



THE JACOB RADER MARCUS CENTER OF THE AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

Preserving American Jewish History

MS-603: Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum Collection, 1945-1992.

Series A: Writings and Addresses. 1947-1991

Box 6, Folder 13, Miscellaneous unpublished manuscripts
[typescript & handwritten], Undated.

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SMOKE FEST

~~MID AFTERNOON SMOKE~~

By Marc H. Tanenbaum

AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

The storebeal jangled for a moment, then stopped as the heavy coil-spring snapped the door shut. I straightened up from behind the glass showcase and looked at him. He was tall, lean and wrapped in a soggy black suit, ~~held together with wrinkles~~. He stood ~~like a limbo dancer~~ before the kerosene drum.

"Hiya, Slim. Boy, it's really pouring out there, ain't it?"

Slim shook his head and let the raindrops pour off the drain of his turnedup hat brim. He looked over his shoulder towards the rainstriped window and grunted: "Christ, Abie, that'sha sunnavabitch out ere...".

Abie...

I smiled. Slim's been calling my Dad and me, ^{"Abie"} my mother and sister "Missuz Abie" ever since I can remember. He rubbed his wet ~~blasted~~ hands together, then shook like a drenched puppy.

I turned my back to him to place the last carton of Luckies on the shelf. As I turned around again facing the showcase, Slim shambled over and leaned halfway across the glasstop of the case, ~~completely blocking the door~~.

From his leathery deeplylined face, a heavy breath of grainy alcohol exhaled, stroking my face. I moved back to avoid the stinging odor.

"What can I do for you, Slim?"

Slim shuddered and caused the showcase to rock under his ~~weight~~ body. He raised his right arm and wiped the water from his ~~face~~ stubble-beard.

He looked at the man who was standing in the doorway of the store.

The man was looking at him with a strange expression.

He looked at the man who was standing in the doorway that led into the living room. The man was looking at him with a strange expression. He looked at the man who was standing in the doorway that led into the living room. The man was looking at him with a strange expression. He looked at the man who was standing in the doorway that led into the living room. The man was looking at him with a strange expression.

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"Shunnababitch, it's really leaking out 'ere...". I leaned back on the cash register and ~~xxx~~ watched this ~~man~~ ^{this ~~man~~ - man} who was avoiding my question ~~just~~ ^{so often} as he did ~~xxx~~ hundreds of times before when he primed himself to ask for a handout or smokes.

"Whaddyawant, Slim?" I was ~~firm~~ ^{firm, even belligerent.}

He twisted his head toward the doorway that led into our living room. "Abie", my father, or "Missus Abie" weren't in sight, ~~so~~ ^{so} he could ask me for a dime, or smokes, or a pair of cheap cotton socks without fear of the old man or the old lady cursing him and screeching "getta hell outta here, you drunken, goodfernuttin bum".

"Say, Abie," Slim ~~warmed up,~~ ^{cleared his throat and waved} ~~spreading~~ his palm in front of my chest. "Look, Abie, be a good guy...an'...". ~~Slim~~ ^{He} burped, then wheezed a loose, phlegm-laden cough. "Shunnababitch, it'sh cold outere". He started again: "How about a packitsha smokes...I'll ~~pay~~ ^{pay} you back when I get my check...".

~~The refrain was ancient and I knew the melody well.~~
~~Sternly I stated:~~ "Sorry, Slim, can't help you. I gave you a pack last week and my ole man raised holy hell...~~nope,~~ ^{sorry pal,} can't help you."

"Awww, Abie, ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~drawled, ancient and I knew the melody well.~~ ^{drawled,} don't be like 'at." His ~~hole~~ ^{whole} body shook as he coughed again. A thick wad of green, ~~juicy~~ ^{juicy} phlegm oozed out on his lower ~~purple~~ lip. He ~~xxxxx~~ felt for his back pocket, brought out a soaked red handkerchief, and clumsily wiped the clot from his mouth.

A stifling sense of revulsion filled me, and my face drew up in disgust. "Look, Abie, don't be like your ole man...". He rubbed his bleary eyes with the granite knuckles of his left hand. "Crisht, I need ose goddam smokes for our Mulligan Stew...come'on, be a right guy...".

Mulligan Stew? Whatinthehell is a Mulligan Stew? In all th years

I worked in ~~my~~ Dad's store, ^{watching} ~~sitting on~~ Slim, an' Curly, and Chunky, and Humpback, I never ^{heard} ~~them xxxxxxxx~~ talk about Mulligan Stew.

"What's this Mulligan Stew, Slim?" I asked.

"Thatsha...thatsha...", ~~xxxxxx~~ his ^{lips} ~~mouth~~ suddenly parted, ~~baring~~ ~~his blackened teeth~~, his nostrils quivered, he caught his breath, then sighed with relief after the aborted sneeze. He continued: "Thatsha shtew...ya know, we're havin' a blowout --- some of the boyz got let outta the klink, ~~so~~ we're havin' a Mulligan Shtew...".

I bent toward the showcase and Slim, entranced by the ~~xxx~~ words ^{fantastic exciting}

"Mulligan Stew?"

^{Pelt completely disarmed.} "Where, Slim, where are you havin' this stew?" ^{The facade of my sternness weakened, and}

"Under Hanover Street Bridge...but shay, pal...how 'bout those shmokes?"

"Can I come down and watch you...?" I asked eagerly, pushing aside with my elbows the cigar boxes on the top of the case ~~as if they were checkerpieces~~

"What about those shmokes, Abie?". Slim was soberly shrewd, and I was lost in eagerness over this bizarre, exotic expression.

"Here, here(s a pack of Luckies...where are you havin' it...under the first pass?"

"~~Yeh~~...under the first pass...how 'bout makin' these Chesters?" I exchanged the packages.

"You goin' down there now?"

His watery ^{foiled} ~~blue~~ eyes blinked and he wore a blank expression on his pointed face. "Yeh...I'm goin down 'ere now...the boyz..." he burped again..."shunnabitch, itsh cold...yeh, the boyz are waitin' for the shmokes...". He lifted his arms off the showcase top, leaving little puddles of water on the glass. Folding his coatlapels together close

under his throat, feeling his left pocket to make sure the smokes were there, he waddled over to the door, and waved so-long.

"Thanksh for the shmokes, Abie boy...you're a right guy...Shee you later...".

The bell jangled, and the door shut behind Slim who stepped out into the sweeping rain. ^{ooh}

When I reached the bottom of the grassy embankment, I paused to kick the clotted mud off the bottom of my shoes. Jesus, what a miserable ^{Leadin' shies, silver shies of rain, probes of mud.} day. ~~No wonder Mom was angry when I told her I was going out and that~~

I pulled my ~~rain~~ rain hat further down so that the brim would keep the rain from smearing my glasses. As I plopped through the mud path leading up to the ~~underpass~~ under Hanover Street Bridge, I heard ^{a grunt} ~~someone~~ call: "Hiya, Abie...rainin' like all hell outere, ain't it?"

^{It} ~~That~~ was Rags Kelly, ~~who called.~~ "Yeh, Rags, it's a real bitcheroo" I answered.

Bundled up in a black mackinaw, Rags stood ^{dwarfed} in the middle of the ~~vast~~ underpass, hovering over a big, rusted lard can which sat propped up on two uneven rows of bricks. A fire raged underneath, and the flames shot out wildly on one side, driven by a moaning wind.

"Whattya doin', Rags?" My voice rumbled in the vast emptiness of the cavern.

"Boilin' this here water...dammit, I'm doin' all the woik...lookat ose lazy bastids over dere...". His wrinkled windchiseled face screwed up in bitterness, then he turned his head aside grunting curses. Bläbs of steam shot up in shafts wrapping around his bony mask like a wet towel. Rags, who looked like a sack of potatoes topped with a ~~map~~ battered cap, was perturbed, and his body said it, his face said it, and I knew it all the more becuse he was not laughing freely and or singing "My ^{Wild} Sweet Irish Rose" as he did almost always.

I moved back against the soot-scarred wall to watch the jumble of men bunched oppsite me on the damp ground with their backs propped up against the concrete wall. Rags glanced at them for a moment, then stared at out and through the slatesheets of rain dropping abruptly like an enclosing curtain. He shuddered coldly, and flipped his hands together several times. "Git up, you lazy bastids...I ain't gonna do all this friggin' woik by meself...git offer your fannies..."

The command evoked no response.

(5)

slouched sitting in the middle, with five men on each side. His hands were passing out the cigarettes to the men on his left. He sneezed robustly, and a swatch of snot latched onto his shoe. He shoved his rain-soaked hat to the back of his head, then looked up towards me: "Thanksh for the shmokes, Abie. You're a regular guy...". The other men who were dragging on their cigarettes while lighting them in their cupped palms, mumbled their gratitude.

On the far right corner somewhat removed from the others, Curley and Humpback sat together atop a soggy mound of earth with their backs flat against the rainstreaked wall. The rain lashed across Curley's shoulder, but he seemed to ignore it as he fumbled over a chocolate colored bottle ^{bearing the inscription} ~~labeled~~ "Poison - denatured alcohol" / under a skull-and-bones emblem. Curley, a skinny bonefaced relic of a man whose sheepish grin always creased his lower jaw, placed the bottle between his grimy teeth and pried loose the cork. At his side, sourfaced bitter Humpback, ^{who} ~~was~~ an inveterate misanthrope ^{since} ~~his~~ ^{early} ~~nearly~~ twenties when he crushed his spine after falling off a boxcar, was busy unscrewing the cap from a gallon vinegar jar half-filled with water.

Spitting the cork out, Curley bent toward his grisly-haired neighbor and nudged him. "Gimme da jug, Hump". The water swished in the

bottom of the white jar, as Humpback carefully handed it over to Curley. Holding the ear of jug between his thumb and forefinger, Curley began pouring the contents of the poison-marked bottle into the short fatnecked white jug. His left hand shook frantically, and the first flow spread across the ~~mouth~~ ^{jug} of the vinegar bottle. "You clumsy bastid, Humpback whined acidly. "Who's a clumsy bastid? --- I'll kick you in your ~~goddam~~ ^{goddam} teeth". A tinge of pink shot into Curley's bluish cheeks as he started to ~~place the bottle between his crotch, and prepare for a fight.~~ ^{put down on his left side away from Hump & Spotty, to assume a fighting stance.}

"Cut dat out...you're holdin' up the woiks..." Rags, the unchallenged Irish master called from his altar in the middle of the windblown underpass.

Both Curley and Humpback grumbled at each other as the former ^{began} again/pouring the denatured alcohol into the water jug. Despite the uneven pouring, ^{a quantity} of the liquid finally wended its way into the wide jar and within a moment a formidable hiss shot out of the jug and a thick camulous smoke spiraled dervishly, filling the entire flask. Hearing the familiar hiss, Chunky, the clumsy hulking railroader who was sprawled out next to Slim, turned on his side, and boomed: "Izzat shmoke ready...Pass it down...".

"Godahell...we ain't had our swig yet..." Humpback shot back ~~carminiously~~. Chunky flopped back on his spine and shooed away ^{black and white} Spotty, his dripping ~~ugly~~ mongrel, who was nudging the package lying at his master's outstretched feet. "Leavat alone, Spots, at's for the shtew...".

Curley cocked his head back and slanted the smoke-filled flask toward his mouth. Humpback eyed suspiciously the water-level in the bottle. "Hey, at's all, Curley...let's have it...". Without moving the jug from his lips, Curley jabbed Humpback in the chest, and continue

to suck on the bottle. A trolley car thundered across the bridge, jarring the girders and drowning out Humpback's protests.

Curley's face broke into a wide sheepish grin, he smacked his lips, and passed the smoke-filled jug to Hump^{back}. Adjusting his hump against the wall, Humpback wiped his mouth with his coarse coveralled arm, thrust the bottleneck between his lips, and took a deep full swig. When he finished he passed the flask onto the eager ~~waiting~~ hands stretched out beside him.

Looking into the steamy, bubbling lard can, Rags shouted in his ~~harsh~~ harsh voice: "O.K., you guys...the water's ready...gimme your stuff...". Sil Kirby, ~~mediumheight~~ lean and drawnfaced, scrambled to his feet, handed the flask to Slim, then staggered over to the ~~newly~~ dented lard can. He fished around in the bottom of his khaki coat pockets, and pulled out two newspaper-wrapped packages. "Here's the melts, Rags".

Rags tore off the paper which clung wetly to the two big fat redlobes of meat.

I moved closer to see that they were the thick masses of ^{cows!} mammary glands which the slaughter house across the street from my Dad's store sold for crab-bait.

"Chrisht, 'ey look good...who gave you dese melts?" Rags asked. Sil flicked back several strands of his greying watersoaked hair. "My cousin handed em to me outta the back door". Sil's cousin is a butcher who deals in my father's store.

Rags dumped both lobes of bloodstained meat into the ^{brewed} bubblin water which ~~hisssed~~ and ^{hissed} ~~hisssed~~ against the galvanized walls of the can. "Hey, gimme the resht of at stuff" Rags turned toward the others who were slumped against the underpass wall. Curley

scurried to his feet, and ~~km~~ all the others followed, all except Joamey Locker, Mike, and John Thomas who were sitting at the left end of the wall and were preoccupied with the mixing of another jar of smoke.

Chunky leaned over to wrap his thick arm around Rag's shoulder, leafy black- then handed him a ~~large~~-stained head of cabbage which, he explained the "dago" down at the market wouldn't give him, so he picked it up out of the gutter. Rags looked at it sullenly, shook off some of the gutter water which still rolled between the leaves, then tossed it into the simmering pot. "Put the other stuff in," Rags ordered the others who encircled the ~~man~~ and upon whom the blazing fire cast a rosy glint.

Hands began moving into pockets, pants pockets, coat pockets, chest pockets. Like a stream of pennies that fell into a dish at the carnivals, fruits and vegetables and slices of meat and cheese and bread ~~fell~~ fell in a torrent into the lard can. Slim heaved in a handful of rotten apples, ~~which a passing huckster gave him,~~ Curley threw in a chunk of liverwurst and Swiss cheese, ~~which he picked up in Heinz's alley,~~ Humpback threw in a square of moldy ^{big} bacon, then John Thomas hobbled over and sprinkled in a box of salt, a paper cupful of pepper, while Rags uncorked a quart bottle of vinegar and spilt its contents into the raging brew.

A sharp rancid odor that smelled of vinegar and meat and cabbage sailed up through the huddled group who were steaming in the clouds of smoke from the lard can. Humpback grunted, and Rag's mouth was twisted with a smile ~~that replaced his harsh grimace.~~ Spotty stuck his head in between Chunky's legs and sniffed at the juice that trickled along the bottom ridge of the can. Chunky squeezed

his legs over Spotty's neck, holding him vise-like near the fire. "Here, warm out your snoot, Spots ole gal..." and he laughed gruffly. Humpback leaned over the lard can to watch Spots jerk before the fire. He laughed ~~happily~~ ^{seriously} as Spots yelped and jerked herself loose to rub her nose in the stream of water that trickled past my leg.

There was a moment of silence, dull magnified and grotesque in the ~~extreme~~ ^{clot} underpass, while the rugged uneven ~~mass~~ ^{clot} of men hugged ^{around} the crater of the can. Suddenly the gritty ~~voice~~ ^{voice} of Rags boomed to the girders high overhead: "No fat-assed judge is gonna keep us in the klink for long...we'll show dose bastids..." "Whos'a Smokehound?"

A charge of defiance raced through the wobbly forms in faded denim and muddy khaki, and Curley shuffled back from the lardcan, stiffly bent over, picked up an empty tomato can by its ragged top, and waving it over his head, shouted bitterly to all around him, to the whole world: "We'll show you bastids...we're American citizens...we'll show you..." and he heaved the can across the length of the underpass, and it fell on the other side with a dull clank and rolled down a mudbank.

The smoke in their stomachs activated by the steam clouds from the stew-man which assaulted their nostrils seemed to begin taking effect. From where I was standing, I could see their eyes glistening ~~their~~ ^{with} tears, their foreheads beaded with sweat. Chunky's defiance, first made obvious by his gnawing at his fat lower lip and the tightening of his grimy face, suddenly gave way to a grim morbidity. He stared at the ground and stiffly booted at a rock. But across from him, Humpback, grimacing and scowling, thrust his clenched fist defiant at the can, and grumbled acidly: "Dirty bastids...three weeks inna

klink...dirty bastids....!"

Meanwhile, Rags had tipsily sauntered across the rocky garbage-strewn ground to the knot of men still against the end of the wall, and then brought back to ^{him} ~~stew~~-can a jug of smoke. He weaved back and forth for a moment, then shutting his eyes, raised the jug to his mouth, and drained lustily. He ~~then~~ wiped his lips with his scabby palm, passed the bottle to Slim who stared morosely into the steamy cauldron, and unexpectedly, without warning and completely shattering the moribund mood he himself had created, began hopping/and down to the rhythm of an Irish jig. His stodgy body jogged down and up, up and down, his hands flailed at his sides, and from his grimy face there came a raucous incongruous melody... frenzied backs of the black-and-white

mongrel who pranced with the dancing men. Suddenly Rags grew hoarse, his eyes rolled big in his head, and he toppled over singing, flat on the ground, his hat driven into the rain by

Then abruptly he barked, "Come on, you guys, whatin hell kinda shelebration izzis?...come on, liddle ole Irish toone...". Rags, with a sudden spurt of energy, hopped away from the can, and hopped right back with a broken broomstick in his hand. Still singing loud and a brittle still jumping up and down with amazing ease, he ~~brought~~ broke into his tune, "Come on, let'sh jig...get the lead outta your fannies...let'sh jig her up...", and then pumped the broomstick before him in drum major fashion. Skipping on the fire-baked ground ~~huff~~ around the can, he began to dance wildly frenetically. One by one, Chunky, Slim, Hump, Curley fell in line behind the drum major whose cap bobbed up and down on his head, and they danced a weird maddening variation of the jig around the can...

My sweet Irish rose
She's the shweetesh flower 'at growszz..
My wild Irish rose
She's the shweetesh flower 'at growszz..

Around and around, in ever widening circle, they jiggled up and down, laughing wheezing, they weaved, they wobbled, they bounced. Coarse brittle weird "My wild Irish rose..she's..."... from the hobbling circle of men, and now from the laughing clot sprawled against the wall, too drugged to "jig". The cacophany, ~~the~~ the frightful discord, at once warming, ~~and then~~ at once terrifying, filled the underpass, bounced against the concrete walls, hit metallic against the girders, ~~xxxxxx~~ rang against the ceiling, and burst out against the swishing rain.

Three, four times they gyrated about the red-hot bubbling can, shouting above the frenzied barks of the black-and-white mongrel who pranced with the dancing men. Suddenly Rags grew hoarse, his eyes rolled big in his head, and he toppled over stuporous, flat on the ground, his hat driven into the rain by a swift gust of wind. Chunky stopped moving, he stood at Rag's feet looking blankly at the fallen potato sack, then the top of his body began weaving and as Curley collided into his back, they both lurched and fell in opposite directions.

Slim dropped the jug which he carried throughout the dance on the hard earth, and doubling up with pain, he vomited before him, then sank to the ground coughing and groaning. On the far end of the wall, Joamey and John Thomas lay limp with the spilled over bottle between them.

There were no human voices, no ~~xx~~ human sounds, no groans, Only the fierce bubbling of the can which raged furiously with the Mulligan Stew, and the hollow barking of the mongrel which

sounded distant and far-removed.

I walked toward the fallen men who lay fan-like about Rags. I kneeled over to touch the capless little Irishman, but recoiled as a quid of green slime spumed from his parted lips.

Rats, ~~ugly~~ ^{poor} hunted growned rats, I muttered and clambered up the muddy bank toward home.

pretty please w. sugar on it
kind guarded by father at
wedding, looking him from view

old age hits people in
various places: the legs,
skin, I hope not the head -
arteriosclerosis

Heskel at Union Theo meeting, see
him prop. read papers referring
to him, not to L. or Lieberman;
they make nasty talks on Heskel is
not Jewish

Imprudent Grace - wife, does
not finish each thing she
starts

aggers = warblers

tree cut

1) planet ear & car - legs

2) Clarence Kirby - Amer
- Wash. Temp Hotel (Song) ^{begin - VFW}

- You gotta take care a' yourself.
if I fall down out there in
the street, who's gonna pick
me up - Pick myself up

3) Chinkman - premonition medicine

4) 2 girls fight over man -
Country girls

5) Kayser throws old man out;
Tootsie works in cabinet, separates

cross to mother
pigeon race
storm (gull, bait
dog

impulsive

Small brown dog
Smelling leg one
little black &
white bitch with
tattoos showing
between back legs

little boy, dressed
red hair, yellow
picture shirt, blue
short pants, holds
scriptum as he
watches in the
dog's chase each
other down the track
He does not understand
the smelling; goes in
store, comes out
with box of tea,
looks again for
dog, loses interest,
losters around
cart-delivery entrance,
picking up board,
leaves it there;
dog comes over he
picks it; no fear,
flap catch with
a box, then
runs home.

Grace

when was it with
them

you're taking care
of man

i put him in jail
for 9 days

work meladama

dread gain down
them

23. married at 19,
2 yrs older than him

from, hands attractive
with dark brown

landy - \$20 - 6 1/2 day

Schneider's aunt
\$30

writing to allotment

father died 7 years
in June - President
Dawson - he married
no too

Dog chase up &
back, little one
hopping over back
of other, both snorting
with passion. They
stop abruptly, both
raise water; small one
right away, big one
chases

Locals

2 kids to church

My missus has life

" & girl has child
& husband

Red in print
orange looks - father
in yard - too cold
in winter

3/10
3.00

11-5765 (Sno)

off 1414 - Mr. Haden (Keefer) - 2745 (Keefer)
in Kent

3 new helpers broke down riveter - "careless
mess."
dept #16 - ashcoats (in back of factory) - 200
I on floor, too much to do myself, I went
home.

Colored fellow - twirling fringe of hair above
dimple - tried to cut it off - grew back, let it then

boiling Dec. day "unseasonal" from colored group
sat on tanks app. each other eating, like on
see-saw, legs propped up.

Wet shirts hanging on green gates to dry, tie
shirts - meaty stunk

Wetzel - you ago Dec. 7 it snowed. Western
"unseasonal" was

Andy walks stiffly like cowboy takin' over a
town, turns corner like sitting on a horse

After noon, black-white smoke, coal shuttles into
trunk in better yard, clank of metal in Kandy's
steel saw, thin spray of white smoke over Henry's little
station wagons (stationing, cautions) piled in & out
Diesel chuffs on tracks below, Cowan transport
truck (8 back wheels, mid-trunk 4 small, 4 end 4
are, 2 front truck); Rebsack w. heat trouble pushing
wheel-barrow w. straw shirt, roofing truck w. tar
pail behind, dogs & birds, Rebsack w. box, hoses playing
with

In rain, ask Willie to get loading ramp for truck
2 R.R. ditch cleaners negroes, long handled shovels
walk lazily down track-potholes, tail one using it
like cane, looking on ground for coins

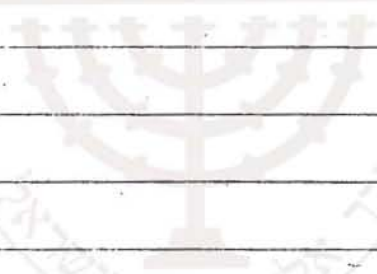
Hobbes - 77, pensioned, white hair, rapture
protruding out of white sweater like
child's foot

- 1- WIN GATES (OLD MAN, GRACE, GRACE JR, ^{WILLIAM, HENRY, ROBERT, HOWARD})
- 2- RUTVERFORDS (MIKE - MARGARET, MOTHER - FATHER)
- 3- CAMBELLS (JIMMY - MILLIE, ^{CLARENCE - RICHARD})
- 4- KLABERS (PAL - THELMA - COLICYE)
- 5- LUIAY (KAY - ANDREW) (OTHER LOVERS, DNA, JAKE, AUDIE, BOZZI)
- 6- THOMAS
- 7- KRELLS (FATHER DISAPPEARED, MOTHER, SIS, MARGARET POPE)
- 8- SHAN EDER (ANDREW, DAVE, CATHERINE, HELEN)
- 9- ANDREW EDER
- 10- KIRBYS (FATHER, MOTHER, WEITZEL PEDS, GEORGE UNCLE, ^{SIL KIRBY, BILLY, MARY ELLEN})
- 11- KIRSCH (TAVERN) - (TOM, MARY, BARTENDERS)
- 12- REBSTOCKS (CRAZY GIRL)
- 13- PERKINS
- 14- GACE'S SISTER
- 15- VILL MITCHELL - MARGARET ALICE
- 16- CAPMAN
17. A. head (far - in taxi with cab driver - see you around, take care o' yourself)
- 18) EFLEYS - (Raymond -

Mrs. Lelay anticipates the possibility I tell ministers in our house
"Suppose she has a child next year this time." I hope
she doesn't, he says bluntly. I think it'd be too early.

Berrie & Jamie went to dance in Brooklyn, Harris-
son told Jamie I'm gonna marry your sister. He
writes his mother in Texas about this real nice girl
who don't smoke or drink or curse - mother writes
back - she must be shy, well, I'll change her
when I get hold of her.

AMERICAN JEWISH
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Journey - ^{lets} ~~loop~~ feel her up



Key

- gave birth Sept. 22; Andrew William - Same as his father I nearly died. They had to give me oxygen & glucose. What happened? Low blood pressure. But I'm all right now, I guess. He's an 8 lb. boy. Another boy.

- Katula Cuffley - check \$18.81

- Face puffy & powdered but radiant. Irrepressible delight & pride of motherhood. Sunny Oct more when sun & breezes mingle in pleasing measures - Ray in cheap but bright blue shirt & light blue jacket buttoned to collar.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



ארכיון יהודי אמריקני
אברהם יצחק

- Andrew takes whole family in car to swim on hot July Sunday morning to Fairview. In one car Andrew, Kay, Petrie, Mr & Mrs., Jane & her boyfriend (Bob is going out with Ed Gardner), Joanie. Andie comes into store, looking whipped & whining, "what time are you going?" "About 11:30 they sed." "Che... - he says, lookin' pitiful & lip-biting. "who matter?" she asks. "We ain't heated our children yet & it'll take at least two then..." / "Well, bring it down & I'll put it in my freezer." / "Yah, but I don't think you'll have enough room for us with all of you going & the girls with their boy friend." / Bob is going out with Ed Gardner & only Jane is comin' with her boy friend. C'mon down, we'll manage somehow... / "Now, can I have a bottle soda on you?" / "Yes," with grudging, suppressed disgust. Hands store book over to have 5¢ make claim in addition to heels, spray, & cigarettes (9

-He wants
to be
begged to
come

- Sat afternoon while Andrew spends 3 hours trying to repair fuel pump & flexible fuel line of Abe's '38 Dodge, being helped by his father & supervised by ree-hair'd Andy's father (exposition for stock throwing at Abe) Patsy runs over & calls him "Daddy". She has 2 Daddies - Cuffley & Andrew. Kay, now fat with child, complains her spine hurts her & wants to know if she should go to the hospital. Andrew is embarrassed & ends up being too busy to answer, suggesting Kay go away & leave him to his work - for which he'll be paid \$1.00 & not the 2 ply of cigarettes she bargained to pay.

Polly

- gives away money to very blonde-haired boy friend. Later very careful in counting up bottles for which Polly to receive 35¢.
Jane eyes see this (in shorts, pig tail, small size looks sensibly)
& bursts out in passionate remonstrance: "Don't you give any of that money away!" It gives that hot quarter & everything.



Lucy

Ruby: My gran'ma says I ought to be Country this summer with my Aunt Jamie and Uncle Jack. She says it'll be good for me (lungs etc.).

Lobo - Jane married "Bast", went to army station in Virginia

- Bessie had 7 1/2 lb. baby boy. Cries at night, gets blue, says she's worried about child, then admits she's loose for her husband in France Morocco with U.S. Navy
~~Army~~ in free ground crew

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



Andrew
ran away from
Harry back
at Mildred's
car. Edy did
it &
blamed
her
new rocks

Andrew used
to be last
skater on
high school
Dance outside
Spice factory
whistled all
the time
that on pole
every day,
first - second
around 1941
Swinging

Mildred used
to - that'll
be punished



Quays

Buzzy's girl known by all bus-drivers - who
make stops at her place. Buzzy & she walk
down market - hand in hand (he sleek, confident
cocky gait, she firm rounded rear wiggling
above bare fat crotch & outstepping walk;
prominent fuzzy hair, small nose, dark peasant
face)



KAY - pushing pram, Eddie & Pat hopping sides on either side
& hanging by elbows, "Get off them, the two of you!" Unconscious
Coly's face, large apple-round cheeks. "He's big. He weighs
'leven pounds an' ten ounces. He takes after the Eds, y'know, one
of them is big. He's real long, too. Yes, he's going to be a big
boy. It's ^{what} the doctor says (proud irresponsible smile). Eddie & Pat
jump up around their "brother". (Eddie s'posed to be back in school
at 12:30, as I found him playing in the park at 1:30 p.m. (humpf,
much displeasure but inwardly secret enjoyment).

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



(6 yrs) EDDIE L.: (Bawling a tantrum, acting charming, his eyes rolled to one side, his head cocked upward, an expansive grin on his bright face) brown topcoat, blue corduroy pants): "My grandpa said I was born big. I wasn't no baby. Nope. I met all over my grandpa and Santa Claus, too. (Pee Pepsi-Cola sign) I had the gripper I didn't drink enough water. I wish I had the gripper again. Yeh (short, clipped) I like the gripper. I'd put it down here in my stomach. (Points w. bottom of bottle) I went to bed at night with the gripper & woke up an' it ain't was wrong. I know what Santa Claus is gonna bring me. A hat. A Hoppie hat. A Hoppie Army hat. A'long. I'll see ya [Comes in store: How much are these Criminal Goggles? 10¢ Oh! Gimme a bottle of Soda & Some Candy. O.K. Ies' genuine bottle of Soda. I'll drink it here. (Hands over 5¢. Takes quagling plug).

- At home he wraps new towel around his naked body & stands on chair triumphantly "And who do you think you are?" Kay asks. He pusses a moment, his eyes rolling to side. "M? I'm Jesus!"

- Comes in house w. swollen nose, took him down to drug store, thinks he has broken nose ("I was done for" Kay). Took him to hospital: "How'd this happen, Jackie?" Playin' football. Baby explains: "We was playin' football & me tackled him on the lot." Afterwards, Kay asks him whether he's goin' to play football again: "Aw, what's a broken nose?"

- Around Xmas: Mother (at cases in' under) when are you gonna get me that leather set? "Eddie, don't get your heart set on that set. Besides, Santa Claus has to bring it to you, and you know you were fightin' up at school..." "Aw, why don't you wise up?" "Eddie, when did you learn that?" "You know that the Salvation Army dresses em' men up & puts a pot in their hands..." "Aw, if there was a Santa Claus how could he

get around to all their houses? There ain't no
Santa Claus. I'll get the barber set if you get dad's
check...

K: Well, don't tell Patsy there ain't no Santa Claus.

E: I already told her. The kids talk and there wasn't none.

K: Well you should've told her. Y'gon in & tell her different.

E: O.K. (resigned): But, there is a Santa Claus. I fibbed.

- If he takes you he'll do anything for you; if he don't,
he's there with you, met his father upstairs. He said he'd
call Eddie, he never did. Eddie never mentioned his
father again.

- Runs into church, waves at minister: "Hi, Rev..."



PA buy bump car ^{Bumth} for \$400; then take lessons to drive,
can't park

- He takes shots to keep him fertile (the: "he's a fence")
- Mrs. Luley's father owned 2 canal barges where he operated up canal, thru Locks to Erie. "We lived on barges as children". Once came to Balto w. mother & father on barge, anchored at Pier 2 my father was bringing barge-load of bottles to Boston when boat sprung a leak. He was afraid it was might sink so he made us go ashore & stay over till he'd come back. When we came into Pier 2 a man who was cruising around in a boat waved at me. Later we got to talking an we married. Walter's my second husband. My first was in the navy, he died after we were married 7 months. He was Kay's father; Kay was born in December, he died in June.

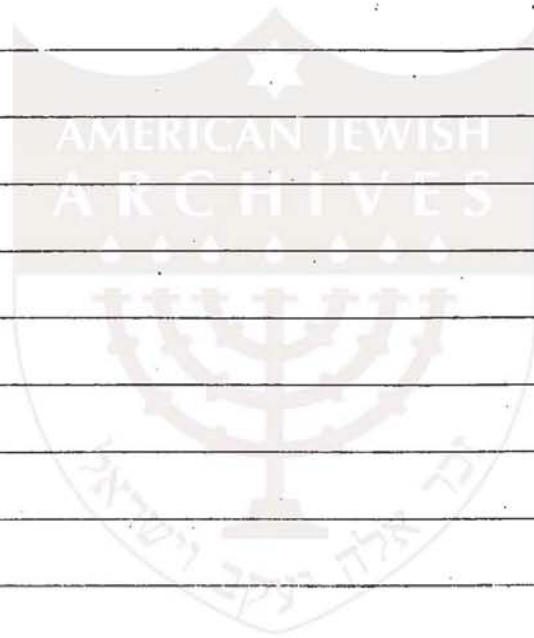
- Joanie, watching past Ma's store at 9:45 P.M., is "grabbed" by 4 muggers - one of them orders others to let her go. She runs all the way home, too terrified to talk. Ma, Kay, Mary Campbell, Johnnie, Claire run up to Henry's Corner to look out for 4 muggers. Claire (later in store): "I made my mother, Ray, come wif me. I was scared to death". Joanie may have illusions about being "grabbed" - once before she claimed 2 men came out of Tommie's and tried to grab her.

["Grandpapa" doesn't want her playing w. boys

- Joanie turns on seductive eye-glint on Frankie Rutherford who grows uneasy; "How old are you?" Joan asks. "Are you old as me I'm 13." Then Rink: "oh, well, I gotta go down the street. You join' down?"
- Carries pen in purse to stick boys; they stick her, I'll stick them

Mrs. L: caught 1/2 bushel - basket mice; sitting in the living room one evening with two pieces, they looked up the stairs & down with walking down it looking right out at her. I had to throw away 3 loaves of bread because of mice; they bore right thru loaves like a little tunnel, like you scooped it out with a knife.

- Mrs. L's mother gets drunk on train from Beagra to Balto.
gives away \$300 in spree



J.L.

At 13 wears lipstick, long fingernails in luminous pink, ^{white gloves} constantly changing hair-does (page-boy "it didn't take"); says to Claire: "Oh, you gone back to 11, I thought you were 12, I forgot you went back to 11. She won't put on lipstick for another 2 years."

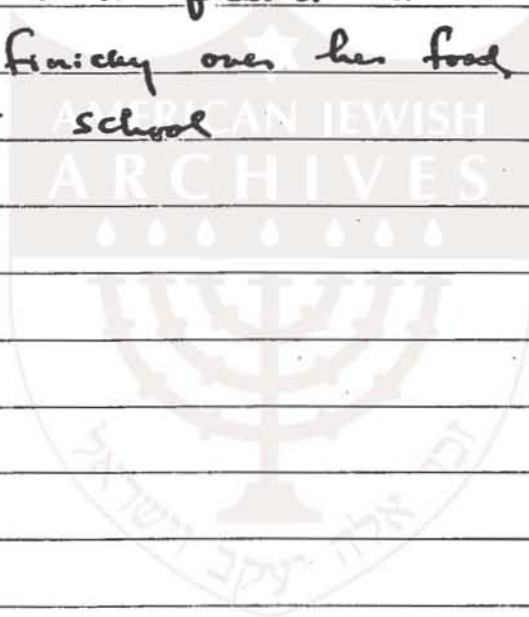
To Mrs. L's son: "why don't you be a delivery boy and bring this down? C'mon, bring it down to my house..." Brings in pile of dresses, skirts, "let's see if this fits you," places one against boy's right breast. Her eyes flash on touch. "I'm gain' down 6 lbs 20¢ for bottles' deposit. Boy puts it in her hand. She drops coin. He picks it up places it in her palm again. "Thank you, dear..." "Thank you, ^{Claire looks at her: "Oh..."} my passion flower". She is stunned wheels around. "I'm gain' down (to cleaners) to see my other boy friend. I mean... my boy friend..."

LULAY

Mrs. Lulay is anemic - drinks only tea, five, six cups one after another - faints several times a day

- happy Bubbie is pregnant - and married. Hopes Joanie's going to school will keep her from being loose with the boys.

- Jane, takes a quarter in her lunch to work, Joanie, finicky over her food, takes 75¢ to buy lunch at school



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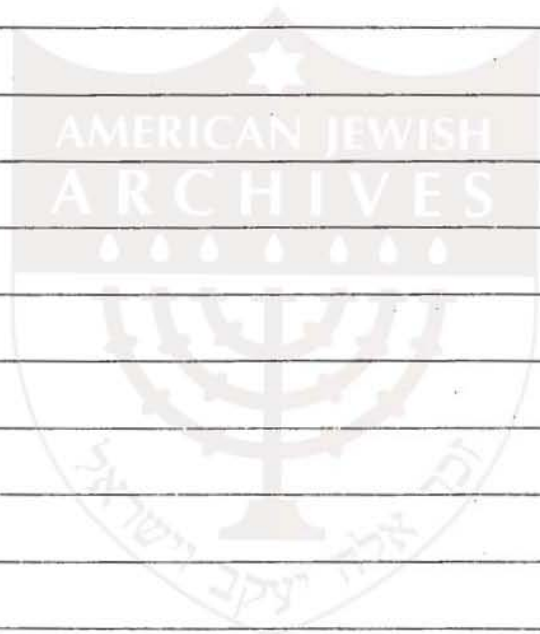
April 1 - Mrs. Lelay has longed for it often -
had it when her children were born. Pregnant now?
Turns her head in girlish embarrassment. Whispers:
I'd shoot Mr. Ellison if I was.

3 daughters
still 55
Cindy home
prior to
87/wh
pregnant
\$100 best of her
her baby - looks
17yo. first husband
a prince

David, 21,
marrying Mrs.
Kaye's daughter,
he won't let
any one touch
in our house
including the priest
to work on wedding

Got \$170 check
from 5 nylon hosiery
hosiery store

Mr. Charles
at Hopkins got
all kinds of horses
- I seen it in the
papers

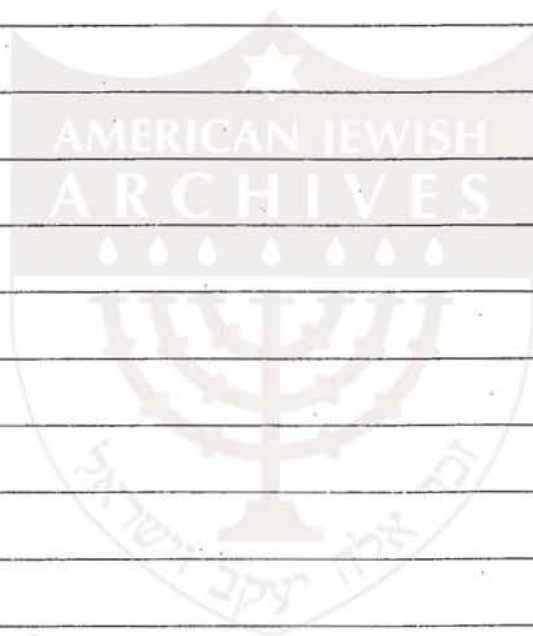


discarded driver's cap, blue top, khaki circle, black vest, green knit sweater, washed out plaid (green & red), ^{shirt} khaki pants. Socks rolled up, blue socks, brown shoes

- holds cigarette in left hand, takes it over in right, then scratches his crotch; bucket swung over right shoulder
- long ambulating. bounces, cuffs flapping
- looks at ^{dirty} car with intent, profound concern, "She needs a washing... how 'bout it...?" He says: "Maybe later..." Elmer lingers around corner till car comes back. Says again, in same manner, "She needs a washing, how 'bout it..." He ignores his question. Elmer still hangs around, his staring at the car is maternal, pitiful, almost lewd
- He wakes at 11:00 a.m. each day
- Elmer's mother wouldn't let him wash Jew's car; once he started, she ^{called} pulled him away
- So closely identified with job, that when SEES another washing a car, calls out: Hey, Elmer - O, I'm sorry I thought it was Elmer
- works for Pepsi-Cola; shows proudly seal on back, turns around shows seal on jacket underneath

ELMER

gone so & to girl at Nathan, one dilled like him.
In store, asks Mrs. Me: "Hey, seen that girl around here?"
Buys two penny banana piques, a 6c cigar for someone,
again comes in, buys 2 cheese sandwiches for Joe Gibson
(Here, I ain't goin' up to next block to buy him sandwiches
- surely)



KIRBY

WITZEL

Grandpa (70+) Weitzel

On Xmas, got drunk, fell down flight of stairs. Later came to store with entire side of face painted in mercurochrome. He lost his glasses, never managed to raise enough money to buy another pair. (also had end for successive lunches - "drink as hot")

- In one's club cellar that same Xmas, Pa. Kirby (truck driver) got drunk, vomited in toilet & lost his false teeth...

- Mrs. K. (Sister, name, hardworking) says grandfather was master carpenter in his day and did beautiful work in both houses in Bely. with another house for his own right.

- WITZEL operated in large printing hospital - bladder rupture, pores on back burned - but had no money for pills...

made \$60-70 at King's as carpenter-weldman (fooled with

Dots, Alice Mitchell, Mary Hirsch) - 1912? "two jobs" - see two

things at a time & send out mail - was not to go

MARY ELLEN - operated apprenticeship - printing in friend, pig-fitter,

came to visit, saw other boys there, Mrs. K. stoked him up,

they became engaged; Marie's dad would not pay this of \$300, he

postponed marriage; Mr. got job, & decided to marry in July

(would give all money to new

BILLY - took out (the woman's friend) - Sunday School teacher, - lost

her wages, she took all his money; Mrs. K. made surprise party

for Billy's mother so that Mary Ellen's boy friend could be

not along; Billy slept over with Sunday School teacher (but

riders from the) mother went to country so they could be alone

light W (tor) agbman

4. Mrs. K. made parties I had a GLADYS in the winter.

And it is not only bags, when 26 percent returns, from 1990, got it.

instantly engaged & married. Also, fixed up with a D.S. with air

(1) tal as 'girl to' took a girl's baby to keep her from taking

- Dist) July 29 - Sat. afternoon

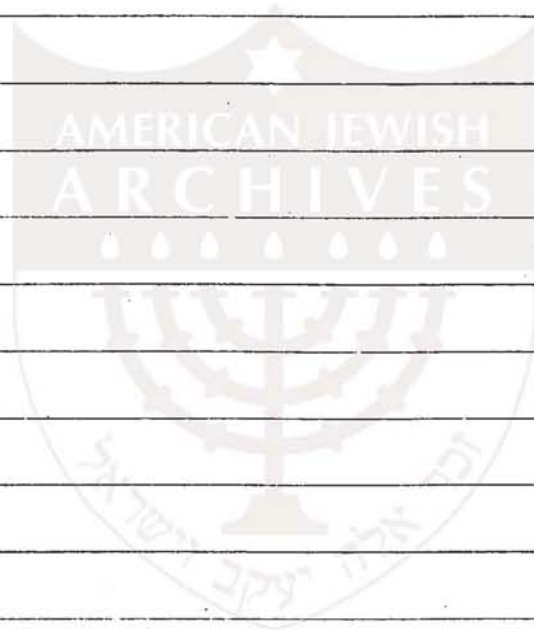
... start with Mary Allen to inform existing and himself into a boy's school

Born are slung back. Area of cone opposite them

puts: Home, drink, in a rocking chair, brushing: "Hy

they're gonna get married. They're gonna get married ..."

WETTER - gets monthly pension checks \$50.79. "Damn it what the
best good is that. What's that worth with things costing like they do"



MRS. K

- I don't think it's wise to have a lotta children these days. Things are too high & you can't make ends meet with the salaries men get nowadays. Take Doc & Dots. They been married 8 years & got 2 kids. They coulda had more, but they got a problem now with Doc's psychick raising 2 kids. Now I raised 5 kids & Dots' mother had 10 - but I wouldn't want any of my kids to have that many. I'd rather they give better care to what they already got. Course, the girls nowadays are not like they used to be in the old days. My husband says I could shake one hand up my ass & do more w. my other one hand than all my daughters-in-law combined. I ~~had~~^{hate} to leave things around dirty. I wash my supper dishes right after supper, Dots leaves 'em over night. An Miggies Edna leaves 'em over till the next day's Supper time. I taught my Mary Ellen

KIRBY

- Dot & Gladys ^{walk} paper Mrs. K's house ~~to wait~~
for her homecoming from hospital (she must lose weight
before gall bladder operation)
- Dot gets indigestion - "guess it's my nerves" when
Kris upset her - goes right around her, finger traces
from back kidney to stomach above navel; pained
her own house when she was five months
pregnant with her little girl
 - Gladys (fat, blurry, unkempt hair, coat, barelegged) Used
George put up the ceiling - we called him 'Adolf'
 - George - Ar
 - Red quits Vocational School in 8th grade, Mrs. K didn't want
to spend daily 15¢ coffee - "It adds up"

KIRBY

Witzel, w. cigar putting out of corner of mouth: Cigar tastes
like MULLEN LEAF. They use it to cure St. Vitus dance. It's
got a grey leaf like tobacco, an' it's stalk is big as a
corn stalk (widest size: from elbow to foot). Wok? Shure it
works! My brother had the St. Vitus dance. Christ, you couldn't
stay in the same bed w. him he shook so much. He
smoked that Mullen leaf in his pipe & it cured him.
He'd dry it & crumple it up & then put it in his pipe.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

KIRBY

Unc & in his little boy, we went over to Bryan Oak
Park on a Wed- y'know, they had \$1 day - as many
rides y'can ride on for a dollar - an' y'oughta
see Unc an' Maynard - y'know Annie's husband -
they were his little boys, my goodness. They done
everythin' - just like little boys. Herbie's like
that, too. He's responsible, but he don't let things
get him down like he says to me: "You
worryin'?" an' I says, "yeh!" "Well, there
ain't no use both of us worryin'..." That's the way
he is. He never gets old. He don't complain if it's
hot or cold, rain or shine. If he gets a headache
he take somethin' for it, an' that's all y'hear about
it.
— Dot's is expectin' ^{this} month, an' Bertha's
expectin' the month after. Gladys was afraid for awhile,
she said she was keepin her fingers crossed. But
I told her what my mother used to tell me: "If
aint your fingers you gotta keep crossed!" ..."
laughing, she takes out 3 cans chicken rice, bag of
boudier, tomato puree w. her, & leaves.

KIRBY

Weitzel - Everybody's got colds; it's coz a' that oil heat,
it's damp y'know. I've had a cold ever since we
got it in. Coal heat is dry. Oh, well (what're you
gonna do about it?) How's you're father? (Won't sit
still). I know how it is. Can't sit still myself -
gotta keep on goin' else I'd go crazy. But there
ain't no work, ^{say for him} (No rapport between him &
Gladys & Georgie, Jr., who stand quite awkwardly as
they look at each other, Gladys saying something
about trying getting flour to make cookies for Georgie,
Jr., who brings them to his "girl friends" -
his two teachers).

Mrs. K: Billy's (new) girl is too ripe. Only thing is she drinks too much. (Mrs. A: 'Pon 1 kibchah!')

- Mrs. Luley brags about Bobbie's 8 month-old baby - hair, eyes, weight. Mrs. K, stupidly feeling for superior air, blunts out before anxious Mary Ellen: "Christ, I guess Mary Ellen ain't never gonna have one..." Mrs. A. defends: "Course she will. She's young yet. Let her enjoy herself..."

Weitzel

glasses see for
not near

80-mint

he's older

3 car

tobacco on chair

signing

knitting club

his books demand

boys took in

forgot choice

to rig a square

don't plug up
casing

mouse (terrie

knit)

younger girl

in garage

down

clasp to take

off paint

blue nails in

sheet rock - unit

rust - blue still

puto of

dollars

(in watch

pocket, box,

dependent,

looks on street

in store, finds in

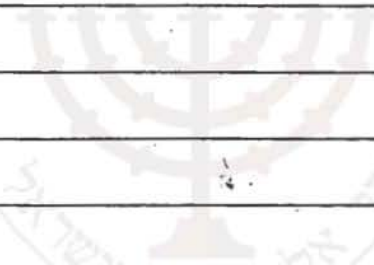
pocket, happy



POOL (next door)

- big, good looking man, got drunk on alcohol, slept two weeks in cellar, came out with black heavy beard.
- wife was crazy, never came outside, always kept front windows locked.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



CUFFLEY

- ^{Raymond} Young boy, dresses shabby, comes in store, asks for Al, buys rubbers, works on road Commission

- The Shimmer (Stammer)

- Father - Mother (Hail, thin) Her's Brother (about 50)

all on this side slightly forgo. trail or stammering - Clara (fat, deaf, partially drunk) Teresa (20)

Raymond (

Jimmy (

15-yr. old girl (Annie?)

language dialect speech characteristic depend on locality
Father has about 10 kids from previous wives, mother (tall thin, always drunk) has 12 from previous 3 men. Both come from Eastern Mass, Md., Clara, ^{about 20 - looks so,} fat deaf drunk, works in "Mother's" plant where, become pregnant, goes to country, gives birth, returns, "step-mother-in-law" adopts kid. "Cal" begins fooling around with her, she becomes pregnant again, they move to country together.

Teresa (20, tall thin like mother, attracted face) comes to town from country, becomes friends with Annie who quits school at 14; Teresa gets both of them jobs as waitresses - whores. Annie becomes pregnant. One night they both come home, pack their clothes & disappear to country. Teresa marries a sailor who is gone to sea soon after marriage.

Raymond worked in chemical factory, got sick from gas fumes, they pumped gas out of him; went to country to work on farm, converted old boat into house. "Mother" came out to see him stopping drunk, asking for money; he told her to get the hell out, she tried to choke him, he had her put in jail for a month. On release she says she'd choke him again, judge fines her \$10.00. Everywhere she gets drunk she fights w/ her "husband," then disappears.

for a month or so.

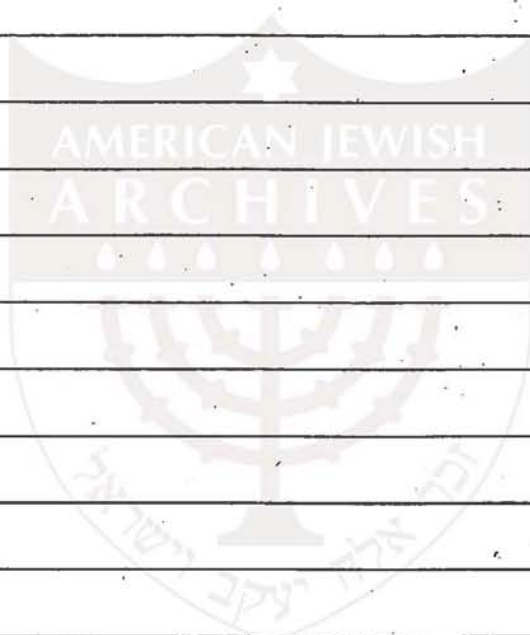
Jimmy had lived with a girl, had one kid with her, been married Met Kay, who flirted with him in this store.

They married, she gave birth to Patsy. While she was pregnant, Jimmy caught her in kitchen with Pa Lulay, her stepfather (everybody else is getting it, why not me?). He divorced her (self. righteous, this evil woman). Paid her \$9.00 alimony, now \$6.90 each week. Lived with first woman, had another kid w. her.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

KAYSES- throw out old man, Took separated from husband
works in cabaret as waitress; gives mother \$20 a week, Richard
gives \$15 [soon to marry] — gives \$10

- Kayser working in Jake Snyder's, clean shaven, upset on being seen
by people who know him, anticipates comments nervously: "I'm alright
now, I'm working now."



KAYSER

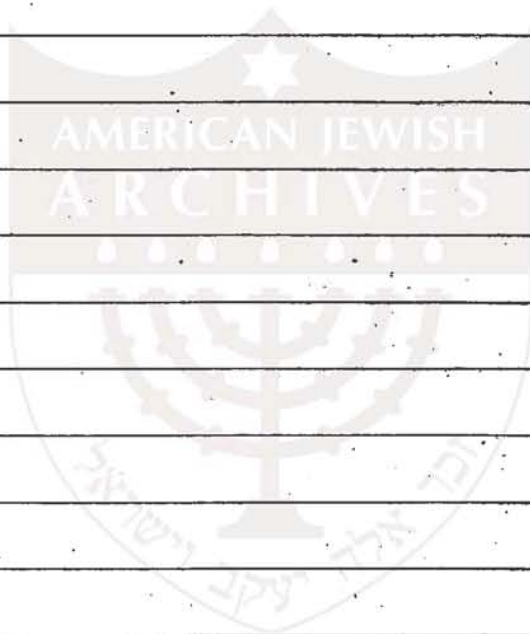
- CLAIRE (pretty, fun, fun): Joanie burps, Claire squats
on hamchee: "A'ence the pig, the hoop standin'"
- plays in empty pigeon coop with Porky in back yard
 - in the store 7:30 for lunch, in church by 8⁰⁰, in class by 9⁰⁰

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

Kayser.

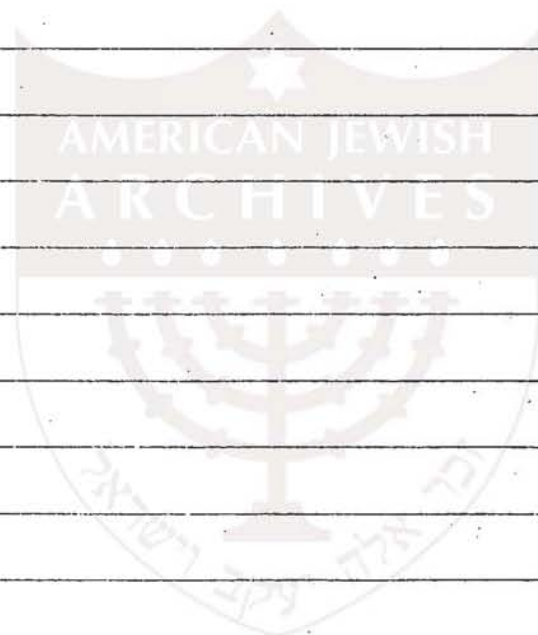
Clear: I ain't got no school tomorrow (Thurs, March 18), coz
(it's San' Joseph day. An' I ain't got no school
next Wednesday too. I don't know what day that is -
an I know is I ain't got no school. Public
school is tho'.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



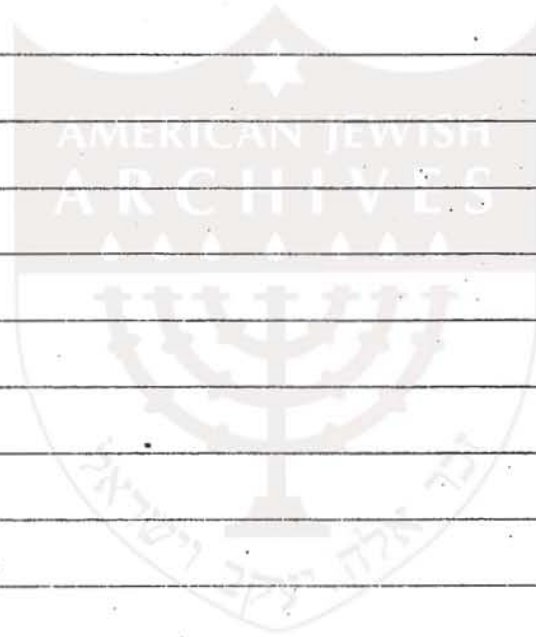
KAYSER

gas - rec 180
gas man - rats
locking
turn on
I can't go wiffi
grandma - 80
(- lady
Rosa
garden
354 - 5 floor
dancer



KANSAS

for breakfast have cereal & tea or cracker w. margarine



()

KRELLS

hair on leg

VIOLET (slight paralytic, caught in speech, ^{flat chested} pimples prickly on face, front slopes out to stomach in seemingly constant post-pregnancy) more raucous, piercing loud shouts at Mrs. Abie, thing say you see Charlie stole candy bar Mrs. A denies, right. Well you better not say that Mrs. A. explains Charlie, who is also paralytic and who can't speak, sometimes asks for "something" he can't be understood, becomes perturbed, begins screaming, so Mrs. A. gets nervous, screams back and says: "you're crazy!"

Violet says she can't understand him herself. Sometimes, in explaining reason of his stealing candy, she says everybody pockets on him. Same thing true with the state's kid. They kept pocketing on him as anybody. I blabbed that she wasn't using her Social Security money right - kid never did have a pair of shoes - so the state took the kid away. Well, (meaningly) they're not going to take Charlie from me.

[Mrs. taken of her good motherliness] I bought him a bottle of medicine last week, it was this big (measures with his fingers) and it cost him \$1.50! For his nerves, it was.

Reason I don't buy medicine is I ain't got no money! I don't want it if you

run them, just don't use their names!
 Viola comes to store for box of soap-buds, Charlie tags along.
 Says he wants something, trips her dress & "Goddamn!"
 "I'll slap you in the face!"
 "Yes!" Viola then turns around, she wants to see
 of Soda. Strikup says it cost 15¢. Charlie reaches for Soda.
 "Ain't got a nickel, Charlie." Charlie begins to cry "Oh,
 goddamn you!" I oughta slap you in the face! Viola
 reaches into his blue flannel trousers for a nickel.
 Charlie gets one & had of the soda & then
 another. "Christ you're drunk!"
 Charlie takes out chocolate soda, gives one to
 get straw. Strikup says to her to keep stop. "Stop actin'
 smart!" Takes 2 straws, looks as he gets them in.
 To me, the first & then draws up drink with thick
 sucking sound. And a red mist
 Viola turns toward Strikup. My little girl's
 got pneumonia. Fanny (Mrs. Hubbard) and I went out
 Saturday night and when we came back she called
 kindly home. Doctor came on Sunday & gave her
 little yellow pills about as big as the end of
 this finger, one every six hours gave it to her
 with a spoon. Caught it just in time, she's
 in the convalescent ward.
 Charlie here's had it 3 times, almost 4.
 Ask Fanny. She'll tell you. My lad, he's eyes

rolled up into his head. ^{Seems to me} They always get measles & pneumonia together, as in the summer time 'at that'!

Viola brings in 9 bottles, takes out 4 bottles of orange, 1 Pepsi for Frankie (cavious front teeth, madonna on cotton: "At's a medal"; smoked cigars at 4). Charlie sucks bottom of bottles like lollipops, likes ice-box water. Charlie is poverty, Auburn. "I break his goddam head to keep him in out of the sun. He's always in it."

"Ma" looks up timidly, after surveying others w. Enchantment.
"Whatcha want?" scowls

"Gimme some pennies"; Aint got no pennies; Charlie continues tugging front of skirt (flops into her groin) - I wanna play machine

"I aint got no pennies" falls in pocket for a while.
There, Ma, gimme his pennies. Goddamit, if I had another one like this, I'd shoot him...

Frankie: wait, I'll get you a gun...

Viola gives Charlie pennies. He plays machine. Don't it!
Doesn't want Frankie to get a gun. Turns knob his times, holds hatch closed. Takes out gunballs - Finds little electric wire.
Looks at. Unimpressed. Gives to Viola, into gunballs.

V: He gives me everything like at... where's the pup of beam, Ma? Puts down next to Soda. "Some a that almost killed my Fanny Ellen. We had just moved in, they were fixing the toilet, I was washin the clothes..."

I didn't have no time to go to town to Dr. Welf, she
picked up a rag that was soaked in the blood, put in her
mouth. She called ma. I ask Fanny ^{Ellen} what she wants, an
she don't say nothin' but just nodded her head. I ask her F. Ellen
if she wanted to lay down in Lucretia's carriage an' she don't
say nothin' again but just nodded. I lay back her hands an' all

yes' fell down like that, like she don't have use of em no more.
I freed a blanket out, put it in & fixed it up, & put her in it.

I ask the girl next door (probably Margaret who buys next corner,
crosses over street, after brother looks out of this) to take a look

at her, an' she said "V. - that baby's sick, you'd better call
a doctor. So's I called the doctor an' he looks at Fanny Ellen,

and says this here baby is poisoned. He gave me medicine to give

her, an' boy ^{it's} (eyes grow big) she ^{It was all over} vomited it all up. Doctor said
it ~~all~~ it up the whole lining of her stomach. He said if

I don't call him right away there'd been no use o' "calomel"
thin' at all. [has story for every ill in store]

Kids pulled down icebox to bottle of bleach atop it. If

Fanny Ellen wud' be here there they'd kill her sure as
I'm standin' here. Frank's hasta la vista (she carries all bottles
even tho' she treats Frank

45¢? [it's less than that, ain't it? 55¢ ain't it?]

Charley? Well y'never see him. Works w. Transport Co. 5 yrs.
or less w. Frank who says 6 yrs. 3 buttons on hat, each
for 2 yrs. Well, I don't care how long he's been workin',
long as he's workin'.

- Viola to Charlie's brother: "Say, hello to 'im". Charlie says "Ma, for me"

bottle of soda (says last word)

- Grand ~~stabs~~ into store w.o. ringing bell, puts on crate his 40 swallowed Maroon

- Viola has Lucia, Penny Allen (with thick long range glasses) both twins, in brown hair, bangs, blue coats.
- Viola down market, bot salt & pepper shaker, put down on counter to get money to pay for something, else, woman picks up & walks out. Viola indignant: "She shouldn'ta done that. I hate people who steal. I jeb' hope the bottom drops outa them shakers where she uses 'em"
- I've had a sore throat. It closed on me on this side, it felt so bad Fannie made spaghetti & meatballs & it looked good & I didn't touch it that's how bad it felt.
- Charlie runs in to store out of breath: "Two 9d pins! Two 9d pins!" Mom & Fannie. Fannie sees a pencil in pocket in which he tries to place pin. "This your school coat, is Charlie?" "No," he says, "I don't go to school..." Takes up qt. of milk & runs wildly down the street, the wobbly run of his mother.

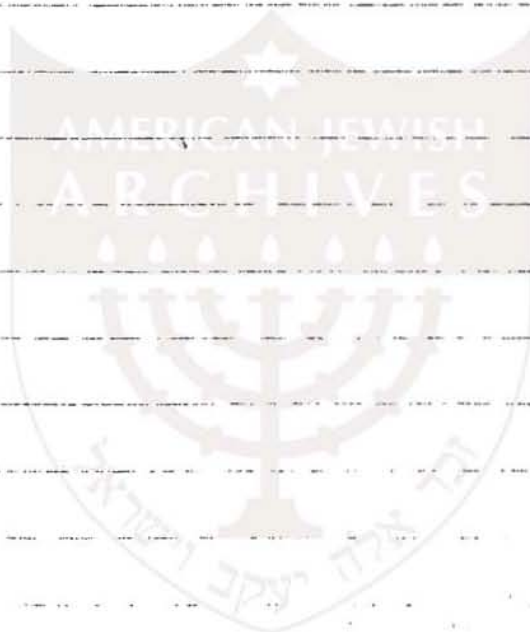
(VIOLET)
Charley Buck

^{cool}
^{late} ^{for}
^{on} ^{Sunday}
^{Aug}
^{day} Buy two quarts of milk. "At's for 'Harney & Frankie
' 'Ez drink milk. I drink milk. Inna meawin' I
drink milk. When we dot money. (looks at boy standing
at door window). Wat you tryin' to wait for? (Picks
up milk bottles, hugs them to heart, body suddenly freezes
taut) Bittah not drop 'em. Money!"

[wears yellow turban towel cloth shirt w. faded
red figure of cowboy on buckin' bronco, dungarees,
loosely elastic blue suspenders, bare ankles, scuffed
brown shoes. One front tooth is broken leaving a jagged
saw-tooth. Silken blonde hair like wheat rippling in
breeze, face sun-browned?]

- In noon, around lunchtime - Viola stands in
middle of street, on rail tracks & calls out up towards
Berney St. "Charley! Charley! Bring a goddam bike
down here. Din' I tell you not to go up there blockin'
bring it down byine this hyere minit. (jabs right finger
down toward ground and seems ready to stamp foot in fury).
Goddam it, boy, when I tell ye sumthin' I mean it.
(Charley coasts sheepishly down toward her, followed by a
smaller boy on a bike. A car pulls up behind Viola
driving up street. Confusedly she rushes out of way of
car, throws her head around tryin to watch the car, herself,
& Charley Buck.) "Now, see, the car almost knocked you
down. Now take it down the yard & play. Cowan..."

Her hair, as that of her 2 little girls was ~~cut~~
cut clean straight at back & at bang by Fannie -
cut so expertly looks as tho' paper-cutter w.
Saw-tooth Sharpener had been used. Viola &
Kod had identical hair does - only Viola's head
looked too big.



VIOLA

I went down the street yesterday & bought 10 yds of goods & Fanny made 2 dresses out of 'em. I bought 10 yds last week, too, & it all cost me \$3.00. But they're better dresses than the bought ones. These bought ones are just half sewed & material ain't as good as these. These are better. She don't use no pattern or nothing. She just looks at a dress & cuts it out of the goods, & then I buy some white cotton & she puts some on the sleeves & up here at the neck & it looks pretty. Good as the bought ones. Better. I couldn't buy 'em a bought dress. Got too much. For one of them bought dresses I can get 'em ^{let's see... I can get 'em} 4 of these dresses... I did buy 'em a dress for Xmas (Charley rasps something about his Xmas present). Shunt up! (Charley chews off head of another potato) I got a real problem with my little one. She's so big. ^{She's} Not even 2 yet & she looks bigger than 3. Goddam monster.

Charley: I'm not 3. I'm not 3

V: No you're not 3, you're 10. Christ, I wish you was 3.

[He got the rocks & pneumonia 4 times. That's what hurt him. That little one won't even walk yet. She's lassy. She'll holt onto a chair & walk to a table but she won't walk alone, outside & like that. She's too goddam big. Charley didn't start walking till he was after 3.]

CHARLEY BUCK
Bee ring. Comes in screaming:

Want doll stotch dape - doll stotch dape

L. What!

C. doll stotch dape

L. What do you want?

C. want DOLLA STOTCH DAPE - STOTCH DAPE!

L. I don't know what you want. Sadie! What will he? I
don't know what he wants. Come on, Sadie!

Mrs L. (in hush) - one minute!

L. Ich bin mit ihm da. Come a minute

Mrs L. What do you want, Charlie boy?

C. Dolla stotch dape (straining throat & squeezing fingers)

Mrs L. Show me (goes over to medicine case & pts.)

Scotch tape. Here.

CHARLEY BUCK

Runs in store in frantic haste. Rushes over to the ^{who leans over} candy counter, hands him a nickel, "Dimme boddle toklet," he reassures the young flesh at his throat tensing like a cream-colored fabric tightened around an octagonal drum. He opens the aluminum top of the case by its black rubber handle, and peers into the rows of colored bottles steeped in unsalubrious water. His eyes fixed on one corner of the case where the milk & large soda bottles are kept, "Tain't find no toklet, ^{Arbe} Ehbe," he whines. He is shown bottle 2 which to the left of his gaze, it is taken out for him, he painstakingly opens it. "^{Ar-y-be} ~~Ehbe~~, dimme traw!" he cries out in unguessed whine & rasp, hopping uneasily as tho' one of his feet is heavier than other. He thrusts straw into bottle and immediate suction. sucks up its contents with great spasmodic ~~undrawings~~ ^{suctions}. He has bent the straw at its tip, thus ruining its usefulness, but he continues to suck deeply on it making his throat flesh tighten with each vigorous draft. He fingers it to improve its suction, and succeeds only in leaving black smudgy finger marks along the waxed paper tube.

But nothing disconcerts Charley today. It is a lovely May day. He sports a new haircut which has left his head a misshapen mound sprouting a silken, fringe-like ^{growth} ~~growth~~. His new cowboy outfit is his genuine delight. Against the black cotton shirt & pants ("Ehops") fringes of white oilcloth flap, running across his weager chest, ^{and} along the white piping of his pantslegs. As he turns around to suck the chocolate pop which he peers over the edge of the window, he reveals - as all true cowboys

clothes do) - the hind view, in his distance clothes a newly-washed and roughly-pressed grey cotton pants. His bare ankles peer out thru the space between the bottom of the pants & his unstockinged dirt brown-shod feet.

"That's a new suit, Charley, ain't it?"

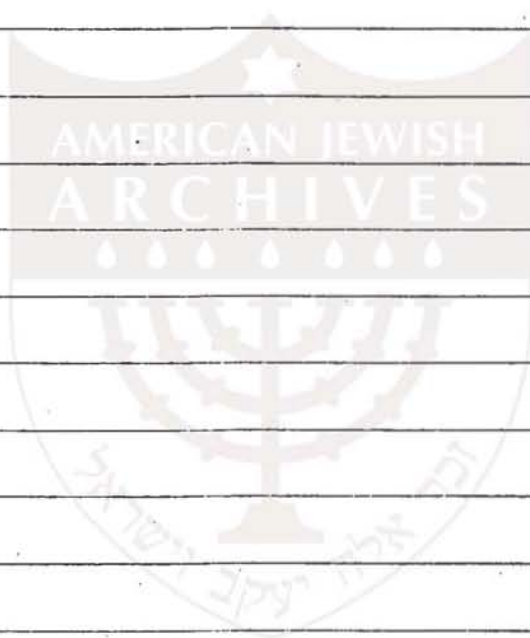
"Ass," he rasps, his face luminous & strangely soft & unstrained in its expression of delight. "I dot two!" he says holding up ~~the~~ two fingers of his left hand which he looks at to see if it is two. "Va's a dasetball, with a fing down a tide," he says, his washed-out blue eyes coming to life in excitement. When he begins to speak this voice emerges clearly, unwarped by the hardened dentalized pronunciation but still clear of the irritating rasp; but when so excited only a letter, the beginning of a word can escape this small mouth without being wrenched out in one ~~contortion~~ ^{contortion} of a rasp.

Er Smith
his personal
like giving
him an
Encyclopedia
Antennae
for his
birthday.

^{long-sleeved, long-pants}
This baseball suit is a "piperoo" - ganish blue, splattered over the chest with red insignia, and red piping along the full length of the arms & legs. Somehow he looks lost in it, constantly pushing back the sleeves & nervously hauling up the pants legs.

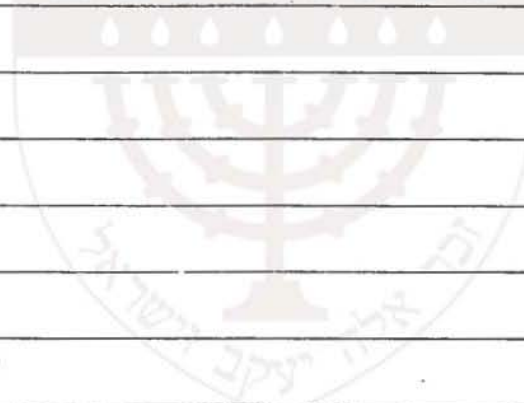
"Vi-o-la dot me dese - two o' dem!" he says, ~~saying~~ ^{calling} his mother by her first name (everyone calls Fanny' Rutherford by first name). "She Day me Ev'ry'fing. My fader don' day me wettin'. Him works on a d'truck. Him tomes home when it des'. Him works on dig truck. I don' know what kind it is..." His thin drunk puts down bottle, gets on rearing 3-wheel like; cautiously, frostbittenly, eyes truck w. 2 colvers in it, makes wide arc around front of truck & races wildly down street, his white flaps fluttering in the air.

Was off
before Xmas I dot to go to bed early, 'taz Santa Claus gonna come an'
bring me Twixmas presents, an' he ain't gonna bring em
if I don't doe to bed early. (Picks up chocolate candy to gobble it,
fearful look in white eyes, moves candy from mouth to nose, sniffs
it & drops back into box)



Brings in 50¢. 'Large box of trackies (crackers) & quarters
worth of bloney. (Holding box of crackers) I know what dis
is - trackies! Counts crackers on wrapper - one, two, tree, four
five, six - Six trackies! Stops counting altho' 3 more are
there. "I know how to count" Looks up. Sees ^{big} bloney
on plier - "Iz dat bloney? Dat ain't bloney is it?
I want bloney! I know cheese. 'Ut I don't know
bloney!"

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



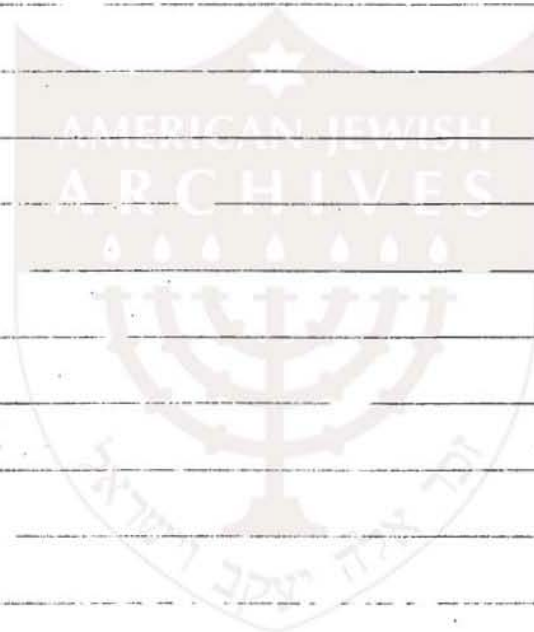
looks in car, sees big book like encyclopedia. "Zat
 any good?" What? "Zat any good" Sure it is.
 -What d'you do with a book? "Look at it," = You
 got any books? # "link haun?" / What kind? / Down
 books... D'Ah? Ten co det any money for down
 books? / I guess so: / How much money can you det? /
 Ah, I dunno. / Ten you det as much as you det for
 bottles? / I guess so. [dilatoy replies while changing license
 plate] I saw two bottles from dem 'mokehounds. Dey any
 good? / Sure! I'm gonna det 'em (Goes away, comes back)
 Dey ain't dere no more [orange striped polo shirt, whole
 on chest, socks undershirt twisted in knots, pocket open
 flapping in pleasant sunny March 18 day breeze; stands w.
 one foot on ground]

That gang that Charley works with puts shit - are knowers
of bullshit in his head. Sometimes he gets me so mad -
I can knock his goddam head off! Oh, he's down' are
right: He keeps talkin' about quittin', but he ain't,
he's still workin', an' I guess he'll keep on



CHARLES BUCK

- Everyone in block sends him on errands (pay a penny a day)
- Always pullin' up sleeves or uppin' nose



chew tobacco

John - big, beer belly, self-possessed, slightly arrogant:

"I ain't saved a thing in a year. When the banks were open on Saturdays I could go down the market with the wife and put away a few dollars, but since they closed they never manage to put anything away. I dunno, seems when you got a few dollars, you buy a beer or two, or play the slot machine for 25 or 50 or a dollar, an' it all goes away like that."

That's why I take the installments, I'd rather buy things on the installment plan. You always manage to have money to pay for them bills. I dunno how it is, but that's the way it is. When I got that refrigerator, I always had that \$6 every week for the bill... It's funny how it is, ain't it?

Yessie, Dave's still down there with us. With his wife. My missus keeps naggin' him to go out an' set himself up in an apartment He sez he's waitin' for the right part of one. He tells the missus there ain't no point in naggin' him 'coz if she puts him out the front door he'll come in thru the back...

[Cut back big John to broken, truly, skinned, cigar-smoking, devoted Catholic - calls everyone respectfully, 'sir.' - Being Christian makes him & children different from other pagans...]

MRS. EDER

Suffering from gall-stones. bladder trouble. Face yellow, like shrivelled prune, drawn quality heightened by no teeth lips pursing inward; black coat buttoned high at neck wedges her paleness (jaundice-look).

(Dave's wife)

- Fat, slowly daughter-in-law, lost children in uterus, hangs around house, doesn't fix her own bed; Dave went w. Gladys Kirby's sister for awhile before war, slept w. her (lost rubbers in Abe's), after war said he gave her up because he found she was ~~to~~ going w. other guys

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



FUNERAL

August

known
uncertain
sad-andrew
serious-
view not
for many-
andrew

At 10 o'clock Tues morning, a hot sun, faint breeze,
a limousine parked in middle of street between angle-
parked cars of Matthews & Hinz's; the driver in grey
suit, bespectacled, sleek-haired, somber faced; behind him
on collapsible seat, Andrew handsome in black
narrowed suit, white starched shirt, black tie, wriggles in seat,
sad-andrew brings out handkerchief to wipe his eyes (wavy hair
serious-
view not
for many-
andrew
oiled & gleaming); behind him, John the husband &
andrew father, stern, warning hardened in his face & shoulders
the sadness & removal like when drunk (when he
faultlessly seeks to remain aloof & self contained, only
here containment & restraint has imposed itself
on him, the passive, the victim of the External); a
shrouded black woman, bent over & unrecognizable,
this is Catherine, the once-child, now mother & a
woman of a mother; & David, cool, collected, nods to
passerby, he knows what has happened, the feeling
is vague.

Avos
andrew

Down the street the white-robed butchers & lunch-
drivers stand in twos in the middle of the street,
talking, watching, waiting for the funeral to begin. In
the garage door stands Joe Gibson in striped blue
coveralls, talking w. salesman. His bell is merry.

The black. A subdued carnival atmosphere. On both
sides the steps of the death house, the poor bearers,
immediately behind them gangs of kids.

(3)

cried long & felt deeply the loss of her aunt Bess.
Her face tight-drawn, ~~purple~~ bluing ridges under
served as ^{as} ~~bordered~~ her eyes, she stands in the yellow blouse & green skirt
waiting leaning one hand against the screen door keeping
it partially open, the other hand, a crumpled
handkerchief. In window upstairs, Josie, 9-y.-old plump
other niece, sits on window edge & cries audibly, she
sniffs her running nose a moment into her wet
handkerchief, looks down to see the confusion
of individual people, & then another rush of
tears & sobbing, leaving her face red & flushed.

In Michys, the last house on this side, Mr.
Witzel stands inside the doorway. When the woman
in black looks up at him, he quickly snatches
off his broken straw hat & holds it against his
chest, as two old soldiers saluting the flag. In
his other hand he fingers a cigar whose preparation
he interrupted when he felt the woman gaze. Why
didn't he come out onto the steps? Perhaps he
felt his Italian army shirt buttons at the collar,
his worn pants & work shoes, his white fuzzy
head & no teeth were not suited to occasion.

Perhaps he didn't believe a Protestant should
be involved - even in remotest way - in Catholic
funeral. Perhaps death was next door to him
& he didn't ^{want} to go out of his way to
meet it.

in dungarees, soiled polo shirts, short pants, unwashed
 skirts & heavy cloth sweaters. A 4-year old sits on the
 pavement sucking his thumb. Next ^{to} him, on the edge
 of the curb two blond-haired boys, 10 or 12, in dungarees
 stand w. arms interlocked like young lovers, the
 undisguised affection of the young, whispering snatches
 to each other. - see, the other kids, the green flowers on
 the door, the ^{big} black car, see the cars. Behind them
 two little girls, ^{one} in ^{and} plaid, light striped orange shirt,
 dungarees. The other brown-haired, taller, thinner, dungarees
 & green blouse; a plump little girl in green shirt &
 white sweat shirt holding her little brown's hand;
 and the mother, head swathed in scarfs, ^{stuffed w. baby pants} cheap,
 faded cotton dresses, bare-legged, hold twin babies,
 changing them from arm to arm w. a tired sigh. One
 leans against the light pole in front of Kirby's
 house to ease the heaviness. A heavy young woman
 from Fallsview (or Barney St.), black haired, wears
 black ^{party} dress, Sling from use & age, no cosmetics
 her face pale & washed out like her hair, honestly
 moved she looks, the full weight of the funeral on her.
 She looks around & others see her troubled face. The
 women w. the children are silent, numb, expressionless
 emotion, as tho' they know they should react but
 just how? In the doorway next to the house is. The
^{& ribbons} floral bouquet, gaunt, faded, screaming Evelyn, the
 15-yr. old niece, the faint suffering face of a nun; she has

On the steps below Wright, Elmer sat in Pepsi-Cola jacket & hat, & took in proceedings as he dragged on a cigarette which he held in clumsy fat fingers. Then his thick hexagonal lenses which reduced his eyes to a black scar, he looked up & down the women before him, pausing especially to stare at the turn of the calves of their legs & the extension of the hair along the thighs, into the rounded indentations between their legs.

Those on that side of ^{the} ~~of~~ steps came from someplace other than the block. The immediate neighbors were arrayed on the other side of the steps beginning w. Ronnie Thomas & a row of kids ending w. Dale who stared intently at everyone, including the strange people in black & the shiny cars. He sucked on his finger as did the other little boy opposite him on the other side of the steps. Ever so often, Ronnie would look at something whisper to the boy next to him & both would smile, & then suddenly, as the stench reminded, they suppressed the smile, banished it from their faces & resumed the appropriate & reverent mien.

On the next steps sat the young girls gallery - the Kaysers. Claire, ugly Bootsie long skin fuzzy-tether & hair knotted behind a scarf, Jany not married, & standing behind them Joany in two-piece

⑤

sun suit, light orange pants, bare midriff, yellow blouse w. faint breast line, she holds one hand on side in graceful seductive posture then touches her cultured bang, she whispers, smiles broadly, then becomes proper.

By A great fat white-haired German grand-mother sits on next steps, her ~~top~~ meaty hands fallen true in her lap. Her wrinkled brown face around her shrub nose watches passively - another cycle of life & death, she has seen so many before. There is no tree between her & Nelda, her grandchild, who leans both hands awkwardly on her knee which rests on first step of their house.

Kay, too, sits silently on her step, her growing child-stomach full up to her breasts. A trace of tiredness is about her large-brown eyes & their wide lids, tiredness & yet cunning, a knowing, she knows about this something the others don't, she was in on this from the beginning, from the first going to the doctor w. "Mam", perhaps like then when she fought Bess for the affection of her son & won out, & since then when Bess accepted her & cried out before she left for the hospital: "you German bitch, how that baby born!" what does Bess' death mean to her future or Andrew now? Will it mean no resistance at all to marriage?

No one on the step w. her, neither silent temple-

amented olive-skinned Jane at her side, nor Bobbie, nor her own three favored daughters, Patsy, knew anything, no one did, like she did.

In back of May, there grew a row of the neighbors who stood in the distance, who had the ^{Virginia & Tennessee} mountain aversion for death, the Countryman's, the primitive's "want nuther" to do with it". They stood in the back & talked & whispered & gossiped, they put together Bessie Ed. & they took her apart, they resuscitated & buried her a dozen times in the hot Sun on that pavement. The Chapmans, The Kaysers, The McThompsons, Viola & her baby, all were there to say goodbye to Bessie - the Catholic woman who was cherry - can't complain, who's the use & kitchen' - till the end.

The funeral came alive when the McHandy's funeral director came out of the house & stood on the edge of the curb. He wound toward the line of cars up the street, the engine turned over, & as the car came before the director it stopped. The director, in a black suit too small revealing his thickness a buttocks & fat ridges of his stomach. which met w. strain at his jacket button, w. his starched shirt sleeves far out beyond his coat cuffs, his black & grey striped tie pinched in the middle by a brass ^{silver} tie clasp, performed w. Efficiency. His face, clean-shaven, decent looking w. his well combed black

people
flowers
casket

hair & pink-rimmed spectacles, bore no sign of funeral emotion. He was simply efficient. A bank teller, as he looked & might have been, at our time, at his job, efficient, crisp, & doing his best to serve. He opened the door of the grey Chevie. This was a signal for his aide in the house to open the door & let the mourners out, efficiently, two by two at a time, as the autos' capacities would allow.

First the relatives came out. John's brother & his wife in black, no tears, but tired strained faces ^{gray interest} ~~another couple whom the block didn't know,~~ the waiting car which then turned & lined up behind the house up the block. Another couple in black whom the block didn't know. Then crying from inside, tortured shrill crying which made faces in the block wince, eyebrows set. Solberg & then a woman with gray hair, her black dress wrinkled & poorly fitting on her, comes out. Blessie's sister, a man behind her, into a waiting car. A few more strange people, a woman in purple dress & colored shoes - looked like beach shoes, the women watched her enter the next car. ~~Then the people from the block.~~ Then they watched a pretty blonde girl w. golden hair & a black string in her hair, looking splendid in a black ballroom dress. The girl

(8)

was the belle of the funeral & she knew it & she walked w. mincing delicate steps, & she held her dress skirt just so & she took a minute longer to enter the car than did the others. "Ah," you could ^{see} it ^{always} in the eyes of the girls on the steps, "Ah, how pretty, & nice - I wonder who she is?"

Then the people from the house started coming out & that was of greater interest, for they all wore their party dresses which they had just washed & ironed or had cleaned & they were uncomfortable in them or proud, in accordance with their natures. First came Aunt Sophie Eden, Bessie's mother-in-law who hurried out of the door clearly distracted for she almost factured down the steps & into the waiting car in one swift continuous & graceful movement. She was a large woman, spread out in the places where most women do soon after they are married, & in her blue transparent dress tufted w. white polka dots & underlaid w. a white slip, & in her straw blue bonnet squashed flat on her greying head, she conveyed an awkward intimacy. Her awkwardness, as the block later learned, might have originated in several causes - first, she hadn't gotten along too well w. Bess, since she was a regular church going unitarian together w. everyone in her family & Bess & her birds were not. Aunt Sophie indeed felt quietly indignant against Bess & her family because of their Christian lapses - John himself was a beer house & was known to have dabbled

w. other women; Andrew has had that violent affair w. his first wife Mildred which ended in a public brawl bringing such disgrace on the family name, and now he shamelessly carried on w. that lousy whoreson woman, who sits pregnant w. her bastard child this very moment on those steps attending this funeral. And Dave was no different what with his sleeping w. Margaret & then getting her & then marrying that sloppy & vulgar Polack girl. And Lord knows how his two daughters, Catherine (the beauty didn't say for nothing by the time she was 15) & ^{Tubby} ~~Patty~~ Helen used to carry on in the alley & up in the park. Of course, the fact that none of them ever went to church & that the kids stopped going to Sunday School & Confirmation

so soon after they started is the reason for all this. It's too late to change it now, Sophie felt, but it all started with John Ed, a Catholic, marrying Bess, a Lutheran Polack. The Protestants just ain't real church folk & even though Bess married as a Catholic & sent her kids to St. Mary's school, she ^{wasn't} really a Catholic at heart & she ain't really big a Catholic home. That's why Father O'Konski didn't say Mass for her, an' only two Sisters came to visit the family yesterday - an' even that was more of them. Oh, well, what difference does it make now. I guess the worms in the ground ain't particular about whose Church you belonged.

The black people came out in a flow behind Sophie, spilling out together in a clut in which they seemed to find protection from the public gaze, even tho' most of the

a fact which
but the
death of Bess
Ed was
known for
the first
time to
the blacks.

high
spiced
corn
glaze
washed
with milk

outlooks were their own families or next door neighbors.
 Strangers how something happens to people at "public"
 events. This morning, when they were borrowing eggs or
 sugar from each other, they talked, laughed, cursed gaily, freely,
 but now in their party & market dresses & bonnets they
 walked self-consciously, their eyes were glazed w. strangeness,
 & if they were to speak to each other at this moment
 their voices & their choices of words would be so different
 & different as to frighten themselves. Like two different people,
 each of us, everyday people & funeral people, everyday people
 & party people, ^{everyday people, religion people.} Nobody is really himself, & it's only at
 certain times you get to know you an' you gotta pick which
 you you like bein' with most & that's the you you try to
 grow like a plant. But the weeds & the different kinds
 of plants ^{flowers} keep croppin' out & you gotta keep on weedin' &
 pullin' 'em out. Now the other kinds of plants were growin'
 on the block & the people on the step watched 'em w. the
 curiosity & bewilderment with which they would view the
 strange sudden growth of new flowers.

But the kids had no such problems of awareness. When
 Mrs. Thomas, in stretched dark blue market dress, sat in the
 back of the car next to the window, Dale, her 4-year-
 old son who stood sucking his thumb next to his brother
 Ronnie, cried out gleefully, "Hey, Mommie!" Toothy gums
 broke out along the roots of both lining either side of
 the steps, & the older watchers smiled spontaneously. But
 Ronnie, alert to the feeling of the occasion, kept his

touched one hand to Dale's shoulder, the other to his mouth, whispering 'Bluh'. As Mrs. Thomas touched her finger to her closed lips, the smiles faded from the assembled faces & a reverent air again asserted its rightful sway.

Among those who joined Mrs. Thomas in this car were Mrs. Kirby, delicately sorrowful, ^{her nose brow intensely furrowed} with her lips pursed & clutching her purse for support, her daughter-in-law, Dots, resplendent in a ~~cost~~ blue & white ^{suit with} collar & wearing a white feathered hat on the back of her head - ^{white strapped shoes} her lovely wedding outfit. Dots, unembarrassed by a purse, her hands freely swinging at her sides, surveyed the scene faintly & seemed tempted to wave to the neighbors on the right. But the vigilance was still-born for she quickly stepped into the car & sat between Mrs. Thomas & her mother-in-law.

Mrs. Luley sat in the front seat after she had looked at her family & beyond them at the Haydens & Ruthens & the others & was ^{in a modestly self-conscious way,} aware that all had seen her in her white frock w. black gulla dots & black hat w. veil. So eager was she for recognition she could scarcely realize that her white frock made her look even more shrunken & small & that her beaked shoes emphasized her hobbled ^{& pained} walk. As she sank behind the window frame of the car, her hat & brow peering above the ledge, the funeral director, his starched ^{French} cuffs still ^{conspicuously} exposed beyond his short coat sleeves, closed the door & signaled

the station wagon to approach. The funeral director, his arms hung before him as though he ^{had} just removed his hands from dishwater & was waiting for someone to hand him a towel, swooped open the door of the station wagon for its load of mourners.

Aunt Sophie's second eldest daughter, Hellen Marie, headed the cortege. She, too, could not resist the lure of watching eyes & she nervously looked to one side & then another. Normally confident, righteous, & even cozy in small groups when she wants in an endless chatter, & wild gesticulation, & ^{sophisticated} casting of the head from side to side, her superior education - she is a secretary & bookkeeper - her superior religion - she speaks ^{with intimate & professional} frankness of churches, priests, confession as though taking for granted that is the common concern & practice of the world - her superior love life dotted by Francis & Tom & Dick - now she seemed to shrink in the black gaze. As a little ^{skinning} girl, with thin bony face & spindly arms & legs, she was called "Peanuts" by everyone & for all her pretensions to be uppty-uppty & for her pretty white linen frock with its black tufts, & her white gloves & her marching black hat & bag, she was still "Peanuts" to the black. Somehow she knew this was so & she scooped up the flared skirt bottom in her hand & escaped into the saving anonymity of all things, a station wagon.

Her discomfort continued & indeed grew as she was joined by Mrs. Entwistle, Margaret & Willy Campbell. The

thought itself of having to ride ^{all the} way to the
 country with "these people" was ^{altogether} crushing. Mrs. Putnam
 was a country woman, ^{of 40} a great silent animal of a woman,
 who ate ravenously, slept long & soundly, & bore children
 as long as her 70-year-old husband wanted them & was
 able to give her them. She did more listening than
 speaking, & when she did speak it was the rough natural
 gabble of Virginia country-folk, drawled out with the
 unincumbered ease of water flowing over a rock-bed. If
 watching the cycles of nature quivering full orbit in the
 fields & forests, in the rains & snow & suns which whipped
 or caressed her Virginia land had suggested to her
 the inevitable companion of man's life & death. This center,
 she betrayed no ~~awareness~~ ^{concern for} of such knowing. She moved heavily
 & stompily thru this world, unbothered by "higher" ambitions or
 grandest appearances. She ate because she wanted to eat & the
 fat that unshaped her ^{breasts, arms,} hips & buttocks & legs into great
 beefy extensions of her original frame was of "no count".
 As she came down the steps & headed for the car, she
 remained the enormous plodding & unruffled animal plowing
 through the field of people. Her attractive silby black
 dress failed to alter significantly her appearance because
 without laces, without girdle - harness she long ago cast
 away as "nuisances" - her formlessness remained weirdly
 impressive. A cocky little black hat perched rakishly
 on the back corner of her head added even more to
 her grotesque largeness & was count as a mouse might

might be perched on the back of an elephant. But Fannie wasn't bothered by these things & so there's no point laughing at her since there is really nothing funny in making fun of somebody when they're not bothered by it.

When Fannie seated herself heavily on the back seat making the ^{station wagon} sag slightly in back & the springs in the seat itself creak, Beaumont lifted up the folds of her white dress & gathered them to herself. She smiled weakly at Fannie Rutherford whose face remained impassive. Beaumont squirmed uneasily in her corner. This mountain of a woman had cornered her in & she felt pitifully small against her bulk.

Margaret & Willie Campbell looked was like sisters now than ever before. Both were dressed in almost identical black ^{summer} frocks, Willie's having more white trimming at the breast panel also more head than her older sister. Margaret, ^{staringly} thin as a crane, pale, nervous, wadded in girth; one could almost see her hip joints move in ^{their} ~~its~~ sockets. She held her mouth & crumpled handkerchief to her ^{wet} eyes. She apparently had been crying for some time, perhaps not so much because she missed Brass Eder but because crying came easy to her. When both Margaret & Willie covered their protruding teeth w. handkerchiefs & Willie sat in the front seat of the station wagon & Margaret directly behind her, they impressed one as looking like the nuns who drive down the

(24)

in their own station wagon, sitting at the windows
street, in starched black gowns, their pale & sorrowful
faces peering disconsolately out of the (white) pigeon-
shaped & starched collars & hoods as they seek out the
slaughter house for charity meat & the bucket factory
for charity wares. Only such a comparison would
never occur to Pearls, for she knew Margaret &
Willie for "what they were," how they kept other
men when their husbands were away in the army
& how Red Kirby used to take Willie back under
the coat & give it to her, & how Mrs. Kirby raises
Phyllis who, as everybody knows is Willie's, who, also
as everybody knows forced Mrs. Kirby to take Phyllis
in, first, her husband wouldn't keep the child in
his house, & secondly, if she didn't, she would spoil
the whole story to Red's girl, who, being a decent
respectable girl, would never go thru w. their
marriage if she knew about Phyllis. No, ^{the} any
slight suggestion of a comparison like news would
be sacrilegious.

Well, at any rate, they were moving away &
it wouldn't be long before they were at Glenhaven
Cemetery (where Kay's baby is buried) & then she
could change cars on the way back.

While the people were coming out & getting into
the cars, the pallbearers stood in military file
on both sides of the steps. On the left side there was
Mike Eder, John's brother's boy, who married Fanny's

the cigarette behind his back, not knowing for sure whether it's
 the right thing to do, especially for an Elder of
 the church. When the last car had pulled away,
 the funeral aides began bringing out the flowers.
 They were beautiful in their lavish colors of
 purple against green ferns, pink and red roses against
 white, blue & white - ~~several of the~~ arranged in
 pleasing designs, round, square, set nicely in white
 flower pots. A tall man in blue spot suit handed
 each to a little man w. black ^{shiny} pants hair & in
 black suit, who, in turn, handed each to the funeral
 director who, at the curb edge, spilled out the
 excess water & then placed the bouquets in the
 flower wagon. The sudden appearance of the
 flowers evoked an awesome & wonderful silence,
 respectful & clean, and new air was being
 breathed. Once, the little man in black dropped
 a small white flower pot on the step, & a wounded
 cry went out of the throats - "ah!" as though
 a person had fallen, the dead herself, & was
 hurt. When the first bouquet shaped in the figure
 of a large cross was brought out, Bess Edin's niece,
 Evelyn, standing in the doorway, touched her neck, as
 though ^{coughing} ~~beginning~~ herself in making the sign of a cross.
 Pecky, on seeing the floral cross, dropped his cigarette
 behind him & ground it out w. the heel of his shoe.

Then stealthily & in guilt, he slowly turned his head around to see if anyone ^{had} noticed his misdeed. His eye caught a man on the third floor of Matthews who was watching the funeral & impulsively he waved towards him & the man waved back. Actually, Pecky noted, half the factory was watching the ceremony. (He had a bigger audience than he realized), Gals were on the office steps, ~~men~~ two white men & a bigger boy were looking from the packing platform, & in every window on every floor there were men & women watching. Behind them he could see bulbs on machines glimmering faintly, & the metallic clatter of bale machines & drop hammers echoed continuously into the street. He looked back at the flower procession to make certain he wasn't missing anything important & then he continued to notice the world go on about this temporary scene. The meat trucks being loaded or washed, the Cokes being unloaded, the Diesel Engine passing by below, the crane loading the coal cars, Key Highway & its racing traffic. Nothing really stopped, nothing 'cept Bess Eder.

After they had loaded the flower truck, the casher business drove into view.

MRS. ED EIR

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SYNOPSIS

- I. Daily routine, setting building home, store, etc., evening on friendships.

Gracie, about 45, lives in the corner house near the bucket factory, supervises gate entrance for trucks.
- II. One day she meets Howard, the new garage mechanic, at gate. He is nice-looking, very masculine, about 50, very pleasant. He shows kindness by carrying in her bag of groceries for her. She develops a "liking" for him and asks him to stay for a drink of soda. Howard says he has to take truck to garage, but would drop in after work.
- III. At suppertime, family sits around table eating. Argument break out over salt-shaker and fight between headstrong son Henry and father Willie is imminent (Henry tells Gracie she's a fool for not divorcing him), as Howard enters. Grace introduces him to the family. He stays for drink and then leaves.
- IV. Some time later, Grace and Margie (blond daughter with black tooth from cavities) are alone in kitchen, and Margie says it would be swell if Howard were her father (wishes they were freed from Willie). Mentions _____ Eleanor's free _____. They would go different place like other people do.
- V. Howard drops by on way to laundry. Grace offers to do for him. Howard invites her out to his country home for Sunday. She accepts.
- VI. When Willie comes home from selling cartons, he goes into backyard and seeing men's clothes, tears down pole, breaks into mad rage, accuses Grace of unfaithfulness (Grace threatens to leave him), then goes down to cellar to chop wood in anger.
- VII. On Sunday, Grace tells Willie her sister Viola is ill; she leaves food for the family and leaves to meet Howard who takes her to country home.
- VIII. Home description. She is very much excited by her first trip away from home in years. She breaks out in tears over how enslaved she's been and Howard comforts her. He tells her how lonely he's been and how good it is to have a fine woman like Grace in his home. They go to bed and she confesses at not having slept with Willie for 10 years. He suggests she stay with him. She refuses.
- IX. When returns at night, she finds Willie on the floor, the dog Rover licking his head, at his side are a job of aspirins. Grace revives him. She hears Margie's voice outside the door. She looks outside the curtain and sees Margie embracing a boy. When Margie comes in, Gracie asks why Margie left the old man alone.

She answers that her brothers went away, and that she couldn't stay home with that crazy bastard all day. The old man, lying on the sofa, accuses the

- X. Next morning doctor comes to examine Willie, says he has high blood pressure, suggests he go to a sanitarium for a rest. Willie in wild rage says he won't leave house for a minute -- won't let her make a whore house out of his home. They take him to front room upstairs. Doctor gives him sedative. In kitchen discussion between doctor and family, Albert the oldest son says they can't afford sanitarium; he needs money for marriage. Henry says she couldn't give old man his "beer money"; Robert says they can't afford it on salaries they make. Margie (16 - ____ grade) promises she'll help take care of him at home.
- XI. At 2:00 in the afternoon, Gracie goes out to open gate for Howard, tells him about Willie's getting ill. Howard says he'll meet her in woodshed at 3:00. They meet. Howard asks her to come away with him. She says she can't -- it would kill Willie. Besides, if she left now, Henry would become a bum and Margie started to run around with boys. She's afraid that if left alone, Margie might become promiscuous. Howard says she should have divorced Willie. She agrees, but it's too late now and she'll have to wait till he dies. They fornicate a little.
- XII. In room alone, Willie imagines that neighbors across the street are watching him. He peers through the screen and sees them sitting on the steps. He screams out telling them to mind their own goddam business. He calls Gracie and Margie. He thinks they've left him to die, that they've gone with Howard. He does to the closet to get a gun. He's doing to shoot Howard as he passes by in his car on way home from work.
- XIII. In store, Mrs. Levin, storekeeper, tells Gracie she looks troubled. Gracie tells her about Willie. Says she wished she left him long ago -- now stuck to him. Mentions chance to break
- She says she can't pay storebill because of medicine bills. Margie is in corner of store playing with Billie. (Mrs. Levin asks why Margie doesn't work. Gracie says she needs her at home; besides; they're too many fresh boys in factories these days. She says she'd better go home, because Willie will be mad if she's away too long.
- XIV. At home, she finds her three sons. They tell her the boiler exploded in the galvanize rooms, two were killed from acid. She says how terrible, and that this will make them lose wages. Henry explodes; here he damned near gets killed and she worries about wages. He says he's glad it happened so he won't have to support the old man for awhile as he is been doing for the past nine years (24 now). He says he is going out to get drunk. Brothers don't try to stop him.

- XV. Albert asks his mother to get supper ready -- he'll bring his girl Evelyn over to see father, Willie.

After supper, they go up to Willie's room. Willie says he feels he's doing to die, and he's glad to see his Albert's girl (he's never like Catholics, but he thinks Eveyln will make him a good, loyal wife). He asks Robert to take care of his wood in the cellar and the cardboard cartons.

- XVI. Around midnight there's a knock on the door. O'Brien, the Irish cop, tells Gracie and Robert to come with him. They go to Hanover Street bridge where they find Henry with smokehounds and mulligan stew. O'Brien says they'd better take him home else the police would take him to jail. They take him home and cop leaves.

- XVII. Henry goes into a tantrum. He's gonna "get the old man." He's tired for supporting him all these years. He's just in everybody's way. Henry makes a break for the stairs leading to Willie's room. Margie, wakened by the rumpus, comes out into the hallway. She tries to keep him back. He crushes the door on her breast. Willie awakens in fright. He threatens to shoot Henry. He gets dizzy, heads for the door, and falls down the steps. He gets a hemorrhage. Margie calls the doctor. Henry is locked in his room.

- XVIII. By the following morning, Willie is dead. Gracie makes preparations for the funeral. At the funeral, Margie faints. Howard rushes her to a doctor. Margie is pregnant.

- XIX. When Gracie returns from the funeral, she meets Howard and Margie at home. Margie says she was made pregnant not by Billie but by a carnival boy who has left with the carnival. Gracie asks Howard to marry him and take Margie with them to the country home. He says he won't and leaves.

- XX. Gracie, bitter and determined, takes the money from Willie's bank, and gets a taxi to Howard's house. He angrily tells Howard he's a coward for not facing the facts. She explains Margie is pregnant because of him indirectly. Their love, she says, broke up the house and led Margie to become promiscuous. Howard relents, they go to bed with him agreeing to marry Gracie and to bring Margie with them to the country home.

Family happy on farm (secure in food material, content in being producers, united in common effort).

Come to the city (to establish "future" for growing children, to ease work of farm-life, to educate children, to get them wives, to enjoy civilized blessings - cars, toilets, radio, gas, electricity, washing machines - children eager with visions of new school and gadgets.

To survive in city, they must get jobs in factory. When Willie worked, there was great hope for future (children went to school but quickly fed up because they were _____ in lower classes, they were outdoor kids and couldn't stand indoors.

When Willie was laid off, his value as a producer (instrument of income) was at an end. Family began to deride him, disrespect him; he became pariah. Gracie not only lost respect but affection for him -- she begins to look dream of man to take Willie's place -- man who is producer, who wins respect.

Willie feels family ganging up on him; in defense become hitter and suspicious of Gracie.

Family breakdown then proceeds: Robbie, disgusted with family hatreds and tyranny of dangerous job, joins army; Henry, driven by hate of old man, become _____; Margie, raised in bitterness and conscious of mother's fornication, becomes whore. Albert seeks refuge in Catholic Church.

With death of Willie and family disrupted, Grace looks for future with Howard; her loyalty (mother instinct) to family leads her to bring pregnant Margie with her. Howard, lonely and seeking to rebuild familylife, would marry her; but his fears of harlot Margie bringing a black shadow in his home, dissuades him.

Margie and Gracie are left alone, wreckage of a family. All they have left is each other; their physical left-overs (dresses, trinkets); their dreams (Margie dreams of her fornicator returning with carnival; Gracie dreams of returning some day to farm with Robbie's support) take up like old days when they were happy.

Point of the Story: Family leaves inherited farm to come to city in search of "future" for children (job, movies, booklearning) and easy life (made easy by city gadgets). To achieve this future, family must loss independence, must become involved in factory. This involvement and loss of independence breaks down 1) ties which working on farm had forged between husband and wife (through mutual dependence), leaves way open for wife to build dream world, to seek love with another man, which results in demoralization of family (defeat of original purpose in coming to city).

1. Early life no great romance, but they knew they could survive only together. Challenge of farm, of home, fear of "public opinion,"

small possibility of whoring around -- kept them together. . . ; also knowledge of common achievement (crops, building houses, have animal births).

In city, there is no common challenge and no independent achievement - - there is no personal identification with machine (as with animals or crops) there is no sense of achievement with products -- only results of labors is money (and this becomes measure of man's worth to family, and forces competitive wrangling among brothers.¹ Failure of Willie to be productive as money reduces him to pariah, reduces family respect, increases strife, invites Gracie's whoring.

Motives for boys' breakdown: uniformity of jobs increase craving for extraordinary experience -- rivalry in output between boys --inhumanity of machines (143 6 of W).

- 1) When Gracie waves first at Alexander and says we'll go back to country, Margie says no -- she wants to stay there where there's so much excitement and life and things to eat and clothes to wear.
- 2) After Willie's death and Margie's pregnancy, Gracie asks Howard to marry him (to take Margie with them). He refuses because Margie is a whore and like his previous wife, she'll bring ruin to him and his house. He would consider marrying her without Margie around. She says she can't -- Margie is last vestige of family. He refuses and leaves.
- 3) Gracie and Margie sit in living room -- and begin dream all over again, Gracie recalling farm days, what a good husband Willie was.

Margie, hoping she'll hear from Jimmie, hoping he'll marry her, hoping Robbie's check will come.

¹Boredom of jobs (as opposed to variety of farm life) increases lust for adventure and excitement.

GRACE

- Weak character, doesn't have courage to make changes in her life; she always contemplates action which ends up in talk; cowardice permits her to be shoved around by children, especially Margie.
- She escapes to dream world to avoid routine of daily life; she dreams of being in love with "man", of going places, of having things.
- She is maudlin, simple, at times silly, well-meaning.
- Fat, friendly, garrulous, "work-house" type, soap-smelling, no teeth.
- She lives primarily for her family although her family has gone to pot (this last thread bounds her to home, mate-love, family-love gone).
- She is very neat, hair chestnut brown wavy in place with yellow celluloid combs; wipe apron pinned to front of her dress; big can, short dumpy feet.
- Wild, high-pitched laugh -- sounds like pig squeal.
- Lack of courage seen in excuses made when failing to pay bills, failing to exercise any control over daughter.
- Market is furthest venture from home.
- SISTER LIVING HAPPILY IN FREE LOVE COUNSELS HER WAY OF LIFE.
- Prepared special meals for boys.
- High pitched speech due to shouting to deaf Willie.

WILLIE

- About 60, indistinct speech due to sinus condition, front teeth missing (cavities) others blackened and ruined by candies, cakes, sodas.
- Laid off job during slow period, (nine years ago), lost two fingers - received \$25, since then makes Gibson chairs (\$1.50 - green and white paid, box-car beams), sells cartons; factory guardian.
- Cap, blue shirt no collars, police suspenders, heavy pants, heavy shoes.

- Wore 5 and 10 cent glasses, read newspapers and comic books.
- Bought large jars of aspirins (one sale) with own money (lent money to "her" to buy soda, to pay bills) for headaches.
- Would walk back from Pratt Street, walk with Rover in large back yard.
- Because of lack of job, friends, physical handicaps, felt family was against him -- had no rapport with kids -- was suspicious and jealous of wife, would watch Gracie talk to watchman, give her hell.
- Took delight in tickling castrated Rover (fought for dog's attention).
- Hearing was impaired.
- Sat out front defiantly opposing neighbors.
- New suit at death bought from his own insurance and savings.

HOWARD

- About 50, slim, strong, vigorous, very active, well-liked.
- Although fast patter, lonely (wouldn't go to beer parlors)
- Wore army overseas cap, cigarette dangling from mouth.
- Had big Buick (made him look like man of means).
- Kiddled around with Margie and Robbie, took them for rides in Buick (Robbie hunting rabbits).
- Appealing to office women (left impression of exciting, fresh man), cover up of vacuum of loneliness and want of companionship and home-maker.
- Sentimental, recalls wife's fornicating with others, her death on motorcycle.

ALBERT: 26, oldest.

- Looked like King George VI, lean, wide nostrils, blond, blue eyes, false teeth.
- Quiet, industrious, family supporter, peace-maker in squabbles, serious.

- Prophylactic in store.
- Resigned to lot; once fed up with bossing, punched foreman.
- Roamed around Federal Park.
- Lack of beauty in life, found girl's church "pretty" even with hocus-pocus (submit to Catholic marriage).
- Quick, nervous, jerky walk.
- Short-winded, excessive smoke.

HENRY: 24, middle son.

- Tall, strong, walked with protruding chest (like wait-lifter flexing muscles) swinging arms; clenched fists, always ready to take a poke.
- Early years painted on glass-dogs; technical aptitude.
- Proficient on bucket handles.
- Arrogant, _____.
- Despite boasting of female conquests, went with ugly, shrunken girl (Nellie; pregnant).
- Worshipped _____ and father was weaking (Howard was strong).
- "Windbag."

ROBBIE: 21.

- Superstitious, stringy, nervous, jumping, sly, honest.
- Pounded handles since 17.
- Bad teeth, saliva spilling out of edge of mouth.
- Devoted to mother, _____ over Margie.
- No girls, wandered in park at night; didn't belong to neighborhood gang, hung around corner.
- Meticulously clean, white shirts, writs watches, cow-boy belts.
- Movies on Saturday, play with dog.

- Comic-books, soda water, candy, cakes.
- Western movie influence on speech.

MARGIE: 16, (6th grade opportunity class).

- Thin, bony attractiveness, blond, front tooth black.
- Nervous laughter.
- Insistent cursing (Gracie: O, Margie, is that nice?")
- Change clothes three, four times a day.
- Greedy (rings from boys) boastful.
- Hated work, school.
- Talk about boy friends (sailors at carnival, Billy jealous).
- ? (Went to movies for ushers).

MISCELLANEOUS DETAILS

- Howard seen coming from garage late at night.
- Gracie made him hot water; hid it from old man.
- After Willie's death and Margie's pregnancy, Gracie goes to Howard's house, finds him with another woman; (Howard in hospital, visits him, finds woman ((married)) kissing him; meets her later on street-car, woman says "he ain't gonna marry you he's my fiance . . ."), bitterly disillusioned she returns to live out life with daughter in dreams; realizes "we should never have come where we didn't belong -- man should live out his own nature, not try to be what he can't; we're farm people -- that's where we belong -- machines and machine life are too far ahead of us, and we just couldn't catch up with it.
- Evelyn _____, long hair.
- Three men over 70 pensioned -- \$20 a month -- worked for factory, since 1899 (16 years old) 54 years. (Factory started 1897, \$50 million plant, branches ex.: Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit.)

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- SISTER LIVING HAPPILY IN FREE LOVE COUNSELORS HER WAY OF LIFE
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- sentimental, resents wife's. fraternizing w. others, her death on a motorcycle

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- prophylactic in store
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- roamed around Federal park
- lack of beauty in life, found girl's church "pretty" even with locus, pocus (submit to latrine marriage)
- quick, nervous, jerky walk
- flat-irised, excessive smoke

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- early years painted on glass - deep; technical aptitude
- proficient on bucket handles
- arrogant, haggard
- despite boasts of female conquests, went with ugly, shrunken girl (Velli) (pregnant)
- worshipped Jacob & father was weakling (Howard was strong)
- "windbag"

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- meticulously clean, white shirts, wrist watches, cowboy belts
- movies on Sat., play with dog
- comic-books, Soda water, Candy, Cokes
- Western movie influence on speech

MARGIE (16 - 6th grade opportunity class)

- Thin, long attractiveness, blond, front teeth black
- (: - nervous laughter
- insistent cursing (Grace: O, Margie, is that nice?)
- change clothes 3, 4 times a day
- greedy (rip from bag) basket
- hated work, school
- talk about boy friends (dancers at carnival, Betty Johnson)
- ? (went to movies for ushers)

Nanner, Babbie, Jancy, Buzzie, Peckie, Audie, Kay, Joanie, Portie

- Howard seen coming from garage late at night

- Gracie made Pin Pot water; hid it from old man

(A) - After Willie's death & Margie's pregnancy, Gracie goes to Howard's house, finds him with another woman; bitterly disillusioned she returns to live out life with daughter in dreams, realises we should never have come where we didn't belong - man should live out his own nature, not try to be what he isn't; we're from people - that's where we belong - machines are too far ahead of us, and we just couldn't catch up with.

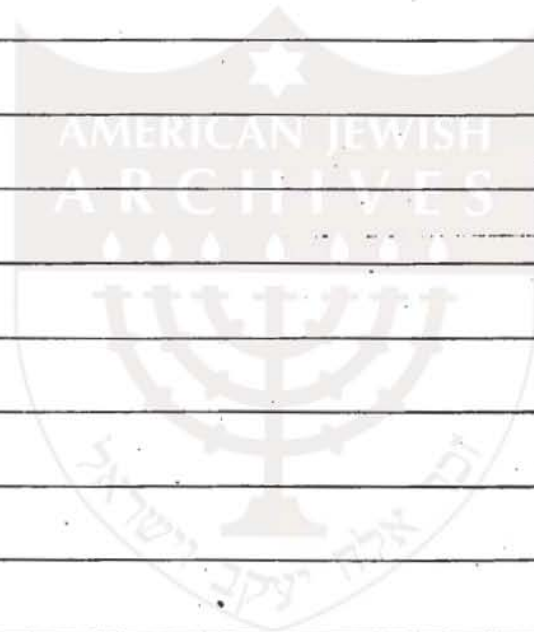
1999 - Evelyn anemic, long hair

1897 - 3 men over 70 pensioned - \$20 a month - worked for factory since 1899 (16th yr. old) 54 years. (Factory started 1897, 50 million plant, branches Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit)

(A) Howard in hospital, visits him, finds woman (Marnie) kissing him; Meets her later on street-car, woman says "he ain't gonna marry ya he's my friend..."

They sat in silence for a moment. And the silence was threatening to seal over N's abiding flood of speech, so he spoke again before he would have liked to.

- I don't need any help, he said, his tone climbing indignantly



Virginia Woolf

i) her later novels were not in conventional form.

No plot in terms of consequences, logical motives - to - effects,
Rather series of sequences, related through emotion - no climax,
no conclusion, no summation of theme - attempt to show
life in depth, kaleidoscope of disorganized life in precise manner

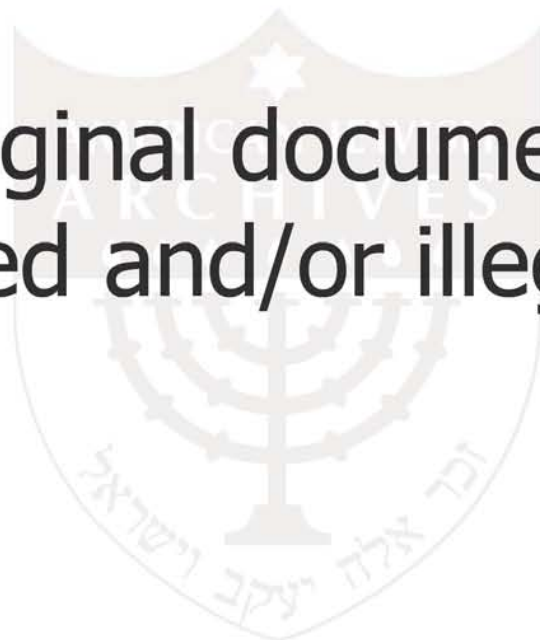
- characters are not portrayed in usual manner of description,
characters are seen in terms of relationships with others,

- Tension generated in developing notion of life showing disillusionment,
yet giving moments of profound joy

- Concerned with themes of war & poverty; Deals sympathetically
with intelligent, money class which is core of her works, around
which poor classes revolve

[start]

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SYNOPSIS

I - Daily routine, setting building home store, etc. evening on hand 1890

Grace, about ⁴⁵30, lives in the corner house near the bucket factory, supervises gate entrance for trucks. ^{II} One day she meets Howard, the new garage mechanic, at gate. He is nice-looking, very masculine, about 30, very pleasant. He shows kindness by carrying in her bag of groceries for her. She develops a "likin" for him and asks him to stay for a drink of soda. Howard says he has to take truck to garage, but would drop in after work. ^{III} At suppertime, family sits around table

eating. Argument breaks out over salt-shaker and fight between headstrong son Henry & father Willie is imminent as Howard enters. Grace introduces him to the family. He stays for drink and then leaves. ^{IV} Some time later, Grace and Largie (blond daughter

with black tooth from caries) are alone in kitchen, and Largie says it would be swell if Howard were her father. ^(Henry tells Grace she's a fool for not divorcing him.) They would go different places like other

people do. ^V Howard drops by on way to laundry. Grace offers to do it for him. Howard invites her out to his country home for Sunday. She accepts. ^{VI} When Willie comes home from selling cartons, he goes into backyard and seeing men's clothes, tears down pole, breaks into mad rage, accuses Grace of unfaithfulness, then goes down to cellar to chop wood in anger. ^(Grace threatens to leave him)

^{VII} On Sunday, Grace tells Willie her sister Viola is ill; she leaves food for the family and leaves to meet Howard who takes her to country home. ^{VIII Home Description} She is very much excited by her first trip away from home in years. She breaks out in tears over how enslaved she's been and Howard comforts her. He tells her how lonely he's been and how good it is to have a fine woman like Grace in his home. They go to bed and she confesses at not having slept with Willie for 10 years. ^{IX} He suggests she stay with him. She refuses.

^{IX} When she returns at night, she finds Willie on the floor, the dog Rover licking his head. At his side are a jar of aspirins. Grace revives him. She hears Largie's voice outside the door. She looks outside thru the curtain and sees Largie embracing a boy. When Largie comes in, Grace asks why Largie left the old man alone. He answers that her brothers went away and that she couldn't stay home with that crazy bastard all day. The old man, lying on the sofa, accuses the

I Next morning doctor comes to examine Willie, says he has high blood pressure, suggests he go to a sanitarium for a rest. Willie in wild rage says he won't leave horse for a minute - won't let her make a whore house out of his home. They ~~take~~ ^{take} him to front room upstairs. Doctor gives him sedative. In kitchen discussion between doctor and family, Albert the oldest son says they can't afford sanitarium; he needs money for marriage; Henry says he wouldn't give old man his "beer money"; Robert says they can't afford it on salaries they make. Margie promises she'll help take care of him at home. (16-6-24)

II At 2:00 in the afternoon, Gracie goes out to open gate for Howard, tells him about Willie's getting ill. Howard says he'll meet her in woodshed at 3:00. They meet. Howard asks her to come away with him. She says she can't - it would kill Willie. Besides, if she left now Henry would become a bum and Margie started to run around with boys. She's afraid that if left alone, Margie might become promiscuous. Howard says she should have divorced Willie. She agrees, but it's too late now and she'll have to wait till he dies. They fornicate a little.

XII Gracie goes to the grocery store to get food for supper. Takes Margie with her.

In room alone, Willie imagines that neighbors across the street are watching him. He peers thru the screen and sees ~~they are watching him~~ sitting on the steps. He screams out telling them to mind their own goddam business. He calls Gracie and Margie. He thinks they've left him to die, that they've gone with Howard. He goes to the closet to get a gun. He's going to shoot Howard as he passes by in his car on way home from work.

XIII In store, Mrs. Levin, storekeeper, tells Gracie she looks troubled. Gracie says she ~~united~~ ^{united} she left him long ago - ~~now~~ ^{now} stuck to him. ~~He's~~ ^{He's} ~~come to her~~ ^{come to her} tells her about Willie. She says she can't pay storebill because of medicine bills. Margie is in corner of store playing with Willie. (Mrs. Levin asks why Margie doesn't work. Gracie says she needs her at home; besides, they're too many fresh boys in ~~the~~ ^{the} factories these days) She says she'd better go home, because Willie will be mad if

she's away too long.

~~IV~~ At home, she finds her three sons. They tell her the boiler exploded in the galvanize room, two were killed from acids. She says how terrible, and that this will make them lose wages. Henry explodes; here he damned near gets killed and she worries about wages. He says he's glad it happened so he won't have to support the old ^{for awhile} man, as he's been doing for the past 24 years (24 now). He says he's going out to get drunk. Brothers don't try to stop him.

~~IV~~ ^{Albert} ~~XXXXXX~~ asks his mother to get supper ready - he'll bring his girl Evelyn over to see father, Willie,

After supper, they go up to Willie's room. Willie says he feels he's going to die, and he's glad to see his Albert's girl (he's never liked Catholics, but he thinks Evelyn will make him a good, loyal wife). He asks Robert to take care of his wood in the cellar and the cardboard cartons.

~~XVI~~ Around midnight there's a knock on the door. O'Brien, the Irish cop, tells Gracie and Robert to come with him. They go to Hanover Street bridge where they find Henry with smokehounds and mulligan stew. O'Brien says they'd better take him home else the police would take him to jail. They take him home and cop leaves.

~~XVII~~ Henry goes into a tantrum. He's gonna "get" the old man. He's tired of supporting him all these years. He's just in everybody's way. He makes a break for the stairs leading to Willie's room. Margie, wakened by the rumpus, comes out into the hallway. She tries to keep him back. He crushes the door on her breast. Willie awakens in fright. He threatens to shoot Henry. He gets dizzy, heads for the door, and falls down the steps. He gets a hemorrhage. Margie calls the doctor. Henry is locked in his room.)

~~XVIII~~ - By the following morning, Willie is dead. Gracie makes preparations for the funeral. At the funeral, Margie faints. Howard rushes her to a doctor. Margie is pregnant.)

~~XIX~~ When Gracie returns from the funeral, she meets Howard and Margie at home. Margie says she was made pregnant not by Willie but by a carnival boy who has left

with the carnival. Gracie asks Howard to marry him and take Margie with them to the country home. He says ~~an~~ he won't and leaves. /

~~XX~~ Gracie, bitter and determined, takes the money from Willie's bank, and gets a taxi to Howard's house. She angrily tells Howard he's a coward for ^{not} facing the facts. She explains Margie is pregnant because of him indirectly. Their love, she says, broke up the house and led Margie to become promiscuous. Howard relents, they go to bed with him agreeing to marry Gracie and to bring Margie with them to the country home.



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