. Bechtell?"

"Yes," Billy answered. "Good evening."

Mr. William J. Bechtell?" the man persisted.

"Yes, sir."

A document for you," he said as he placed a paper in Billy's hands.

"What's that for?"

Look it over when you get inside."

"Oh--eh--thanks."

"You're entirely welcome."

Billy bounced into the hall ^{and gave} with his customary whistle. Dead silence was his only response. Hall light out too. Funny. He went into the kitchen. No dinner was in preparation. The dinnette was empty. "Elsie," he called. No answer. He ^{hurried} bounced into the bedroom and snapped on the light.

There, crumpled on the floor in a heap, lay Billy's blue suit. It showed every evidence of having been trampled upon. He opened the closet door. Elsie's clothes were not there.

Billy was panicky. An envelope on the dresser caught his eye. With trembling hands he opened it and read--

"Billy--

I know all. You unfaithful wretch! And to think of the way I have trusted you. I have gone to mother's. Don't try to communicate with me because I won't open the door. ~~And~~ Don't try to phone because I won't answer the bell. See my attorney. He is Mr. A. B. Lake, in the Pacific Building."

Elsie."

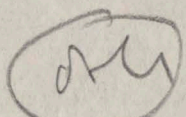
Billy was so excited that he had forgotten the document given to him by the man. He opened ~~it~~ and read it. "She's suing me for a divorce and-- and," ¹¹ he gasped, "Oh, my God--charging--another woman!"

Hatless and with the papers in hand, Billy tore out of the house and up to Elsie's mother's several blocks away. He rang and rang until both ~~his~~ his thumbs and most of his fingers were numb. Then he remembered a trick he learned as a ^{small boy} kid and stuck a pin in the door bell. Only, as a ^{we didn't} kid, he did'nt run. Instead, he sat down on the step. "That'll smoke 'em out after while," he siad to himself.

It did'nt. He finally heard the bell no more and realised that they had muffled it upstairs.

Billy went home to the cold house and tried to collect his thoughts. "Another woman!" he would repeat. "Why, I've never even look^{ed} side-ways at another woman!"

And that was true. The worst thing he could think of was, however, ^{in regard} to the butcher's widow. She was fat and short and had difficulty when trying on necklaces in getting her arms up to fastne the clasps ² at the back of her neck. Much to Billy's concern, she had asked him to ~~put them on her neck in order to fasten them.~~ ^{do it for her.} And be it said for him, ¹² he stood at such a respectable distance that he had as much difficulty as she. He even ¹³ glanced back at the door several times in fear that the buther might have come to life and stood there with a cleaver in his hand ready to chops him to bits. ^{for putting necklaces on his ~~wid~~ widow.}

Then too, there was that time he was trying wedding rings ³ on that silly bride-to-be. True, he had to take hold of her hand, but herfiance was right there in the room, ⁷ 

In spite of such heavy cares, when one is twenty-four, one can sleep. ¹⁴ It was late when Billy awoke next morning. He dressed hurriedly and ^{to} rushed to the attorney's office.

1 therefore, he screamed "Broth of those spores are
out - they don't mean a thing - too thin they

with a single thing they can pin on me"

*almost caused him to
miss his street car!*

As he was leaving his house, a messenger boy handed him a telegram.
"Sign here," he said ¹⁴laconically. Billy signed and the delay ^{made it necessary for him to} caused him to
run for his ^{street} car. He thrust the telegram into his pocket. He was thinking
of nothing on the way downtown but what he was going to say in the attorney's
office.

I'll tell him," he said to himself. "I'll tell him plenty!"

He entered the reception room and gave his name to the secretary at the
desk. She wore heavy glasses and looked very stern. Panic crept over
Billy once more. She took his name into Mr. Lake, ^{when she} and returned, and told him
he would have to wait. He waited ¹⁵nearly an hour. *along time*

During that time he changed his plan. "These lawyers are foxy," he
~~remarked~~ ¹⁶ "maybe I'd better be conciliatory at the start and then, if I have
get tough, I will."

The nervous tension, and an empty stomach
He had indulged so deeply in self-pity that the moment he entered the
private office of Mr. Lake, he became emotional and ~~ins~~ insisted upon
assuring the gentleman that his married life had been above reproach.

Lake spoke in a deliberate tone. "Now, young man, that sort of thing
isn't going to help matters at all. You may as well stop your dramatics
because we have absolute proof of your duplicity."

"Proof--proff?" gasped Billy, "why, there isn't any such thing."

"No?" said the lawyer. "How's about this?"

He took from a drawer a piece of paper and held it before Billy. "Is
that your handwriting?" he asked.

"Why-ah-er-yes--looks like mine--let me have it."

"Not the original," ^{and the lawyer} he said, withdrawing it. "You might 'accidentally'
destroy it, ~~don't~~ ^{do} you know! This is exhibit A. However, here's a photo-
static copy of it that you may read."

*During his search for it he thought of the telegram
with his pocket.*

"Wonder what takes him so long" growled Peck to himself.

"But he's making me wait just for meanness. Wash
sid stopped ^{for a cup of coffee} before I came in. Working but a
cold pick up after last night + no breakfast this
morning. Getting a headache!"

Then he summoned sufficient courage to inquire
of the secretary. "Do you think Mr. Lake will be
any much longer?"

Without even so much as ^{raising} lifting his eyes ~~from~~
he ~~took~~ that individual answered "Mr. Lake is
still in conference. When he is free I shall
announce you again."

Billy

"Yes, that's my handwriting," he said. The words leaped out at him. "Adorable one, night after night we've wandered among these roses. Before you came, how beautiful they seemed. Now they droop their proud heads in acknowledgement of your superior beauty. Night after night I have longed to pour out my love to you."

With a loud peal of laughter Billy broke off in the midst of a sentence. He laughed loud and long. Finally the lawyer succeeded in stopping him.

"I've seen some strange cases young man, but you take the prize. First, you rush tearfully into my presence and implore me to believe in your innocence--and now--here you are laughing like an idiot."

Unconsciously Billy's hand wandered into his pocket. "What's this," he asked himself. *On his way down town he was so absorbed in what he would say to her he had forgotten it.* The telegram. He tore open the flap and read.

"Whoops!" Billy yelled, and literally threw the telegram to Lake. "Read it--he shouted--read it!"

"Ye Gods," ejaculated the attorney, "Alright, I'll read it, but before I do I want to say this. Your case does'nt call for a lawyer. What you need is a psychiatrist!" *Revised manuscript* Then he read: "Your story, Return of Sylvia, accepted. Offer one hundred dollars. Wire acceptance." It was signed "Lover's Magazine."

X A few minutes later Lake asked Billy to excuse him and went into another room. *19* Elsie was easily reached on the telephone this time.

"Mrs. Bechtell," he said, "I've uncovered some additional evidence that is very important. It is urgent that you come to my office at once."

"Additional evidence? What--more? The beast!" she ejaculated. "And have you seen him?"

"Yes, I have just left him."

"And did he admit--did he admit that *it* is, ~~was~~ his handwriting--that he actually wrote--"

"He admitted everything," interrupted the lawyer.

"Oh--the wretch! I'll be there in half an hour."

An hour later Billy was shaking Lake's hand and his other ~~one~~ held Elsie tightly. Elsie said, "And ah--your fee, Mr. Lake--~~it will be taken care of right away.~~" *My husband took care of right away. the money*

"My fee?" the attorney asked. "Oh, take it and give your husband a course in short story writing."

"What do you mean, a course?" Billy remonstrated. "Why, I'm a full fledged writier now!"

~~"In that case, buy your wife another wedding ring."~~ *What then buy you my a new wedding ring*

"Oh, I have my ~~other one~~ right here in my purse," Said Elsie, as they

left the office. *I took it off just before I came in with a twinkling eye. I said "Indeed yesterday I was on the porch"*

That evening they stopped by the corner to tell Hank the good news.

Hank greeted it with ahi- his very wisest expression and said, "Sure--

I told you that right from the start. I said you'd get it across if you'd

rewrite that love scene and make it plenty hot."

"Well, he made it plenty hot, alright," said Elsie.

2136

*you had my 36
20 10 2
2.98
mistaken.*

as they started to leave the office Lake enquired. "Havent you forgotten something Mr. Bechtel?"

Billy, ~~looked~~ puzzled. "I thought you might take 'Exit A' - 'Photostatic' ~~copies~~ ~~of~~ ~~your~~ ~~papers~~."

"Can't I ever reimburse you for the ah... Mr. Lake?"
The lawyer smiled and answered "No thank you; Mr. Lake ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~paid~~ ~~for~~ ~~everything~~."

S. Linggi Takes Lunch.

The only place business enters into this is the fact that one day the boss called me in + said there was a certain outlying factory district in which competition was getting the business + we weren't getting to it base. He told me to go out + find out what the matter was + do anything I had to (i.e. within reason) to get it. The rest is all about Linggi.

"I said to myself - 'I know something about these factory districts - I'll fool 'em + get out there early + walk like the devil.' I didn't fool anybody, but I did get out early and I worked ~~like~~ like the devil. So early in fact that about 11.30 I found myself asking a suft - 'Where is a good place to eat'?"

"Lot of 'em, but the best is a Wof place upon the second corner. Manis'. Better get up there before 12 o'clock + tell 'em ^{you}. They'll get a ^{set} for you."

This advice was easy to follow. I don't know which was the more delightful as I pushed open the door to Manis' factory Hotel - the sight of a long ~~table~~ ^{table} of cloth covered tables, with large deep soup plates resting on equally large dining plates, flanked on all sides with loaves of French bread + quart of red wine - or the ~~delicious~~ indescribable order of

MRS. FITZGERALD: That type of material you buy by the yard and the only way you can judge it is by the back of it.

SALESMAN: What do you think of the Ford in comparison with other makes that feature the extreme designing?

MRS. FITZGERALD: Well, most people like cars that they can tell the back from the front.

SALESMAN: Did you know that we also have upholstering in broadcloth?

MRS. FITZGERALD: I would much prefer the broadcloth. I don't like pile fabrics as there are so many cheap kinds.

SALESMAN: Speaking of gadgets, such as tassels on curtains in cars, don't you think we are better off to carry on with a very severe interior?

MRS. FITZGERALD: Yes, I think it is well used. Not that I have a penchant for gadgets, but I like something that has some useful value or purpose. I think there is absolutely no use for tassels on the curtains of an automobile. I much prefer the severe line.

I think you can flatter most women by telling them they are the type that would not like all that fancy braid. Take it for granted that her good taste would coincide with the severity of the interior.

SALESMAN: How did you like the brakes?

MRS. FITZGERALD: They seemed all right to me. The feature I liked was driving in traffic in second gear and the car seemed to slow down without the brakes, neither did it leap away from me. I found it very easy to handle.

and she knows what else that ^{permeated} entered my nostrils.

Then very no one behind the ^{door} I wanted part it directly to the kitchen door, Maria herself greeted me. Surely not taller than three of the three fence boards set end ⁱⁿ ^{end} that graced her table, and as well as at least two of them; Maria ~~off~~ emerged through the door with none too kindly an expression. I was a stranger & it was a quarter of 12. It was hard to reconcile the streaks of gray in her hair with the huge dimples in the elbows of her short darkly arms. Maria saw my eyes shift from one to the other & she flushed her indignation & said she did not want to buy anything. I answered I had nothing to sell, but that I did have something the matter with my stomach. As she in turn flushed because she said I might take any seat except the first one on the side. That belonged to Luigi. Took one just across the table from the door.

Five minutes after the room whistled blew. The door swung open. It might have been a heavy trunk down ^{roaming} in a key, ^{floor} but no - not high enough - that sawney-like thing was a man's chest. I'm not a delectator of Ocean pick out ~~set~~ certain outstanding characteristics with which to fit a person

I find that on the new Ford you can open and close the door with no strain on the sleeve of a dress or coat. It is some process of the way it is hung, the way it is moved. I found that to be very comfortable. I liked that feature.

Being neither a backseat driver or sitter, I can't tell you much about the rear half of the car, but it appears to be spacious, roomy, and very comfortable. I couldn't seem to care for that bulge in the middle of the floorboard. I suppose it is there for some good reason. Remember, I didn't have anyone around to tell me why anyone would think that should be a desirable feature. Just for my own peace of mind I would like to know why it is there. I couldn't find any virtue in it at all.

It has really been all of five years since I had bought a car and in the meantime I haven't had a kind word to any automobile salesman. Perhaps many of the points I have touched are old to you, but I am making these opinions from a point of view as not keeping up with motor car developments. I think I belong to the great majority of people. I don't believe many people are buying cars every year. Most of us are in the same boat. I have not bought for four or five years, and a lot of these developments have taken place in that time.

In conclusion, I like this Ford pretty much. Its flowing lines, low-hung trimness. Especially I like the way it snuggles up to the curb when you park. You don't have to climb all around to get in or out. You just step in or fall in with no effort at all.

As a matter of fact, without any benefit of advertising talk or leaflets on advertising, I am pretty much sold to the point of signing on the dotted line. I want to thank Mr. Thomas for a good ride. I really did enjoy it.

SALESMAN: Mrs. Fitzgerald, you said you didn't care for the upholstery; that is a very fine grade of material.

about the next thing that appeared several inches behind
the animal was a ~~black~~ black & shaggy neck of hair.
The point of the nose was just above a stud Roman nose
between two round eyes. You see I read books and
I say have a V. I'm always thinking in terms
of a V.

I was right when I decided instantly that
it was Lenny. Marie's daughter reported that
Lenny had from habit did not like to ask how what he
wanted. She placed a pint bottle of beer
with the cap off, on the bar and Lenny sniffed it up with
his big hand. He did not stop but his ~~hand~~ thick lips
closed over the neck of the bottle and as he had walked
along the distance of the bar, with no apparent evidence
of swallowing, other than a puffing noise, the
bottle was empty as he reached the end of the
bar. With a noisy "gwook" he set it on the end
of the magazine & disappeared into the wash
room.

although situated on the ocean Marie's place was
~~one~~ many flocks from the beach ~~plentiful~~ ~~trung~~
there was no real "waders" in her backyard, but through
the thin tracks came such requintations - swishing
& snorting. 9-9 began to nod.
Lenny - his red shinning face & nose walked to his place
of honor, with determined steps - the reversal of us felt like

in second gear. Naturally I am a cautious driver, but the Ford second gear is really fast and smooth enough to take me where I want to go. The second gear seems flexible and sensitive in threading through traffic. The compression in second seems to eliminate the jamming on of the footbrake as you are usually doing in high gear. I think it requires really less effort. I made that a point.

As to the upholstery of the sedan, I wasn't especially crazy about it, but I suppose it is good material and will wear well enough.

I liked the radio tremendously, for behind it there is performance and tone. It is very fine and it wasn't likely that it was a stage prop. Deliver me from another radio that I know of. I think other radios are terrible.

The glove compartment. You rate a medal for that. It is ideal for compacts, cigarette cases, and other items.

The sun-glare shields are positively inspirational. Why women pay three dollars for a facial and then go right out and drive against the sun is not clear to me. It is the sun that causes the wrinkles around the eyes. Women will spend a few dozen dollars a year to get rid of the wrinkles and then go out and squint at the sun and undo the work they have done. Don't overlook that point. I think you will find that a good argument. The sun shield is a comfort and effective, and I think it will be very convincing to most people. After that send-off about the sun shield I hope it is standard equipment, and if it isn't, it should be.

I can't say too much in praise of the way the doors are hung on their hinges. I can't explain exactly, but by the trial and error method I can actually reach out of very few cars without tearing the arm out of the socket of a sleeve of a coat in order to close the door. Any exaggerated strain on a sleeve or shoulder does that.

rising + repeating "but come, the pig". until he
took his seat.

I wish I knew the depth of that bowl and of
the wonderful things that were in ^{the} that soup - that
Maoni had placed on the table while Tony was
washing. Unfortunately etiquette, but naturally
we've waited until Tony had taken up some of
the great tender loaves - twisted, stretched &
broken up into the empty plate - (it sounded
like ~~some great pieces~~ ^{some great pieces} great blocks of concrete). Next Tony
~~was~~ hairy arm hand pushed the duff in the
bowl, almost tenderly by dredged to the bottom
& duffed up a dome - Then for the cream that his
plate would hold no more than this - he
~~emptied~~ applied that capacity to his plate.

If you like spaghetti I wonder what is more satisfying
than to see a 14" platter several inches deep with the
sauce on top placed in front of you, you self conscious I
felt when I with my fork I went to work on one end
of the platter. How embarrassed I was when even then
I dragged strips of this delicious paste across the casing

When driving a car in high heel slippers it is quite a trick to keep your foot on the throttle. Also it is tiring on the arch of the foot to maintain a strained position of the foot. I don't mind my own relic, for instead of the foot throttle I use the hand throttle, because it is really too uncomfortable to keep my foot on it. So, I choose the lesser of the evils.

This DeLuxe Ford, well, I suspect some engineer's wife took him aside and whispered in his ear about the adjustment of the throttle to fit feminine high heel shoes. It is perfect. There is comfort whether you wear high or low heels. I expect there is something about the incline of the floor board that explains it. I would never buy another car without first making sure of that feature. The Ford has that feature and for myself, I would like to drive it on a long haul even when wearing new shoes.

I find it almost impossible to scuff the heel of my shoe on the Ford. I think that is a big factor.

At first I didn't care much for the hand throttle on the dashboard, but after I found out how easy and without effort I could reach the foot throttle it didn't make any difference to me where the other one was, so you might as well leave it there.

I am crazy about the clear view vision and the frame. It gives you a feeling of spaciousness and eliminates that stuffy feeling that you are riding in a hearse. I don't mind saying that with the full view vision arrangement one feels like being on parade. It cuts down accidents and you have a full view of what is going on all the time.

The two-way door ventilation is marvelous! No matter what the arrangement of your coiffure or dress there is no wind to disturb it and you travel in solid comfort.

This next point, I believe, I should be allowed to drive the Ford

between latter & plate & left several on the
oil-cloth. Then how ridiculous I felt when
Tony - took only a fork & dipped deep under the
whole - brought up a ~~trusted~~ mass - held
it ~~to~~ almost arm's length in the air, and
deposited it on his plate without the loss of
a strand.

ah - I discovered something - the reason I couldn't
eat my spaghetti without getting the ~~oil-cloth~~
oil-cloth was that I couldn't handle it -
wretch Tony - He would trust a pound fork
full - (I was never been able to learn whether it
is by the pound or the yard) & put it in his mouth.
The loose ends were quickly brought in by an
expert snuff & quickly disappeared. I tried the
latter & whole I met with some success almost
as much landed in my eye as my mouth & that
night I had my wife's inflamed eyes was
a result of heavy snuff.

I kind of thought I thought of the expression - "Death
takes a holiday." The only holiday Tony took as he
pushed it in, was for a good husky gulp of claret

realize that would not be possible in all cases as it would be necessary for some one to direct the car or demonstrate it, but I did a swell job of selling myself on the job. I am suspected of holding a grudge against the previous Ford DeLuxe. I had one in 1928 and it drove me to distraction.

I have really sold myself on the new Ford from now on. I have nothing but praise for it; it is well-behaved and docile.

In driving it there was another thing of vast importance. It came up to my own personal standard of smartness and trimness. I had a satisfied feeling, the feeling that it was mighty nice looking. I felt that I didn't have to apologize for the car nor the car for me; it puts itself over by its very appearance.

Now, I intended to appear here and talk on the details of the car, but not the mechanical end of it. I am not interested in the same way that a mechanic would be interested. I am perfectly content to know that Mr. Ford knows more about the Ford. I am sure he is too bright to put his name on a car not sound mechanically. He is too aggressive a manufacturer to overlook any defect in the performance of the car. I am sure he would not include any development that would not work well with the light weight car that this seems to be. I am pretty content to leave the mechanical part up to Mr. Ford. I don't even feel qualified to ask question about the Ford while I dwell on more things of interest to me.

It is the appearance that sells most women whether it is a dust mop, washing machine, iron, or Ford. When a product is nationally advertised, with a national name behind it, most women have the confidence in that product and make their selections from a style and fashion viewpoint. Women are just as astute as men when considering the virtues or quality of an article.

return - yards - bounds or bites.

Meat & salad came on. I was poor at smiles
but I secretly wondered if those two great
hairy arms of Loup ending in the paws that covered
the entire handless fore & knif, working up & down
was a couple of ~~from~~ fangboat hunters - a
Crazy man dragging himself in the woods,
on just two hairy arms ~~confiding~~
directing himself with forks - confiding with one
another to see which could pick up & deliver
the most food to a given point. I still
don't know

The birds' dives & factory liquids had all gone,
only I remained to worship. It was too
near 1 o'clock to go for long to pour his last bit
I went up his glass so he dazed with that
formality and ruminated several inches of the
bottle down his throat.

On weak voice but ^{inhabiting} great ~~was~~ worship and
admiration - I piped - "How do you feel?"
"Little better, no let much a now - time - Haf - a
day - eat Haf - a meal - 10 - night - fool - a day - eat a - fool
a meal."

POINTS DELIVERED BY MRS. FITZGERALD OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

DRIVERS AND OWNERS OF FORD AUTOMOBILES

The first thing is I want to assure Mr. Thomas that I know very little about the mechanics of an automobile. I probably know less than anyone about a car you will ever run into. I am an example of the dumb car driver Mr. Thomas referred to.

I have owned four or five cars in the last five years, but I haven't the faintest idea of how many cylinders any of the cars had. But, before I go on going on, I would like to add the sequel to the seagull story.

After the goldfish were all gone from the pool we had to put up with plenty of gulls. The last week we have been so bothered with a new trick of theirs that I think we are going to ask to have a permit to shoot a few of them. It seems there is a new kind of clam with a very hard shell and the seagulls will carry those clams up and drop them on this particular fishpond and it will break them. It is becoming quite a shambles up there and I think we are going to have a City Ordinance to shoot a few seagulls.

When I took custody of one of the Ford DeLuxe Sedans this week, I had no salesman to guide me at all. The total of 150 or more salesmen here sort of appalls me. It is sort of like me going to Washington and trying to tell Roosevelt how to run the country as it is for me to try to tell you how to sell Ford cars. However, I have a few things to say that may seem trivial and you may think I am awfully silly to bring them up but I have to bring out these points and I trust you will bear with me when I am referring to my notes.

But really, with fearless composure I set out alone to find things and I have come to the conclusion that a salesman is almost unnecessary if you are willing to give the prospect the car to drive as I was. I

at the end of the spaghetti course ^{long} ^{more} ^{chew}
was ^{slimy} ^{peasy}. at end ^{found} his ^{chummy} fingers
took a ~~small~~ ^{corner} ^{pot} ^{material} for the ^{to} ^{holder}.
Long did not believe in using it any ^{longer}. He
wiped his mouth - nose + hands then rolled the
material between his hands then it in his pants.
1 - note 2 - a set.

Waring Co -

Feb - 1930
chr 1,140
PA 720

had sales to end less
them 10/0-

8-47

1267.

158

Maintenance of 1000 yd each
Year of 1930 71
of which 26 45
of which 26
of which 26

Elbow setting in etc -
head to head imperious
down to speed up the
normal speed in the
A. P. out hand - a piece of
wood about as a
to look at
Bull hand - by the way -
very easy with
of the hand of
of the hand of -
of the hand of -
of the hand of -

SALES MEETING AT THE [REDACTED] FORD PLANT
RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA, [REDACTED] 1, 1934.

TALK DELIVERED BY MRS. FITZGERALD
STYLE EXPERT FOR O'CONNOR & MOFFATS OF
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Wardwell -

6.00-20-

Pen -
Vincent Carozzo

05 5011

35
110
7

During the remaining half of the month ~~Hulbut and Jerome~~ ~~turned the "wind-sight" at~~ just as ~~diligently~~ the sale of lubricating oils and other products handled by ~~one~~ ~~second~~ ~~my~~ to the "wind-sight" ~~turned~~ by Hulbut + Jerome. Right after night they worked; reversing just as they - trying out another - adding new lines of merchandise - ^{getting on additional orders - any or several} ~~dropping others~~; ^{until finally} they felt they had a workable merchandising and service policy. Just toward the end of the mo. they had a lucky break, a sharp advance in the price of tires & took place and they bought ~~several~~ quickly they covered many of their ^{recurrent} ~~old~~ ~~accounts~~ ~~made~~ ~~new~~ by ~~posting~~ them against the advance. This not only increased sales but affected the value of their ^{remaining} ~~ventures~~.

Jerome found in Hulbut just what Myra said he would find, when struck of his outer veneer, ~~but~~ not only a likeable chap but possessed of some clear ideas. In Jerome Hulbut found many qualities that appealed to him and it soon became manifest that he was possessed of a splendid mind - filled with sound merchandising ideas and business ^{enthusiasm}.

When the monthly statement was ready Hulbut, Jerome studied it carefully. "Well," said the latter - ^{judged} ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~sales~~ ~~down~~ ~~up~~ ~~any~~ ~~way~~?"

Hulbut called his father on the phone. "Hello father -

the statement's ready - what time you can come up for a conference?"

"Come at 3: ^{o'clock. How does it look?} ~~because I have a board meeting at 4.~~

"Well, we increased the sales" said Hulbut showing a ^{decisive} ~~decisive~~ ~~fact~~.

"Um - did you do the same thing to the overhead?" asked the Banker. On the way up to the Bank Hulbut kept repeating to himself

4) They sat in Myra's car and it was she who opened
the conversation. "How, Mr. Assistant U.S. Attorney, do you unfold
the business problem that caused you to drag me to the
top of this beautiful Hill there is one thing I would like
to ask. Some time ago right on this very spot I asked
you why you wanted to leave Δ and you said it was for
the good of the Co. Whatever your reason was, when I
asked you to put it aside, ^{remain} you were big enough and I would
enough to do it. The results of the past few weeks
show you answer to be a failure. An answer is not
always necessarily a reason. Therefore if I say to you in
advance that I have a sound and plausible purpose in
ascertaining the truth I should like to know if your
reason still exists and what it is?"

"Miss Braker" said the boy in a tone of admiration
on despair - "you have me in a tough spot. I don't

mean this hill, I mean in the remembrance of
gangsters. You have me in a tough spot. However,
whenever I find myself in that position there also
find the best way out is to "come clean". It's going to
be more than hard - and I would do it myself - but I
will do it. The very first time I saw you - the day you
had the flat tire, I admired you - I admired your spirit, then I
loved you - said you were more - I know I indulged in
a lot of light talk ~~that~~ - foolish saying that my life
was seemed like flirtation - but it wasn't - I did
it to conceal my real feelings. I found myself thinking
about you - wanting you to come to the station.

5) I hated everything you did - the way you took poor buddies for
rides, to play grounds - ^{had them} everything. You told me your name was
Buck. I didn't know what Baka - unless you loved. Your name
was not posted on your ^{car} and you refused to have a change in it. It
must have been a very simple matter to have ^{you} follow the facts
by looking up your license in the car registration - but I
didn't want to. ~~It~~ I'd never been in love with anyone. I didn't
know what it would be like; within me I have set up a sort of
imaginary sanctuary. I don't know its exact location - I
suppose it is situated in or near the heart. I've always said no
one should enter it - no one but the one I loved. It was
meant to imagine: then to ~~love~~ ^{feel} that you seemed to so naturally
be drifting toward that sanctuary. Then came that day.

The day your brother came out and I learned just who you
were - that you were his sister - that you were the daughter of
H.H.B. - then I realized the chasm between us - the impossibility
ness of - of anything. I knew then that - I did love you - that
you had entered my sanctuary. I knew I could never receive
of my love. I knew, I could not stand to see you come to the station
day after day - I knew I could not do justice to my work - for that
and in other reason did I feel I had to leave the Co. therefore
it was time when I said it was for the best interests of the Co.
that I do so - and now all this ~~is~~ by change has come about.

I've said this again to myself - I'm interested. I like the work. I
like to see the business go - it keeps me up - she has asked me to stay, all
of which is true, but I know the real reason is that - that I cling to the
opportunity to see you - not to have to go. I don't want to go - but you want
the business to well on its way now and I have seen of some help I'm glad
put a little help - which I should go. The old reason was since he
wasn't - I will have to continue seeing you as you come into the station -

6) and I don't recall Jim strong enough, especially not it. I love you - I
was all along - it really took the crash that day I hope of &
completely shut me - but I do - and I have - all along.

~~Jim~~ ^{subscribed} ~~was~~ ^{confront} ~~at~~ ^{him} ~~own~~ ~~by~~ ~~himself~~ ~~not~~ ~~very~~ ~~fond~~
that he had taken the pills bands in his own, but both then ^{engagement}
was complete when they ^{discovered} that he had taken her in his
arms and they both ^{like} ^{himself} ^{loved} ^{himself} ^{just} ^{his}.

Oh Mrs. Barber - I - ~~just~~ ~~couldn't~~ ~~help~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~clear~~ ~~that~~ ~~that~~
"Call me Myra"
"Myra - I shouldn't have - when - when we both know how
impossible -"

"anyone who has accomplished the transformation you have
in the few short weeks shouldn't speak of impossibilities, and it
quit."

"accomplishing things in business is - different - thus -
thus - I mean - my love for you - why - I couldn't even hope to ask
you to - to repay me - the salary I earn at I wouldn't even be
paid money for you Myra dear"

"I don't use pins - Godly - she said early.
Then she just spoke seriously - I suppose I too had a sanctuary -
unconsciously - no doubt Myra just has - she has a certain ideal -
a certain standard - by which she may judge men - if I were
called upon to define this I should say my love for you is founded on
respect. The first day I saw you - I liked your ^{unconcernedness} - you seem
to care - I like I saw and liked your loyalty. Your loyalty ^{was} to
my brother - ~~was~~ - even at a time when he didn't deserve it - I
went - I - can't explain - you just did it - that's all."

after moments after Myra had driven away Jerome walked
over and got into his ~~car~~ ^{replied} ^{for} "Easy this time Myra"

we said "lets take it slow - you kind of shaky + you legs very
out, but you could see what happened - I kissed - go round this slowly -
I kissed Myra - Myra kissed - look out - wha - we got around
that curve alright - Myra kissed me - that's a good day

after moments after Myra had driven away Jerome walked
over and got into his ~~car~~ ^{replied} ^{for} "Easy this time Myra"

X Like hell you make even!" ~~How~~ The net worth shows up
settles due to increased value of inventories. What the devil
kind of an auditor looks you down that when puts you under audit
in a market instead of cost when market ~~it~~ is higher. You're
taking you profit on paper. What he knows inventories should
be figured at either market or cost - whichever is
lower. Support the market dips - where are you?"

"Oh but this is no chance of that - the profits are sure of it."
"HBB didn't consider that answer even with a good
sneeze - he just looked at his son in disgust."

"Well we have a 60 day protection against price decline
for the dips - said HBB"

"Well you turn the stock in that time?"
"We don't."

"That was welcome!" The banker pursued the statement
~~by~~ for a moment longer + said: "You show a small
defeating loss but you did get the sales volume up +
that is important. The statement looks a little less
like the National debt. That's a damn sight more
than anyone else has made it do. Stay on the
top to pull it out. Keep sales up + watch the weekend."
"But I won't do it - and I'll take it - too."

7) Dynamite - now we come down into the traffic - careful -
 8. I told Myra I loved her - and - there a stop signal - and
 the green light - go ahead Dynamite - and dija hear
~~the~~ hear - Myra said she loves me - at a big Dynamite - please
 set me home - in - I'm sort of not myself - tonight. neither was
 you & some little piece among ^{could} ^{have} ^{just} ^{been} ^{you} ^{the} ^{lover} ^{you}.

7610
 1211
 1449
 1505
 9610
 0
 0610

822
 1/2 4/4

At:
 Astoria
 Canyon
 23 3/4 st.

109.30
 10.20
 29.

1) In obedience to her father's instructions Myra continued to give her support to Triangle Service Sta, but in violation of them, she had no charges sent to her father's office, paying cash for all her purchases.

One day she left her car to have some work done and requested that it be delivered to her at a certain address. The young man himself delivered it. as he turned the car over to her she asked "how would you get back to the service sta?" "Oh I would take a street car back."

"It's quite a long way - I have jumped here and will drive you back."

"That's awfully kind Miss Barber - it would save time, but really I can't allow --"

"Quite alright" said Myra and they were on their way. Both were silent for a few moments & then the girl spoke. "Really Mr. - a - a - I don't know your name."

"Groom" - he said. "Mr. Groom" she continued, "I'm curious to know how you happened to find me at the Service Sta."

"Curious?" he asked.

"Well, interested then," she said "I'm going to be brutally frank - or perhaps even bold & say that you seem fitted for something - a - well a different environment."

"That's exactly explained Miss Barber - without boring you with my life's history I'll just say, and it will

2/11 the truth, it is case of necessity.

"It wouldn't bore me - I ^{just} said it would interest me."

"I hate narratives that start with 'once upon a time', they are usually long - and I want to make this one short - you'll appreciate it I do - even though you were kind enough to say you would be interested. My name is Golconda Jerome - and incidentally about the only thing I hold against my mother - wishing a name like Golconda on me ^{said the girl}"

"Golconda?" "That's just a part. Golconda Jerome. Sounds rather musical" melodious

"are you by any chance implying that I'm a 'Hank'?"
~~She~~ laughed the boy. "But to get back to my mother, poor soul, she was always imaginative and somewhat sentimental. It seems she went to a Hindustan fortune teller, or crystal gazer and he told her she was to be blessed with a son, and that she should name him Golconda."

I believe in Hindustan & it means source of wealth - or source of oil - wealth of oil - ^{or something like that} Mother followed his advice and I'm the result; that he was a faker like all of them is evident. In the first place I wasn't a blessing and in the second the only oil I have another to do with comes out of the stranger's pumps. My father was a lawyer. We lived in Boston. He was part of the family tree stuff. used to say the Jeromes were in the search to meet the Mayflower when she docked.

3) ancestry + family tree and all of that may be alright but it ~~doesn't~~ hasn't done anything for me. Sometimes I think a lot of ancestors are still living in the family trees, with considerable deflection, father saw me through Exeter. Soon after my graduation he died. College was out of the question financially. I worked for a while, soon mother died. I slid down out of the family tree + came out + got a job pumping gas + oil at the Mangle Service Sta. after a year and a half I was made head of one of the shifts. ~~that~~ ^{that} 6 months ago, which now brings us up to the present moment when I am being waffled ~~to~~ by a very charming young lady back to my job.

"Like it?" asked Myra -

"The being waffled - or the job?"

"The job of course - don't be silly."

"Crazy about it like father - very much!"

"You say you've been there two years?"

"Yes - in that time two managers have come gone + now we are now third?"

"Maybe you'll be the fourth."

"Oh I had that life alright, but no chance now."
"Why not?"

"New man's son of the Pres. of Mercantile Nat. Bank."

40 "What was that to do with it?"

"The Bank owns Triangle."

"Was is the new guy?"

"Seems like a nice fellow, only of course we don't see very much of him."

"How so?"

"Well you see he's a pretty busy man - he's one of the vice-pres. of the Bank & I understand he has various other interests. So he isn't here a great deal."

"I see said Myra."

"So do I", said the boy, only he said it to himself.

"Will the new guy make any changes?"

"A few. He sort of holds the heads of the dept. responsible."

"How is your dept. coming along?"

"Trying hard to win the contest this month."

"What contest?"

"We have a contest ~~my~~ between debt- for volume."

"To that man you called Dick the head of the other dept?"

"Yes."

"The day I had the flat tire I heard him call you Golly."

"Surely you wouldn't have him call me Golorada would you?" Golly is my nickname.

"I thought he was using slang."

"Oh - sort of putting my name in nam th."

My nickname is Myra - that's Myra.
My Golly said Golorada - Golly -
They go well together don't they - a
de pander. I mean -
It is rather a bit of an ordinary bit of
slang for it and the girl

The first month under Hulbert's management, Triangle shared a loss. That did not surprise his father.

5.) a business that had been losing money could not be expected to show a profit at once. They both agreed to that. Since it would take ~~some~~ ^{some} time to get things operating his way, they concurred that also.

On the 1st of the new month WTB's sec. advised ~~him~~ that the statements ^{from transfer} covering purchases for all cars were in but Miss Barker. Investigation revealed there had been no changes. That evening at home WTB did some investigating. Myra closed the conference with the statement that she hadn't bought a great deal & didn't want to bother. Again WTB gave instructions.

all during the new month Myra continued to pay her requirements at Triangle. She also continued to pay cash. ~~John~~ ^{"Golly"} always waited on her. Several deliveries of the car occurred and they found themselves drifting into rather a wholesome friendship. One day when he brought the car to her he said - "Your babies need attention Miss Barker - might I suggest that you have them re-lined?"

"I thought babies were not in your left."

"There's not Miss Barker, ~~but~~ ^{there} is Bill Bradley's, but that doesn't make any difference its all for the good of Triangle."

"Would you friend Bill Bradley do the same for you?"

"Why - er - I think so yes. Any way it wouldn't be for me, ^{as I said} it would be for the good of the station - also you might have an accident & damage your car or someone's else."

6.) "For the good of Triangles, ~~the good of my own~~ to prevent damage to my car - damage to other cars, all very important, but not a word about my own neck" said Myra?"

George colored - "wee-e-a - that - was my first thought that is - I - mean - well they really do need relaxing though." he said hurriedly

In the first time - Myra was at a loss to think of some quick answer. Finally she said "Very well I will have it done." Then they parted.

In three days she did not go near Triangles. George was miserable. Myra couldn't do just what was the matter with herself. Finally she loaded as many poor kiddies as her car would hold, stopped by Triangles for gas. George was by her side before she shut the motor off. He tried to be as usual always been with her. Myra also tried to fail. They were both silent. Then "Golly" spoke - "Why Miss Barker - I see your head you babies relieved - I didn't notice you car in here during the last few days."

"I - I - didn't have it done - but - said Myra."

In an instant George returned to his former mood - and said "Oh oh - that wasn't pretty - why didn't you let Triangles do it?"

Myra leaned out of the window, said very softly - "I used afraid it might hurt Broderick's vest with the contest." Then she stepped on the starter. ~~George~~ ^{George} head swam - he proceeded to get the tank run-over.

Just as a ray was going Myra he changed - "Huh huh heavy you stepped up." Myra why are you paying cash? You know ^{father's instructions} the arrangement on the family cars - why don't you

7. Carry it out;

"Myra glanced back. "This isn't ~~to~~ a family car - it's my car."

Golly spoke up. "We have rented Miss Barker to open a charge acct Mr. Barker, but she has refused to pay cash."

• With considerable display of impatience Hubert said to him "My sister's name isn't Barker - it's Barker - just the same is mine. If that isn't clear I have plenty of applicants who can understand it. In the future please see that my instructions are carried out". Then he strode away.

1) It was merely a coincidence that Hurlburt Henry Banker's initials might also be said to stand for Ward Handed Banker - or Ward Handed Banker - But it was a fact that he was head of the big Mercantile National Bank.

To that fact a great many people cared testify; competitor Banks cared testify to it as well.

When ^{an} order, or when a ^{signed 4433} notation went around the Bank or to the various corporations that he controlled, vice-presidents - cashiers - assistant - cashiers scurried about like messenger boys to see that 4433 bidding was done, and done quickly.

about the only person who did not stand in awe of Hurlburt Henry was his daughter, Myra. at a very early age Myra gave evidence of having a mind of her own. This climaxed its self one day ^{in 1898} when her father received a note from her that she was leaving her boarding school immediately & coming home to S.F. 4433 ~~to~~ burnt up the series commanding her to ^{stay} stay - that her mother would come on east at once to settle any difficulty. Myra answered the note saying it was too late, that she had already left, and signed her room-mates name to it.

Only ^{twice} ~~once~~ could anyone remember having seen 4433 excited + that was during the earthquake & fire in S.F. in 1906 when the Bank burned. The second time was when all telegrams sent ~~in~~ to Myra in care

³ numbers
of all transcontinental trains was returned, and she
Uyra arrived - not on the original limited or by
any other train - but she took a mail - plane out of
Boston - and was home in 2 days.

Naturally WMB called a "conference". I just
demanded like I came for Henry's school - & recorded to know
why she came by plane. She answered the second question
first. "I wanted to get it ~~done~~ done as quickly", she
said. "Now as to why Jim finished with finishing school
before I finished! Miss Huntington's is a lovely place and
and there are some charming girls there. But Jim is
of the atmosphere. A lot of snobs & would be snobs &
social climbers. You're seated by seat for what you
are yourself but by how many figures you had in
might after his name. Thank you if you going to be
helped all ⁱⁿ ~~that~~ going to be helped myself, not because
you're the daughter of the eminent & very wealthy banker
Auburn Henry Barber. Jim going to be classified in a
mercantile agency & I don't see any other classification
even if the rating is 1. I need more power & a
lot of other things you've seen paying Miss Huntington
fabulous prices for I'll try to get them here & save you
the expense. I don't know ^{just} what she does but it will be
something worth while. Give me a little time to find
myself. Be a ~~good~~ dear good Colonel now & try to under-
stand your Uyra. Something you've never done before!"

Whenever these things ~~W.H.B.~~ usually
a conference. Call it - dominate it - close it. In this
case he ~~was~~ did only one. He called it.

Myra's pet name for her father was Crossus. She
had learned quite young ~~that~~ about the origin
Crossus and thought it suited her dad because he
was very rich. Secretly he enjoyed it; that is to say
as much as he enjoyed anything excepting business.

The "enjoying" in the family was mostly done by
Wulbut Henry G. Myra's older brother. ^{with the exception of}
^{inexperience} He had en-
joyed Howard and frequently connected with it ex-
cept ~~his~~ ^{and a few other things} ~~studies~~ ^{especially connected}. Principally he had enjoyed ~~him~~
full-back. He also enjoyed being known as a ~~graduate~~
graduate even though it took him 5 years ~~to~~
~~finish~~ ^{with the effort of expense to accomplish it.}
For a year or more ~~he~~ had not been par-
ticularly enjoying being a vice-president, in charge of
"something or other" (no one seemed to know just what)
at the Bank. ~~But~~ W.H.B. had safely placed him there
on his jousting ~~Howard~~ college.

The air of pomp and strict decorum about the ~~house~~
house of the ~~Banks~~ was always delightful to Myra. Her
father insisted on the same degree of ~~affection~~ ^{affection} there
as he did at the Bank. Especially did Myra dislike
the occasion of dinner. It was just as formal when they
were alone as when they had many guests. Once in

Washington Myra had the opportunity of witnessing of
the opening of the U.S. Supreme Court, as the justices filed
in - surrounded by all the dignity of the auspicious
occasion - was seated precisely at the same moment,
Myra giggled + whiskered to her mother -
"Reminds me of the way we go in, sit down to lunch
at home."

Walter Henry rarely ^{discussed} ~~mentioned~~ business at
home. He rarely ^{discussed} ~~mentioned~~ anything. Particularly
he issued instructions. One evening just before they
had left the dining table he said to the butler -

"Tomkins you will tell the chauffeur that in the

future all supplies + accessories for the automobiles
^{and any spares, oil, tires etc.} are to be purchased at the Triangle Super Service Store.

"Yes sir - my good sir"

This includes the family ^{limousine} ~~car~~, the ~~Walter's~~ - my wife's
car + the ~~Walter's~~. ~~My~~ I have ^{already} ~~just~~ my chauffeur ~~instructions~~
regarding my personal car. all purchases are to be charged
+ invoices rendered to me at the Bank. This becomes
effective tomorrow morning!"

"Yes sir - my good sir - thank you sir!"

~~He~~ Then addressing his daughter, "Myra this also
applies to your car."

"and why all this sudden rush of business to the
Triangle Service Store, may I ask?" enquired Myra.

"The Bank has taken it over. It has been operating
at a loss for some time. They owe us a lot of money

5) and can't meet their notes. ~~But~~ I have ~~sent~~ had
notices sent out through Banks & all ^{on} continents for
as many employees as possible who are anxious to
purchase them. ~~Expended~~ It showed help. The
volume considerably. I renewed Sanderson
the general mgr today and am placing Hurlbut
in charge. <sup>He has had a year of banking now & I want him to have some
business exp.</sup>

"Oh, oh," said Meyer, "so Harvard's famous fullback
is going to work! When he came home from ^{college} Harvard & you
pinned a Vice Presidency in his button hole I thought
he was surely tucked away for life. Heavens - think
of the family name - from a Vice Pres in the U.S.

What - ^{to managing a large store} ^{I don't like you remember that}
"Meyra", warned her mother, "you've discontinued
such remarks at once!!"
"Indeed it is not a lovely store," said her father.
There is an investment of over a quarter of a million dollars
there. It's the finest location in St. - the best equipped,
I can't understand why it lost money. Her management
no doubt. I am going to see that it gets all support possible.
"Oh, right Croesus dead. It's unhandy for me, but to-
morrow I'll set it down & give it some support!"

at the moment Meyer admitted that her ^{very} early she started
the truck, only she didn't test; part of the distance she ran
two blocks from Star Sta ~~by~~ ^{one of her} ^{times} then

6) out. It was quarter past 12 & she had a luncheon
engagement ^{with} by ^{the} staff. With some difficulty she
managed to get ~~to the car~~ out of her office to the curb
in front of a space mounted "no stopping". Fortunately she
looked around for a public phone, ^{station, near in sight,} ~~near in sight,~~ up to
the corner ^{she} turned to a drug store as her boots were full.

Into a candy store - one booth - In there a young man
held the cashier in one hand & was pulling a grey mustache
on a figure on the wall with the ash of his cigarette, with
the other a quick glance told her that would be a long
conversation. Finally she decided to go to the Sen. Sta. She
arrived on the scene ^{at} out of breath at 12:25.

To a young man in white she gestured her predicament:

"I'm on the jumps & can't leave - anyway the bus stop
is on the other side. You can go right through that
door there."

Through the door she went & entered everything to a man
in a white coat. "Sorry, we can't get you up right now.
Two of the boys are off for lunch hour & the service ^{low car} can report
on a job now." ~~at~~ 12:28

"How about you?" asked Myra

"I'm on floor duty. We can take care of you at 1 o'clock though."
Myra dashed back through the door & collided a young
man. "I beg your pardon - I'm so sorry - that was awfully
stupid of me," said the very much embarrassed young man.

"Quite alright" said the girl, "but it seems that nearly
the way things is stupid around here."

"Has something happened?" "No I wish something would happen!"

7) No, is there something I can do for you Miss?

Myra ~~she~~ added the happenings of the Service 8 to 10 along with her dinner, to be already said tale of ~~me~~ to the young man. Ordinarily she was patient & even kind to such but it was now 12.31

"Just a moment ^{please Miss} and I'll see - I'm sure something can be done right away." We hurried over to the tire dept & called out - "Bill what time somebody you can spare for about 10 minutes? Pushyok."

"I know about that ^{to} Golly but I can't do a thing. ~~But~~ + Murray + Black are off for lunch + both service cars are out on jobs."

"Well!" said the young man - ~~and~~ as he turned his face went scarlet - We had not noticed that Myra had followed him. We tried to stammer an apology but she interrupted him saying - "Oh don't apologize that the first intelligent remark I've heard around here. One man says he's on the pumps & another says he's on the floor - what any body on the job?"

"The delay is unfortunate; this is no one available at the moment in the other dept. I'll see what can be done in ~~my~~ ^{my} dept."

Wearies - another dept! a lot of departments + no service. What dept is this yours?"

This is the lubrication + gasoline dept. Will you Miss

8
"I'll go myself. I can't change a tire ~~down~~ down
there in the traffic. You said it was a blow out so that
probably means ~~that~~ ^{that} it is an old tire. If you don't
mind I'll drive it in flat, but of course that will probably
ruin your tube beyond repair."

"Oh you've sold me a new tire & a new tube already,
& probably a lot of other things - only please hurry, I'm
parked in a no parking zone & come to think about it
I haven't left the motor running." That will mean
two days ^{at least} I don't know what else. My car probably
looks like it's been on a Coot's tour around the
world by now - sticks all over it. How long will it

"It will have you out in ten minutes."

"Can't wait" - I'm late for an appointment now - if
you will get the car driver like a cat."

Certainly, or if you can't get a cat ~~right~~ at once I
will ~~drive~~ be glad, if you will allow me, to drive
you to your apt. The car will be gotten & delivered
to you whenever you say. That is part of our service."

"Oh would you? ~~That~~ Thank you, that would save time!
It certainly wasn't a question of saving taxi fare, nor
a matter of saving time, as there was a taxi stand
just across the street. Without knowing why they
let her drive by. ~~It was~~ It was only a matter of one

9) when he arrested her to assist at the fairmount.

On the way up he said - "Then you wish us to put on a new tire tube, and shall we check your gas & oil and if found low shall we refill?"

"Yes please!"

"What time do you wish the car delivered at the fairmount?"

"Three o'clock will be time enough!"

"and is it to be a change miss?"

"Yes"

"and if I may have the name please?"

Myra started to tell her boy to get a card, ~~but~~ ^{he} ~~changed~~ ^{he} ~~her~~ ^{mind} - "No - after all - I will be busy down with some friends tonight - and I will pick the car up - and - I - I will pay for it."

~~But~~ "as you prefer Miss - even so may I have the name for the slip - unless ^{perhaps} it is in the case at the steering post."

"No, it isn't. The name is - Bates, Miss Myra."

"~~Miss Bates~~ Thank you Miss Bates - the car will be ready when you call."

On the way back the young man said to himself, "High spirited little devil; but she's a damn fine girl though!"

and on the way into the hotel Myra found herself saying "Conscientious chap - seems serious minded beyond his years - rather ~~nice~~ ^{well dressed} - and quite good looking!" Then her thoughts turned to her friends & the young man's to

10
This bit about - that secret ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{opinion} that he could
have a chance to show ~~by~~ how he could improve the ser-
vice + increase volume of triangles.

Meyra didn't drive down with friends at 3 o'clock for
her car. She took a cab down about half past two.

The young man was busy with someone, and another
man ran her car out for her. She paid cash for it + just as
she was driving away, the young man rushed up + asked
"Everything satisfactory Miss Barkley?"

"Quite, thank you, but I wanted to ask you if I was tagged."

"Thank you. We will be glad to check you can see your car
any ~~time~~.

Meyra had asked ~~her~~ her father for time to find her-
self. at least she found herself happy in doing certain
charitable things. She had learned of a number of
needy families, and devoted much of her time and
money to performing services in an effective way and
in the way that pleased her. Not through clubs
& committees + drives, but mostly alone and
unobtrusively. Some of her Neoplatonians did not know
her who she was. She maintained just enough social
contacts to keep the family ~~in~~ satisfied. She dealt a great
deal with the result ^{of} her support of the triangle.

The young man smiled. "Well - slightly, Miss Barkley."

"Oh for parking in a forbidden spot?"

"There was that violation - parking in a 'no parking' space."

"motor running when occupant out of car and registration certificate not in car."

"What's the matter, wasn't there anything left for me to do?
No date? But what shall I do - shall I have to go to the
Traffic department & pay my fines?"

"No, that isn't necessary. You see I - ah - we all
know the traffic officer around here and we talked him out
of it, he won't turn the tags in."

"That's awfully decent of you," said Miss ^{with feeling} Barter, especially when
you're a total stranger. I wish - you would let me - but she
stopped - there was something in that young man's bearing that
prevented her from offering him ~~any~~ money, then
"but that someone, perhaps the man you sent to get
the car - that - that - I could pay for it."

"Thank you so Miss Barter - that is awfully kind but it
against the rules for anyone to accept gratuities. We are
glad we could be of service. I would suggest though that
you put your registration certificate in your car. There's nothing
to say you accept it for that."

"Again, thank you very, very much," said the pilot as she
drove away, and ~~when~~ a moment later she said to
herself - "I like that chap!"

1) Mr. Graham's rebuke of Jerome and his attitude toward
him were danger signals to Myra. She feared he would be
dismissed and the injustice of it aroused rebellion ⁱⁿ within
her splendid nature. Something else - too - something she
girl could not define - was it sympathy she felt for him at
seeing him unjustly rebuked in presence of others - or was it
~~something else~~ ^{but to quote the thought that} pushed across her mind ^{it was} "I don't know what it is
but I do know what I am going to do about it."

No further word was spoken between Myra, Jerome, but indeed
Myra had taken one of the old masters to reproduce the the expression
on Jerome's face - on learning Myra's identity. Myra, ~~at once~~
But ~~the~~ the nearest amateur could have caught Myra's
expression, then though she herself did not know what it
so plainly portrayed.

Whether she thought the girl may have had, lack of prompt
action had never been one. Myra deposited her little
charges of the afternoon ^{with the promise to take the night train} at their various homes returned
post-haste to the Triangle. Ignoring the girl at the switch-
board she strode unannounced into her brother's office.
The other men were seated about the desk with a
wine and a hurried attempt was made to remove a
bottle of Scotch - whisky water & flannels.

"Myra - said Hubert surprisedly - well, - we were in
conference - why did the doctor not announce you?"
"I didn't ask to be announced"

"But you - you have interrupted - Oh - a ~~thing~~ - my sister,
gentlemen -"

The two gentlemen bowed & muttered the words "Kush
Banks."

Myra acknowledged the presentation with a ^{stiff} "how do
you do - I'm sorry I interrupted a conference".

"Oh no - it's not a conference - Paul right" - said one of the
"conferences" - while the other managed to quaffle. "Quite alright
quite ~~to~~ alright, conference was 'bout over - we were
just going -". They bowed themselves out.

* When the door was closed Wulbut turned to his sister.

"Myra you have a devil of a nerve crashing the gate
that way: why didn't you have yourself announced?"

She ignored the question, flushed back at him - "I see the
kind of a conference I interrupted. One of your friends said
it was 'bout over, but there seems to be 'bout two or
three ^{hints} ~~hints~~ left of the conference. I suppose you were close
it."

"You're a little shit-fie" said Wulbut

"You're a big shit-fie-water" countered Myra.

"I might correct us both & say there is no such word as
shit" meant he better.

"Some more of you heavy learning at Harvard I suppose"

"Well I know a certain little girl who didn't finish
her finishing school. at least I can say I got my degree
at Harvard - and I was full - back there!"

"Yes and now you're 'full' back here!"

"See here Myra I'm not going to ~~not~~ stand here &
quibble with you - what do you want?"

"Well out there because you're going into another conference, and the way they bear conference too" I want to know if you are going to discharge Golconda Jerome!"

"My god is that his first name? I only ^{deal} with the initials of the help. I believe my records show he is G. Well with a name like that I ought to fire him, if for no other reason at all!"

"You shant fire him - for that or any other reason - there is no other reason - and as for ~~him~~ you calling him one of the help - that fellow comes from as fine a family as you do!"

"Not so just little extra - not so fast, who is trying to ~~be~~ ^{be} S.S. you or I? I want you to fire Jerome because his is the only dept that is doing a profit - but he came in this afternoon & resigned; ~~that is to say he quit~~ I won't dignify his action by calling it a resignation - he quit. So because I hauled him out I ~~suppose~~ ^{suppose} -"

"He - he resigned?" jerked Myra - "when?"

"About an hour ago. Came in & said he wanted leave for the best interests of the Co. That's a lot of hokey, but just now. Offered to stay until the end of the week, so as not to leave us cold, but I took him at his word, if it was for the best interest of the Co he could go now."

"And he has gone?" asked the girl - ^{under} ~~under~~ ^{eyes}?

"Tomorrow's Sat. was leaving then. Getting some things in shape until for me."

"Getting things in shape for you?" I meant the girl. "You can't even get yourself in shape for things!" ~~What says?~~ "This place has been losing

4. money + father ~~says you can~~ takes you out of the bank + puts you down
here to run ~~down~~ ^{it} + what do you do? - "Yes".

"Oh my god pardon - said her mother with laughter - "I still had
my vice-presidency in the Bank + was appointed on the Board to
direct the service sta. until it got out of feet"

"That sounds better, said the girl, but again I say, what
happened is - dad took you out of the Bank - probably because
you were a nuisance, that he told the Board he would
put you here + here you are. ~~He needs it but why not?~~

"That is true you are where you are here. ~~He~~ Dad has tried to get
you a lot of times + you fool him by saying you have to get out +
meet men - get a better class of ^{people} ~~men~~ to come here - that you
have to mix. I know half a dozen fellows who know about
you mixing ~~that~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~glasses~~ ^{is} mostly in
glasses. ~~That's for you~~. Oh yes - you've been out here for
vice-pres of Mercantile bank - ran up & serve sta. + several other
things + take away dad's backing + all your empty titles + stuff
you of you Harvard Shepherd + what are you? a lamb. You
can't. at least you won't run the affairs of the sta. That isn't
going to be a good deal + then on top of that practically just the
best - most loyal man in the organization."

Indeed Wendell felt himself quite stuffed. His 14 clock
had quite cleaned his head and he came with all his egotism
+ snottiness, began to wonder if perhaps she were not right.

5. Talk her up. I want to know how you know so much about this fellow Jerome.

"That's entirely my own business."

"Oh - so you have a business here. Well so have I. I want to see what is the case lets make a bargain. Tell me about the 'mashed' out. Don't you say anything to dad about all these things you have heard -"

"and see" - interjected Myra

"and I will take Jerome back and give him a better job."

"What do you mean by a better job?"
"Well I will raise his salary and call him assistant mgr. That's a bargain."

"I doubt if Jerome would do it."

"Why not?"

"Because he's too much of a man. After he's once decided to go, you have fixed him, which even happened. I doubt if he ^{could} ~~would~~ do it!"
"Well - no harm in trying. He's a pretty good man. I know more about the business than any of the other employees. Come on now - don't squeal to dad - I'll do my part."

"No - I'm not going to be drawn into any entangling alliances, if this deal goes on its going over without any strings on it."

"Now listen Myra - I don't like it down here - I hate it, but I don't want ~~to~~ it thought I fluffed."

"Then why don't you resign!"

"I'd like to, but dad has ^{closed} me down here, that's that."

"Oh I thought dad & the Board appointed you."

"Oh well - well - have it your own way then."

"How has business been?"

"Rotten. When dad gets the statement for this month he'll see red - in more ways than one."

6.) "You mean your nose?"

"No - Miss Sarcasie. I mean he weeps now, up when he sees the figures. For a little girl who didn't get much sleep at Miss Mounting's. I will tell you that when a financial statement shows up in red it means a loss. From the way it looks now it probably will be a bright red."

"In that case probably they will release you of the trouble of resigning."

"That's ~~be~~ very lovely."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to go back to the Bank."

"I've written Mr. Gen. up - he's the result of this conference."

"I'll take back what I said about not being willing to bargain with you. He's my neck of it. You stay right here and attend to business - that's to be fair with Dad. At the end of this month - you beat the bank, the board to it & resign. You will also give your support ~~and~~ to and recommend the man I put up for the office. If you don't - you will free me to do something a little better ~~don't want to~~ ⁴⁶"

"Hell - that's not a bargain - that's an ultimatum. That's the kind of a bargain Dad drives. If he ever kicks off - you will be the first woman Pres. of the Bank."

"No, no - you'll be Pres. I will just be the man behind the gun. Only let hope that doesn't happen to ^{you} Dad." "Well what do you say - do we deal?" asked Myra.

"You've already dealt!" said Vulture.

"Alright - now you leave rest we!" "See!" she said, I told you when you were stuffed of your Harvard sheep skin you were just a lamb. Kind of nice little lamb at that though." Then Myra stood on her tip-toes, reached up & took hold of his ears, shook his head & pulled his ^{hair} ~~horns~~ down & hurried him. Then she bounced out of the

7.) It was late when she reached the yard and Jerome was
just ~~coming away~~ leaving. Myra had ^{hardly} a moment in which to
say to him "Mr Jerome, I suppose ~~in~~ in one sense I owe you an
apology; whether I do or not isn't the issue at the
present moment. There is something of real importance I want to talk
to you about and I can't do it here. I ~~must~~ ^{must} talk ~~with~~ ^{see} you before
my brother does. Needless to say, I know he will talk to
you to-morrow. That necessitates the risk of appearing to them
surrender at you and ask that some you this evening. It will be a
great favor if you will."

"If I can do you a favor Miss Barker - notice I said Miss
Barker - that time - not Miss Barber - (trying to smile) certainly.
~~But~~ Where please?"

"Well - say top of Telegraph Hill at 8:15" alright?"

"Surely - I will be there!"
Then they parted.

"Now I want some time to think - think - think" said she to herself.
and Jerome asked himself - "Wonder what she wants. I can't think!"

Through the Latin Quarter - past the little park and towers
of St. Peter's - Paul drove Jerome. ~~On~~ off the steep hill on
Lombard St. ^{around} the curves that wind to the circle atop the
hill. Here he stopped his car and looked at his watch. A quarter
of eight. "Gee he said half aloud - half an hour!" He got out of
the car and walked over to the railing. Just below, like Swiss chalets
~~lining~~ the studios of many of the art colony, clung to the steep
hillside. On the eastern hills ^{across the bay} the lights of Berkeley and Oakland
shone like so many jewels. Sausalito on the Marin side and
even the Golden Gate was discernible in the moonlight.

8. The night time looks on the Embarras the gleaming lights of the many jugs boats - many of the things that are a part of 50 must ~~be~~ enchanting view, held no interest for Jerome. He walked carefully around the pier and was facing up + down when he heard the sound of a motor coming up the hill. As it came into view he recognized it as Myra's car. He saw her immediately, ~~and~~ drove over by his car, stopped.

He approached her. "Good evening" she said "You're exactly on time - I hope you haven't been waiting"

"Good evening no - I - just got here" lied the boy.

"Spent it lovely up here", said Myra "I know but I ~~was~~ been for day or night. Shall we walk over to the edge?"

Jerome assisted her from her car and they walked to a bench ~~and~~ sat down.

"Mr Jerome", said Myra earnestly, "I want to ask you a question".

"Do I have to guarantee to answer it truthfully?" he asked.

"It would help matters if you did."

"Oh try".

"Why do you want to leave the Triangle Co?"

"As I told you brother this afternoon - for the good of the Co."

"I don't doubt your sincerity, but I doubt the fact. In fact I know it would be better if you did not leave. Would you confide and tell me why you want to go?"

"Really Miss Barker you make terribly hard for me."

~~7. I have been told that you will come back to the city.~~

9.) I want to answer you - that is. I have answered you
and my answer was the truth. Mr. Keen through an awful
lot this afternoon and - I - am - not of - not myself."

Perhaps I can help you then - "It's about my brother Wulbut
that I came to you. And in doing so I ^{am} going to speak plainly and
put aside all thought of ~~self~~ & called family pride.
There is a side to Wulbut that you can't see naturally, he
wouldn't let you see it. He was a spoiled boy, grown up as a
rich man's son. He has an outward manner of arrogance
& selfishness. Some of both are perhaps ~~one~~ ^{one} natural, & some
of both are assumed. But when all of these things that he
has built around himself are torn down his reality
is not a bad sort and he has more of a heart than you would
think.

Father has always held ~~my~~ high hopes for him. He wants
that Wulbut will make a business man. He put him ^{at} ~~down~~ ^{down}
to see if he could not get it on its feet. Wulbut has not liked
it - he's loathed it - and you see what he has done - Oh I'm
not supporting him in ~~what he has done~~ that - I think it was weak-
ness cowardly and ~~to~~ not square. Now he has awakened
and find he has fallen himself into even a worse situation.
He wants to leave, but he does not want to confront father
after having failed. I named him ~~him~~ - and his father
was. Father and I were never awfully close, and Wulbut & I
have always quarrelled like cat ~~dog~~ - dog but I - well after all
they are my father's brother & I - I don't want to see them hurt.

10.) In some places he was found weasel almost in tears, but she
subdued her emotion at once continued - "Heather is
my plan - or rather my plea. Heulbut tells me he
has been poor and is getting worse. He knows just as well he
will have had sufficient time by the end of this week to
show at least some improvement. Instead he says this
no. statement will be the worst of all. The result is plain.
To know when you see Heulbut he's going to ask you to do
something at first I was going to tell what it is, but perhaps
~~it would be better~~ you will understand him better if I
do. He's going to ask you stay in the front; he's going to ask you
stay at Δ - in a sort of different capacity - and help him.
He's going to surrender his ~~rights~~ ^{rights} ~~and himself~~.
He's going to put aside all his domineering ways, his air of
importance and ask you to stay. ~~and say~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~things~~
~~that~~ He intends its going to be hard, but it is ^{yet} ^{for} ^{me} ^{to} ^{accept}. Be
that as it may he's going to and for him ~~to~~ Heulbut has
to swallow his pride is ^a ^{great} ^{trick} ^{or} ^{you} ^{are} ^{not} ^{sitting} ^{on} ^{top} ^{of}
Telegraph Hill. And now my dear - that you put aside what
feeling or reason for leaving ^{you} ^{have} ^{and} ^{help} ^{him} ^{and} ^{water}
help yourself? You would also be helping my father."
Gene was silent for a moment then he asked "Would it be
willing you Miss Burt?"
"Naturally" - said the girl.
"Alright - I will stay."
"Thank you Mr. Jones - oh thank you so much - I knew I ~~could~~
count on you - I knew you had the ~~right~~ ^{right} ^{kind} ^{of} ^{stuff}

"I'm in you!" and Myra grasped his hand and shook it vigorously.
"how must go" she said.

Slowly they walked out to her car. as she started her motor
she said again - "again - many thanks by me and ~~every~~ thank for
coming up here."

John reached in and put his hand on hers. In just one
moment - she let it stay. "must you go - now?" he said - "I - I -
there was something - I wanted - to say."

"about the business?" she asked.

"Well - er - no -"

"Getting late - I am sure you'll have to save it for another time. You
were a dear boy to do this" she said - then she left.

He got in his had a good start for a few moments thinking.
Then in a hilarious ^{moment} ~~he~~ he ~~addressed~~ his car stepped on the
starter and addressed his car - "Come on Dynamite - lets go.
Hokey - lets go - were going to help Myra - we are going to help her
dad - we are going to help ^{her} mother - Hokey - did you see it
Dynamite - I held her hand for a split second - we are going to
help - help the whole family - lets help the mother ^{to} the
death ^{and the cook} help the dog - help every body - Come on Dynamite
were going down to D - I am going to fill you up with ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{highly}
^{cost} gas in the ~~place~~ - give you a big drink of choicest oil in the place -
I'd pour in ketchup if ~~we~~ we had it - then we are going to
drive - drive like hell - all night - I don't know where, but
~~come on~~ ~~lets go~~ we are going. Hokey - shield Myra's hand - come on
Dynamite - lets go."

Nine One Nine, Six-Eight-Nine.

John Benson was having rather a bad time with his conscience. In fact quite a bad time. He was trying to convince himself that he hadn't stolen something. He tried to console himself by repeating over & over again - "Damn it aep, 'course I didn't steal it - I never stole anything in my life - and I never will! I just found it - that's aep - picked it up. Did what any - that is, what most anyone would have done under the same circumstances. If things had been different. I - I probably would have done differently. Oh well - it probably isn't worth anything any way."

But when that 'stem voice within' refused to be quieted, John indulged in self-pity. "Wasn't my fault old Haskelle's brokerage business went to the wall, and I'm out of a job. I've tried + tried like the devil to get

another one and can't. I can't help it if Jim
32 + have to start all over again. I isn't my
fault Jim down to just a few dollars and
have to eat in soup joints and hamburger
counters. I don't know what the devil's the
matter with things anyway."

John didn't know Tom Blanchard. He
had never heard of him; neither had he ever
heard of Tom's wife, Helen, or of their little
girl - Baby Helen, who was 4. Therefore he couldn't
know that Tom was a book-keeper in a hardware
ware store, a good book-keeper, and good
man - but did not have a good salary.

Everyone who knew Tom and Helen knew
they loved Baby Helen more than life itself.
Their friends knew too that Baby Helen had
been ^a ill a deal - that she was delicate.
But only Tom + Helen knew the grief, the
terror that struck their hearts when the
doctors told them that Baby Helen was
tubercular and could never be well or

every hope to recover without months or perhaps years of constant care and nursing in a Sanitarium.

Who was to know of the expense - the unpaid bills, even with kind-hearted ^{benignant} doctors - and druggists - X-Rays - blood tests - treatments of all kinds. Collectors at the door - threatening letters from agencies - notices from the Gas Company - the Telephone Company. The limitation? Tom + Helen knew. Who was to know that in utter desperation Tom had taken a hundred dollars from his fund and was on the verge of detection. Only Tom had known that, but now Helen knew - for he had told her that morning. He knew she was right in urging him to confess to his employer. Yes - he would do it - do it today. God it would be hard! They had known something of his difficulties and in a measure had seen him - they felt they had been very kind in allowing him to draw in advance

"No."

"Fifty-cents" persisted the man.

Tom shook his head.

"Sister mister for a quarter you might win
two-hundred + fifty or any part of it. Come on!"

"Alright, I'll take a twenty-five cent ticket."

They stepped into the doorway of a vacant building
and the man thrust several tickets toward Tom.

He selected one and paid for it.

"Nine-one-nine-Six-five-nine" said the man
reading the number on the ticket. "Looks like a
good one. Begins + ends with the same number.

I like 'em like that; three nines ⁱⁿ it. Thanks

boss - hope you win. The drawing is tomorrow.

You can get a list in back of Rooney's saloon,

or most any cigar store by eleven o'clock the

the next day. Tim Rooney's the pay-off man -

you know - Rooney's Bar - 5th + Main. I'll see

you tonight from Big-leg Pete; everybody knows

Pete. I sell lots 'o winners. So long!"

"Nine-One-Nine-Six-Five-Nine" said Tom to

my God - it can't be!! Wait - Nine - One -
Nine - Six - Five - Nine. He looked again - Yes -
Nine - One - Nine - Six - Five - Nine. How that
number had burned itself across his mind
for two days. His head swam - he couldn't
see the figures on his books - everything read
"Nine - One - Nine - Six - Five - Nine. Baby Helen,
the money he had taken from the firm - their
bills at home - '!' Would 5 o'clock ever
come; and if it did, would he ever get
way over to Rooney's? If he did was there
anything in town that could get him
home - fast enough?

X X X X
"Now listen son, Jim said half a dozen times
I'm sorry. Maybe you did ^{have} that number.
Nine - One - Nine - Six - Five - Nine was the
winner a night, but it's the ticket we pay
on, and the whole thing has been
cashed. The last twelve hundred and fifty
was cashed just before noon. I paid it

myself. The agent has been here & picked up or I would show you the ticket. Now don't make any more noise around here. I don't want to throw you out, but I will if you don't stop your yapping". And Jim Rooney was a man of his word.

X X X
By what miracle a faint flicker of life remained in that little body clasped between her mother and father in the gas filled room is one of those things that is known only to Providence.

X X X
As he sat in the train John Benson wasn't sure just where he was going. He knew he was leaving San Francisco, and that he was headed in the general direction of the Texas oil fields. He knew too, that after buying his rail-road ticket, and paying his land-lady he had over a thousand dollars of his twelve hundred

and fifty left. He was conscious too of a heavy feeling in the vicinity of his heart, that he could not throw off.

x x x x x
In Los Angeles several days later he bought a San Francisco paper. A front page article of the spectacular suicide of a man and wife, with their baby clasped between them. Their pictures. That man's face - where had he seen - He gods - could it be? It was - he had watched him closely at the lunch counter ~~the~~ that day - It was the man who dropped the lottery ticket!! John did not finish reading the article - he could not. "God! He's dead - a suicide - all because - because - I - Oh, my God!"

x x x
"For twenty years the fortune amassed in oil in Texas and Mexico by that shrewd and daring operator, John Benson, has now been history."
x x x

Dr. Jeffrey Malcomb one of San Francisco's eminent surgeons did not leave the hospital until the special nurse came on duty in the early evening. He had some instructions for her. "and I'm not at all satisfied with Mr. Benson's condition, Miss Blanchard," he was saying. "Please keep the chart just as I have laid it out and phone me at my home at 10 o'clock."

"Yes doctor".

He is moose - seems to have something on his mind. I have told him he must dismiss all thought of business. He says ^{he} has, but something is troubling him, especially since the operation. I wish we could get at it. I wonder if you could - he seems to cheer up when you come on duty, and has asked her quite a bit about you - your fame - ah - what you will raised etc. A most extraordinary man, never married - no living relatives. A brilliant man. Will see what you can

~~and~~ call me at ten.

"Certainly doctor."

X X X

"Miss - Miss Blanchard."

"Yes Mr. Benson."

"Miss Blanchard - I must sit up for a -"

"No, no Mr. Benson - you must not expect you -
no Mr. Benson, Dr. Walcomb insists on absolute
quiet!"

The nurse stepped quickly into the hall and
instructed a passing intern to rush a
call to Dr. Walcomb, and returned to the
patient.

"I tell you I must - I - get me a stenographer,
no not a - sten - -"

"Mr. Benson I cannot allow you to sit up,
I shall have to call an intern to keep if
you" -

"No don't get a stenog-rapher - can - you -
take - dic - dictation - no I mean - write
this - hurry - in long - hand - its

important - vit - vitally important - 3 -
you - must!" alarmed the nurse grasped
a pencil & pad.

" - - - and as time went on - and I
grew in wealth - and power - it - be-
came harder and harder for me to
be tell - anyone. Just - after - the -
words - 'I Acqueath -' etc. leave two -
blank - spaces - for - a few - moments - then
I will fill - get someone - Miss Blanch -
get witness -"

"Miss Blanch - Mr. Benson! What does
this mean when I instructed absolute" -
Benson raised a feeble hand in protest.
Mr. Malcomb instantly recognized the
look of a dying man.

"Witness - Malcomb - witness - give
me - pencil - nurse - want this - my
own - hand - writing!"

In the space he had directed a moment
before to be left blank, Benson

himself as he put the ticket in his wallet. He decided not make his confession at the store that afternoon, and that evening at home he told Helen of his purchase.

Two days later at his noon hour Tom rushed to a lunch counter for a hurried bite. While waiting for his sandwich he took out his wallet to make sure he had his ticket. Yes, it was there. He replaced the wallet but plucked the ticket out his change pocket. "Coffee master?" asked the greasy individual, as he slid Tom's plate down the counter toward him. "Please," said Tom as he stopped the oncoming sandwich.

Gulping down his lunch he hurried to a cigar counter and in a few tongue asked the clerk for an "I + A" list. Learning to look at it there he went back to the store. Soon, when he saw no one would abuse him he took out the list and examined it. "What - No -

occasionally.

During the noon hour Tom could eat no lunch. He was walking about in the vicinity of his work trying to summon courage for what he knew must come before the close of the day.

A one-legged man selling pencils and shot-stings approached him. Tom sought to avoid him. "Ticket mister?" said the man in a low tone. "What?" asked Tom. "Lottery ticket?" repeated the cripple. "Not to-day", Tom answered. All Tom knew about the Lottery was that it was against the law - and that he had heard of people sometimes winning money.

"Better take one. I sold a couple of winning numbers last week", said the wily old beggar. A thought raced through Tom's mind. "How much?"

"Two dollars for a whole ticket. Capital prize is ten thousand."

"Can't do it"

"Dollar collects five thousand on the winner."

secretly inserted the name - Helen
Blanchard.

"No, no - no, no" cried the girl - her
composure completely leaving her.
"abs-ol-ute-ly - please, wit-ness -
sig-na-tu-re!"

X X X

"And there can be no question as to the
legitimacy of the document," said Judge
Haley, as he admitted the will to
probate. "Whether is there the slightest
evidence of undue influence, or in fact
any influence at all exerted by the
beneficiary - especially after the
testimony of such a man as our eminent
Dr. Walcomb. I wish to thank you doctor for
your cooperation and in awarding this estate
to you Miss Blanchard I wish to compliment
you on your absolute unselfishness.
next case" - said the Judge.

Nancy Lee Sparks
833 Coventry Rd.
Berkeley, Calif.

Berkeley

Nancy Lee Sparks
833 - Coventry Rd.

Berkeley California

833 Coventry Rd. 833 Coventry Rd.
Berkeley Calif Berkeley

The Board of Control of the City Athletic Club knew, as did nearly everyone else, that "Booze" had "Red" Cackaban. They also knew that was the reason he became Ex-weight champion probably several years sooner than he should have.

Yet they hired him. ^{Cent} The newspapers, the sports writers, ^{and} in fact the public in general lauded their action.

He was taken on as boxing instructor, trainer and sort of "all around man" in the gymnasium.

A fighting champion is nearly always popular, and Red had seen all of that; he took them as they came, often going out of his own division and even sparring his man from 10 to 30 pounds. He was one of those rare individuals who ^{could} be colorful, or even spectacular without trying or being conscious of it.

There was that great army of down + outers - hangers on, underworld characters; hop heads, dog fiends + rum-hounds who would so willingly testify that Red had not only a fighting heart, but a childishly generous one as well.

Some of the other fans in the "upper and middle

strata" who had nothing to ask of Ned but the
privilege of paying their money to see him fight.
Again there was the greatest army of ¹⁰⁰ ~~1000~~ thousands
who did not see him fight but closed nothing to
interfered with hearing the broad-cast, or derided
the fight by sounds in the newspapers afterward.

Ned had something that "got" them. Thus it was,
the night he lost his championship after going down
four times + each time coming up fighting harder than
before, never stopping until he was out "cold", that the
new champion received only a mild applause, but when
Ned left the ring, his was an oration that
threatened to wreck the Auditorium.

It was that same something 6 months later
in a return match when Ned had been down,
^{we got this fact} he came back + put the champ on the floor
for the count of 8, the crowd stood on chairs + went crazy;
Millionaires + truck drivers slapped each other on
the back, families getting the broad-cast up leave
me wild, and grandmothers moved their chairs
closer to the radio.

^{But} ~~And~~ when the champ got up before 10 + a few rounds
later staved Ned away for keeps it was the same some-
thing that made men want to wreck a

a social register to find solace in conversation with
 an utter stranger as they filed out of the building.

The City Athletic Club was founded some
 thirty years ago. Although it had produced some
 of the best amateur athletes in the country &
 even contributed four winners in various Olympiads,
 it was not entirely athletic. ^{At junction with the course as an athletic club.} Business + professional
 men lunched & dined there & found it a haven
 for their daily exercise or swim.

Among its membership was a an industrialist
 of wide reputation, one Henderson's Gordon by name.
 Himself a college athlete of earlier ^{years} ~~days~~ he readily
 missed his daily hand back or throw in the gym.
 While this comprised his own ^{athletic} activities, his keen
 interest in all sports remained.

Red Callahan attempted comb-back riding
 in his second defeat by the ^{then} champion terminated his
 career in championship circles. His drawing power
 however was sufficient for local promoters to have
 him on their cards as a "main attraction." Between

4. ^{however} always he drank heavily + soon ~~had~~ slipped to fighting "semi-windups". after that his taboggan traveled fast + he was unable to get on the cards of even the minor shows.

Smells + fewer purses, combined with his dissipation + yet never ending generosity with infernities soon spent almost ~~complete~~ oblivion.

Drawing on his last ounce of reserve will, Red succeeded in getting himself in condition to make a fairly good appearance before the Board ^{to tell his application}

8 The news spread rapidly through the club. It met with such ready response from the membership that the Board acted favorably on his application and in a surprisingly short time Red found himself no more "sitting on top of the world," as he expressed it, than if it was a smaller world.

Call it what you wish. Say they did it out of the goodness of their hearts; ^{say it was ~~merely~~ ^{the} fighting} for champion he once had been & nevertheless "something" made them do it and as has already been recorded everybody ^{some took for granted the complete cause} applauded.

5. What is it in attitudes or spots of any kind that ~~is~~
just a good woman or often a good loser power to ~~excite~~
dominant emotions or stimulate already concious ones
in persons, regardless of need or cost? Sometimes it has
been defined as the loss of spirit, or admiration of
true fortunanship. Why can the head of ~~an~~ institution
banker, business man or foot legger leave his the
high seat in which he is comfortably seated,
go to his club & stand in awe of the tutor who
was little ^{more} to offer than a muscular body & perhaps
sufficient ~~to~~ grey matter to direct it to ~~a~~ good
purpose?

They came to help and he did his job! a steam ship
head looked at him wide-eyed, a broker, offered him a
tip, a lawyer legal advice. They fraternized with him
as though he was their equal. (In the story) he was
their superior.

... went on for several years - But I don't
want to go on forever - they didn't. The Board
of Directors changed - younger men came in - they
had new ^{fabulous} ~~ideas~~ Redment out.

The new ~~Board~~ ^{Directorate} didn't function as well & part the
plausibility from blood ~~and~~ new ideas.

but before long dissenters took place & under the
With a ⁶ well known, naturally

known traveled fast

area of influence, particularly the latter, caused
Red one day to summon, as a last resort, sufficient
Cousin to appear at Wadsworth's Board Office.

was unfortunatly of Boston so, finally persuaded to see
judgment he had returned. Entering the private office she said
"a person by the name of Red Callahan visits a secretary of mine
I did my best to get rid of him but he says its a personal matter
I will wait until he can see you" he seems pretty much unrepentant

"Red Callahan - said ~~the~~ Gordon in distress. The element are bound
in for a year. Wadsworth?
Couldnt appear to be so sure. Its just his general appearance
"see what a show he has" naturally to a touch "said
Gordon to himself"

as Red appeared at the door & approached the desk
Gordon ~~so~~ ~~swayed~~ swept him with a quick glance.
He rose & extended his hand. "Well - Callahan to
It has been a long time"

"Mr. Gordon" interrupted Red, it looks a lot & more
to do this & I cant take any of your time but I just
want to ask you one question. I came to you because I
knew you would come clean with me"

"Yes" - said Gordon, waiting

reproach
⑦

I just want to ask you if you stir coffee with a
knife or a spoon?

With a look mingled with pity + reproach Gordon
said "Red have you taken to dope or something?"
"No Mr Gordon I ain't".

"Then why ask a foolish question like that?"

"Well you the kindly Mr. Gordon it's been a long since I've
had a knife or a spoon in my mouth I'm forgot!
Everybody knows what the boys has done for me, but I ain't
never ~~got~~ ^{got} on to the help or doctor Inever would. I've
~~been~~ been been off the barge for a year, but this
has been tough.

"Sandy" said ~~the~~ Gordon. Then ~~he~~ ^{he}
taking a ten dollar bill from his pocket he put it
it across the ~~top~~ desk said "Take this - Red if
will probably help."

"Jees Mr Gordon, ~~if~~ you know I ain't got no
change - and - and - that's why, I'm here, but I'll
go out ~~get~~ ^{get} ~~the~~ ~~money~~ + bust the note
+ bring back the -
"he Red - that's for you - but it".

"Cripes Mr. Gordon. Please didn't hurt me. I'm weak as cat & can't stand -

Mr. Gordon - you you ain't kidding?"

"No Ned - I don't want any change - I want you to leave that. Leave to do me a little about yourself. Things have not gone so well with you eh?"

"I didn't come in to give you no job stop Mr. Gordon & I can cut the whole thing short by saying that ten years just give me is the most jack I've had in my unit at one time for ^{in the} two years. I had odd jobs I 'course I'm all through with the fight game. We had odd jobs over a while - anything - I'd do anything to get by. But as the never lasted. "Gee" said Gordon sympathetically.

There's only one thing that kind of stands out now - said Ned reminiscently - "if I'd only had the guts to ~~put~~ ~~out~~ ~~the~~ ~~ring~~ ring I had in it things would have been a lot different.

"What do you mean for instance?" - asked Gordon.
 "Well - take the booze. There's a lot of things some I pick than booze I don't know whether you was like a ~~not~~ not, but the night before last I was it on me - he was & was the man I was with but the ground was with me. In the afternoon

about 9 damn near had him - (you know, he forced
us ~~to~~ ^{ghost} work full) I had him on the floor
for (8) ^{by hand} they damn near wrecked the building - well
it's com + kind o' encouragin' - even tho you' on the
short end - everybody yellin' for you - - But the Gordon
I seen through the bandst o' crap I ever had I been
through hell + when up to him was lookin' - when
there was - well I don't know what you raised
cell it - but when my belly was ~~to~~ knowin' -
nobody in my corner - ~~with~~ second prayer me +
his ^{brain} clear + tellin' me how to see mine - well
there's times I'm damn near slipped. I didn't
~~slip~~ But by God the Gordon I didn't. He hear a crowd
say founts - ^{family} parts + pretend to communitis + when they old gut
chopped I'm said to myself - "Maybe this guy is
right." The hardest ~~in~~ scribbles as you have to scrub
alone; there ain't no gallery. You don't know this then
Gordon ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ because a man like you
wouldn't make peace like that. Why there's even the
editin' ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~all~~ free lunch counters now that they
used to be before Volstead got fresh. There's places
where you can go + set a drink + free lunch. I got a kid
out of one that had a sign over the ^{counter} free lunch.

10 that said "Gordon, your appetite ~~is~~
according to you trust" Will I could a word
a doubt for a ~~minute~~ trust but my wills on
enough tongue + have to maybe get me
up for a while - + then according to the
rules of the house - "2" drinks might a
give me enough food for - need how the
well do I know how long - but - so
help me drink the Gordon - I do not
I'll tell you why - I know all about
what a few drinks were ~~made for~~ ~~at~~
+ what that it make you do. I remember
old overhills up another match, walked out
+ God - I'm - I'm afraid to drink ^{but I'm off my mind} + need of the
all I - need - Jesus in Gordon I'd like to go
+ eat."

~~I admitted - I want you to~~ at that moment
Hordun Sci entered + announced a client.
"Sorry Ned" said Gordon - "I have an ~~affair~~ affair -
suppose you come back in an hour or so!" ^{I want to talk with}
When the boys returned he was admitted to see Mr Gordon.
Well Ned - did you have enough to eat? - inquired Gordon -
^{on some more}

"Did I? and I'd listen to what I had heard in
wonder ~~what~~ order o' ham ~~recept~~ - ~~January~~ ~~fried~~,
3 cups o' coffee - slacks o' ~~the~~ ~~lots~~ -
"What - but - ~~wait~~ wait - please - I'd ^{just a minute} ~~set~~ ~~just~~ ~~set~~
can attach of acute ~~ind~~ indigestion from
just listening to you

~~What I~~ ~~you~~ ~~can't~~ ~~get~~ ~~the~~ ~~country~~ ~~to~~ ~~accept~~
that I -
well Red - at least you had ~~seen~~ ~~enough~~ ~~done~~ ~~you~~?
I really would do now I'd like to put you back
the difference -
"Red" (somewhat impatiently) is not talk about
our work.

Then, ~~do~~ ~~not~~ looking at the paper steadily
the man said. "Red I think I have a job for you."
"Job? job? Jees - the Godan - your 'iddin!
no - not at all. It is ~~not~~ my temporary, not -
~~It's~~ ~~not~~ ~~for~~ ~~you~~ ~~if~~ ~~you~~ ~~want~~ ~~it~~
~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~if~~ ~~you~~ ~~want~~ ~~it~~ I will give it to you if
you want it." "I must be punch drunk."
"My Gawd the Godan. ~~It's~~ ~~not~~ ~~in~~ ~~you~~ ~~just~~ ~~you~~ ~~give~~
me a ten - tell me to give my acquaintance with
the restaurant tools - keep the change. Then you offer me
a job! Jees men with all the groceries I stored away under

my belt I cant stand two shocks like that
one day - I'm out a condition! But can't
missen it like the match & I'm signing articles
right now."

"That's fine. Now Red I'm going to take you into my con-
science. Part of what I'm going to tell you is studies
between you and G. understand."

Sure! ~~into what have several days~~ I

get you! Who would a thought I'd be to

in a G. joint with this with a guy
like you for my manager - ^{write her own highest} - I'm

me by God - I been in the dumps
so long I've ~~forgot~~ almost forgot how to talk - I

mean - well I guess you ~~would say~~ I'd have
a hand - dictate her own terms & Red's
is signing in pencil."

"Alright - now I have a brother in law, when I
think a part deal, he has lived his wife most
his life. Her about 36. He worked for a big Co for several
years & made a good name - In fact a good thing
sent him to Seattle as my first officer. After
end of four years he had made much a success of that
he can't back here to go into business for himself."

J. Sullivan
Frank Belcher
Mullin