



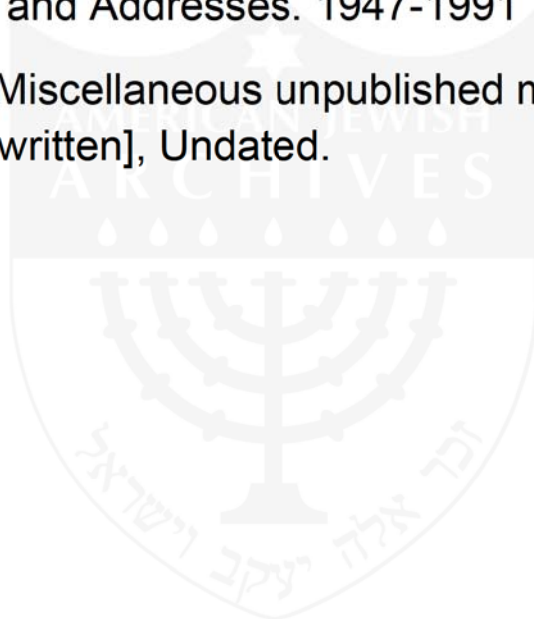
THE JACOB RADER MARCUS CENTER OF THE
AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

Preserving American Jewish History

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

Series A: Writings and Addresses. 1947-1991

Box 6, Folder 15, Miscellaneous unpublished manuscripts
[typescript & handwritten], Undated.



SKETCHES

(Michael) (Chimpzee)
Hump, Marty Curly, Muscles (Roy) Uncle Frank (Scrubbe) near 80
Robbie

ought with a ^{or will} ~~will~~ (no good character), hooker (on a hooker-
drunk); cradles (loaded with dough); ~~cradles~~ (love)
rolled him; rubbin' snuff (Copenhagen)

last goddam man ever stood in a pair of shoes

(A) - ^{Musc} Curly, Hump, Harry Michaels jump in 60 ft channel from bridge
Sols as a judge

Joaney looks Sols, won't face em anytime "Y' Pollin anytime"

(A) quad: halt, who goes there? doubleback? Swam away
"Musc" gets muscled, holds in his nuts, 2⁰⁰ am; ⁱⁿ clothes
67 ft on floor of Sherry
- sleep in field

"Curse of an Aching Heart"

"Under the Cherry Tree, with Marie"

- Hump wounded in WWI died into trench, cut leg

- Sols up with finger-ale

Curly- "no profanity", I don't understand the definition"; in answer
to musc's riddle: "it's a joke!"

- Musc: Don't want a drink, just a taste... Sols up, panhandle
Louis Pt.; Louis Pt my territory; All v.s. my territory
undershirt stinks...

- Robbie: look like snake come out of grass; Slumped Shoulders

- Hump put snuff in guy's drink, guy keeled over

Harry - striped sweatshirt, wrinkled summer pants, suspenders,
Santo Captain's cap cocked on side, gold-rimmed specs,
pale eyes; white fuzz around face, clump of hair in
ears & nose; speaks importantly, thin wavy, jolts when
he walks...

- trouble is I drink too much... wish there was a remedy...
drink too much... wish I could get ole lady into
yard, borrow some money, I'd return it; I like people,
I like Jew-people, raised with 'em in New Balto... know
Mr. Rubin, Metzger... No man ever seen God face-to-face, it's
a lie, got to pray to God, God is nice... I ain't no
dither-bag, I won't fire you Jews, I like Jew people...
They're firing in at the books... looks pretty dark to
me... gonna eat ~~one~~ of my Senators... or one of our
people... what's behind this? I know what I mean...
what's the consequences, or the alternatives - so I know
what to do... I ain't gonna lie long... I know it... God
said to me... Bay, I ain't got nuttin' to do with you
any more, you be gettin' it to yourself

SPORKEHOUSES

(Michael) (Chimpange)
Hump, Marty Curley, Muscles (Ray) Uncle Frank (Scrubs) ^{near 80}
Robbie
ought with ~~awards~~ ^{or pills} (no good character), hooker (on a basket-
drunk); cradles (loaded with dough); ~~crumbs~~ ^{crumbs} (lice)
rolled him; rubbin' snuff (Cocaine)

last goddam man ever stood in a pair of shoes

(A) - ^{Musc} Curley, Hump, Harry Michaels jump in 60 ft channel from bridge
Sobes as a judge

Joaney looks sober, won't give her anything "Y' Rollin anything"

(A) guard: halt, who goes there? doubleback? Swam away
"Musc" gets unbalanced, holds in his nuts, 2⁰⁰ am; ⁱⁿ clothes
671 on fifth of Sherry
- sleep in field

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- Musc: Don't want a drink, just a taste... Sobes up panhandle
Louis Pt.; Louis Pt my territory; All U.S. my territory
undershirt stripes...

- Robbie: look like snakes come out of grass; Slunged Shoulders

- Hump put snuff in guy's drink, guy keeled over

Curly in Navy, Huns in WWI, Muss in WWII - spilled
blood for my country. I love my country. Love the army.
Stink. I hate stink... worked in helmet... ate in helmet, couldn't
cook in helmet... then people talk, sacrifice our lives, and
they talk

- Heart, at's what counts, heart - I don't care if you love
my country, d'you love the Soudelands?

- Jews... we're all brothers & sisters, Jesus Christ was a Jew...
we're all Jews

- a "hammer" - smokeband, when drunk, runs
head against wall ["give him water - he thinks
it's medicine, goes to sleep"]

- CURLEY. I got a heart. God's a good guy. He's a
real good Summa fun he is. He's the only person in
the world I trust. (Apologizes) [and it means to say about
you, y'know what I mean?

SMOKEHOARDS

- Chunky gets spells when drunk, falls on head, pats on chin, big beer stomach, gash on red left cheek, turned up nose, blue eyes, slanted lips, speech defect, put "finger on people", bull neck
- Curly heavy body, squint eyes, small eyes underneath, black jacket faded summer army pants, blue shirt
- Humpback - back like board, stiff neck, chest little mound with chin resting on it.
- wash in hot water from Heiny's; can't run you in for washin'
- Rage Soler, Soler as a dredge - workin in market - took 1-year pledge with priest. "Aint got no will power; if I want to stop drinkin do it wif our will-power - priests & magistrates - at's bullshit!" Got till next February.

SLIM - John F. Ritterland, 58 (Feb 11,)
leathery face, wisps of white hair in chin fleckfold; scabs on fingers,
slight stoop, gentlemanly manner, tips hat to ladies

Born in Balto, before high school was machinist in
Riverside Rauma House (helped drive to Engines, load
coal); went to Poly, graduated as mechanical draftsman,

A) made got job in (A) Mt. Claire's Station. (worked in locomotive
division; 'i' see three different divisions - locomotive, passenger
cars, caboose - these divided one from another) made out
225 w. sketches for
- good money - Married Ruth Taylor, met her thru different parts;
in those days - his wife was Ruth's sister - they worked at
ice cream parlor on Fort Ave - an' you know how
young boys are, eatin' banana apples an' are that -

B) never drank at all, where we met -
in those days - if (B) had three children; wife died in 1929 from
I drank in morning my childbirth; I quit my job in '31 - just couldn't
tongue'd go concentrate, couldn't get hold of myself after that...
flyin. Course went to pieces - how I ever got to
I'd drink be like this is beyond me - I tell you nobody
on weekends knows what's before him but the Good Lord
when wife had - I sent the kids to my mother-in-law in
Company. Cumberland; she took care of them, was their mother.
Mother-in-law had - Here, I never remarry, my kids woulda knocked the
- whiskey in hell outa me - they didn't want no stepmother;
beer at I'd a never wanted any. Course some men remarry
dinner, and it works out better than the first one. But
sober up beer night it'd been my luck to 're marry a high-flier -
I just couldn't take out of those high-fliers
- I can't stand Seltin' women drink - Course y'go to
Jim McLaughlin's or Rossett's or Griffin's, an' newfolk

Come in with their womenfolks an' sit and
 drink, y'know, quiet, that's real nice. Cause
 those are high class places. But take the
 Red Apple an' Mass Rail and places like them
 are hellam. Then girls, y'know ^(x) hell-bellies,
 from North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, y'know them
 places, why they raise more hell than niggers.
 Christ, they throw beer in your face, an' curse
 an' raise all kinda hell... I can't stand to see
 men like that... Cause (niggers) don't care what
 they do, long as he makes his buck... they'll will jump--
 - Got a bad ankle here, banged it up, just ^{had it in case}
 bent over like that... Shoulda never come up
 here from the hospital; always get in bad
 luck up here... Boy, I tell ya, damn there it was
 really nice... I was in Keelotank (Va.) Veterans'
 Hospital for a year and half... heart and had
 nerves... really took care of it... I got hurt
 in first World War, in Texas, riding a horse
 in the Cavalry... (shows vet card with no. on it)
 In Keelotank, wake up with bugle call, eat
 following breakfast at 6 or 7 (two shifts - 6 men at table,
 serve ~~the~~ big butter bacon & eggs, all ya want)
 come back, clean your ^(a) barracks, 1 1/2 ^{hours} duty,
 lunch at 12 and 1 (two shifts), everybody has got to
 rest, between 2 & 3 - rest of the day, do

(x) these hell-
 billy girls
 come up here
 an' go wild

a) inspection
 every Friday,
 cleanest
 barracks free
 from inspection
 following Fri

guest room - your mother & father could stay...
to buy our meals in canteen or outside - but could
stay over for free.

= 2 Slim

anything you want - ping pong, softball (quite hard,
quite serious), library (good library), play cards. Course
there was two things you couldn't do - an' that was
(an' hinged) drinkin' or fightin', if they caught a
drinkin' or fightin' they'd give you 90 days forced leave...
You couldn't come back for 90 days. Left, a course,
if an emergency, then you could come back
anytime.

(ABC
store
outside
hospital)

- You got everything there you could need or want.
[Pulls out handkerchief from back pocket, slowly opens it,
discloses set of false teeth] I got these here down there...

see government teeth... there's the number 372 (number
set in plastic of upper plate & lower)... This is my
second pair (giggles)... If I break these, the doctor'll
raise holy hell... (sobs) but he'll give 'em to me...
See this hat? (Takes off, reveals ^{knobby} beaked sweeting head,
flanked on sides with web whitening hair) Points to sweatband,
USAVA (over aden) glued to me down there, was good hat;
(points to hole in top) Humph Muse threw a cigarette butt
on it, burnt a hole. This spot is an oil spot, got on
there while I was helpin' out in a garage... was a
good hat... This is good suit, clean up on pay day (45) ^(A) give'd delivery
- when you come down there they give you a hat, two
suits (or two khaki pants steady one suit, if you don't need
two suits down there, just one to gain' out) two shirts
(blue one & white one), 2 suits underwear, pair of socks &

A) need this
no. to
get check
(memorized)
wonderful
how Uncle Sam
keeps all
this
straight

shoes. When they get dirty, you put 'em up in a bundle, sign a ticket (makes like Sogun's ticket) and they clean 'em up for you, send 'em back all clean & present. It's really nice down there. I tell you, when my Uncle Sam was in Sogun he really does it right...

- Used to sketch a little bit down there - I used to fool around like that...

- First time of the trap around now, they're all in the lock. Dang fools, they bring it on themselves. They go down the market, get drunk, raise hell and get run in. Nuthin'd be wrong if they'd go back in an alley, take a drink an' then come out, but they were right out in the open on corner of Charles & Cross, right cross from the Apple Bar, they went behind iron gate in front of cut-rate druggist store & began raising hell. Women upstairs on second floor complained, and cops run 'em in.

- Course them cops is always around when it comes to pickin' up the boys, but s' funny how the whole damned Cross Street market

A.

ROOSTER (face red, chewed tobacco, built like rooster)
as section foreman hired negro girls to clean
boxcars, tracks; slept with them; left his wife, moved
to shanty; brought color girl to store, bought
her a pair of silk hose; used to fornicate

with them in woman's room in Marsh Market
(which closed after 5 p.m.); "Not so lively with
girls gone..."; Ma said; "Naps," he said, champion in tobacco



burst down an' there wasn't nary a cop around. If they's been on the job as they shoulda been, five warden's gotten that far...

- Poor little Harvey ain't around. He's up in a Pennsylvania hospital with TB. Wren't get it from drinkin, it was in his family...

A)

- An' Hump Muse. Y'know Rooster? He's a section foreman with the Western Mo. Railway. Rooster's bought a piece of land behind Jake Snyder's (bar below the bridge), put up his own shanty, an' Hump's stayin' with him. Hump takes care of the place. Christ, he's a good cook an' all. His sister runs a funeral parlor out in Locust Point and Hump used to cook for all her kids. Yob, he's a good cook.

Rooster makes out a list of all the things he needs, ^{like on fri or Sat,} and he gives Hump 50¢ for taxi-fare, back and forth. (Shin slaps his knee) Know what Hump goes and does? Walks up & back to the store an' uses the taxi-money to buy a bottle of wine. Course Rooster buys him a bottle of wine out of his whole tax -

- Skinny Johnson used to be out here too but his boy got tired of seein' him drunk all the time, gave him fare to go to Phila where he had job. Skinny takes the money ^{bottle wine} & gets drunk. Couple claps

later his boy comes out here, sees him layin' in the tracks. Christ, he gets mad as hell, he cleans him up, puts him on a bus to Phila, and follows the bus to the city limits to make sure Skinning don't hop off...

- Judge down there now, Frankel, is rough on the boys - Sholbridge, Clarence, Art, Kid Muscles. Sol Liza (used to sell papers on corner Charles & Hamburg) was easy on 'em. Christ he used to let the wiggers off on a dollar or five dollar fine. But Sol was a democrat, an' you know what it was - politics - Republicans got in, bring their gang in, and this guy Frankel. He gived 'em 30 days in the lock. y'know he looked at the books, saw their names, how many times they was up, an' hell, 30 days.

[Looney comes by, cleanly dressed, stiff, somber, correct, the reformed one, formal hello to Skinn]

- Lost one of my boys. He was a clerk in a big company. Not in a cage

all day an' couldn't take a leak when he wanted to. Got on his bladder an' he died. Young boy, 35, left wife an' two kids.

- SLIM & SYL

SLIM You got a little sumtini' for me to get a bite? (gave him 25¢) Thank you, Thank you. (Puts hand up to mouth) Now don't tell him, heh, peol, don't tell him (whisper)

SYL (sees x beard) Jesus Christ, you look worse than me when I gotta drink an. Christ, I don't look that bad when I was in Sicilia ... oh, you studyin' for the priesthood (sanctimoniously), let's shake hands. I like the Jews, I like see the Jews, goddam em... (washes down from garage to light pole) (Pulls out pint of sherry wine, takes gulp)

Your ole man is mad with me. Christ keep me, I drink why. They say I robbed that goddam store. I didn't rob that store. I like them people. They're Jews, but I like everyone em... Mr. Soph, Miss Soph, you... I swear to Christ, I never robbed that store...

SYL (pleading, painful, righteous look on face, eyes watery)... now, Syl, don't take the Lord's name in vain

SYL I ain't taken' no huffin' Lord's name in vain...

SLIM I mean, God is a nice guy, an' he looks after us,

an' it ain't right to do that

SYL - An' you go to hell (blustering, ^{bullying} ^{severe} face, deep scars on nose, arford grey suit, vest often over dirty white T-shirt, crucifix (tin) hanging from piece of cord)

SLIM (turns head aside in exasperation. Then apologizes) Forgive him, he's a nice guy, he's just a little drunk...

SYL I'd do anything in the world for them people, for Mr. Soph... Pretty good of it is I'd even wanted to drive em to N.Y. ... time they was robbed... just in case something'd break down... I'd never rob them... Did not Mary Hirsch & Tommy Hirsch... goddam em, I'd rob them...

SLIM (chuckled by bold talk) you shouldn't talk about your neighbors like that... it ain't nice (exasperated)... ~~Syl, you ain't got no~~ (takes bottle to mouth, notices girls standing in bar corner, turns to fence, takes drink)
SYL takes bottle, drinks it boldly, not caring about girls looking...

SLIM Heh, you oughta do that... Syl, trouble with you is you ain't got no principle

SYL (wiping mouth) who ain't got no principle? (SLIM) I drink up ^{after} you from the same bottle

an' you got T-B... that's principle, goddamit tell me that ain't principle! I got more principle than you ever had...

SEIM Syl, you shouldn't've said it (embarrassed by mention of TB)... Syl, y' oughta learn how to behave toward your fella man... (places hand on heart) you should learn to have a heart of gold.

SYL What's in here an' you teakin' about? (Shoulders back, chest thrust grandly forward, wince a bit, eyes drooped) ain't I take care of you down at the Soldiers' home?

SEIM You took care of me? You ain't take care of me, Syl...

SYL Summathe, don't I bring you Sarsaparilla in the Soldiers' graveyard?! Talkin' about principle!

X Where you in the army...

SYL Y' goddam right I was in the army... 225th Division Army Engineers

SEIM What didja do?

SYL Whady'a mean 'what do I do'? Ask yer question so's I can answer it?

SEIM (Covered) I mean, where didja go in the war?

SYL France, France goddamit! See this (pulls up shirt, reveals scars running along length of stomach) yeh, see that. I never told nobody nothin' kept it all to myself...

SLIM
You know what they used to say, boys
used to say Jews don't fight... It wasn't
true coz I know they did... (what
regiment was you in?) Used to say
we was fighting for the Jews... Goddamit
we was fighting for democracy, we was
fighting to put democracy on its feet
you ought've put yourself on your feet!

morbid
Eye sits on front steps, eyes bleared, needs a shave,
cellar-blue inside black like tar. SEES guy drive
by in car. "I should've had an automobile... nodes...
yessir, I should've had one by now... I know all about
'em... should've had one... well, they got their
pleasures and fun and I got mine... see Gracie there,
my nephew, lifting at baby carriage up the
steps... well, I don't have to do it (emphatically
pokes finger)... I'm a GI guy... that's my
trouble (grin of soldier)... A's the whole thing,
GI guy...

What's today? July 11? I been on a
drunk since June 7. (Drognate, self-anger) I
don't know what ~~fast~~ gets hold of me... I jes'
don't know... I go on a bender & I jes' can't
pull out of it... (Weakly, lips tight together) I ask
my boy to give me a quarter... one loney quarter...

the stores up trucks; tears come into his eyes, run along his nose) he wouldn't give it to me ... a lousy quarter. At's all right. When I got out of the police's hospital, I had a hundred bucks, an' I give it to him. If I had another hundred bucks too, I'd give it to him again. I would. But a lousy quarter. He shouldn't've done it. He shouldn't've turned me down. He shouldn't've turned his ^{own} ~~turn~~ ^{turn} down. No Sir, not for a quarter.

I went up to my sister's for a sandwich, and she wouldn't give me any, see she wouldn't give me any till I was sober. I understand it. They want me to be sober. (Gries again) But she shouldn't've turned me down.

Know what an army officer would do? He wouldn't tell me what to do. He'd bust me. Wal, goddamit (hammers fist on his knee) I don't... want... none of them... tellin me what to do! I'll do it myself, but I don't want 'em tellin me.

No fools no fun. At's what they say. I guess I gotta be the fool. (Reflects) Christ, but why do I have to be the fool all the time, let somebody else be it once in awhile.

(Sees his nephew George walkin across the street with baby in arms) look, there's George. He's my nephew. He's a good boy, don't fond for himself, he'll give me a dime. Hey, Georgie boy, look, got

Hi -

Georgie, look, got a dime? (pan handle waves, friendly tilt to asking)

Ain't got no change ... (keeps walkin')

I'll ask ye when you got change, O.K.?(out of ear-shot)
Christ, I'll get you change.

Christ here comes Frankie Sorrows (Ital, carrying box on shoulder), I drove his truck down to Olapuk ...

Hey, Frank...

[As Frank passes he anticipates parhauddle, fences
it off with miscreant, fine line true to pass]
Need a phase, Sgt, he tells him, walkin by fast
Hawya down, Frankie boy? Got a drink.

[Frank well gone]: Ain't got neither (ridicule - Embury)

Sgt fumbles)

~~Grace, Jr. walks by w. kid. Then Whigates,
they ain't worth the powder to blow em up~~

[That's all right. I don't hate nobody. We're all
alike. If you don't get it, try again. That's
the Catholic religion. I'm a Catholic, an' that's what
the Catholic religion teaches you. If you don't get
what you want, try again. Why, hell, I help
people out. Christ, when we was down the Jordan's
House I helped Shm & Clarence out. I used to
bring em bottles of smoke out to the graveyard.
Christ I got a bang out of it, yes watchin em
get drunk & enjoy themselves. I didn't touch
it myself. Not for the first 6 months. Christ,
then I broke out again & they threw me out.
I nearly tore the goddam place apart. They had to
get rid of me.

Grace, Jr. walks by w. kid. "Then Whigates,
they ain't worth the powder to blow em up. Ain't
one of em worth the powder to blow em up. Willie, the
old man, wasn't worth the powder; ^{to blow him up} The old lady
wasn't worth the powder to blow her up. The boys,
Christ, ain't a one of them worth the ammo. Then
bastards natted on me (at Mathai) made me lose
my job. I did my job the way I thought I should,

and they ruined Christ, the old lady should've left
him alone. She never should've moved in with Billy
and Grace. Should've left him alone, I knew them
mother-in-laws, I knew em. I had an argument w. my
mother-in-law. I know what they are.

Me & my wife were ~~was~~ arguin' over. Sometime, and
her old lady came in - came in to my house, midja -
to tell me what to do, in my house! I hauled off
an' hit the old bat. I slugged her old man too. Was,
Christ, they made it rough for me. They took me into the
Northwestern and Judge O'Neil sed he'd give me 3 mo.
suspended sentence if I'd promise to stop drinkin, I told
O'Neil I was sorry for everything, an' that I ^{swore to} wouldn't
touch it again. An' ^{O'Neil} sed that's jess what he
wanted to hear from me, an' he ast me to come to
see him every Sun. mornin for 3 months. I came every
Sun mornin for them 3 months. An' I didn't touch
a drink.

Then I went in the army. An' that's when she
ast me wrong. She shoulda never done it. It's rough. It's
rough I tell you. (wipes tears away). In Sacramento, the
lieutenant told me one day my wife wants a divorce.
I wouldn't give it to her. She couldn't force me to
give her a divorcet. An' I had just bought her
a wrist watch for 50 bucks, yessai 50 bucks. I
was gonna give it to her for a present.

Was (wipes sweat) I came back to Reg. Str -
up there on the 1800 block, right on the corner - & I
ast to make up with her. I promise her I'd
never go on a bench again. She didn't want to make up.

She's married again, married a man in First Army, U.S.
Got an automobile, a house, an' everything... I
don't judge her it. No Sir I don't... I
wish her happiness (cross) wish her all the
happiness.

I'll never marry again. Et the best
woman in the world walked up there I wouldn't
marry her. I love that woman. There's only
one woman in the world for me, an' at's
Audrey Kirby! I'd go back with her. But I
wouldn't marry again. I'm a Catholic an' I
can't marry. At's my religion. Only one
woman for me. At's my religion [She's a Protestant]

She writes to my boy. He got a letter from
her an' she wants to know about me. I tell
him to write her back an' tell her I said
it's none of her business what I'm doin', forget
about me, an' stop askin' what I'm doin'.

I betcha I can prove she's married
illegal. They never served divorce papers on
me. They tried to catch me at my sister's
to serve 'em on me, but they never caught
me. An' the boys told me ^(quoting) if they don't
serve the papers to you in person, it's
no divorce. She ain't divorced from me.

23 years we been married! She should
never 'a done it. Got divorced on June 7, 1943,
I been on a tender ever since. Eight years.
Ain't worked a day in 8 yrs. Being told me
I gotta good job here as a truck driver.

if I can only manage to stay sober. I know the
most racket. I worked one day for quality meats.
They called up Hering for refs and he told em
over the phone I know my stuff. See I'd be a
top notch if only I could manage to stay sober. Everybody

tells me that. I made \$50 in one day.

Andrew denies by: "Itiya Smoke"; "Itiya Smoke... a
good guy —"

I worked today. Shoes are all next up. I
mixed cement, helping em to put a bottom in a ship.
Made \$14⁰⁰ today. Christ I had a bottle of
sherry this mornin, I was so damn drunk I don't
know what I was doin. But I'm foin' back
tomorrow and I'll get better, and the next day I'll
get better' at. I'll get off this drunk yet!

I went up to St. Mary's and let the Father for
a buck. I said I was hungry and wanted to get
somethin to eat. He said he wouldn't give it to me coz
he said I'd get drunk, I swore to him. I told him:
'Father, Christ me keli me, I don't want nothin to
drink, I'm hungry. I ain't et nothin in 3 days.
If you don't believe me take me to a restaurant,
and buy me a meal, that's prove it to you.' Father
turns around and sez 'I believe you' and he takes
a buck outa his pocket. I goes into a restaurant
and buy a lousy fifteen cent bowl o' soup, and
I took the rest and went on a bender. Now,
what the hell's the use?

Size sits on rear bumper of car (next mom). Two
kicks (about 8) grilling him:

- "You been in the army? Then how d'you
open parachute?"

- How do you? Whatya mean how d'you open a
parachute?

- y' pull m' record

- At's right - y' always gotta watch 'at

- what was you in the army? "A fuck private!"

- you wasn't in the army? "Who wasn't? (stands up)

Get the hell away from here, go on, get. I
don't want to talk to you, I wanta talk to people
w. sense ...

- where's your head? (Submits) That's none of
your business. At's my business. Go on get.

Get down the street, go damn you.

Combles later: Fuck you!

- Smoke gets drunk, burning hot, Bystander says only way
to cool him off is to have kids pee in his mouth;
kids line up & pee

clancy kerry (w/leathered plume hat, white fuzzy grant, brown tweedy jacket, army shirt, blue shirt, under shirt)
salute: "70th division" (pride); "My name's Clancy Kerby,
looker me, clean? pee? (turns out palms) I'm clean! You a
lawyer? Take my case? you're a lawyer aintcha?
Here shake (long fingers, index reaches up to pulse)
C'mon I'll set you up fo a beer

JOANNEY LOCKER - in cold Dec. rain sits in front of garages in
pool of H₂O, splashing like child



עמנואל מיידל

drunk, in store for 10 cigarettes matches. Boss L. gave him 2 books.
He walks out. Comes back 2 hrs. later. Wants cigarettes. Don't see
10 cigarettes. I got money to buy cigarettes. ^{Puts} down a nickel. Gave
him back nickel. "Get the hell outta here & stay out..." humiliated.
Somebody else in store. He keeps door open 10 hrs. to ruin place deliberately.



MARTY CURLEY (51) - Dec. 23, 51

Sit on sole step at 12:30, on chill day sun breaking out warm on side of house, Curley, dressed in long army coat, soft white shirt blackened at collar & along chest, dark grey pants, black shoes, knitted at toes & muddy, cap, eyes vaguely blue and red-veined, short upturned nose, wrinkles hardened into skin, froth at sides of mouth edged in dirt, hands scaled like chicken legs & purpled in cold, reddish hair sparse entangled under hat, whitened at temples, eyebrows still reddish & thick arched over inset sockets, he sits on wooden step thrusting hands out in short fighting gestures:

tetanic
tetany (extremities)
tetanize

I know all the movements. I know all the halts, shalts, jelts. Grab his fingers like this & this one like this & spread 'em, rip 'em out at the roots, look out like that, up with the butts, I'm a little goddam Irishman but I can spread any man I don't give a care how big he is, 300 lbs & I can throw him over my back, jes' let me get him in a corner, an' I'll spread 'im out. (Waves in friendly gesture to kids who stand in distance to watch him; then Dudley Johnson comes, coat like checked handkerchief tightened around throat, cigar thrusting out of edge of mouth, grey cap, hands in pockets) "Hi Marty." Marty extends hand. Reaches back for pipe & tenders it. "Do, no, I don't want any more..." "C'mon" "No, I had 'em, Marty." I took a walk. Down there, around the alley & back up here... Marty takes a deep slug, screws top back on Sherry bottle, wipes snot from his beak, snot runs down in viscous pile to corner of mouth where it mingles with froth. "See you later, Marty, Take care of yourself..."

Marty bellgrent: "Yes dem tootin' I will... yes dem tootin'" Holds up wits in defense.

(To me): Y'got to know how to take care of yourself. Spread the fingers, use the butts, like a rifle butt. This is a democratic country, a goddam

Little Drusman like we can tear his coat off & fight any Semuwalike
 don't care how big he is. This is a democratic country... Poor ole
 Slim, he's a good guy, one of the best there is, but he can't take it any more.
 He's 58 & I'm 51, 9 yrs older than me, an' he's done for. Poor ole
 Slim. Got consumption. Guess he got it passin' around the bottle, y'know
 what I mean, from one of the boys. Thank God I ain't got it! I went
 up there, up to Puerto. It's for a check-up & Thank God I ain't got it!
 y'know Slim is a goodly-man. Y'know what Goodly-man means? Kindness
 & loving people. We means two. Slim & me an' we. We love the people.
 Everybody. Julius Priest, we're eatin' out' Miss Rone's up there on Pratt
 & Howard. Slim's stayin' at the Mission. He is done for. High High High High. Boy
 he is done for. I see him at night tho'. Y'know, we meet every night.
 But he won't drink. Takes one drink & the booze goes to his head. His
 bones there, ^{on his shoulders} bones are skeleton bones Julius Priest he rattles like a
 skeleton. He can't wobble along with me anymore. But I see him,
 dead I do. He's a good general.

Give it up to
 please his
 children's son

He can't
 keep away
 from it tho'
 He'll come
 back

68-
 Great
 knowledge
 Doughty

I got to leave 'em all behind even so often; coz I can drink
 more than any of 'em. I got a capacity. I sit out here on these steps
 all night drinkin', right here, dead I do. Cop came along & said he
 wouldn't bother me. A young feller. But I know my capacity. I got
 an intelligen' up here, in my brain it is. Them other fellas can't take it.
 Buck Xless & Scottie they ain't knowin' ^(TAKES OFF HAT IN RESPECT) Poor ole Scottie died of
 thinkin' too much, a hemorrhage from too many concerns & thoughts up
 here. Does it to you. But I know my capacity. (HAT ON)

I shouldn't curse. Man who curses doesn't know the difference.
 He can't appreciate things. Bishop Dougherty (TAKES HAT OFF, EYES GROW SOFT,
 HEAD BACK IN ATTITUDE OF ADORATION) Confirmed me. Ye he do. He confirmed me.

But I'm a bastard. (Grows BELLIGERENT, SITS UP, EYES FIERCE). We're all bastards. We're jus' plain fuckin' bastards. We kill each other I love everybody. I like you & Ed Kugel. His brother is a no-good dumb dummatite. He'll never make a good smokehand. No sir (look, phlegm cough) he'll never make a hand. But Ed & you are good. You understand when a child in the street is hungry & what to give him. An' you know how to talk to ladies in the neighborhood. Ed always will give you somethin' to eat. A sandwich or a piece o' somethin'. But he turns up when you steal it! ^{But} What's the difference, you're gonna get it anyway? Huh, what's the difference? Hissen, I ain't so dumb, I pick up a little knowlitch from you, a little knowlitch from him & another, I got an intelligen' in that brain up there. Hissen, what the hell d'you think I been down around here so long an' all over the place? Julius Christ!

Why even a woppee dog would pick up somethin'

Hein gets \$68 a month from the government. I won't take it! No sir I won't. I'll be a fuggin' dummatite if I do. Not as long as I can reach a bag o' coal, I won't. Heed I won't. Not as long as I ~~can~~ got my strength & health. I always got a couple bucks with me, I'm never without a couple bucks, wain not as long as I can reach a bag o' coal. (Pulls out handkerchief of cigarette butts & matchheads & 2 pennies, selects one, lights it) I won't take it! Why... that's... that's Commercialized business & I won't have none of it. (Throws butt on ground in passion & grinds it out)

Gotta a ^{Smoke} ~~cigarette~~ butt? (Assumes pleading air) I ain't had nothin' to eat? A little somethin' to help along. I 'preciate whatever y'cando to help an old soldier. Thank ye, May god bless ye & a Merry Xmas. ^{I'm going over here to get down awhile} [Finds a match.] I found this right here, deed I did. Is it yours? ^{Here} take it. Right over here. ^{> Takes off hat, tosses on grass, & sets out. Takes out sherry & swizzles.}

- I lost my glasses. I did. I mean I can see from far, out there, but I can't see, y'know what I mean, from near, to read a newspaper. I can't tell a Jewish person out there. (wipes his head)
- Journey, last part we into his leg, doesn't move; sits in water, waving hands



Curley

I feel ashamed of myself. yes, I do. (Hang head & stare blankly at pavement's cracked cracks). I could get a job. Why I went last week at Harry's down 'ere at the market or at Frank's one ~~to~~ ~~the~~ out Belair market. But I couldn't go now. I'm ashamed. Bein drunk like this.

I was talkin today to a man about a job. An engineer's job. He ask me whether y' could convert an upright boiler into a... a high pressure boiler. He said y' couldn't. (Smacks fist) Course, y' can! (Softly) But I didn't argue w. him coz I don't want to embarrass him. y' know I don't like to embarrass a man, I don't care who he is. But course y' can convert an upright boiler to a high pressure. y' see they got a valve back there behind it (reaches for valve)... a special purpose boiler they call it. y' put 5 lbs ^a of pressure in there an' you can crank it into 180... Julius priest, I know, I know all there is to know bout boilers & en' tains. I wasn't an engineer 25 years for nothing. But I didn't want to embarrass the man. He jus' didn't know any better.

Where I been? I been around here. I was in the store the other day to buy some bread & a can a beans. An I saw Sophie. She saw me down the market, ^{at 'is} when I was comin for Harry sellin tomatoes. She saw me. She calls out "Hiya Curley". I pretended that, I did. (Inexpensive smile breaks out, ~~spreads~~ ^{spreads} into face-wide ~~low~~ smile) Made me feel good. Like a man. 'At, give me a real build-up. (Pretentive) I pretend it, when people are good like that.

I like all of ye, ^{you} your father, your mother, & Ed (Kagle), ye got a lovely nature. You're not superior. A Superior person can not have a lovely nature. Only an inferior person can have a lovely nature.

feel the shame face feelin' a shameful look of strangers. need) & the anger (striving to know: what can I do. go? I've go' Clarie come now to see my own as shining too. Curley feels like the way to turning people. No, you sit here, give a human being the sympathy. What's harder. I pretend that I do.

God is not Superior. Your mother back then, she coulda had me
locked up many a time... when I was drunk & rollin' all over
the place. But she didn't. Fact she gived me dumpin' to eat
many a time. An Ed Kagle - ^{I love up for a standard or something &} "Hi sees me, & asks: 'Whassa matter now,
Marty?' (Laughs w. entire head & trunk) NO sinner, they're not superior &
they're inferior like me.

(Grows tense) looks up fast): I don't care what anybody says.
I dragged a bag o' coal this mornin' for a little child. She was
jes' a little thing, an' she down here nuttin' to eat, so I dragged a
bag o' coal for her. I don't know what her mother or father do,
it ain't none of my business, but I know it ain't her fault.
She oughtna be punished. An' she ain't long as I can
help. [Excuse me for drinkin, I feel embarrassed]

I learnt that from my mother. She loved me. (Ardently, eyes
soft as two' to wet). She was a kind woman. An' so was my father.
He was kind too. My both were. Mind lets in heart (Points to
his brow). Y' get me? Mind lets in ~~brain~~ heart.

Y' know who's a good feller? That Jewish fellow on Charles
St. What's his name? (Grasps his crown in recollection) I can't
remember it. Help me remember, my memory ain't good no more. Y' know
'em he's got a place on Charles St. Sam's his name (Snaps
his fingers & is pleased he remembers) That's it, Sam. I used to get
my meat at his place, dead I do. He's a good Jewish fellow.
He's got relatives offa South Africa, Johannesburg. (Pauses, smiles
to himself) It's a nice city, Johannesburg. Been there? Julius Pretet,
Sam I been there. ~~That~~ Hele (Laughs w. warm memory pleasure) 'em ain't
I a place I ain't been. When I was in the broadcast house

^{across Africa}
 I went everywhere. Why I been to ~~Atlanta City~~ Florida & up at
 Atlanta City, we was out at Crab Island. (he moves away from
 the threat of conversation & wraps self in a private happening) poor
 old George & me, George's dead now, we was out there & on the
 run & he asks me if I got a drink & I said honest to God
 I ain't, I ain't I lifted him up by the heester, Christ I did, lifted
 him yes his head with my arm & we got gain - laughs away
 rest of happening)

Christ, y'all y'all. Then ain't a topic or a place I can't
 talk about. Not one topic or a place I can't learn from
 everybody & anything. I even learn from you. I learn from that little
 girl who was there before. A man who don't learn anything, don't
 know nothing!

Me again? (Laughs) I been gain' in a crowd for 20 years.
 Barbary... know what that means? y'don't? Barbary... That's
 Marie. At's the German for Marie. (Strong to indicate something)
 (Holds end finger) Barbary, that's German... (holds finger) Marie.

I'm no angel, don't get me wrong. When you're in passion,
 you rip off parties & call (Makes ^{to y'all} ripping movement & face turns
 purple skin). When you're all steamed up (sways head) Jesus,
 like that - ladies. You can do it with somebody so nicely... it don't
 make no difference then, does it? A frown? Christ, everybody is a
 father. When you're gain' like that y'ain't got no time to be
 careful about things (makes another ripping movement) y'jes' rip em
 off, all of it. I'm gain' on it now. Christ, I'll be good till I'm
 a human.

(Grins) I'm such inside. Et ain't ulcers. I'll never get

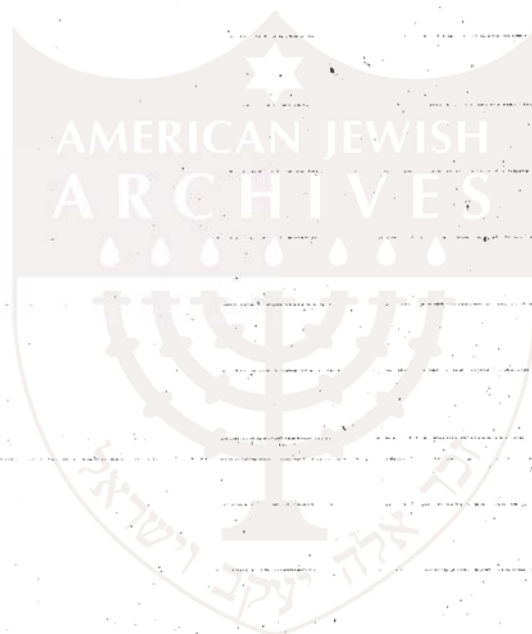
the ulcers, Jro' feel sick in here. Gotta drink? I got ~~5¢~~^{5¢} in my pocket & I need a drink to get a beer. Y' don't mind my drinkin' do ya? Ain't no differences between them Superior kind & me except they drink inside the saloons & I drink outside. (After he gets drink faces loses up pain).

Beware of the kind with protrudin' eyes. The best-eyes. Watch out for them protrudin' eyes & their wallets... Not see them men behind the desks are bad... I know a lot of em behind the desks who're o.k.

Shen is all shrunk up. Poor fellow. Gettin' thin! Jro' don't hit me on my vaccinated^{ed}. I'm jro' all bone anyway - but don't hit me on my little ole vaccinated.

-midJuly- Curley in deep red shirt, large and billowy around thin waist, heavy brown wool pants baggy with cuffs hanging at heels, thin cracked black belt hanging too long and flapping loose; hair brittle and dirty ashen color streaked with black, face burned brown, with ~~fuzzy~~ greying beard stubble, eyes sunken deep in head, sad eyes, tired face. Smiles with pained effort, "Hi Tader!" Buys can of beans. Holds it in shaking hands, staring hungrily at beans. How's it goin, Curley? "Oh, pretty rough," nods head, ^{feal} "pretty rough, Tader!"

DRUG STORE NEAR SALOON, out of one into the other



SMOKEHOUSERS

They drink anti-freeze at Mark Market; group attendant
don't like to leave car there - they're liable to open
that goddam screw (Goragz guy in denim fatigue
Suit, Oh yes! Oh yes! like I say! Oh yes! And I don't
wear wigs! That's how she goes (Across between
jazz & evangelism). Well, our baby (the car) is almost
ready.



into the river, tipping apart. Frog Island, the jungle that Biff and a score of other squatters consider home.

Frog Island is a sprawling river-side area just off the Hanover Street Bridge, an island surrounded not by water, but by a railroad, a traffic-jammed city highway and murky, oil-polluted waters of the harbor's Middle Branch.

May Have Sensed End

Biff, as police call him, may have sensed the end just the other day.

He was sleeping peacefully in the coffin-sized cabin of his make-shift houseboat, which was perched precariously on a crudely made cradle. His feet stuck out the cabin door, propped up so as to avoid the open pork and bean cans and pots which littered the deck.

Voices wakened him—not the sounds of workmen at the small, near-by boatyard nor of his neighbors who lived in the large submerged hulk offshore. These were strange voices.

Peers From Cabin

Shifting his weight to avoid tipping, his delicately balanced home, Biff twisted around and

come in all business. Looking past a single story, wood frame tavern, through an automobile graveyard, then walking through tangled underbrush, to the greasy watersedge where they pulled out their maps.

Debris Tossed On Bank

At their feet a mixture of drift-wood, bottles, tin cans, oil and river scum was tossed shoreward as the wake of a passing tug raced from midstream to the debris-tangled bank.

To the left lay the Hanover street bridge, arching its way south over the harbor's Middle Branch. The distant homes and factories of Westport sat across the water to the right.

In front of them, a rickety pier, more like a catwalk, reached out precariously to a twisted, rotting hull which had settled at an uncomfortable angle in the river mud. The old cabin was torn from the deck and propped on make-shift supports to provide a somewhat level floor for the Frog Islanders who made their home inside.

Mentions Savings

Just beyond, five, perhaps six, abandoned hulks rested on the harbor floor. Two had rotted to

other. "It would strengthen the fill."

"You could bring the machinery in here, level the whole area and push it out toward the channel," said the first.

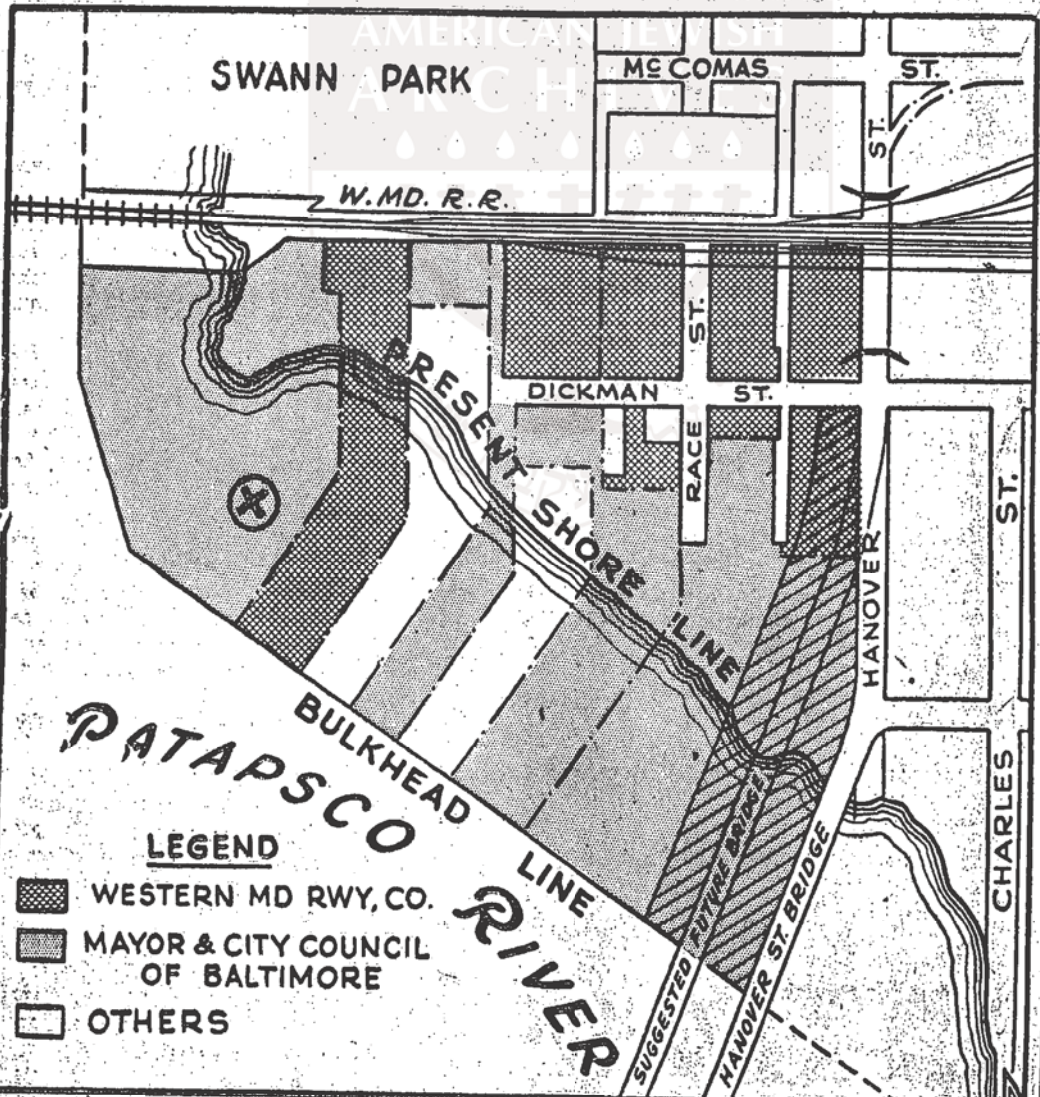
The group moved on along the shore, their voices fading. Biff went back to sleep.

The Western Maryland Railway plans to spend \$500,000 out of a proposed \$4,500,000 port loan to clear the Frog Island area and to extend the existing shoreline farther into the Middle Branch of the Patapsco River.

To Expand Facilities

Company officials say they will expand their rail facilities and plan to offer service to new waterfront industries needing only shallow draft dock space. The extensive landfill would cover a number of submerged, abandoned ship hulks rotting offshore.

The loan, which will also finance improvements to existing piers at Port Covington, has been approved by the Port Commission. The railroad, now negotiating with the city and individuals for needed property, is allotting space for a proposed new Hanover street bridge.



The proposed new bulkhead will reach far into the Patapsco and will cover a number of abandoned hulks, marked (X), according to Western Maryland Railroad officials who plan a land reclamation project at Frog Island. The X marks denotes city and railroad property.

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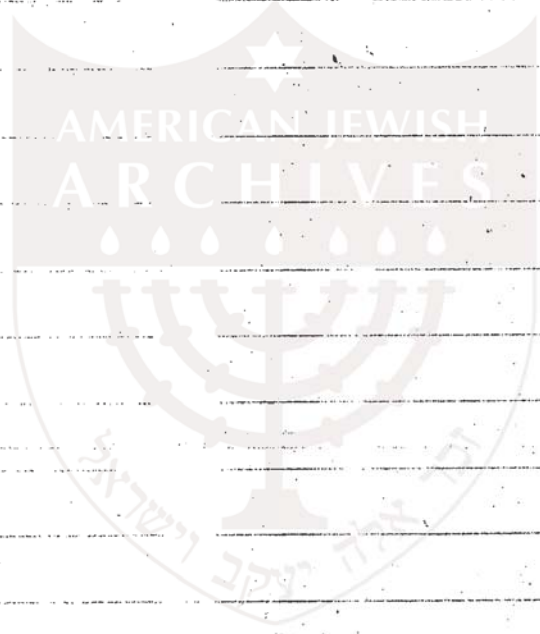
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Janey Kaye
to Mrs. A. ;
begin kids
begin gown
wavy-
ed, money

18 stillies



5.10.1940

Amik bay rum, Aqua Velva shaving lotion, hair tonic



LIGHT
Smoke/Fire/woods

On Saturdays, during the week too, but especially on Saturdays, they congregate around the market [Hump, Harvey, Choc Crowley] leaning against the wall, basking in the sun. Harvey tackles a passerby for a handout & Hump - who is built like a closing parenthesis with his head sitting heavily on its upper point - watches him approvingly, a smile on his face, & encourages: "That's right, Frank, help the boys out. That's right, Frank, give him a little something. At's right, Frank." When the passerby gives him a coin, Harvey is confusedly happy - he waves his hand in a small salute, then tips his hat. In fact all the boys raise their hat as though at a signal.

All around the smoker a band of colored kids play, idling away Saturday afternoon time till someone orders their wagons to deliver big bags of groceries. Till someone orders or till they badger some friendly lady (mainly colored) to pick one of theirs. Two of them battle over a wagon - one, a shiny smooth-faced boy of 11 or 12, raises the wagon (made from a Belts. Biff Co. wooden meat box) from off its front wheels & the owner who is pulling the wagon - a rough skinned quick-nosed boy - suddenly stops as the ^{front} wagon wheels crash against his feet. Furious, he ^{turns} wheels about, and attempts a good five feet from the other boy he takes a swing at him. The smooth-skinned boy, strikes a fighting post for a moment, breaks into a mocking gale of laughter, decides to give it up, & runs off up Cross St., lost in the Saturday afternoon crowds.

Smokerounds
watch this -
Ever since
Joe Louis
whites work
Ape's fights
the national
animals

Cursing and with agitated movements the owner puts his wagon together, thrusting the one-penny nail into the hole drilled into the front wooden axle.

Another boy in a second-hand shiny red metal wagon backs the wagon up, & twisting the handle back & forth, goes thru an intricate driving routine. He is a truck driver - a tractor-trailer job & he is backing into the loading platform. He keeps backing, backing, backing, & his parted lips shudder as his tongue vibrates the engine noise, backing, backing, then a shriek - he has backed into a man. The man is suddenly, rudely crushed. The burly truck driver is sheepish & confounded, & muttering timidly in his breath, he pulls his wagon against the wall of the market & kicks its steering wheels. "What a wretched wife you? Divorcy!"

At the other corner of the market pavement, a dwarf-small cubed boy in ragged jacket & floppy woolen cap with rabbit-ear-like side flaps tries vigorously to loop a bicycle inner tube around the head of a tall skinny bone-faced boy. They stop the people passing by who fear being themselves looped. When the little guy misses whose shoving the tall one & the inner tube bounce back to the pavement almost equidistant from the two, they both race after it shrieking in glee, "my turn, my turn!". They collide, sprawl across the pavement, howling in shock & laughter. The crowd, temporarily halted, smiles friendly, a tinge of condescension like the way one smiles at caged monkey cavorting. Sort of superior.

HORSE-SHOE
TOURNAMENT
IN PARK

2 { L16115
SMOKE

A fat Polish cop with blunt, ^{hard-featured} face belabors himself to ~~cross~~ leave his resting place against the wall of the liquor store on the diagonally opposite corner, he crosses the street. He is annoyed. "Come on ere, Scram!" He waxes his bear-hand twice. "Git outta here. You're in the way. Scram!" The kids scramble off the pavement, the little one grabbing the inner tube, and they race across the street in front of an oncoming car, down Cross St, past the dark alley, ^{race through} ~~across~~ the Hanover Street traffic, past the junk-yard, and along the narrow wind of a street which leads into the souther web of streets and skrambled houses.

The cop's face twitches in annoyance. He hoists his stomach line. "Hi," Hump says friendly to the cop. "Hi ya down, Si?" The cop grunts back and scowlingly makes it clear he doesn't approve of the smokes being there any more than the cuffer kids, but he doesn't like to be bothered any more so they can stay there, only don't ^{try to} get too friendly with an officer of the law. The officer retraces his steps across the street & is before the liquor store wall, against which he, in a moment, is resting under the unseasonal but nonetheless warm January sun.

65,000 Stems by
Oct. (Aug 1)

packin' them stems, bout
\$2.50 an hour. M's
first work. 6 men & 1

woman. 20.67 a day ain't
bad for one day's wages.
These guys who don't make
a hundred dollars a week
think they're gettin' hooded

Bret Kagle - work a 100
years. Have a 100 dollars

used to make a \$1 a day -
\$8 a week

Girl worked overtime
made \$145

start packin wed Thurs Fri
make \$60-70- in one day
would buy a house for
that money. House around
here used to sell for \$100,
- now sell for \$4000

X, for \$375 we used to be
able to buy a house, a
car, & clothes on all

Two shifts - one
a them workin' a 10
hour shift, an' another'll
be workin' two shifts.

They got plenty a
work, only they ain't
got every parts



MATTHEW

- whatever other good qualities he may claim - honesty, forgetfulness of self in the service of humanity, enterprise & daring in the acquisition of riches, independence of mind in relation to religion & the Decalogue) he (they: the crosses) have never claimed to be men of imagination. They could see themselves in the mirror; they had no notion of how the others saw them.



CALVANIA

3 guys in store blonde silken hair (who was drunk when Big Joe was last in store), the short guy who had worn cheap alpaca coat now in blue melton jacket, dark brown hair slicked back on head like billiard ball round, & new guy in melton jacket (taller slightly than other two), big nose with 3 large bumps, taller w. cigarette in mouth - they're in middle of conversation - "wal you remember this guy who was always coming in with a load on - wal, the last time he was at the ^{kettle} he ~~was~~ had a chunk of tobacco in his mouth an' he was so damned loaded he damn near swallowed the tobacco an' almost fell into the kettle.

Boss: Don't waste money on workers - not for sports or better tools - they come & go. It's not like spending for the machine or the building. They're here to stay. ^{They'll} be here long after we're gone. (Use your business sense)

Galvanize crew

FACTORY

Rainy day, grey skies, slate cold crowds in Everywhere,
in Stone galvanize crew; big, burly blond Polish fellows,
intelligent, obvious schooling

- Blonde folk

- barbed in face
eyes, curie spots

- Sparty hair:
hilly, maroon
shirt w piping
hood

train legs
in gas

- guess it must
you in the
big room;
the way they
been doing lately
guess they've
something to it

bet metal
breakin kettle

American system
can take an
awful lot



FACTORY

FRI - 3 P.M.

Short, man, neatly dressed in ^{cheap} tan alpaca coat, yellow scarf, tan coarse felt hat, ^{narrow} rectangular face w. flat jaw, cigarette ridged in end of mouth wrinkles come in store holding clean paper bag pby in hand; puts paper bag on top of soda bottles. "what time is it?" Three o'clock. "we go in soon." Faces relaxably up & down store. A weak or nervous expression around his perfectly round black eyes & his drooping mouth, his face is pasty-white & starchy & the movement of his eyes, his nostrils & mouth is stiff & seems to crinkle his surface-light face. "I like this shift; this 4 to 12 shift. It's a good shift. I like it better than the 8 to 4 one, hell, there ain't no comparison to the 12 to 8, you can't get no sleep" talk on that one. I tried it, Christ, who can sleep with all that noise. some daytime? Now, this is the best one. I goes to bed 'bout one an' gets up after 9 or 9-thirty, an' then I can go out an' sleep or go to a ~~saloon~~ ^{pub} an' get a couple beer ^{just} feel around till it's time to go on."

At this time the cigarette is wedged in his mouth & now he removes it & flicks ashes on floor. "I guess Big Joe will be here soon. You know Big Joe? He's the boss of our gang. A real big guy (eyes look up towards Camel poster high on wall). He's a strong sunnower! He does all the yobainzin' by himself an' that's a tough job, comme tell you (eyes dance up with his brows like Jung-fong boss on movie show). We ain't got no help. He's supposed to have an assistant, like I do

opposed to, say Galvanic & Whitebrushing is the usual
for one way. Christ, I been Whitebrushing alone and (with
pain in eyes) my hands rarely hurt at the end of the
day (wings hands at wrists as tho' separated from rest of
arm). Their big knuckles are heavy as hell on---

Door opens and a giant of a man comes in ~~intending to~~
fill a corner of the store. "Here's Big Joe," says the little man.
a smile on his face and almost adoring, his eyes looking over
the bulk of Big Joe with the softness & near-reverence with
which sentimentalists take in Church images or rising Beins. Big
Joe storms in. He sees whenever he is standing and he makes
the rest of whom he is not standing appear smaller, shrunken.

One thinks of a rhinoceros, the massed strength, the plated
hide, the powerful neck, the girth, the ponderous feet-filled
sweamed arms. But a rhinoceros is heavy in a plodding way.

Big Joe is electric, wildly vigorous. His blond head
(his pointed blue eyes, sharp penetrating, glances immediately, everywhere all at once.)
and hard white Irish face swirl in his neck. His
cigarette nervously bobs all around the line of his mouth.
His hands move restlessly from the pockets of his blue velvet
waistcoat to his lap, to the edge of the soda case on which
he leans his back and wide back. "Christ," he blunts
in a big but quiet voice, "it took me 20 minutes to get here
from Monkey Woods over on Washington Boulevard."

"Twenty minutes?"

"Yah, twenty minutes! What time is it now?" Throws his
head around, a swift heavy peered movement. His words

FACT - 2
(Big Joe)

are rocks and hammerings like bowling balls splintering the air by their frozen impacts. "Five minutes after three," said the little man.

"Well, I left Monkey Woods at a quarter of—three, that makes it 20 minutes, just like I said!"

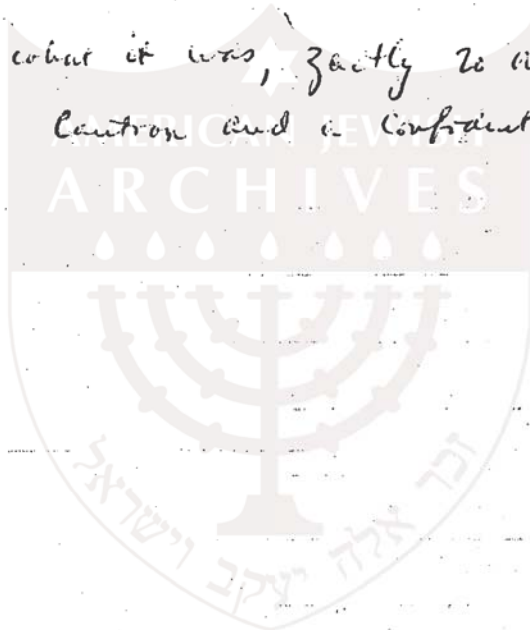
"Boy, that's been in' some!" said the other man on Big Joe's crew (who comes in type (Big Joe))—a scrawny-looking man, a thin, a man, the ^{thread} remnants of a man. Skeleton-thin, looking fallen-drawn out from his middle height, his face he ~~has~~ ^{appears} a discolored from an infectious stretcher-rash [pains forte et dure], his face is distorted like an engaged broken peanut, its left side bashed in bringing the flesh under his cheek to a finger's distance from his nose and leaving an opening as the tunnelled passage from the front to the back of his head through which a sword-wind could wince expect the wind to whistle. This distortion ~~to~~ ^{to} carrying in ~~down~~ his left cheek also depresses that side of his mouth causing it to sag abruptly down forming a ragged inverted T of his mouth. A pinched face like a pinched Scotch bottle. His large-crowned ^{brown} ~~black~~ hat perched on his narrow head makes him all the more truly a scarecrow-man, unreal & remote, not of this time—as are his god. remains wire glasses w. thin depressed nose-bridge. He sits down on coal-sacks next to the soda pop cases, almost squinting, mumpling his ill-fitting black suit, revealing his chicken-like knuckles over the elbow-boss of his stockings & battered brown shoes. His speech, high & thin, ill-

Squeaky,
rustled voice
navigated
body & spirit

forces words, swirl out of his twisted mouth in a drunken
flow, a surge, tumbling and wobbling on his contorted breath.
His eyes, painfully self-conscious & flaring downward, the
uncertain eyes of an uncertain ^{domineer} man.

On the coal sacks, he says testily, ^{writing} like his curled mouth
writhing ^{as though} full of tobacco juice spume, "Well, Big Joe, that sure
is good time an' I wouldn't believe it if you didn't
say so yourself..."

"Well, at's what it was, zactly 20 minutes," powerful
certain sure. Then Caution and a confident back track



FACT

Up the tracks, where the gates open into the yard which separates the main building from the galvanize room, a truck comes out loaded with bunched scrap wire, bumps over earthen ramp & tracks, down onto dirt road, turns left, rattle down to Byrne Street, right turn & away.

--cool mid-July morning, at 7 am day is still dewy and clean, air tastes fresh, a dozen or so men gather before watchmen's door of factory, not quite awake but rested. They hold paper bags in their elbows, big lunch bags or clean work clothes for changing over. They gather in a circle, but no one stands still, they step in and out of the circle, some turn around completely, walk toward the high curb and spit into the gutter, then return. They look at each other as talk cold brittle morning talk and then swiftly look away, up the street, across where the trucks are lining up before the slaughter house and are being loaded. Men are uncertain of themselves in the morning, and they talk and behave tentatively, finding out how their senses work, and then feeling they are themselves. A fiftyish balding man with a sloping beerbelly sneaks up behind Rob and touches his left shoulder. Rob turns his head to the left slightly and sees no one. The man sneaks up again and touches the shoulder again. Rob reacts the same way. Once more, and then Rob looks over his right shoulder and catches the sneak. "Cut it out you dumb prick!" Both of them smile little boyish smiles. Henry, holding a large paper bag under his left arm, turns around and hacks out a cough into the gutter just missing the black fire hydrant. ~~Thaxxhixtlaxblowaxxix7x30~~ He returns to the circle and stomps his feet.

In ~~ixax~~ Abe's store, big bluffey Lindsey, the Virginia farmer, sits

on a milk-crate and smokes his first cigarette. Every morning he comes in to buy a pint of milk and smoke his first cigarette. His thinning curly hair is ruffled on top his head, his large eyes are bloodshot, and the thick spumes of smoke which pour through the open space between his two horse-like bisuspid lend to his dreamy, sleepy appearance. He talks to Abe about the Jew preacher in his Christian church, a man bout in his fifties who became a Presbatoryan. "He sure can talk tho'" Lindsey says. He goes to hear him every Sunday with his wife and daughters. "He does right good. He gets about eighty a week and the church gives him his house". Abe mumbles uncertainly, "Not bad. Pretty good business..."

Mose gets drunk,
his sister w/s
him in the cellar
for 3 days.

Leaning over like a jackknife, clasping his hands together with smoking his cigarettes/betwen his fingers, he turns his head toward the window and watches the workers come down the street. His eye catches a rectangular box jutting out of the closed window on the corner of the third storey of the factory. "At's Baker's office. He's got air conditionin'. Only room in the building that's got air condition'. Christ, we sure could use at down in the galvanize room..."

"How's Baker as a boss?" Abe asks

aw-

"Aw, he's ~~all~~ right," Lindsey says mild-mannerly. "He don't know a goddam thing about galvanizin' but he runs the factory ~~all~~ right. I guess. He don't bother nobody." He pauses, looks down at his cigarette, takes a drag, then squashes it under his foot on the floor. ~~As~~ he is rubbing it out, he says, "I tell you a man who knew his stuff, Cle Man Wiegand. He knew his gaaavanize..."

"Well," says Abe, "he learned from his family. Dey had another place on d'udder side of da city, an' he learned from dem."

"He was a pain in the ass, but he still knew his stuff. But Baker's o.k." Lindsey stands up and looks down the street toward the watchmen's door where the galvanize crew is standing in a circle. He sees a plump

white-haired man, wearing an olive green policeman's cap and uniform, a badge and gun holster, came out of the watchman's door. "There's a sunnuvabitch for ya," he says, nodding down the street. "That Napp. That ole basterd is the biggest snoop alive. If he catches you takin a smoke he goes upstairs and tells on ya. He ain't no good. They oughta string him up.."

Abe smiles tiredly. "He oncet tried to beat me up. He owe'd me a bill for twenty some dollars, and I went over to the office to get it from him. He got mad because I let the office know he owed me money. He came over here later and said, "U'mon outside". He was gonna beat me up. ...But I got my money."

"Well he oughta have the shit beat outta him, ole stool pigeon!"

"He tinks he's a big shot b'coz his uncle oncet was a big boss dere..."

"Big shot? Big shit!"

A whistle blew faintly from somewhere out of the middle of the factory. Lindsey, seeing the watchman seep out onto the pavement and the other men begin filing in through the small doorway, picks up his bag from the soda box, puts his pint of milk inside it, walks toward the door, and grinning dully, says, "Well, Abe, see ya later,"

"O. K. Linsey, Solong."

FACTORY

Warner

In the worst year of the depression, all the workers in all the factories of the principal industry of the community walked out. They struck at management with little or no warning; they struck with such impact that all the factories closed and no worker remained at his bench.

MANAGEMENT said they would never strike, for the workers were sensible, dependable, and by a long peaceful history had proved that they would always stay on the job.

UNION men outside the city agreed that the workers could not be organized and held that they were obstinate and "always stupid enough to play management's game".

WORKERS, many of them, said there would be no strike.

TOWNSPEOPLE, from autocrats to the welfare cases in clam flats, said the workers would never strike.

But they did - the foreigners and the Yankees of ten generations - the men and the women, very old and the very young, Jews and Gentiles, Cath & Prots, the whole heterogeneous mass of workers left their benches and in a few hours wiped out most of the basic productive system from which the city earned its living. Not only did they strike and soundly defeat management but they organized themselves, joined an industrial union, and became strong union members.

The industrial battle was fought between the owners of seven factories and their workers. Four of the factories, the larger ones, employed the vast majority of the workers and accounted for most of the 34,000 dollar weekly pay roll. This industrial war lasted a month. It began on a bleak

and snowy day in early March and lasted well into April. There were three clearly marked periods, each with different objectives and strategy and in each the industrial workers and the managers were dominated by different feelings.

In the FIRST PERIOD: when management and the union fought desperately to gain control over the workers, the union was successful in organizing the workers, and management was prevented from regaining control over them.

SECOND PERIOD began when all the workers requested the union to represent them in the struggle with management; then the union began frontal attacks on management. During this time each continued its intense efforts to influence and dominate public opinion in the city. The union also won this fight, since the public identified the union with the workers and most of the city sided with them.

THIRD (FINAL) PHASE: that of mediation and peace negotiations, began when a government agency entered and started a series of negotiations that ended the strike. Other efforts had been made from the beginning, but none of them had been successful.

---the ultimate objective of each side, to which each fashioned its strategy was, of course,, to make the other side capitulate and accept its demands. For management this meant that the workers would return to their benches under approximately the same working conditions and wages as they had left; for the workers it meant that management would agree to their demands and increase their wages and improve working conditions; and for union officials it meant that that the union would maintain its control over the workers and keep them members of their organization, and management would be forced to deal directly with the union and not with the unorganized workers.

FACTORY (2)

--Each side organized itself and developed its strategies of offense and defence. The workers' defense tactics were centered around maintaining their unity and defeating management's offensive strategy of breaking up the workers' groups and of destroying their morale. Accordingly, the workers used ritual and ceremonial procedures in which recognized symbols of ~~authority~~ solidarity, such as the flag, patriotic hymns, and the Amer Legion band, played prominent parts. They achieved a defensive org. by means of meetings, speeches, entertainments, and the formation of a large number of committees that gave the mass of the workers opportunities to participate and to become and feel a part of a powerful and aggressive group. They took offensive action against management by making a series of demands for better wages and working conditions, by picketing, by making attacks against management in the newspaper, and by using the speaker's platform to influence public opinion. Management's defence was always to take the offensive. The tactics tried included sending foremen to talk to the workers, individually, thereby separating them from the group; spreading discouraging rumors, advertising in the papers; insisting on secret balloting by the workers when they voted on the issue of returning to work; and above all, threatening to move their factories elsewhere, should the workers continue with their demands and join the union. Of course, each side, thruout the strike, was being deprived of its income - labor of its wages and management of its profits.

(ECONOMIC REASONS FOR STRIKE: People forgot that there had been serious depressions before and that there had been no strikes. They forgot there had been low wages before and that there had been no unions. Also, that there had been strikes in this county when wages were high and times were said to be good...THE SECRET OF INDUSTRIAL STRIFE CAN BE FOUND ONLY IN THE WHOLE LIFE OF THE COMMUNITY IN WHICH WORKERS AND OWNERS ARE

Factory

Girl bends down to life something, resting one hand on machine. Scream. "Christ, there goes another one". Ambulance rushes her to hospital. Loses 4 fingers cut up high. Boy, they're two butcher shops over there. Y'oughta see 'em waitin' in line for the doctor up there. That's sure a slaughter house. Abe: Bunch a damn ones they don't give 'em waitin' away for it.



FACT

Joe Siska

July 16. ^{up} ~~up~~ that temporary generator broke down. It's got two pieces of metal that fit together like this (holds ends of two wires together) over a cable, and they began to splinter apart and broke into the field. Christ, I got up there just in time when it started to smokin'. I cut her off. We got a guy up there workin' on it now. It's knocked out a good part of the plant.

[Silver ~~pl~~ paint flecks on his hands & side of his head.

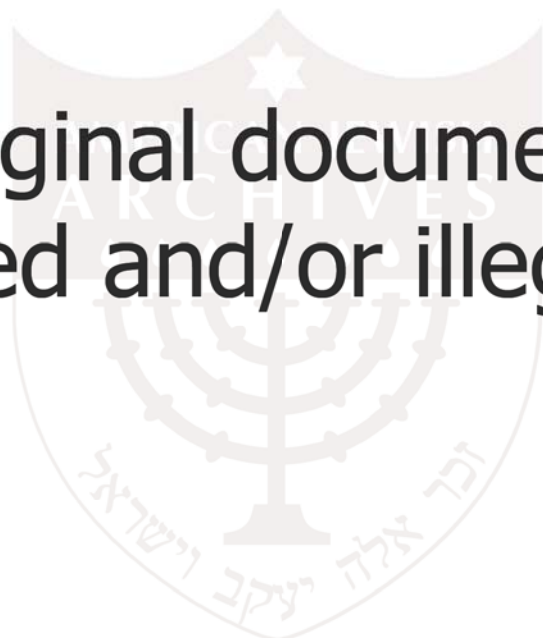
Buys two cans clam chowder, box of salted crackers, 2 pkgs. chewing gum - "Sixty cents!"]

- HOT IN PLANT - NO FANS - WINDOWS OPEN

- FACTORY - SUNDAY ^{MID-} JULY PICNIC - 4,5 busloads, baseball bats, picnic baskets, swimsuits, in shorts, T shirts, baseball caps, straw hats - SINGING SONGS, good cheer, "HONEY, IT'S BEEN REAL NICE SEEN', WE OUGHTA GET TOGETHER AGAIN SOON, Y'HEAR... I'LL BE SEEN YA... BYE, NOW!" Discharged from buses before the factory on Sunday

[start]

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FACTS:

Bunches of boxes (traded every year w. 10,000
miles away to the city) sent to Wash. D.C. &
Chicago & St. Louis. Just out to the garage, picking
clinically found in the hospitals & private clinics.



CHALEY MEMOIRS

If you ain't a smooth talker, I guess you'll have to
work all your life (a little ruefully). Frank Cook - he's
a good example, Frank is a real faller - how unnerstan'
I got nothin' against him - but he's got where
he is because he's a good talker. He started
off in Jess Meliss room, before they made the
trucks, back then next to the galvanize room,



15 ft.
high press
3 clothes
Shops
acc ideas
have people
esp. - beds
Bilin
time paper
clothes
talkin'
how help

FACTORY
(Noggin-1)

Charly Richards

where
apple-
checks

That little nigger, Shady, is alright, Herb Park (a sly
guy, sort of stumbling & bringing his cheeks up to his eye lids.)
I bet he does alright for himself. What do I mean?
Well, they say, that aside from his job over here he runs
or I guess he has an interest in a restaurant or
a night club downtown (counts out on fingers) and he loans
out money on interest, and he washes cars over here for
a dollar or so - on company time! and nobody says
nothing to him. Boy, there's no wonder he drives around in
a big car. Look, there's his'n. See that big blue Mercury,
that's his'n. You see, y' gotta give 'em credit. He does
alright for himself (for a nigger). He's a gate over there,
he's supposed to see that over the toilets and things like that are
clean over the time, and he cleans cars for the bosses and
managers and superintendents. So when he's outside when
that he'll clean yours for you too, Herb Park. He's
pretty okay, he is. He don't even say anything to you about money,
but you know to slip him a dollar or more. He picks up a
good bit that way.

He knows
how to get
along w.
people -
he's well
liked

I'll say this. The company is pretty lucky with its niggers.
Course, it wasn't always like this. Shady didn't have any
trouble from the beginning, but that tall colored fellow who
works with Shady has pretty rough going for awhile. Once
he came down to the machine shop to clean up the
~~last~~ toilet and stopped to wash himself there, well, boy,

This other
fellow is a
little
dumb-
enough.

Some of the men there almost threw a fit. They traded blows
of drove him outta there. They told him ^{they} better
know his place, or else. There's a sort of washroom upstairs
on the third floor for them an' that's what they're
supposed to use. We didn't have no trouble with thirty
like that. He knew his place from the very beginning, a
A funny thing, I was workin' with him, even thirty,
the other day, up the street an' a colored fellow came by
all got out in a jolt. sort. with a big bot, one of them
outlandish things, an' these boys, an' see that, an' thirty
turnt to me an' he said - "Now how do those fellows
expect white people to accept them?" Y'know - heh heh -
I was surprised to hear him say that. I thought
that was a funny thing to hear a fellow ^{like that} say - about his
own people. That was the first time I ever heard one a
them speak like that.

We only got one more colored person over there,
a young woman. Heh heh, y'know it's a funny thing,
when you come to think of it, when they first tried
her, they tried her as a white woman. She looks white,
y'know, very light-skinned, the only difference is - if
you look closely you'll see her hair is a little kinky,
like colored people's is - but course she fools you. I
~~thought~~ ^{knew} she was colored for sure when I saw her gettin'
on a bus over at the Cherry Hill housing development. She
got on with a big hefty dark one - I supposed it was

Charley (niggers) - 2

her husband. They looked like they were together.

After the company hired her and found out it was a mistake they tried to get rid of her - but there was nothing they or the union could do about it. Course, she had some trouble at the beginning - There was some hair-peddings with some of the white girls - but she seems to get along pretty well now. I seen the other day where the husband - one of the girls she works with drove up after work in his car & took them both home, so I guess she's getting along all right here recently. She also uses the washroom on the third floor with the other folks. {Shorty comes in for large bar Pickinative loop for nurses}

I predict - although you can't say for sure - but I predict that some day there's gonna be a lot of colored folks workin' over there. Now that they've started on they see it works out, well, it's gonna be on, more an more. Course, it's gonna take a little time, but I'd say before not too long about 80 per cent of the people working over there will be colored. I'd go even further on say the way the Negro population in this country is increasing I wouldn't be surprised that we'd soon have a Negro president. Course, it's gonna take time, but it's gonna happen. First ^{the} they're gonna have to change their ways alot, white people are not gonna live in the same neighborhood with the blacks until they get to be cleaners. Why, it's ridiculous the way they behave now. They move into a perfectly respectable

neighborhood, but before you know it, they get junk out
all over the front pavement - in no time the whole place
is a junkyard. And the way they drive! Why, the
other ~~day~~ day I was driving up Pennsylvania Avenue
behind a big black car on Broadway - wham! - the
car stops - no signals, nothing. I almost rammed right
into that car! It was a caber fellow. He stopped off
in the middle of the street to talk to a girl friend
or some woman and you could blow your horn from now
till Doomsday and he wouldn't move. Well, they gotta
change that kind of thing, white people ain't gonna
blame for it.

Course they got some good ones like Doc over there. He's
been there a long time - some twenty - some years or more. He
wears a crown the captain's now. Well, he's a really nice feller.
He's a pastor on the side. Doc can't stand it when he
hears some of the feller's cursin' on the street, and when
he's walkin' around and hears ^{some of} ~~them~~ ^{white feller's} but
"what'd you come to do that for?" He won't hurt any-
body's feelin's.

But like I say, if they keep on increasing like
they're doin' now, it's gonna be a whole lot different.

Page

to be a
chief - but
he's how
old for that
and he

mathematics

Joe (1930s) 4.3
The ...
Staff

... TA, ...
...
...
...
...

Clarence Kirby



JOE SISKE - rotary generator broke down, ^{FACTORY}

That's why parts of factory closed down and workers sent home. (end of January). [Joe wears red corduroy jacket "boss gave me - now I look like the boss - I better duck - hell hell - everybody's liable to think I'm the boss and take a poke at me"] At generator's been in there 25 years. Y'see, the Electric Company feeds us only A.C., but we need D.C. for our machines, so we got to convert. The electric company won't give us D.C. coz they said it'd cost too much to put in the new lines. Y'see the A.C. current gives you 60 cycles per minute (5000?) whereas the D.C. produces only 25 cycles per minute. That's why all the lights are so dim in there. Not enough current. If they ask me, I'd get 'em to revise the whole plant.

checks this
D.C. A.C.

- Factory runs on D.C. - generator transforms A.C. to D.C.
Expect to bring in Diesel Engine to create D.C. current, used it as spare in case generator breaks down.

[end]

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S/S/KG

It ain't cold out (raining wed, March 18) 11th brch, only
52 degrees. I no jacket, long sleeve blue work shirt,
over big hairy chest, felt under hand stomach protrusion
hudding up dirty blue pants, light like shirt, or faded)

Sharp on
watchin'
proccs -
how much
inset? 37!

Takes quart of milk, 2 choc cakes, pie - 37¢,
AT's my breakfast an' lunch. I don't really eat
anythin' till I watch television - then I sit there
and chomp away. Christ, I gotta hurry back
& blow that lunch whistle. Leaves, opens door,
strokes in head, smiles - "I come here from 'em
if I blow it late."



FACT

Wed, Feb 25, Nat Flinkman dies, bosses go to funeral. "There'll never be another Nat," said Baker. "No Sir, there'll never be another one like Nat," said Boss Shley. They were standing before the open grave, fresh-moist like a wound. Nat's wife, a sick woman, screamed and carried on. The rebbi and the cantor and the Jews and the Bosses, all in skullcaps, put Nat away. Back in the factory office, Earl Shley, Boss and ^{shiny} bald and fat with a jug-stomach, swiveled in his chair. A crazy-funny impulse, He put the black skull-cap on his shiny bald head and smiled. He smiled and swiveled about in his chair. Then he rose heavily out of his chair, smiling widely, and began to dance a jig, heavy bounce, heavy bounce, heavy bounce and smile, his finger on the button of the skullcap, spinning around heavy bounce. "No Sir, there'll never be another one like Nat."

ulcers-
cancer
(vomit)

40 years

In the store across the street, 7⁰⁰ a.m., ^{the next morning} Frank Brodski, a hill-billy girl, and Mrs. Abe talk it over. "I went over to a corner and wept when I heard he died," said Frank. "He was a good man to work for."

"I never liked him when he was alive and I don't like him now," said the girl. She explained how Nat F. used to criticize their work when he came around to examine it.

"Well, he had to make sure it was right, otherwise the bosses would get after him," Mrs. Abe tried to explain. To herself, in yiddish, she said, poor man between them.

dumb goyish boss an' these anti-semiten, they drove him to his death.

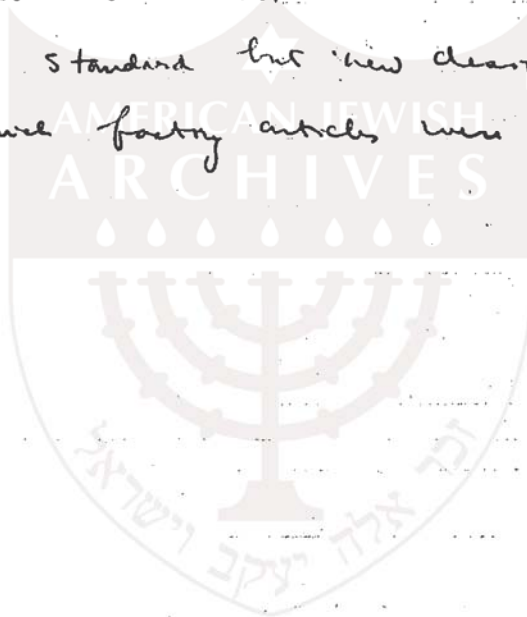
Frank told about Shley and the dance & the skullcap. Behind me counter Mrs. Aie's we quoted another flamed. "That goshen-man you can tell him I said he c'n go to hell. What dat had in his finger that fat dummy didn't have in his whole body. He had more brains in his little toe than all them bosses had together. It's only reason their dummies become bosses is because the old bosses died. They said so themselves, but did the work of four men. He's got some nerve. Makin' fun of the Jewish religion! The Jewish religion is older than the Christian religion. The Christian religion is only 1900 years old an' my religion is 5700 years old. An' what was Jesus? If he make fun of the Jews, then let him make fun of Jesus! (Shows cartoon, I hope Nat takes him to himself. An' you can tell him I said so!

[Aie: He was to write a beautiful note in yiddish He wrote me a note. It was beautiful. An American boy! - used to see him Nat, the higner.

series
Cartoon,
gabs,
kiddish,
spass
seriously
talks before
she hears,
or sees (where's
car? where'd
it go? The
car moved
5' feet away
from original
place) A
mental
twisted,
ingridity.

Young "shony" fellows comes in w. #50 breadcanister, piece of paper & rope. They don't let you take anything out of there if it's wrapped. They're afraid you're stealing. You can only take it out like this unwrapped. They got more than enough of 'em to give away. I got a friend over there in the department that makes these an' he got it for me. This is a first, a #50 (that's the stock w.) The screws are scratched, or got paint splashed on 'em, or a decal is scratched, but this one is first class.

- They invented standard but new designs to recover an elegance which factory articles were beginning to lack.



five basic acts: 1)shaping, 2)drilling, 3)turning
4)grinding, 5) milling

1) , 2)ballbearing drill, 3)lathe, 4)valve refacer

HOBGING MACHINE (ground 10/12 Pitch gear hob with completed gear

GROUND SPLINE SHAft HOB w. completed spined shaft

Ground sprocket hob w. completed gear

Ground worm gear/^{hob}w. completed gear

Cutting a spur gear/^{hob}on a hobbing machine

cutting a Spiral gear hob on a hobbing machine

ground 8 pitch gear hob w. completed gear

hobbing machine for small gears and pinons

HOW HOB CUTS A GEAR

1)High speed steel billet received from stell mill

2)hob forging made from billet

3)Hob forging after machining and forging of teeth

4)hob (dark, coke like) after being hardened

5)hob after shortblasting to remove scale ready fo form grind

6)hob with portion of teeth form ground

7)finished hob

-ground 125 pitch gear hob with completed gear

-ground warm gear hob on shank with completed gear

how many men on crew?

how much ball hammer
weight?

Kettle men wear gloves, apron?

why does fast pit in
FLUX BOX cause explosion

how does pickle vat
operate going down?

how long does bucket stay
in ash process?

how is H_2SO_4 , NH_4Cl , Zn
mixed?

how much ash can weight?
round tubs?

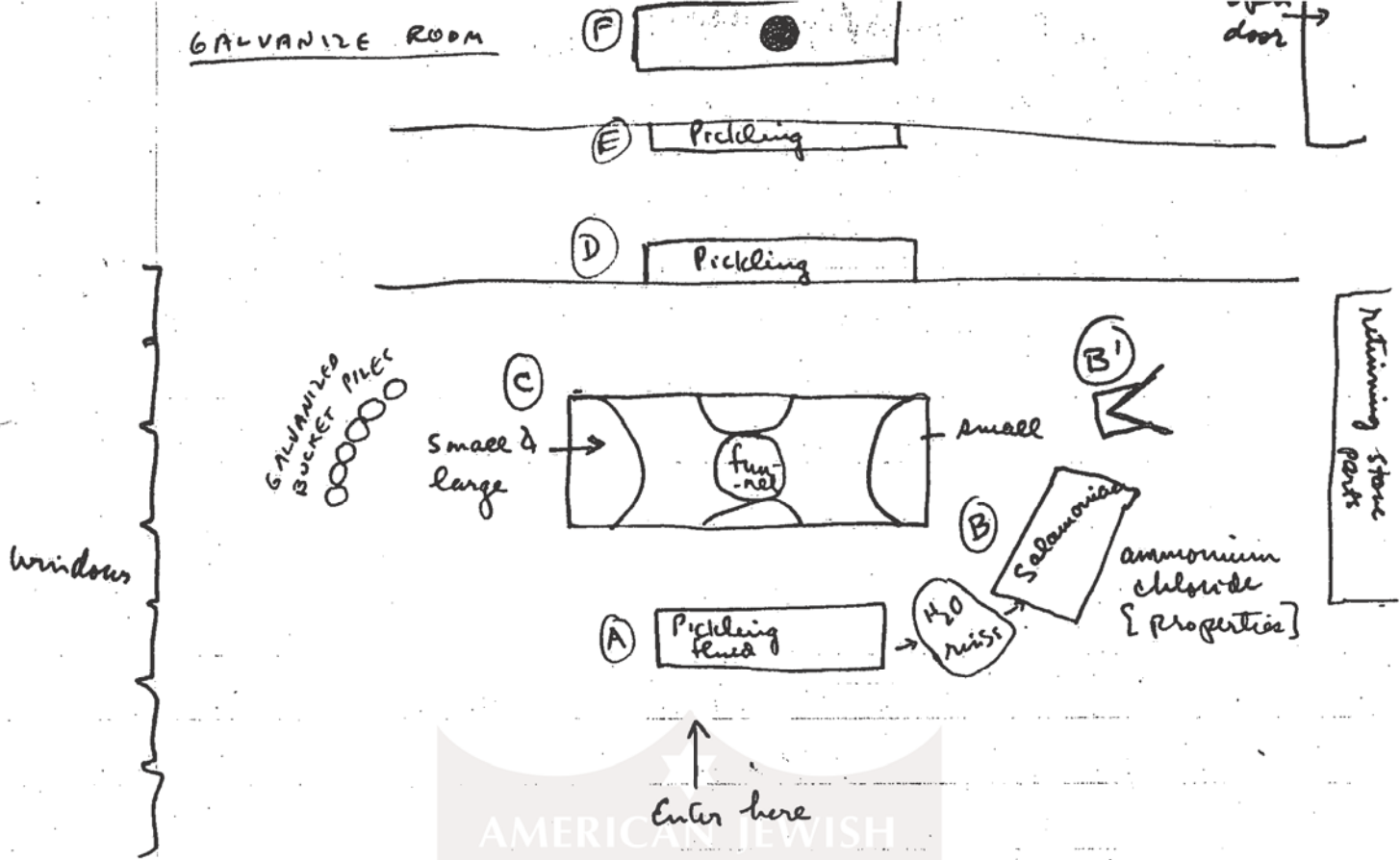
AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES


assurance of ware that wears!

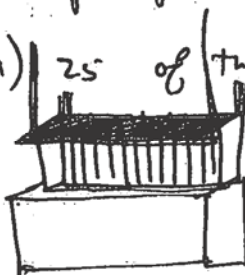
WARE
Look for this famous label

27

GALVANIZE ROOM




400 buckets (pails, or round tubs, or garbage pans) are placed in a 8 ft truck [large wagon, 

A)  25 of these at 1 time are placed into PICKLING VAT; Carriage is then lowered into pickling solution which is thin, watery, containing $\frac{2}{3}$ H_2SO_4 ; this "acid water" removes grease & rust

A) 10 at a time are then washed in cold H_2O , acid is rinsed off

B) buckets are then immersed in SALAMONIAIC WASH, a yellowish-green (looks like bile) viscous bath of

NH_4Cl (ammonium chloride)

B') Buckets then placed in stand  (grooved on incline to aid run off of excess NH_4Cl) to dry.

C) one at a time buckets are placed in FLUX BOX of KETTLE (Galvanize vat) by PUT-IN MAN who uses poker; bucket passes thru hot, thick solution of SMELTER (galvanize, which is 55 lb of molten Zinc - slabs of which lay on kettle if more Zn is needed) and emerges ^{gleaming} from either BIG END or LITTLE END where WHISK BRUSHER, places tong in ear of bucket on pail, holds it up, twirls it to drain out extra "metal" [for saving metal he gets premium] metal sets & is weighed; pills them up to dry; they are then carted away to be bailed [put handles on, used to be done by hand, now by riveting machine which shoots off fire on each rivet] and labeled.

- 2,050 buckets are galvanized in one 8-hr day [when both lines of machines work in factory, 5,000 are produced in day)

- on kettle, huge chimney draws fumes out of room. Kettle is 840°F . All kettle men wear goggles, rubber gloves, blue work shirts, dungarees

- If pail is pushed too hard or quickly into FLUX BOX it will cause KETTLE to Explode; fuming

- Zinc will "follow after you wherever you run";
- Fellow's skin came off his face right into his hands
 - only room where you can smoke ["we are proud of our work" - an Family Day: girls loose two fingers, excited when visitors go by]

I'm a die-setter (about 35, fr. 5.00 glasses, zipper lumber-jacket, black oily hair)
I set up the die for the job - 2 Johnson machines & one minster, big as this house

- "wiper" (wiping) under the ends of the table top; drawing die draws blanks down, keeps it from floating & getting wrinkled; air cushion w. pins keep blank above table belt
- flanges are turned - down sides of table top
- five dies used in making top
- To turn on presses, stop whole line, throw belt on shaft overhead; block long

leather jacket
HOWARD GRONWELL, 76, short, medium heavy build, talented, bald spot peeks out from under back of gray portpie hat, looks & acts much younger than his years, gay, frank, polite; been working at Matthew's 50 years, was given longie watch & diamond pin here just a couple months back. Huh, I woulda rather, leh leh, they give me a pension but they wouldn't do it.

CHARLEY RICHARDS: Lester Dahn was back there in the shop today talking about that. Said the company couldn't afford it

H.G.: Is'at what he said?

C.R.: Yessie, that's what he said (about 29-30, getting puffed-up face since marriage, eyebrows cut off above ears, wavy blue-brown hair, checked shirt, leather jacket, home & farm, car, waits for father, started work at 18, tall, raises eyebrows when he speaks; speaks with effort to overcome timidity of childhood & to act authoritative as mature man is expected to).

H.G. - Well, don't you believe the half of it.

C.R. - Well, he said it

H.G. - Don't you believe the half of it

C.R. - He said the company is considering a pension plan which the employees will pay for every week.

H.G. - THE employees? (studying it, trying not to be contrary)

C.R. - Yes. He was telling about the progress the company's been making and how the stockholders are thinkin' - ~~and how they'll ready get to take on a pension plan~~

H.G. - Course they're always thinkin' of the stockholders. We come last.

Continues indifferently
C.R. - What he said was that 12 years ago the company was selling \$12 million dollars worth of goods (he doesn't tell (smiles) how much profit they made) today is selling \$50 million, & expects to be selling \$100 million. At their board meeting, Lester said, they decided they're not going to pay dividends to the stockholders this year, but they're going to reinvest it in the company.

H.G. - Well, what's that got to do with the pension?

CR - He doesn't say. He only talk about the stock holders. I think
something ought to be done about the pension and I
think it can be worked out with the Social Security. They
lower the age to 60 instead of the 65 & raise the
pension payments. The Railroad Brotherhood Union - they
pay for their own pension plan out of their pay-checks, get
\$25 a week

HG - Some of them pension plans give about \$50 a month.
That ain't worth these days with prices like they are

CR - I agree with you

HG - Money today ain't worth half what it used to be.

CL (wags) - You're absolutely right. But I feel you owe this - any man
who's been working there long enough to be pensioned ought
to have a house of his own by this time...

HG - What? (Raisin' brows, first sign of real doubting; doubt of
man generally agreeable are more noticeable than those of ^{emphasis} ~~entirely~~ ^{generally} types)

CR - I mean it. Take Tresa Meyer, she's been there pretty long,
(her husband don't work, she don't make more than the average
& she's got two houses)

HG (he laughs)

CR - Well I grant you she's a pretty good manager

HG - y' mean she knows how to squeeze a dollar (laughs)

CR - But I still believe a man could have himself a home by
the time he's 65

HG - Not on the salaries we make all along till recently.

Got on \$18 & \$20 a week. Ain't not when you have to pay
doctor's bills in addition to groceries & rent & furniture &
insurance. No since you couldn't...

CR - Well (relenting) maybe you're right... But Tresa Meyer
did it. (course they're some who don't want to work at all & want
pensions) HG - Yes, there are some like that, dead there are

HG - Well that's Tresa Meyer

CR - One thing you have to say, this; their ^{The Company's} attitude has

44
stand
from
shivering
like feel the
life went out
of you, at's
right at's
right

changed. It ain't like it used to be in the old days. I remember when I first came into the machine shop, I was about 18, when old man Schenkoltz came thru there, the place was quiet like it was empty. Everybody had jumped up to the machines & stood thru working thru wasn't a word said while he was passing thru. Today I can be sitting down on my chair, eating an apple or drinking a coke & if the Superintendent comes by I'll wave to him & he'll wave back... or if I meet you on the floor I'll stop & talk to you & nobody'll say anything. Ain't that right?

HG. Yes, that is, you're right there. I will say that is so. It is different there. I remember those old days (heh, heh) old Mr. Napp used to come by with his son, the son was manager, & we'd be sittin' around ^{chewing the fat} and he'd had some feller there on the 3rd floor watchin' for when they was comin' & he'd give the signal & we'd all jump, heh heh, fall all over each other to get to the presses & Mr Napp would come by and he'd see us all with our heads bent down to the presses & he'd turn to his son & say, "See them dive to their machines like rats rats?"
At's Exactly what he said, "dive to their machines like rats..."

CR I hear it told around the place that they'd tip off on him by telephone.

HG. At's right, at's right heh heh

CR. Soon as he'd leave the office, the fire telephone operator would call up the third floor, & they'd pass it around that old man Napp was comin' & they'd all run to the presses.

HG. At's right, at's exactly right... heh heh I could tell you many things like that about the good old days. heh heh.
They use to tip us off like that too. Well, in the old days

I use to drink beer, an we used to sit around on them little boxes, I didn't know what was in them, passin' the beer around. About 8 o'clock in the mornin' we had a milk can with a top on it & about 8 o'clock in the mornin' we'd tie a string on it & drop it pass

gen
wrinkle in eye,
mouth full
of laughter

it out the window. We ast a man who passed by to do us a favor & to get us 10¢ worth of beer, at's all it cost them, & he'd make the string & get us the beer - Pearson had the saloon in those days - & then he'd come back & tie it on & we'd raise it up & pass it around. When the fellow at the window would see traps comin' down the street he'd holler 'cheez it' & say - beh beh - you shoulda seen 'em fly (claps hands) - they was fallin' all over each other, fallin' down the steps & every which way - my land you shoulda seen 'em - beh beh

ca. (was head, smiles watchin' 'em enjoy himself, carried away w. nostalgia)

#6. There was one fella who used to sing me a song about the factory, but that was only when he was half drunk. He used to sing
when it comes on Friday, they give us and play
That was it they used to say

ca. Somethin' like that that he used to sing. ~~Feel the~~

An' they used to call us GEESE when we knocked off - y'know we used to have 1,400-1600 workin' here then, & the way we'd come out, they called us geese

CL. Tree the truth, d'you like it better now or those days H6-3
H6- (proud beistales) Now... coz now I'm enlightened. You young
fellars got it smooth, we really had to go thru it

(A) CR- We've got it pretty good now. I know no company that does
similar work like we do - say, like Federal Tex - that pays
a better wage - fact, I think we get 10¢ higher per hour
than they do - that is, in the machine shop where I work -
an' for the amount of work we do. We got good
conditions, I'd say.

(B) CR- Our union is discussin a pension plan with them but
they won't agree to it now

H6- That's our Suppositor, ain't it? Ain't that it's called
(repeats phrase heard at union meeting) CR smiles & H6 too.



- Soft-spoken
- intelligent
- mild-mannered
- worked here 48 years

WABBIT

73, retired for 20, former supervisor in paint shop, he painted four years paints wood-grained paper plates w. designs of birds, flowers, winter settings; (with lines to get the colors blending in like that you gotta sketch 'em in first then paint 'em, but I do the others, the flowers on them, free). I sell the paper-plates 2 for a dollar, that isn't much is it, an' these samers are \$2.00 a quarter a set. I figure that these samers cost me 19¢ a piece, an' the rest is, well, for my time. Course, I don't like to have no time on my hand. If I been sellin' some, I'd get along. You could stare to death on their pension, 20 dollars a month.

- When he was foreman he used to take off one each month - "sick leave" - and got paid for it (ordinary workers don't)

- The factory called in a woman to hand paint birds on party sets. Well (excuse me, miss) they was the damndest birds you ever did see. They simply took no effort as birds. No effort at all. I brought down a couple of these an' showed 'em what birds looked like. But I don't know. They tried to see on colors an' it didn't take. Then they had to job. Got the ~~whole~~ party sets.

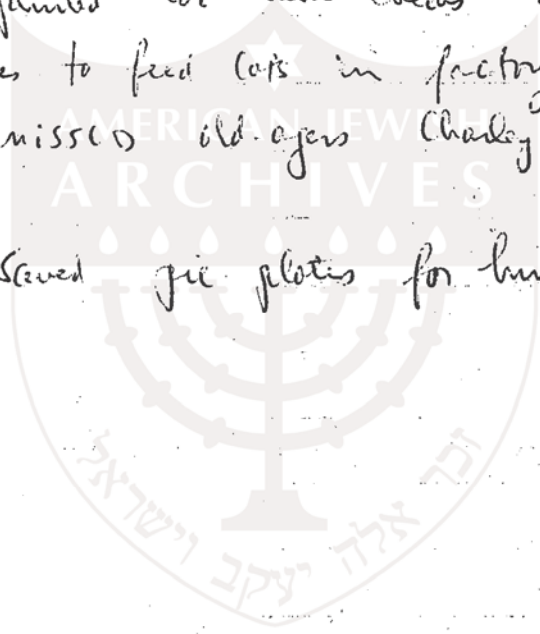
- I just took a couple lessons in oil painting when I was 17. I wished I had taken more. I painted one canvas then an' I still got it - it's as good today

March 30

- rimless square glasses
- full round double chin like Tuba
- neat white shirt & figured pale blue tie
- grey hat, black overcoat

as it was then, not a mark or a blemish on it. I can't work too well on large canvases; I can only do these miniatures. I wish I had taken more lessons in oil paints. When I started out on these I invested \$5 in equipment, oil paints & brushes, etc. I paint straight from the tubes.

- His father painted "We Cash Checks" sign for Abi; used to buy sardines to feed cats in factory
- Factory dismissed old-agers Charley Rush, Howard Grovewell (195)
- Miss Maddox saved pic photos for him



FACTORY

FBI

Chanki Roberts (black leather jacket, plumping middle & face) brings in to store shopping bag with 6 dz. eggs, each dz. neatly sorted in box, wrapped w. newspaper & tied w. cord. "Here your eggs. I'll bring the rest in on ~~the~~ Mon. I had these for a guy over the factory who takes 6 dozen every week, but he didn't come in today, so I can let you have 'em... There ain't much money in eggs these days. We raise about 30 dozen a day. Course, that ain't bad - but still there ain't as much in eggs as there is in beef. I tried raising pigs once, but there ain't much in them, too; real money is in cattle, livestock. Look at the daily market reports in the papers, you'll see. Why, there's a German family around us that raises cattle & they make enough to support 4 sons & their families; they each got their own houses and cars, live real good. Course, they work hard at it, but it pays off. Now you take some of the people over here, they been workin' all their lives & they got nothing to show for it. They live from week to week; at the end of each week I bet you most of 'em don't have a cent to their names.

FACTORY - UNION

Management calls conference to halt labor union, orders supervisors, foremen to talk friendly to workers, eat with them. After each conversation, foremen fill out index card, submit to office. Later reactions of foremen are tabulated on large chart - when 5 agree that one worker is pro-union he is immediately fired - "tonight, let him go!"

- Can't afford to keep good workers - he prices himself out of market - when worker gets too good, have to give him raise - imagine what would happen if you had to give a \$5 raise to the majority of your workers every month - why you'd go bankrupt! I trained a fellow during the past month - he was terrific - in four weeks he became manager of the parts department. Well, of course, I had to give him a raise. The manager comes & tell me I gotta let him go. Find a reason, make up an excuse, but he's gotta go. It really hurt. I felt miserable all week. Finally, I had a talk with the manager and he let me have it, straight - look, he said, we're in business, and one thing you gotta learn in business - and that is you gotta use people. You gotta know how to exploit people for your benefit, else you'll never get anywhere. There just ain't no room for sentiment or conscience. That's one law of business you gotta realize before you make your first move. He told me about 2 guys who grew up together, went to the same school and that kinda stuff, real close all their lives, y'know; both of 'em

worried their way up to the top in the same corporation, an' then for one reason or another, the one guy had to fire the other one - an' he did it. (Snaps fingers) just like that - without ~~losing~~ an eyelash. Business is business. An' the guy know it would nearly kill this other fellow, because he had just bought himself a house based on his large salary - and now - boom! Nothing!

Well, that's the way it is, my boss said, an' the sooner you learn that the better off you are. Cuz if you don't, no matter how good you are, if you're just the black bit out of time with the company, you're thru, finished. That's one of the hard facts of life, guess.

- There's one supervisor in our place, Mr. Moss. Well, everybody is just crazy about Mr. Moss. Whenever he goes thru the plant, it's "Hello, Mr. Moss, How are you, Mr. Moss" - there isn't a worker there who doesn't think he's the most wonderful guy in the world. Always smiling an' happy. That kind. Well, when it comes to a manager's meetin' - you'd never believe he was the same guy. He gets tough as nails an' he's absolutely ruthless when it comes to firin' workers. He can be all smiles an' jokes an' happiness to a worker at 2 o'clock an' at 4 o'clock in the manager's office he'll get his jaw an' order you to "fire him - today!" That's the way it is an' none of 'em know the difference.

- That union, they tellin' ya, that's a real revelation! Why that Dave Crack is the biggest gangster in the

Manage
 gives
 regular
 orders
 on being nice
 to employees, go
 easy w. them,
 for executives
 (foremen) not to
 eat together
 but to mix
 w. the workers
 know your business

Country. He came down here from New York trying to
 organize the truck business. Well, the company wouldn't have it,
 so he made himself a bunch of poor, things, and Christ,
 what they would do! They overturned trucks, they slashed tires,
 and then they picket. They picked you till they try to throw you out of business!
 they poured sugar into the gas tanks. Unbelievable! Do you
 think the company is gonna take that sitting down? Hell,
 no. Why the management has worked out a master-plan
 to meet every one of their moves. And it works!

D'you know our company grossed a bigger annual dollar-
 volume than (Macy's - or) Raleigh Metal Co. ~~It's~~ We gross
 a dollar-volume last year of 3 million, 800 thousand dollars,
 & Raleigh grossed only a little better than a million.
 Can you believe that? I know it's tough to believe. ^{But} That's
because they gave in to the union.

I'll give you an example of what the union can do to you.
 We sell stoves to our customers, and on an average day a
 truck with three men on it can deliver about 8 stoves. Now when
 we deliver these stoves, we also pick up the old stoves, the
 trade-ins, coz most of our sales today are ~~new~~ trade-ins. Now
 the union came along and said "no! You can't do that. You
 send out 3 men on a truck, they deliver 4 stoves and they
 pick up four stoves - That's 8. That's all they can do ~~on~~ one
 day. You've gotta get another truck & 3 men for the other 8.
 Y'see what I mean? That'll give you some idea how they
 operate. Christ, if you do things the way they want you
 to, you'll be out of business in no time. If you have to

Jack legs
in favor
workers
~~company~~

you're gonna have to cut down your profits like that
nobody's gonna want to stay in business (\$3 million is
small profit, apparently)

Private
property
vs.
business

The real heart of the problem, tho'. [quits teeth,
spells it out in palm of hand,] tho' driving thru to heart
of the thing] is the difference between management & ownership.
The owners ain't so desperate about profits, the managers
feel they just gotta show bigger & bigger profits. Their jobs,
they think, depend on it. That's why if an owner comes into
an office & sees it lookin' dull & dingy, he'll turn to the
manager & say, "you oughta get this place painted. It looks
terrible". Whereas a manager will never do that - in fact,
he'll congratulate a supervisor for keepin' his expenses down.

'Course, I realize, that if this is the way management
thinks then it'll never do anything for the worker unless
it's forced to - which is why unions are necessary, but
unions ain't gonna get too far with these guys coz
they'll fight them all the way.

But this is a tough problem for a guy like me, coz
I was raised to be thoughtful of the next guy - y'know
"love thy neighbor" an' that kind a stuff, an' to accept a
guy for himself, what he is, an' not for how I can
use him - an' then I come against this mess.
Hell - I donno. I guess it's like my boss said -
"face realities - it's either them or me."

FACT (Joe Laska)

BOWLING
May

smell like small checked summer suit, shiny brown leather Oxford
Joe & wife (attractive pekingese face, snub nose, dyed burnt
hair) went to Bowling Party (NCSO) ~~Saturday~~ ^{Sunday} night, 2nd
Floor, over Joe Buskey's. Wife got so drunk she went
downstairs, went to sleep in back of car. Didn't remember
a thing, 'cept she came home & went to bed. Joe said
he don't even remember drivin' home he was so drunk.
But he got up the next mornin' an' went to work.
I told 'im to stay home, but he said he was out
last Thursday an' he don't want to stick the guy who
works with him, so he went in. But I betcha he don't
know what he was doin' all day today.

- Tall thin fellow with glasses has ulcer, went to Bowling
Bren Party, vomited, got sick, was out of work 2 weeks, don't
go any more to beer parties

FAIT

Schmidt - takes insulin - no sugar in body - eats peppermints -
beat like handball (gold rimmed specs), work one more
year (in plain, up at 6³⁰) his pensioned



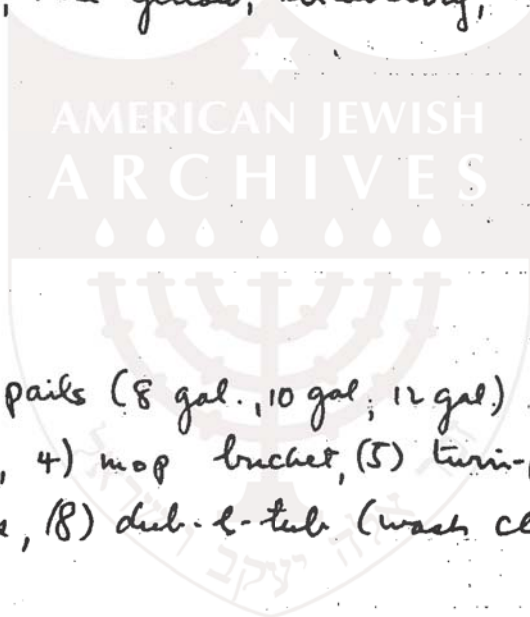
FACTORY Products:

A) LITHOGRAPH WARE

(mainly girls, women, elderly men)

B) GALVANIZE (all men)

- A) 1) funnels, 2) sieves, 3) kitchen garbage pail (step-on), 4) milk pail, 5) bread pans, 6) salt-pepper shakers (39¢), 7) frying pans, 8) radiator cover, 9) sifters (w. red agitators), 10) army stoves, (11) muffin pan, (12) tin cups, (13) waste-pail (shovel), 14) bread boxes, (15) trash basket (mirror, corrugated), 16) sewing trays, (17) oil cans (corrugated, blue top), (18) rubber burner (19) match-box, (20) canisters (5 styles: royal rose red, rose yellow, strawberry, dutchbay & girl,



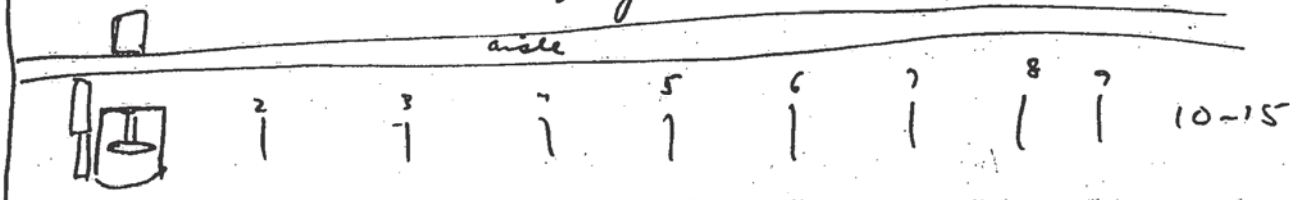
- B) GALVANIZE: 1) pails (8 gal., 10 gal., 12 gal.) 2) round tubs, 3) garbage pails, 4) mop bucket, 5) turn-pails, 6) ash cans, 7) sprinkling cans, 8) dual-tub (wash clothes, take bath), 9) coal hod

→
All steps, steep steps (heart trouble: hot); dank dark
rooms, ill lighted, dirty windows or cracked,
machine parts dusty, greasy
1000's of sq. ft of bullets, pails, like a sea

Howard in displeasure w. Nurse
Cronwell (like bank clerk, little black hat)
rolling, forming, grooving, bit, spin in bottom,
wedge (Newfree) rides, rivet bars, put in wire
handles, ball handles; beading (wire around top),
burning bottom edge

N othing	A rms
E xcept	E mploye
S ervice	S ope
C ommands	C onspicuous
O rders	O perations

Bldg 12E

Enter
here →

Each production room is a great madhouse of noise, motion, dim ceiling lights, monstrous machines block & stamping out forms, hammering them together, spinning in to them oil spattered, intricate pulley systems overhead endlessly slipping movement to the machines below thru conveyor belts, repetitive clatter of tin cans, sieves, funnels, pails being thrown in greatbris, humble of load trucks across metal plates ^(runways) on the floor.

On each side of aisle, in production rooms (as opposed to storage rooms), machines are arranged in 2 monstrous rows, one behind another. The operators, ⁽¹⁾ girls in dresses, slacks, dungarees, ~~thin~~ ^{lame}, plumb, fat (& witless), ~~agile~~ ^{plodding}, but careful, agile & eager for piecework income, old women (die hair to keep age from being revealed, move swiftly to prove continued usefulness), young boys (strang, arrogant, lifting weights & sheets of metal beyond what they should, to show off their strength) under eyed (w. paunch, families, slowly achieving security, not very flamboyant, just reliable, looking for promotion & added income, envious of foreman) old men (tired, drawn, desperate to hold job, careful to hold onto themselves (finger) servants to rebuke, ardent to keep up with younger ones, to finish equally good products, longing for retirement, relief from 30, 40 years labor) — all these are completely integrated into their machines, a part of it, like the

(1) Suddenly unappealing, actually bloated, sweaty, if marriage would take them away from this, see to relieve this loneliness

die, the press, the lever, the pulley, the gears - take one of these away the machine stops, take them away the machine stops, too, take the machine away, and they stop. Somehow the machine, each, seems more

eternal than each of them. Wear away a gear & the machine is hustled down to the machine shop where the young men repair it for use, immediately, in two hours, the following morning. Lose two fingers, bustle over to the registered nurse, see the insurance man, get \$200, \$300, - rest and come back to an interim job, packing, cafeteria, checking production figures, or don't come back at all if you cannot return to machine. They do Rome in common - the machine & operator - the endless motion of production, the filth, and the sweat the oil, the grease & oil film. But the machine speaks, shouts, shrieks, hammers out its speech or nonsense - the operator ~~sits~~ sits silently - to speak only when a question relating to the machine or its economy or welfare permits such parley with the foreman.

Only in the foreman's room, where the dangers of destruction are so great that only those who dare venture such destruction venture their own speech, their speech is thundering, vulgar, abusive, smutty in fornicative phrases, a defiance of hard young men who taste death, inhale the acid fumes, mix the fuming fluids, and seek, must shout her out of their existence. For how else can one live daily over the mouth of a volcanic crater?

In the holding room where the girls rivet the handle on the pails, they raise hell on odd moments, but the room is vast, the benches stand high, the foreman is remote in

or that because of another foreman, who in turn ^{restates} because of the friendly man behind the closed door in the office who ~~tells funny~~ answers friendly questions with a delightful rejoinder about a pretty girl who may come into his car after work.

And the man integrated into the machine belongs to a union, and there is no union, no need for one is there? in the green-panelled, ^{water} Cooler office. And the man integrated into the machine, who belongs to the union earns for ~~for~~ 8-hr day, 5 days a week, \$27.50, for his wife, his children, for his father, his ~~mother~~ \$27.50, and if he will work overtime on his day of rest, he may perhaps earn 30 or \$35, and the girl in the office, the high school girl, the married girl, the broadcast sprinter, earns for 8-hr-5 day week, \$35 or the outfit, more likely 40 or 45 a week, never being required to work out a day of rest...

And should the man of the machine stop to wonder about his salary, stop to think of the \$27.50 with which to feed his wife and children, his mother & father, his girl friends and future wife, stop to think of why, with union he had no real income, no real security, he need not think long, need not trouble his mind, so enveloped in pounding so long, need not exhaust his little spare time in which his mind can be free of pounding & clutter, need not, for there is the order on the wall.

"recreation". Notice from the President. "More recreation for the employees of the company". A notice on the Bulletin board. A notice hung up ^{by} the foreman (with a thumbtack). To be read when going out ^{to} or returning from lunch, or after the 8 hrs. of the company's time is over. Don't stop to wonder. Recreat. Play baseball, here on \$200, buy bats, buy baseballs, even smart new uniforms,

this jungle of tin, and the rivets play a corner (2)
game, but a game so ~~lively~~ shattering, pitched so
fiercely high, why try to outtalk, outplay, outshot at all?

Contrast this freedom in the rooms of mechanics,
with that in the office. The high school graduate, having
mastered their lean rows of figures, learned in red-lined,
blue-lined books, tutored in punching typewriters, adding
machines, calculators, studied in bills of shipment, C.O.D.s,
tax payments, all this wisdom of the younger years
was matured over endless figures & broadening acres,
~~a process of years~~ adorned in cleanly starched frocks,
in pants pressed last week the jacket put away
in the closets, all this wisdom & unmailed manner
distinct there to a freedom of gaiety, a lighthearted
banter, a charming camaraderie; these are the royalty.

"Are we going home in your car, George? or in
Harry's?"

"Depends. If you bring the pretty new bookkeeper
along, you can go in mine..."

How loud how... see here. It's so we in the
office. Doors closed, ^{to keep out the mechanics.} no noise. Cooling System. Water cooler
at both ends of the room. ^{Heat in winter.} And laughter.

Of course, there work. They produce. They are
necessary in the workshops of this industry. But they work
in laughter, in human warmth. There is no silence before
a thundering, hammering monster into whom there is no
exchange but for an electric current, a slug of metal.
There is no hesitant asking for permission for this or that
from a foreman, who hesitates giving permission for this

(red & blue, the company's colors, incidentally) the co's. (3)
have emblazoned across the blue blouse, play baseball,
compete with each other, fight over points, over stolen bases,
fight over anything, but don't stop to wonder, compete
one department against another, packers versus goldwangers,
painters vs. machine shop, compete boy teams against girls,
(girls in uniform are so diverting, the phump rumps in
the co's stacks, laugh when the blue rumps slide into
bases), compete with other employees of other co's, compete,
compete, compete, fill your mind with competition, but don't
stop to wonder. And ~~play~~^{practice} baseball on Saturdays, and
play baseball on Sundays, compete and shout and
laugh and be tired with laughter, the frenzy of pointless
competition. And come back Monday morning at 7:30 a.m.,
back to you, ^{the jungles, you} machine and your business and your hesitations.
And your washed fingers and your voiceless unions and
your \$27.50, come back too satisfied to wonder, too
frightless to wonder. ^{But just} come back.

[I'll wait to wonder with family inspection day - build
pride, hear wonder - "We are proud of our products" ^{crepe;} ^{layant} ^{of your} ^{fruit made}

At the end of inspection, guide says:

"I'm glad to've been on tour with you. I hope after
whatever you've seen you can appreciate the company and
its products -

"And the people who make them..."

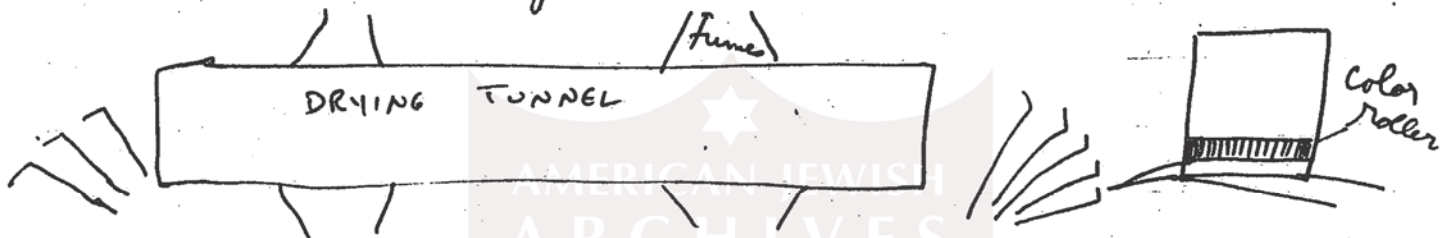
"Oh yes, and the people who make them..."

families
laugh with
you, fill
them pride
instead of
groceries,
cheers instead
of new
purses.

- 1) FUNNELS:
- Stamp shape out of plated tin sheets
 - put thru roller
 - groove ends
 - Stamp ends together
 - put in funnel spout
 - Stamp in spout

3) KITCHEN GARBAGE PAIL:

- designs & two profiles on tin sheets by passing thru wire roller
- dried in long tunnel over heat



[Room is HOT, PAINT FUMES CHOKING; "you get used to it, been doing this 34 years"]


- tin sheet is rolled into rounded shape, ends are grooved, hit together by press; bottom is pressed in on whirling disk machine; ^{round} edges beveled smooth

- jacket (fulcrum) riveted on, arms of lever placed in, top fastened on, tried out to see if top pops up

- wrapped, 4 placed in one large carton, sealed

4) MILK PAIL - 1) sides wedged for reinforcement
2) black handle stamped on

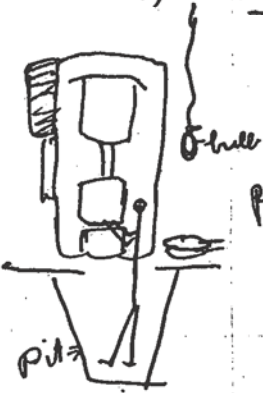
5) BREAD PANS - 1) stamped out all sizes, shapes out of mirror shiny tin

6) SHAKERS - 1) lithographed red or yellow
2) gilt on grooves & letter 
2 inches wide, look wide, fingers off
3) 2 machines, second puts screw on neck

gets tired of making them, sorts & packs them

7) FRYING PANS: 1) from form, 5 different shapes until final pan

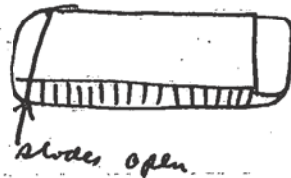
2) to stamp out form, man, standing deep in pit, places 5 blanks at time in die, then brings massive weight down on it (coals gilt at lunch every day)



8) RADIATOR COVER 1) thin gilt stands all day before press stamping out form

2) next machine smooths edges

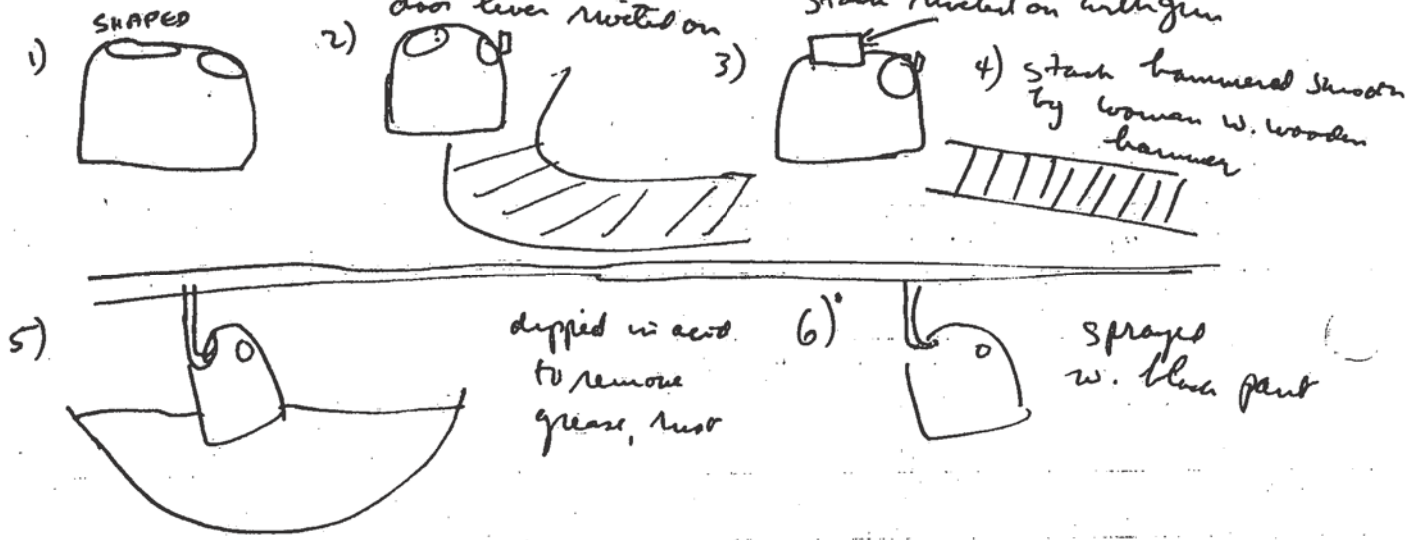
3) next makes ends & fastens end on plate



wooly or walnut color.

4) foreman been doing for 34 years, ~~lost~~ 3 fingers of right hand cut off at ends; did it at 14 or 15, now a foreman ... hand bleeds above wrist - no time to stop


10) ARMY STOVES: (diving bell in appearance)

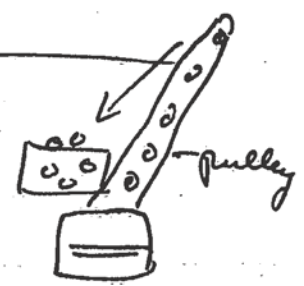


1) assembled - guide & shown in bottom, stack on top; easy to take apart. "They like em"

11) MUFFIN PAN: 1) first pans are spun out



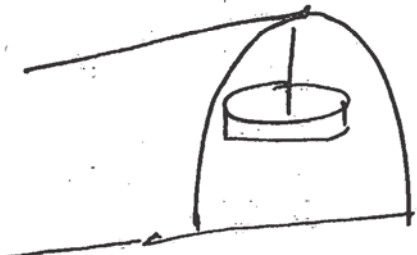
2)  pan form then shaped
 [operator got stuck on this, tore one out, guide leads away embarrassed that this could happen]



3) cans then pressed into form, edges beveled

12) BREAD BOXES: 1) Top stamped out in one punch, including fancy markings [girl stands in pit, wears gloves; foreman proud of "one process"]

XMAS TREE STANDS



1) woman faces into shot tunnel with paint spray gun - green all over her face, hat, & clothes

["don't hurt her, comes off w. special soap"]

FACTORY

Garbage can: 1) flat tin in press, made into round form
2) bottom pressed in on second machine; 3) third machine puts on bars (handles) about 285 large are thrown out each day (\$11.50 piecework); 350 small

In whirling thru machines, tin is oiled & greased; ⁴⁾ buckets are taken to galvanize room, where "polder" immerses them in acid which eats away rust and grease; 5) buckets then bathe in thick galvanize, emerge gleaming.

Positions: 1) general warehouse trucker 2) trucker loading on cars; 3) loading on cars itself; 4) ticket clerk in shipping dept.

- ^{32,} Earl, while showing new worker how to work press machine, loses 4 fingers. Company gives him \$3000⁰⁰. Can take it at once, or in installments; If company ^(A) official had told him to go to press, would have gotten more, since he did it on his own, only 3000⁰⁰. Earl not bitter since now he can buy home & convince neighbor's girl to marry him. [got excited when he was told before finger-loss he was to be "boss" in paint-shop.]
- Wabash lost fingers on hand, now on pension; \$20⁰⁰ per month.
- (A) official made witness promise to say Earl went on his own under threat of losing job.

- (B) - Soft ball team officially sponsored - 1/2 part, league contract, plays 107, 108, 109
- Hellen: getting food, fixing up women's rest rooms, with hassocks, don't let niggers in there

EARL HARPER, - day before becoming boss (nervous, ^{talked matters before about it} exuberant)
broke in another boy; thought he wouldn't ask for money if
given new post, insisted on payment; sued took to court,
asked for 4,500, gave him 1,200; officials removed him
from job (say he didn't know how to be foreman), while
boss worked together w. girls to speed up work - to meet
daily quota; put him in shipping dept loading truck. (cut
hand, come in for band-aids); disgusted w. work, loss
of hands, lack of money, gets drunk on Fri till Tues (gets
\$20 a week for accident - another \$20 for work) boss was
with him for drinks; if he'd get see \$1,200 he'd quit.
[mother had 8 children, worked in town for Jew, elderly,
he married her; bought cabin. motels; hopes stepfather
will help him]

- was married three, divorced; had \$100, bought ring
for girl, she turned him down; "hell with her she don't mean
nothing to me..." Has an apartment, on drunk jag
sleeps with women - talks a lot
- paint buckets, funnels, sprinkling cans

- FACE PARALYZED - clever, worked several years, galvanize.
stood out couple days on drunk; if he stood out more than
2 days w.o. reporting illness would be fired - made him
sign paper to this effect w.o. his realizing it - they fired
him.

TALL boy - ^{chicken-pox} last was, Does on face, married, ^{17-yr.-old} mistress on side, she came by his house, he feared wife seeing her, shot her & himself; wanted her to sleep with him, she refused long as married

B) President of all the farmers says he wants more union for our employees.

Had more presidents than you and Shaka a stick at. Just wear 'em out I guess.

- powerful notes - damned thing'll bore a hole in daylight.

"GEESE"
- LUNCH HOUR - Come out of arches downway in stampede - break off into 2 or 3 or alone & beginning running to lunch: 12 to 12:30, half hour doesn't leave much time; some rush home, 2, 3 blocks away, others go to Tommy's to sandwiches, then rush back.

- Blonde girl walking w. fellow. "Want a ride home?" She says "yes". A guy behind, w. malicious terrible eyes, says "I'll ride you home ..." "No right" girl says loud.

EARL - got \$75 for account, following Fri spent \$200 going from saloon to saloon. Had car to wait for him at each saloon, paid driver \$75. || Two weeks before marriage, came into store, shouts, 'Goddam her, she got away \$35 for me. She says it's for the baby' || Was going w. girl in factory who was married. He told me he was gonna kill me if he catches me w. his wife. Goddam him, he ain't gonna kill me, I'll kill him first! || Frank Dredely warns him not to fool w. women; also tells Mark he don't know how to keep a dollar. Brags of his own wife, an older woman whom he married because she had a 3-story house on W. Lombard St [near Max] & he got rent-free, who he says knows how to stretch dollar, always has money around. She goes out buys groceries & vegs in market, super-stores, comes home cooks soup, etc. (must be careful, Frank has bad stomach) & while she cooks, Frank goes into garage to clean car. She cooks lunch to take along Sun. to her mother who lives in country.

- hot July Friday. Down to my waist in sweat. No fans over there. | That Frank Cook sure is a talking form. You oughta hear him talk back to Lester & Charlie Baker, Yeh! (Emphatic, curling up his lip into fat ^{unshelved} _{prune}) Y'right, been him! (flips cigarette out) you know he was raised w. both of them. Yeh, they grew up together. He don't take nothing from them. He sure knows how to talk. It's how he got to be ^{president} ~~head~~ of the union. 'Course he used the union for his own purposes...

Abe (with knowing manner, raising head & nervously arranging
cubes & pies): "You telling me! I know."

Mrs. Abe: Shure, you buy out of it. He's a good customer
of ours & a fine fella. Don't pay no attention to what
he says, Earl. And please (waving knife w. which she
parses grapes) please don't tell nobody what he says.

Mrs. Abe: And, shut up, go in the house already! What did I
say? Zi don't work around mishkin! Go in the kitchen,
go!

Earl: He didn't say nothing, Mrs. Abe. I knew Frank
Cork before he got to be a big shot. In fact, he was the
one who made me a foreman. Yeh, he's a straight
guy with me, always one way! He ain't in the union
now. You can't be in the union when you're a manager.
Hell, no, he ain't in the union! He goes to Mt. Washburn!
Yeh, the company sent him to Mt. Washburn when they were
making bowls for the government. They give him a
check for a hundred, then hundred dollars for
his traveling expenses. I know, coz I helped him drink
up some of it. (Gets money for his check, frs) Jesus! ain't
that something! Now how's a man gonna live on that!
With a wife & child. Well, hell, I guess I'll make out.
Jesus! frs dollars. I ^{didn't} only work 2 days this week (he
says proudly) I went swimming! Yeh, went swimming!
My wife raised hell. She's a grower. Boy, she's a grower!
Grower all the time! Christ, her kid ain't like her. He's
always smiling. He woke up this morning at 4:00 & decided he
just had to go swimming & left. He's like me. Hell, I can't swim!

wife
proudly
said says
in a m
to me
laughs at
earl says
of day
of
returning

just had

FACTORY

Hot Springs, Va., big, loose white flesh, soft washed hair; puts in into well. He galvanizes iron. When bucket put on flux, bottom dropped out, galvanize fell on bottom. Virginia stopped, took off shoes, well shoe coiled up like spring in it. Will kept running. Burned his legs. [Henry on different shift]. Worked on farm. Boy son. Va. weighs 220. Boy 125. His sister married to Pa. coal miner, young fellow. "Hell, he ain't no coal miner. That guy won't work at anything if he can get out of it" (Pleasant white smile, one tooth bent over other)

girl truck driver

Girl works in galvanize room, looks like woman wrestler, used to be a truck driver, drove one of them vans, must weigh about 200 lbs, got muscles like a man, drinks a lot and curses like a sailor, she pulls them trucks around w. a hammer backseat on iron, hell, she pulls one w. one hand & pushes one w. another. I kid yes' about push one of them myself.

FACTORY

Machini shop foreman (Russell) collapsed while walking steps -
tripped over. Taken to hospital. He was operated on
at 7:00 a.m. before. Men talk about it in store
at 7:00 a.m. & on Sole-steps.



FACTORY LET-OUT

At 4 o'clock, "jacks" start flooding out. Women in 2's & 3's, men in 2's & 3's, an occasional man & woman, women in 3-quarter ^{cloth} toggers, full coats, Simons coats, cheap & gaudy red or green or purple, metrocised handkerchiefs, all the styles in Woolworth's, Tommy Tucker, & Murphy's 5 & 10's, & Jovin's department store, parade by; men in melton jackets, machinists, army & navy surplus, topcoats, leather jackets; Mr. Cromwell shrunken in brown leather jacket & gray pants, gray pulpit hat walks freely w. taller old man, gray hair frizzes out of hat. In 15 minutes the gas has flown - to streetcars (strike), autos, walking.

COMING-IN

Cold Jan morn, begin coming in at 6:30, some in store, some in saloon, some on corner (cash out to passing cars: Hija Blubberhead ... Blubberhead ya!) stamp feet on ground like stallions; girls stiff w. sleep & cold trot to factory at 7:30 when doors open, snorting cold breaths of air; some go into office to get time card punched, some marching in platoon-like formation pants-leg rolled up over white wool spades tramp thru hallway to get cards & then turn inside of bag to avoid cold go into office to punch cards. Paper lunch bags in right hand, left hand in coat pockets. At 7:30 grows close, some begin to run to get in in time. Sky is clear blue above, beyond the deep end sky is like cold marble or cream, with streaks of dark blue clouds & the pink of a reflecting sun now rising streaking the cold firmament. The windows are frosted on the

ed man holds
out floppy
hat brim

houses. Birds dart wildly thru the air like shag
shot. Autos move before smoke pillars of exhaust,
one here & there crapping out in the cold, coughing, rasping,
then catching on again in a frozen gasp. One girl in
pea coat & black slacks struggles in after all manner,
indifferent to lateness, time costs, knowing only the numbness
in her body. Key Highway unfolds in the sun & is alive
w. racing cars. A barrel is pulled to its pile at Heinz's.
The trucks are loading sides of beef. Vague mist of
brown smoke flows a moment in the air & are gone.
A man in a tunic over a gray coat, his hands jammed
in pockets, walks up along factory, as he reaches the steps,
an office girl in brown fur coat & scarf climbs before
him, he follows her. The door shuts. A worker in black
leaves, yanking lunch bag, leaps up steps. Bread truck
winds down street, ^{into restaurant of factory,} Birds chirp. Kid runs into store,
rapping door shut behind her.

Check, all
Signed, Nick!
How ya
doin', Pop?
interesting
the way
people
suddenly
become
Acad. Pop
& how the
callers are
eager to
have Nick
& Pop
around them.

Who me? "You, Steve grinning, you I wish I had a
your laugh (looks friendly & dimly at cigar - is this the
kind? Hands over 11¢ - do that right?) Gosh, friendly, easy
smile - This laugh ain't you 'cuz for - not when
you got a wife & two kids & a mortgage on a
house & a car - Christ I had to pay \$16 for two
pairs of shoes for my kids.



FACTORY

- John Kelly, glasses, mustache, cigar, friendly dark face, shot w, Friday logroll - \$84 = check - "Hell that ain't nothing, I do better than that!" - y'see I'm a machinist - I used to be a die-seller but they got me on automatic machines now

- John Birsitis - holy-poly ^{American} Italian painter in white cap, streaked white dungarees, rubbery smooth olive face, cigarette always popped in corner of mouth. Kelly says: "Here he is! The man who smears on the s... ." "An' you de guy who takes it off" Yes, I smear grease on it...

- Her-billy husband & wife (in dungarees): I make \$80 now, twice as much as I used to make & I don't get along now as good as I used to.

- Tall skinny ^{glasses} ~~man~~ ^{glasses} - Barker - cashing checks - I don't want to make any mistakes, no di, them fellows work too hard for their money; Elmer comes in (corduroy hunter's cap, heavy Coca jacket, bucket on shoulder) Guine a cigar. (loudly & with ringing pride) for my brother-in-law! (Raymond King) Mrs. M.: It's got a rich brother-in-law, Elmer, gives eternally stunk & dim-witted. To Pat, he says: I wish I had your money, pounds him heavily on shoulder;

FACT

Two hill-billy girls begin battling, have pulling in
factory over man. when war is over they start
fighting again outside. One gets in a car & hustles
away.



HEINZ'S

CRACKLIN - large khaki-colored pies (look like stamped 1/2 dollar size of garbage-can cover) made from tripe, intestines, cows' heads & tails; grease is extracted, used for soap; residue (cracklin) used for fertilizer & feed for chickens & pigs; has truck meaty stink; 300-ton pressure hydraulic press is used for reduction process.

- colored girl in strapless blue summer dress, outside ^{hydraulic} press gate, waiting for screen money from lover (jazzy boy in blue silk shirt & blue baseball cap); he plays up to her girl friend, takes her for soda

- 4 little white boys on vacation, nosing around open soda gate, roust over tripe barrels; colored workers fight them hell out of them with uplified barrels; kids scamper off screaming

trucks nose up at 2:00 am with 20-25 cows; trap gate on right corner & driver with helper HI HI like cowboy drive them into pen. Cows bay away thru night (doomed animal crying for their lives)

- Crew of negroes called in to salt holes, fold for bleeding away on trains - under hot sun they stink; on lunch hour sit on brick pavement drinking from miniatures, bottles of beer, soda, milk

- cows down mid. street from stockyard at 12:00, city stopped

JOE GIBSON - big farm boy, hearty, ruddy, big
full laugh; Born in Clarksville (near Columbia
Turnpike) 13 kids in family; mother died when 3,
father took care of entire brood, brought in
various housekeepers, sisters helped take care later on;

worked three farms; postman brought up dozen loaves
of bread every day; long dinner table; high button
shoes

- Came to city at 17, married, no kids, adopted 2 boys
- Suffers from heart trouble, occasional smoke,
went from boiler, to basement (lamp), to ice box (cold)
- worked 17 yrs, gave up to work as engineer at
Brown Seltzer

- doomed animals crying for their lives

- November - livestock show - Tue, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat spent in cleaning
up yards for Sunday show of prize steer, cattle, scrub cement
floors, wash windows, scrub green garage doors, hang American
bunting across front of building (hose on ground, stream of water
gushing in sun, ladder on pavement)

- SAT #1023 - (hit gas station ^{store} pavement during 1/2 hr lunch): he ^{struck} ~~struck~~
so much his bag threw him out. I'm going to take a bath, a
hot bath & change my clothes, years change my clothes.

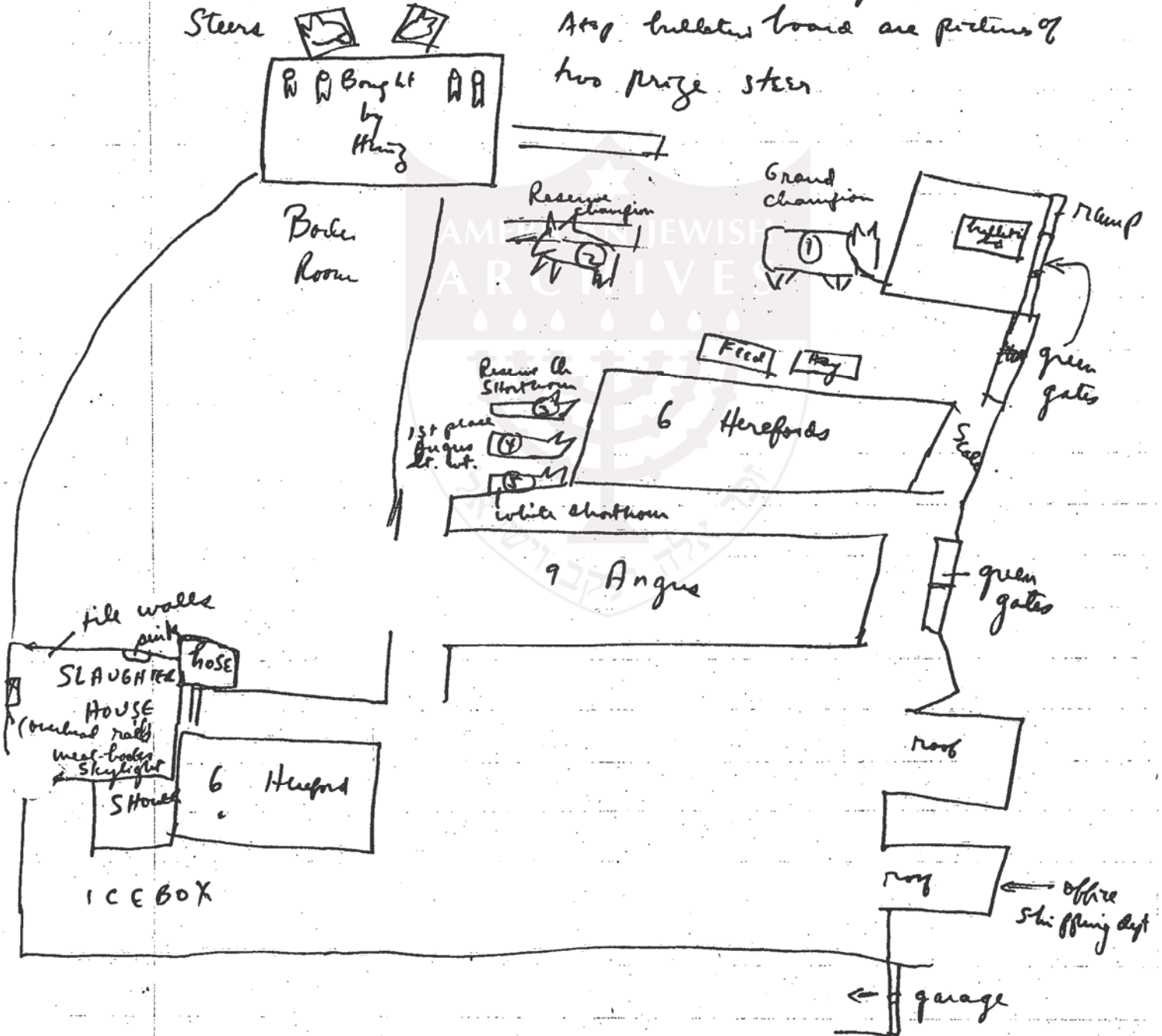
HEINZ LIVESTOCK SHOW

Sun. Nov 18, Show took place on 11th, Tues (12, 13), Sale on Wed, prize cattle brot to Heinz's on Friday; shown on Sun; to be slaughtered on Mon. On bulletin board on rt. hand wall display of prize cattle ribbons - Heinz bot 19 Grand Champions of

the 23 Shows, first show in 1929. Purple ribbon say:



- A) Grand Champion or Reserve Champion or Champion
 - B) 1 Steer - 4 H Club; Trio of Steers - Boys' Club; Five Fat Steers
 - C) Eastern National Livestock Show
- Atq bulletin board are pictures of two prize steers



one
blue
sage

- 1) Grand Champion (Hereford) 1030 lbs; 2.60 / lb
brown & white; ^{clotted hair} good type, nice rounds, smoothness,
square across ^{about} back; dresses nice; when killed
will produce 67% meat; standing in hay, tied to pen
successful look - 2 1/2 yrs.
- 2) Reserve ^{Grand} Champion (Angus) 1230 lbs, 75¢ / lb
black - 2 1/2 - 3 years
- 3) Reserve Champion (Shorthorn) brown white
- 4) First Place Angus light weight (black)
- 5) White Shorthorn

- Herefords have pink snouts, pink rims eyes, small
furrows over eyes; hair is thick & clotted

- Black Angus have nos. 269, 272, etc. brands on
left thigh, no. tags in left ear

- Different way of feeding. Farmer from Rt. 40, on
way to Fredericks beauty 6 ft, moon round face,
restless eyes & ^{delic} manner, crushed grey slouch hat,
olive green jacket, open collar, gold inlay front teeth,
~~so~~ cigar tamer in & out of mouth, at show to feed
& curl (adjust animals in pen). Buy ~~two~~ steers
in Sept., Oct. ^{at 400 lbs.} feeds on grain (at 50¢ a day) till
Jan. Then sells to Raymond (175 a year). Others
feed on grass & grain (about 20¢ a day) gain 1 lb. a
day, then before selling fatten up all at once.
Farmer's cattle are usually prime or choice grade
of beef, dressing at 67% saleable meat. To produce
prime beef animals must as cut steers come from
prime stock.

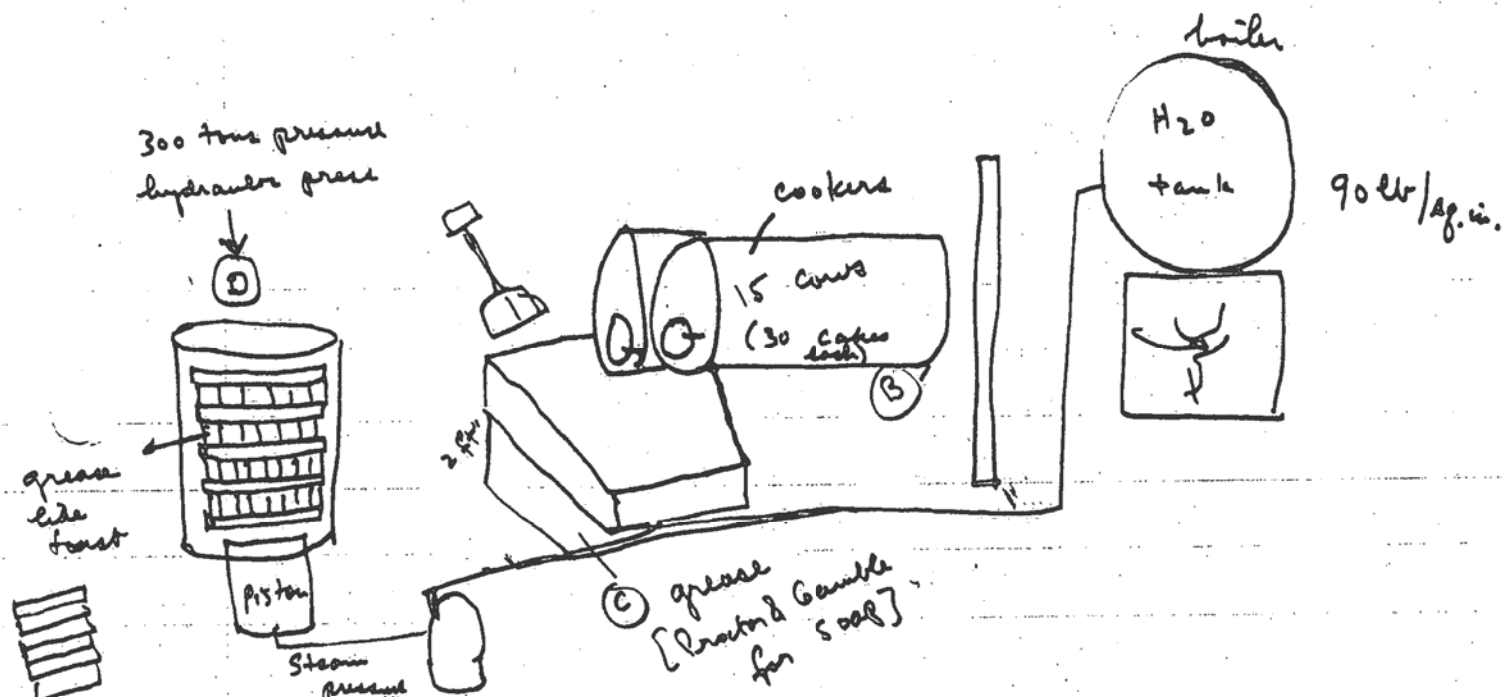
- Neighbors come for the hamburgers & coffee. Kids dart in & out, get their free food, then badge Oil Rubstock boxes for their hamburgers. Kids jump all over back of bay. It's hot, swaddled in blue serge overcoat, fry hot, chases them out. "All right, if you want a foot around, go to the park... Nuff of that in here"
- Kid says "I wanta hypnotize 'em" (for cows)
 - one steer moos, others take up chorus

CLARENCE RUTHERFORD (16) ^{pinchy skin, shy, slow dandy} works in King's w. brother Lester for less than grown men. Willis, bigger fella, knocks the cattle, Austin slits their throats, ^{blanches} skins heads (waits for inspection for mumps), then 'drops' the tongue; head is cooled; Andy Eden skins the hides (gets bones), Lester handles the belly-wagon (gut wagon), boy John in cabox, George on throne, butchers out front (Skinny Couff: Jerk juice good for pimples): "Don't mind cow blood, get used to it, see it, on my arms & shirt, gotta wash it out; but human blood it's different, makes me sick. I hope they don't bring any in today (1 day after Thanksgiving) who wants to work? Boss wants us to, but hell, I don't wanta work (at a profit buys of chocolate milk & pie) Talks w. hands on belt, confident as man's position & wealthy income

- WILLIS. 6' 2" Negro white cap, white T shirt & pants, blood spattered & brown, quiet; girl in brown wrap-around coat & black sandals, up to his shoulder comes in with him & her girl friend. He buys her a piece of Lewis pudding & bottle of soda. He, considerably, asks: don't you want no bread? She doesn't. Mrs. Lewis shows her sis my Bon hose (51 Gauge 15 denier, sell for \$1.59 at market; 98¢ here): "They're too tight"

Mrs. L.: "Wait I got others". She looks at them: "Oh well, I don't want any stockings." Mrs. L.: "She's a good girl. She don't want to knock you out of your money. Other girls'll rush for what they can. She's a good girl - let's go. They have, girl friend giggling. Mrs. L.: interrupted: "Willis & you take me this woman you were going to buy some stockings from me." Willis answers: "I can't help it, she don't want 'em -"





60 cakes
(pieces of wood,
ear & hair)
to Brown
for Fertilizer
(det. Wyman)

A - **Crushers**
15 cows or 20 steers
Condensed cows
guts, feet, ears, bones

Bill - nice, quiet

Jin - Merchant marine (19) Teheran, Shanghai, Hongkong marine Engineer

"Saw everything except the nose"

- tails are skinned, hair called switches
- machinery costs \$10,000
- Colored guy has 5 kids w. one woman, lived w. another, given 2 yrs. jail for raping another; rolling guy, ^{stealing car}
- another playing cards on Charles St, other guy shoots him
- pig grease boiled in open boiler, made into lard

HEINZ

Truck "Little Nancy" - long horns mounted on wagon front. 29 Cows in Wed. load. Cows balk when they hear others in pen moan. Young wavy guy in faded plaid shirt, & denim, black water-combed hair & city brown shoes scrambles up side of slit-covered truck, sits on slats & boots cows in back. They turn about fiercely, jam at gate, rock sides of truck, their eyes glistening in liquid fear. Driver climbs up on top, lifts pitchfork from side, & jabs it into spine. Pained, shocks the cows wheel about, & burst out into pen. (Truck driver, grey uniform, hat w. black peak, double chin, firm stomach pot)

- Trucks backing in chip off brick walls. Joe Gibson puts up 1/4" steel plates to protect, fills in w. cement, welds edges, & bolts sides w. lead bolts. Gotta put up new doors next. These here are rotten. Always something to do round here.

pinfully
back
uncovered

HEINZ

- salted hods in box car - 1/2 car loaded, 3 negroes rest & wait for next load. Two sit on hams, other on wood nail supports & on other side of door. Tall negro w. big black brows, slouch but settles back, shiny negro w. cap, thin legs slipping into galoshes; third, also a small negro w. cap. Sun falls on their legs.

" They don't strike so bad now, winter time ain't so bad. Summer times they really strike. Even strikes terrible ^{now} down there where they bring 'em from. I'm glad I come outa there. Just this one load. At's all in load, then we're gone.

- Hook for pronging (2 prongs) hods leans against wall. Potato sacks wrapped around legs. Strike part of their hods.

- New colored worker, before 4 was, fine crazy w. bonus money, every 5 minutes runs over to saloon to buy little (pt.) whiskey for whites; feeling of equality superiority in "teaching" John Lee.

JAMES (40's - Joe Louis face, rusty brown kinky hair, 5'8"
 23-157 lbs.) thin hard build, feet crown with pointed edges,
 blood-shot eyes
 gold tooth in side of mouth, blood-splattered smock, white
 rubber boots, - flat chest like metal plate

holds up hands, brown fingers are blistered, says thru
 blundering thick lips (perhaps drunk) "diagonone, aed burnt
 up, that hot water, I'm all blistered; Gloves? Wear gloves?
 Izzat what you ssa? Well, you can't wear gloves back
 here, y'see I shoud in, an if you wears gloves, they say
 the black comes off & an sticks on the meat. [Drinks
 lime soda & eats end of colony - 15¢ piece] I'm the only
 one shoudin' now. They used to have two men down
 my job. Jake Hilay used to ^{shoud} ~~work~~ in an Herb - you know
 Herb? He's dead now. Well, (John King) he put me on
 shoudin' an said he would get me another man, but
 he ain't never done it. I'm down the work of two
 of 'em. John Eden told me I'm the best man they
 ever had down this. They wear pile up on me. I keep 'em
 going. Y'see, I know how to do it. I got a secret. Y'see
 you're not supposed to keep the water too hot or too
 cold. It's gotta be milk-warm. If it's too hot it makes the
 blood clot. When it's warm like that, it's just right.
 I told John Eden how I do it, but I didn't tell King.
 Well, if I see him he'd get rid of me & get somebody

Cheaper. I'm supposed to get higher pay 'cuz I'm
down the end of two, but I ain't gettin' the
piece. S'posed to get \$1.88 an hour. But I ain't
gettin' it. I came in as a butcher but he put
me back there on shroudin'. I want to go back on the
floor but he said he ain't got nobody to take my
place back there... You can't have another man back
there anyway. I work on ~~top~~ that platform an' it ain't
no bigger than the top of this Soda case. Cully
one man can work on there at a time - the other
one is full off an' get hurt... Yeh, he's makin' this
money off his work - y'know, Brown? That little heavy
feller who's always walkin' by here eatin' cake or
candy? Well he's the head of the gang, an' he gets him
a bonus of \$50 - but I only got a hundred dollars
and they took tax outta that, too!

FACTORY

I got 7 sisters an' 2 brothers an' I wouldn't let
none of them work over there (NESCO). If they ever had
a fire over there, all in people would get killed. There
ain't a single fire-escape on that buildin' - there
ain't even a ladder for 'em to climb down. They'd
have to jump from one of them windows an' they'd
get killed anyway... They ain't makin' today (telegram
sent to the workers) I guess somebody must've got shocked.
I seen an ambulance over there yesterday.

HCINZ

- Skinny Gruff - prints of milk put lead in your pencil
- Andrew & John go to Hirsch's every noon (John playing with big attractive unmarried women)



Cool
 Any 1
 day -
 bright
 sun

- Goddam you, Poodle (big, shot eye) pokes out and
 now (pumps of wheelbarrow)
- Rep: "I ain't botherin' you now" - Comes back & they
 throw salt (like hail) at each other in big (Andy
 boardful making pebbly showers on cement grounds. Kid
 Comes over to you table, is discouraged, lets salt fall thru pipes
- Andrew: Hey, ... Sunnawabitch!
- Kirby talks to two young Steer Negroes: "Hey, Henry!"
 laugh, bubble excited unintelligent Negro talk. Henry
 jokes easily w. them.
- Rep Trundles behind him, holding both handles.
 wheelbarrow loaded w. hog broom, shovel, & small
 garbage can.
- COOKS 4 Kettles, each kettle 3 hours, works
 12 - 8 p.m. Can't let nutrient over night, The
 doctor won't let ya.

June 1952

CATTLE

HOLSTEIN

DAYBREAK FARM, Elgin, Ill.

NO. 1597802

name: Portia Aggie Fobes, Born: Nov. 14, 1931 (221)

SIRE: Joe Homestead Fobes; DAM: Portia Aggie Segis, 1119184

<u>YEAR</u>	<u>LBS. MILK</u>	<u>LBS. BUTTER FAT</u>
1940	15,022	465
1941	14,877	463

BROWN SWISS

FOXWOOD FARM, ELBURN ILL.

No. 41054

NAME: OD's Pollyanna Gertrude BORN: March 24, 1932

SIRE: Swiss Valley Girl G'ths Carl 15271; DAME Pollyanna Marie 13631

<u>YEAR</u>	<u>LBS MILK</u>	<u>LBS. BUTTER FAT</u>
1937	16,584.4	626.84
38	15,240.4	597.5
39	15,307	601

JERSEY

PUTNAM'S JERSEY, HOWARD ILL.

No. 1200982

NAME: ASTOR SULTANA; Jan. 8, 1938

SIRE: EASTER LILY'S ASTOR 366253 DAM: BEAUTY SULTANA ASTOR 1160825

1943 8,163 434

GUERNSEY

CURTIS CANDY CO., Gary, Ill.

No. 633760

NAME: Peach of Vanity BORN: Dec. 3, 1939

SIRE: Luxerin Orpheus, 23398 DAM: Spot of Vanity 547725

1942 12,185.7 722.5

AYSHIRE

GLEN URQUHART FARMS, BARRINGTON? ILL.

276663

NAME: Glengarry Butterbox, Nov. 8, 1938

SIRE: Glengarry Sir Burton, 199449; DAM: Glengarry Buttercup, 189341

1942	8,552	335
43	9,900	423
44	10,226	429

Niggers

HEINZ

Bigx Short fat bulging belly negro, with large bulbous eyes and fat neck, a short bull rhinoceros, sittin on pavement leaning back again tree, rasping coarse laugh; hollering across tracks to men in slaughter house: "Sooner you knock em down (27 cows) sooner I can get smoked up.

**Medium height, build, surly faced, cigar smoking Negro, with dirty blood stained white hat, and sweat shirt, dungarees spattered with black blood stains, and boots with white upturned soles; during lunch time talking to negroes grouped on side of steps and whites one other side: "Ain't you ever ate a grease sandwich? or a syrup sandwich? Sure, men, I usedta put lard on a piece o' bread an' eat it. Or put syrup on an make a sandwich. I ain't a bullshittin' you...(turns to white driver crossin tracks in truck drivin down to rear of slaughter house: hollers out impudently: Hey, mule, marx ya wheels are turnin over.. drivers drives on silently but angry that a nigger should talk to him so insolently...)

Guess who's dead? who? Two loaves of bread.

Guess who's in jail? who? Two rusty nails.

Marlene: Two rusty nails is dead; no, hon; Marlene repeat it till she gets it straight. [Plays this into Rob]

To cop [Johnnie, comes in for coffee

Married in August - Five months later, on cold Jan. night, they're sitting in living room, Billie holding paper, staring over it at Grace, Jr. "Billie, I wish you wouldn't stare at me like that..." Either look at the paper or look the other way, but don't stare at me..." Billy gets up in huff & runs downstairs. Mrs W, is sitting in kitchen playing patience (with cards). She hears them fuss, gets up, where's Billy? Goes to staircase - what you gain Billie?

Damn it I ain't taking no more of that bossin' from her?

Wait a minute, it's cold outside, I'll get you your sweater. So I goes back to put on my coat & gets his sweater and I comes back to the staircase and he's gone. I gets my coat & I comes downstairs and he ain't there. I walks down the street and when I gets down to Rebotos I see him hidden there against King's door. He sees me coming down and he runs down to his mother's & locks the door.

I goes up the steps, tries the door knob and it's closed. I knocks couple times and I hear Evelyn

he came back early from work, ask him if wanted to eat, said no - we went to doctor's, came back, et, then

G. chooses B.

Mrs W.: I beat her, I couldn't beat her

Kirby, his mother, callin' out: "Aright! Aright!
 We'll open it..." And she opens the door, sees me
 standin there and she says oh, I thought it
 was some of the kids, I didn't know it was
 you else I wouldn't have bothered. So I ask
 her if Billy was there and she said he
 wasn't. And I knew all along he was coz
 I just seen him go in, I know he was back
 there in the summer kitchen (narrows her eyes
 in shrewd observation, points hand to show back
 there) well, anyway, she said he wasn't, so I
 sez I thought I saw him come in there an'
 I bring him his sweater coz it was cold
 outside. An' I tell her ^{if he comes there} when he gets ready
 to come back up, well, here's his sweater, an'
 yes' let him come to up. She act me if
 I wouldn't come in for a little while, an'
 I tell her no - no I don't want to leave
 Grace up there alone by herself.

Well, I come back up and we set up
 till 12 o'clock -

"No - till 2 o'clock we set up that
 night -" emphasizing details with narrowed eyes
 and a sharp turned of head. Grace, Jr. is
 "darning" clothes ^{[washes the clothes every day] [says in them, to wash]} which Mrs. W. washed - green
 baby frock, narrow-waisted wide bottom white
 skirt, white blouse with ruffled sleeves, blue flowered
 smock - ["I ain't gonna own one of these". Says this
 after each piece which she views. White baby
 frock with "M.M." embroidered on breast. This is

hair in
 curlers, pearl
 skirt, stomach
 prominent heel
 shoes, thin
 legs, peasant
 blouse
 made couple
 dresses out of
 patterned flower
 socks, trading
 in 58106

(A) Billie 'd always run home to mother, I see my boys if they'd ever been home. W-2
have to face up to it. I locked my doors so's they couldn't come home.

yawn, you can am it yourself... Might, leave it
near I'll am it...]

Wal, he didn't come that night, nor the next, nor
the next, I don't know what got into that boy. Hones, I
don't think he's got all the good lord gived in.
Wal, anyway, I took her again to the doctor, an' I ast him
to give her all kinds of pills an' stuff to make her bleed.

Wal (throws both hands up in a gesture of lost hope) it
didn't help... (A) Billie told him, when she was with baby, she ran
down to his in field & men told her not to run like that
and don't want people lookin at her like that...

Come two weeks, y'can't do nautin afore two weeks,
Come two weeks an' Grace had Billie up before the
magistrate. He took Billie aside an' tried to talk to
him. 'If I was you, he sez, 'I wouldn't want to live
alone, he sez, 'I'd want to go back, he sez. You sure
you don't want to go back, he sez. y'know he was near
like that, tryin to patch things up an' make em go together.
Wal, Billie sez to him, I don't never want to go back to
her... So the judge took him (narrow eyes and repeats in
wanner of reprimand) "Wal, then, you make sure that from now
on you send her \$10 every week. Don't send it to us, he sez,
send it to the court uptown, an' I mean every week, he sez.
(pockets up)

Wal, then Marlene was born on a Saturday night
ten minits to six. Durin the day she began to feel funny.
Bless goodness (laughs and slaps thighs) she thought it was the
indigestion.

Hones, Grace L. sez lookin up from viewin, Hones'

We got along
real swell;
used to race
him up & down
the steps an'
chase him from
one room to
another. I said
I'd move out
& take my
furniture, then
& he said
if I'd go
I should take
Grace with
me - that he

Enchp & Hones
was there, &
she got up
to leave, was
strutin like
she does, and
says to us:
I hope you
satisfied. So
I told her
there's
no bet
anymore, the
judge had
decided on
this. He
an' it decided
nautin, she
said, my
Billie ain't

goin' back
& he ain't
payin'
nothing, she
said - she
was next puttin' on
light - her
hair

to Christ, I thought it was indignation (put down
iron, scoop up Marlene - large head, pale white
face, white curls) - You're my cabbage, you was my
indignation - Kiss her]

but the
thing hang
on the window
& shook his
head for us
was to answer
coz of she
and start
anythin'

She had the baby in the house coz in the hospital
it'd cost \$220 and here it'd cost only \$75.00 Billy
would've had to pay the money and poor boy I felt sorry
for him - dead I dead - he ain't have that kind of

they'd come
and I
locked her
up. She
beard em,
turnt
around I
sed - we're
only
talkin

money - an' ^{an'} besides, the way it turnt out, the doctor
said if she hadded to go to the hospital, she'd a die
on the way. [all Doc Campbell died then - I'd put her life
in his hands - and we went to Dr. Rubin, ^{see}
man - [conceding either natural or because he's, I'd]

put rope on
bed to head
out when
she beared

I stood there at the bed right through ~~out~~
it, all with Mrs. Nagle, the lady downstairs. She was
real nice, she an' her husband were wonderful.

The doctor tried to give her chloroform on a
washrag, but she didn't take it. He sed smell
this an' she made like she was smellin,
but she didn't. She sat and watched right

them it, saw him stretch her up and all. Doctor
said she had real patience - first case like
that he's ever had, he sed.

My sister Bertie was downstairs & she
called up to ask if everything was all right,
and then she heard the baby cryin'. Billie's
brother, George, was next door at the cleaner's
an' when he came out an' learnt about
it I guess he went an' tale ~~to~~ his
mother and all; coz next mornin' Mary Ellen, Billie's
sister came up with \$25.00 and she sed we heard
bout the baby an' Billie thought maybe Grace

and ~~would~~ use ~~would~~ this. An' I thank her, near to now, & I ask her if she didn't want to see the baby. An' then, after she came out, she act me if her mother couldn't see it an' I see, course, this the grandmother, she's got as much right as anybody.

Then Evelyn Kirby come up an' she said she would speak for Billie, that how that the baby was born, an' bein' it was his he'd like to come back an' live together. But Grace didn't say anything, since it was up to Billie an' he should've come up to speak for himself. Evelyn said that Billie & Billie would come up later on - but they never did.

He paid for the baby - \$75⁰⁰ - Mrs. Naylor & Butler paid for the other expenses - and sent in \$11⁸⁰ every week for the baby. Then all of a sudden he stop payin'. He used to bring Marlene little Xmas gifts - a little pink dress, ice cream cones - an' he stop bringin' those, too. Well, Grace got a lawyer, I think Helen Goldblum (2 offices, Howard's wife told about him - swell guy, nice wife) & she called the court and they put a warrant out for him. When he see he wouldn't pay, they put him in jail for 9 days - he was supposed to stay in for 18 mo. & 10 days - & then go in to the service, or first go into the service & then serve the 18 mo.

longer see
longer he
put in he
was married
he might
come out
on furlough
& come back
... but I
won't have
him even
if he
does come
back on
his furlough...
you ain't
heard from
him, you or
your women
or them set
up? Ain't
nobody heard
from him he
don't write
anybody

was, I guess Heine talked to him & softed him
up, coz he said he's pay out of
his Army allotment.

Grace, Jr. - Now I gotta go to the
Red Cross or Veterans administration to
find out when my honey's coming in. He's
been away 2 mos. now, takes time for it
to go thru. But he's so drunk he
ain't got no put in for wife & child.
I'm happy now - all I'm waitin' for
is that \$80 allotment so I can pay
up that \$125 grocery bill -

Marlene comes out with baby doll
wearing ^{frilly} pink dress. Mrs W - Billy gave
that to her on the 1st Xmas. It got
too small & I fix it for the baby doll.
Marlene says now: ~~Billy~~ I don't like
Billy K - he don't bring the money
for the baby...

Grace: At beginning Marlene looked
like him, but now she looks less & less.
He almost knocked her over one night &
didn't even say I'm sorry I almost trust
you over or nothing... one night he was
sittin' out there in a car, drunk as hell
& cussin' up with some fellows, an' I had

2) had brushy hair, went to school w. Grace, worked in laundry together, in school, cut
own locs. one in hair, left bald-spot she came over w. hair

put my head
out the window and bollert you better get away from here Billy
Kirby or I'll have you run in. He ain't allowed
to come near her when he's drunk or like that...

Mrs W. - Th' ^{one} day Catherine, a girl who used
to work with Grace come in here with ^(*) another girl
and I was real friendly to 'em, ast 'em in to the
kitchen, they sat right here, Catherine sat on that
seat there, th' other girl on this here seat, an' I ast
'em if they wanted some string beans, ^{or} ~~be~~ supper. Wal,
anyways, we got to tuckin and it comes out th' other
girl, Dolores, a little redhead, was Billy's girl friend.

6 - I ast her if Billy was up the ways and
she sed he was. An' I tol her reason I ast was
because - I didn't mean nothin' by it - only I
knew Billy was drunk durin' the day and I didn't think
he was gain' out. She sed Billy was drunk an' that's
why he come late after her, but he did go up the ways

Mrs. W. - I ast her what it was she saw in
Billy - after all she been a young girl and him
been a married man with this child, and she said
it don't make no difference, she loved him an' he
loved her. An' she sed furthermore Billy don't love
Grace & he don't love the baby. An' I tol her
right out in front of her face, he don't love? Wal,
he sure loved makin' babies... An' then I tol
her it'd be the same with her. At first, I sed,

[puts tea
bag in pot
& boils w.
water]

chasin each other from one room to another, up & down the stairs...

Billy told Grace & she told him, they couldn't be five minutes without each other; well, look at it now, I see. Then the talkin settled down an' she said she had \$25 of Billie's and she thought Grace needed it an' she ask her if she could use it an' she said she could. An' the baby ^{needed} operation on her stomach, been needin it since the first one 14 days after she was born when they cut her wide open like you cut a chicken an' she developed an abscess which they cut out and then another which broke open by itself - that was lucky wasn't it? we didn't have to pay for an operation on that one. So Grace took the money an' she thank her an' all - real pertle - an' then this Walter ask why don't ye give him a divorce? Well, Grace up & goes into the front room so's she don't have ter answer her...

Grace canceled divorce when she learned girl loved Billie

B. wasn't come back but ring for girl

(eye & finger)

G - I'll tell ye why I don't give him one - let her suffer like I suffer!

W - Well, after that, I told her it's best they leave, an' I ask her not to say anythin' to the Kibbs about their bein' here, an' they said they wouldn't. Well, as soon as they leave the step, they goes right across

the street an' they tell Mary Ellen kept out there by
the fence that Grace said she'd never give Billy
a divorce! How bad do ye like that?

G- Oh, ter hell with em. Just let me get my
\$8⁰⁰ a month.

Mrs. W. - y' know, he tried to claim Marlene wasn't
his'n... well, I take that to the doctor an' he said
that gonorrhea is gonna have a time proving that what
with blood tests an' all... How d'ye like that?... an'
all the trouble that boy caused this poor girl... why two
weeks after they were married she got the diptheria, she
got it from him...

G- Him him' aroun them cows all the time,
I guess it didn't catch on to him, but he bring
the bug to me from one of them cows

Mrs. W. They carry it on their skins, y' know
Marlene ~~was~~ drop a dress on floor: G- Damn it,
I'll beat the hell outa you... Marlene goes out,
brings back rolling toy...

Mrs. W. - what's your name? M. K.

- what's your father's name? B. K. (source of pride)
in legit money

Guess who's dead? who? Two boxes of bread

Guess who's in jail? who? Two rusty nails? all large

Bob
Bob, little Eva

Wm's
Bronica

GRACE (blue eyes, fleshy plant, small ear rings in ear-pierced holes, immaculate appearance)

- It's what I say
- Will's leg
- Mum's face
- Rob in shipping
- Will, h. ~~something~~
- & all that but y'know
- cut me off almost chopping wood
- dog - 11 yrs.
- 5 mo old from Howard
- Sister's husband died from blood clot - broke off like it; kids terrible, we should look up & come live when
- fillers are awful ain't like they used to be; you can go out & pick up but you don't know what you're putting up
- Polonium crap, about her, but don't know fine best of an that walk
- All An night
- Minnie - inter. H. picture w. her bottles

Stands before clothesline in sun

He puts 'Em in (brackets), Will galvanizes 'em. At's a terrible dangerous job. Then poor dog. Will's got his leg all burnt up both sides took his shoe off, then came off. Then took him to hospital, & Rob follows in car to bring him back. My god, that's dangerous work. Soke benefit to 13 weeks. I can't work late every night till 6. He works too hard. I wish he wouldn't. Stand to go in that room. It's terrible.

you different kiddes.

I get over every time I go in there. They won't let me come in there again. I can't stand to see it. I hate blood. I can't stand to see 'em urinate on Television. When I see 'em peeing & pissing away at each other like that I get nice nervous like that (hand jitter) & are trip' to separate 'em. They say it's all false, but there's plenty a huntin' goes on anyways. I just can't stand it. Margie likes it. But I just can't stand it. When 'at urassin' comes on, I goes into the front room. Then next they had women on a urassin. Mrs. Bee. Did you see that? Mrs. Bee. I don't know what happen but they turned it off afore it was over. But, no, I can't stand that kind a stuff. At's what I say (reflecting, gazing into space). [Sadly] y'know that Fred Gray got a little while back got vertigo in the galvanize room & nearly died. They wouldn't let him come back to work fear o' his gettin' killed in the room. My god, he could fall into one o' them kiddes. He got dizzy while awakin' ~~on~~ and when he come out to the gate to get some air, he c'lapsed. They rushed him to the hospital in the ambulance. He's on sick benefit now. Freddie Gray is 62.

- you ~~parents~~ wouldn't take no person from you
They do things now you never used to do. It's terrible

- They dance that. (Throws hand up like burlesque tramp & laughing, let's hands face to slap beatniks). Margie seen girls there w.o their husbands. That ain't for her. She ain't goin there anymore. She'll jus' watch it on television. At's what I say. They ain't like they used to be, decent & respectable.

Laundry List

Belle running around & drinking

Henry sits at home, with sold man at saloon; runs to mother, after bib, lunch keeps house clean, dries, Henry don't drink beer, wishes him sick, could step into bedroom from garage

watchman radio's that little blonde girl, she gonna kidnap her; watch her Ma, work her

G helped Grace sneak out w. Margaret to meet Betty in Hahn St. alley, told Willie to work Em up light st.

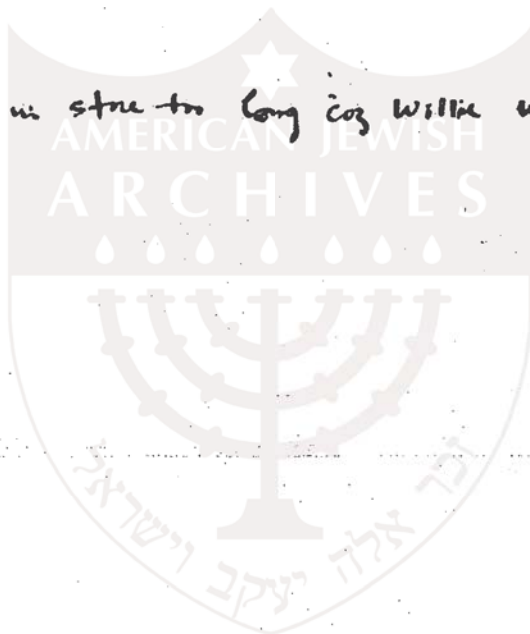
Man tried to go in light st. gate - Betty got away or you'll get what you ain't looking for

Theresa looking in the window; put out the light in bathroom (turns gas' lamp & put to bed)

Marlene's name - opening dress on doorknob, hiding behind dress, sitting backwards on chair, emptied (make-believe) scared red basin in gutter, picks up gravel & ship's turn fingers (Mar - don't pick that up in your hands, lion. There dogs & cats mess in there & I don't want you getting that mess on you) [thin blonde hair on large head, tightly pulled & held by two cheap gold-plated bows w. red & blue designs] Marlene talks to Shadows & Sam [no way, what you doin' here? Babbie babbie. Go way - Give me the sled I told you." Sticks at shadows.] dressed in wicker ^{plaid} shirt w. red stripes & light brown jacket. - won't go to bed unless Sam wishes. She's gotta be damned sleepin' to go to bed w/o me.

Told you not to go back wif her; you'll find her at bus at night or watchin' television

Mrs. G couldn't stay in store too long coz Willie was watchin' for her



Get gas by w.
carriage. That's
Dorrie Steinberg's
girl. 11th Hh.
They were married
3 weeks when she
had that. (Dorrie
he look
nice) Well
she's heart out
to be a wife girl

Don't take to - (spit up, splurt out, tightening eyes) Once I was walkin' my sister to street car in
Howard Garden. an' I was holdin' the umbrella, an' Howard was standin' cross the street
Told him off in an' he callt ... "You don't have to walk her back". I jes' kept quiet,
front of (his) kept my mouth shut, didn't say a word. Another time, I came over to the factory
heart wound to find out if Will had gone yet, I askt the watchman if he'd seen Will
her husband. I'm & Howard was standin' back there & he callt out: "He's done gone". I
too good for you coulda aint in, but I kept my mouth.

Grace (Dr.) out
2 in 5 years

4 1/2 years married.

26 years on top
St. old man

dead 9 yrs. I had

3 yrs. talk in some

house, 3 yrs on

light St. gave

Rose to St. Sunday

do good for dog-

to Seldin is

because of Stagg -

3 yrs. here.

Born 1841

then over, guess

I'll die 1841

Wistful

1952 (1943)



G. Jr. has 14 dresses, ^{she likes watchin' TV. She likes that watchin'. But I can't stand it. When it's on}
I get up & get me nervous & see tryin' to separate 'em
used to come home & strip naked & I'd dress her over complete.

one; wear 'em
one day, an
when before the
least last weeked (got me like umpire safe or plate)
she throw 'em
into the hamper
goes backin' Tues.
wifels w. Robt
Henry

afraid to
come down
light or alone
at night - it's
dangerous & you
can never tell
what'll happen.
Things have changed so.

y'know by law
I can make em
[the boys] give me
\$3 a week. But I
don't bother em - with
all that. Yass. Then
Sorrow boy takes care
of ol' man Sorrow. Yass.
He's up there in a wheel
chair & they look give
im \$5 a week. I
could do that wif my boys
but, I dream... They don't
do nothing for me, you'd
think



ickman - y'know
it's tough getting
along nowadays.
\$4.40 for me,
6.00 insurance (Grea
makes 24 a week)

hear anything
about Billy
getting out (Mrs. K
wakes by w. distant
look) stand go, back
w. him. He listened
to too many of em.
Break & remain around

Mrs. K tells Mrs. Abe, her Grand Numin' Brown' w. wellman whose
wife in hospital her hand baby (Abe: behind there's books, there's
five") heard from 4 different people, they see him with her up in car. Would
like to catch in act so Billy be freed from payin' \$180 a month (\$40 for
himself) only pay \$40 for baby. Gladys heard Grace call out - long as I
got 3 meals a day I'm happy (she got it better than Kirby who has
to work)

GRACE

Grace would buy ice-cream for herself - would give some to Billy - wouldn't let him buy some for himself - was gettin' back at him for torturin' her (in bed).

- 6 yrs. old man
- Howard - with
- Henry - 30 a.m.
- Sat - Nettie
- another man
- Eva talks
- road
- Edna don't
- pull to beds,
- have dusty
- Nettie asleep
- Billie - as her
- before 21
- married 18, had
- 19
- doesn't do
- right
- came back
- every first of
- day
- brother-in-law
- Bradford County
- looks in
- county - she's
- out in the
- church
- collector says
- he did - take
- no guess
- I think
- about church -
- god send me
- from hitting
- fine as good
- as look
- when was 10
- did better to
- be married,
- want to have
- or ole man,
- still he was
- there
- are alone
- and
- chat all
- day
- looks today
- comes out the
- better
- better than to
- yourself
- birthday
- sends
- goes to county

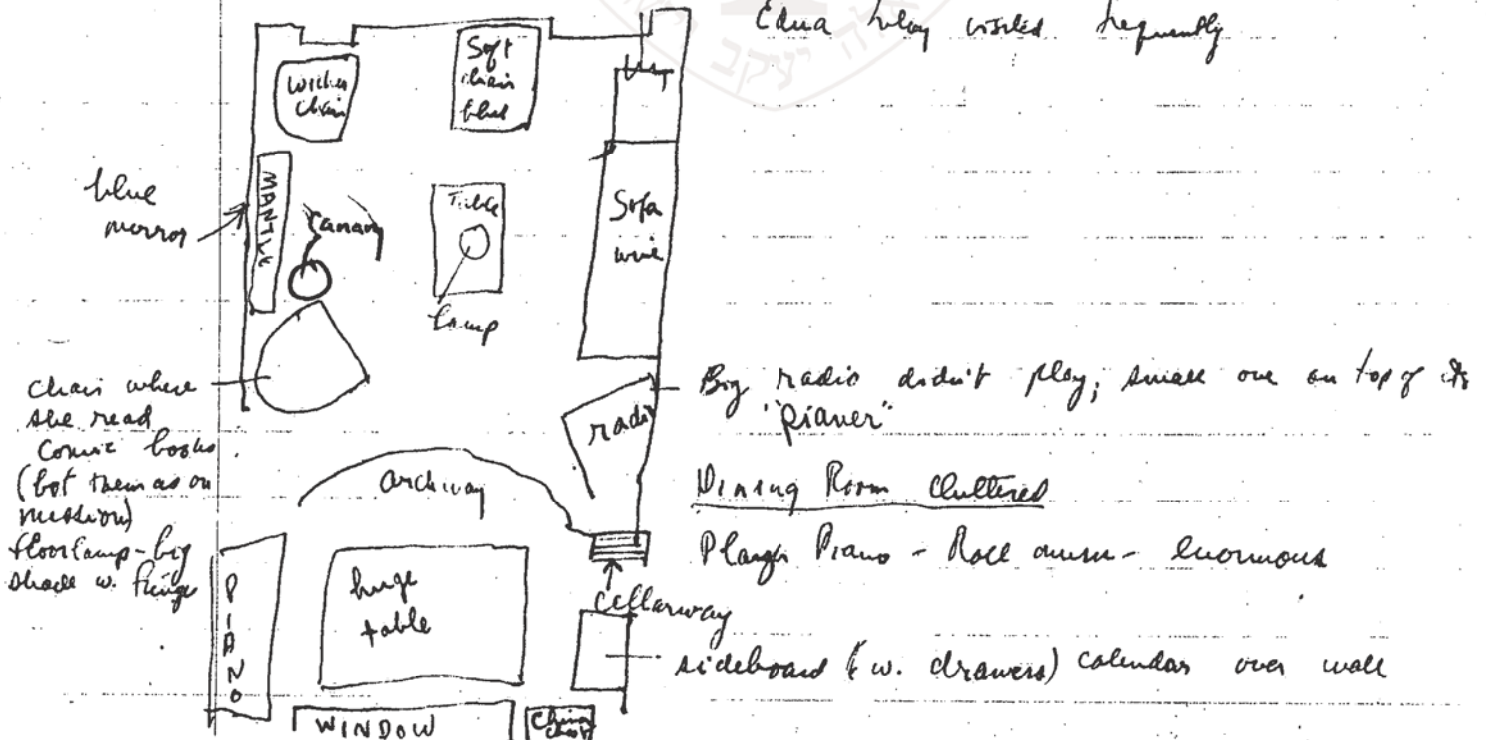


WINDATE HOUSE - 1
Grace

Some throats on the time, throat always red, puffy - one yellow from pink - got diphtheria after she gave birth - Howard got them for her - a sick person takes over a whole house, commands everybody to meet his needs (shows how great individual needs are, how much time one must spend for sheer biological existence)

WILLIE - yellow light in kitchen, signs they were up, hunchback off 8 on for long period, was frequently toward end; lay in state parallel to mantelpiece - room completely transformed - elegant floor lamps at head & foot of bed - bound by funeral parlor - "Plus look so handsome before" dressed in black suit, white shirt & tie, a "different person" -

LIVING ROOM - Henry's pic on glass of patriotic flags, & 2 dogs, mantelpiece loaded w. snapshots; ^{bluish-green} wicker rocks next to window in which she sat working; ^{cheap black white} trivium on floor; place kept spot & span - always dusted, washed & polished; but wallpaper always brown & dirty
Edna play worked frequently



wooden guest chair in corner, big black stove used for
 heating entire house (egg stove to heat front room) very
 warm in whole downstairs; also big basin heated on stove
 for washing clothes or bath (everything seemed so sturdy)
 beige & green-trim stove; icelox (w. panel off - white color;

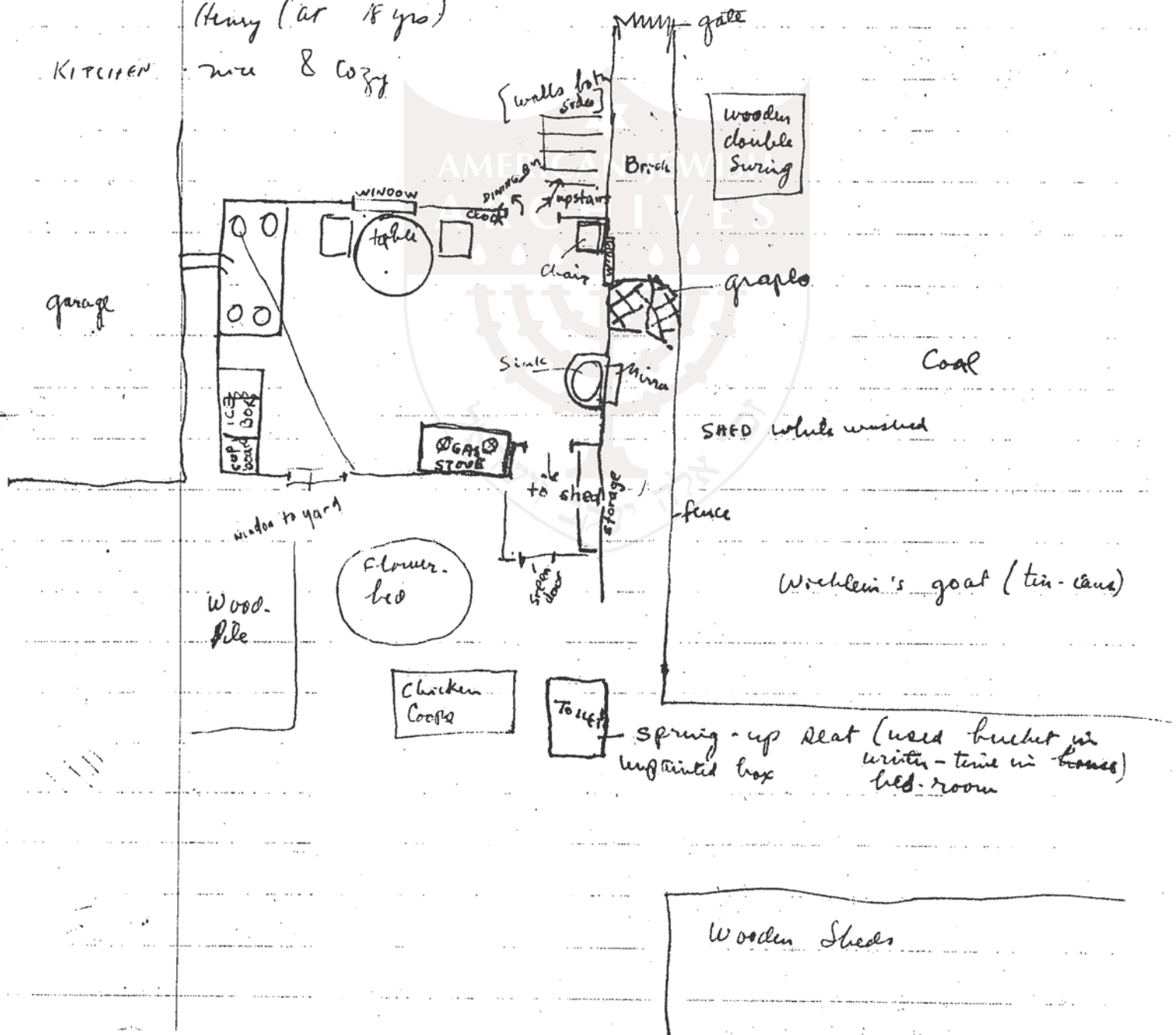
dining room cluttered in contrast to barren, cold blue
 kitchen walls like Catholic girls uniforms.) clock on
 wall; small sink worn basin; [Washed face hand
 till shine, lots of powder, put long hair up in bun, newly
 starched dress, studied face in mirror] long, narrow mirror.
 w. dark brown wooden frame; clothesline always strung
 across back stove to window (men's blue shirts, under-
 shirt & men's stockings, box)

- Cupboard (Sugar, flour, dishes, faded steel forks &
 coffee) - mixed oleomargarine fascinating, ~~heat up~~
 (too clean to use hands)
 soften up margarine w. spoon, pound in coloring, & mixed up,
 & patted into one big square, then into icelox

Gas Stove - boiled water in kettle, then poured into basin
 single yellow blind over window; naked bulb in
 kitchen on wire, full-lod w. luminous globe on end.
 - in vestibule (to yard) storage space (Rover & his food pan)

Breakfast next to
 China: chair ~~to~~ window in dining room (chest - dark mahogany
 hand-painted almost black - or very dark red - hard to tell
 because clean - Victorian lamp on dining table cast feeble
 light - table always cluttered w. paper - clothes
 Framed portraits sitting on easel on top of piano - one of
 Henry (at 18 yrs)

KITCHEN: nice & cozy



UPSTAIRS - FRONT ROOM - Grayish-blue, bare wire hanging down in bulb w. string

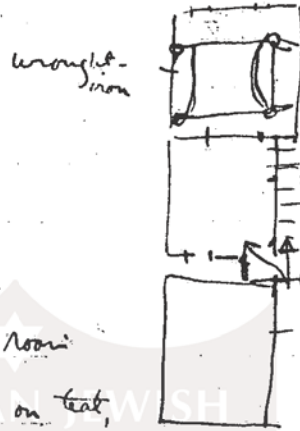
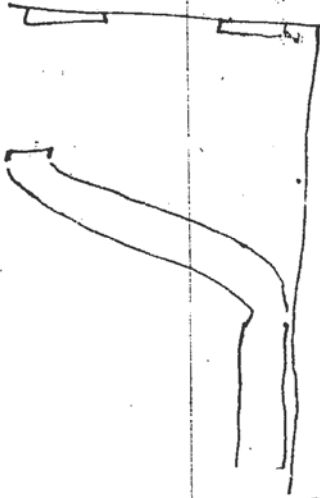


table room

Back room

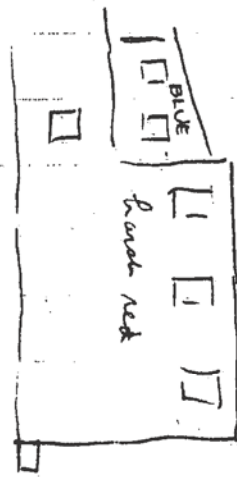
Grace & mother slept in front room

Iron bed together [old man slept on tent, guests automatically moved into living room].

with her

weak jaw, squirrel tooth, bulged in front & back like mole; Sawdust dirty hair; messy brown-gray cardigan sweater (w. buttons).

in those left by
lives from
cut



WINDGATE

In middle night, drunken railroaders coming, throwing bottles, terrified to
wonder try to break in - in front room

7 kids - kites, baseball, table football, hunting thru apple orchard, Lina she caught
in swamp

BRACE - good luncheon - up at 6:00, to store, get breakfast order, then at 11:00
to get lunch order - Margie at 11:00 this w. boys at Harry's
blonde Johnny ["He likes it"]

- After Nethie's boy was killed, Eva (Rob's wife) about to give birth
to second child, Margie said someone saw baby comes to her
dead, was born of Christ - up from thing
at 4 yrs. old

- BRACE tells about Juggie - someone asked her where is her mother?
oh, she's up in bed having a good time with some man.

little boys & girls plays in alley are lower day & night - Shameful
parents don't watch them - caught two of them fornic around
behind Tony's alley.

- Willie's funeral - yellow crypts, house transformed. He looked
beautiful

stone - dry gloves, shake down ashes, glowing heat in face,

WILLIE. Failure like compassion & pity, which meant he was now getting attention, & he was content to be a failure so long as he did not go thru life unnoticed. For when you are unnoticed, ^{not remembered,} forgotten you are dead. [That's why he made chairs for people & sold them at next to nothing - an outlet for his ^{hidden} creative talent - to obtain enjoyment - an recognition (they sit in Willie's chair) - also it kept him out of mischief and that alone was a great accomplishment & if he couldn't create something useful and beautiful he would certainly create something else - trouble for instance..."]

- this words came out like a football bullet pass, clean spiraling & hard to catch.

- TRAGEDIES
WILLIE
- 1) LOSES MARRIAGE
 - 2) LOSES HOUSE
 - 3) DAUGHTER HAS BABY, LOSES HUSBAND
 - 4) LOSES FAMILY
 - 5) LOSES SELF-IMPORTANCE

Grace drinks lots of coffee

- On Willam - read The Prophet in Jewish Review - Emotional dynamism (Dec. 26, '52)

GRACE

- She lay down to sleep, to sleep and rest. She sought a quiet place and she closed her eyes, withdrawing from the outside world, excluding the disturbing without. But she could not protect herself from within herself, the internal turmoil of unfulfilled desire, her unfinished work, ~~of~~ the mounting frustrations of the previous day - worry and heavy guilt continued to invade her in her sleep. She hoped she would dream. ^{Then} that she could ~~not~~ combat the invading thoughts and she would be able to prolong her sleep. And in her sleep she would be able to be happy, if she could not be anywhere else. Here her desire need not go hungry.

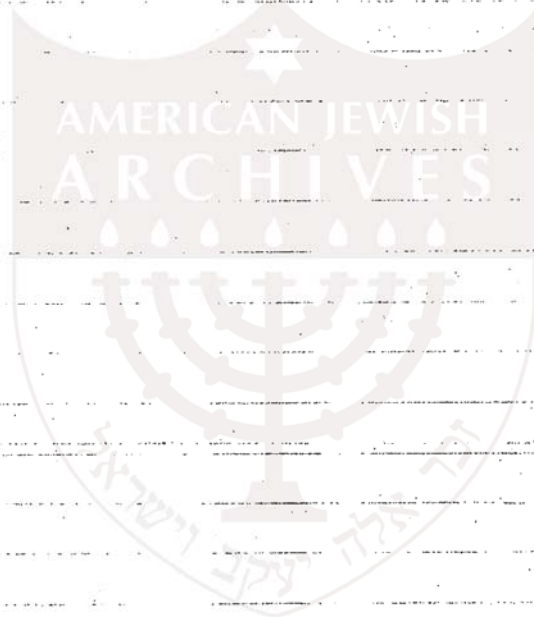
- multiple hysterical symptoms [periodic inability to speak, nervous asthma, migraine headaches, *tedium vitae*].

Epi XVI

- Only those people die who are forgotten. † full death is a small price to pay for immortality.
- gossip - causes hard feelings, suspicion, & arguments. Why does she do it? She wants to be important.
- gold fish, naked for two days, one eats another, bites out skin on side, revealing transparent silvery underneath - This is life, eh?

WILLIAM W.W.C.

Takes off car axle, replaces grease pan, finds band that holds ball bearings is worn out. Exasperated calls wife:
"Hello, Edna. Is Bill there? Tell him to come down. I need him to help fix the car. What's wrong? Well, I took down the axle & I put in a new grease pan, but then I found the damned ball bearings... Well, you don't know what I'm talkin' 'bout anyway. Just tell him to come down. Yeh, you can come along with him... I'm parked in front of my mother's, y'know on that dirt road next to Tommy Thesel's."



Rob

new little station wagon - "Oh boy" - "I got a 52 engine
in 'at. Yonah's bear at time"

[when he eats eggs & tomatoes, figures he has three bites
of egg & two bits of tomato. ^{Steps} ~~Wants~~ eating tomato with
next egg mouthful, saving last two tomato bits for later -
for last two egg - hoarding & sense of order

W. H. HART

May 15

Will (began 1932, Henry in '36, Rob year after) in faded blue shirt, ^{T-}leaved polo shirt, grey summer pants, scuffed black shoes, thin build, hard flat chest one piece with middle, arms white muscular, serious face like a person or school teacher with rimless glasses, careful holding of lunch pail (never swinging) or neatly tucked under arm (no foolishness) serious & aristocratic, ~~high~~ royal nose (nostrils flare ^{too} wide open revealing clean finished ridges & subtle blending into tip - Henry's has ^{more} of this royal quality; ~~but~~ his nose is longer & with flat dented end, smaller nostril flares, ^{or bone ridge} puffiness under outer sides of eyes emphasize angularity of face; Rob's nose is thicker, less refined, bulbous at end like father's & his thin mouth stems under, his lips thicker altho' they aren't. Grace, Jr. has most graceful nose of all, the same royal lines as Will's but a delicate swoop from brow to bridge, with small flares.]

large white eyes, grey center, veins on throat when talks

HEIGHT
WEIGHT
WALKS

- On factory accidents (a man last week hand fingers cut off all across knuckles, yesterday a girl lost two fingers, ambulance an' all came for her) well, it's 'er our fault. The damn dummies ain't careful. They stick 'er hands in an' they ain't s'posed to. When 'er machines gets ^{jammed} up like that, they're s'posed to use one of them things to open 'er up, but they don't use 'er; they stick they're hands in, an' that's when the trouble comes in. It's their own fault (eh-hie). Take Earl Harper. He did it to himself. He wasn't even s'posed to be at them machines, but he was showin' off for the girls. That Day, Jr. Fico, my boss. Christ, when we got in there new air hammer he walks over, picks ^{it} up, an' starts to

turn it on. I told 'im. I told 'im to watch out. That
goddam thing ain't to be fooled with, but that dumb
bastard had to have his own way an' he went ahead
an' trimmed off the end of 'is thumbs. No, he wouldn'
listen to anybody... Christ, there's some dangerous stuff in
there. Take that drop hammer. Why that Swanwhitch
nearly takes from the ceiling to the floor. Christ, when
that thing comes down the whole goddam floor
shakes. You think the' children's gonna 'xplode or
Sunthin'. That poor guy that stands down in that pit
an' feeds that baby, boy, I don't want his job. No
sir. No sirree. That ain't for me. I tell you tho', I'd
like to get a bunch of that metal they make for
them government stores, y'know that heavy stuff. Boy,
that 's kind of metal cost you a good penny - if you
kin buy it at all. I'd like to get my hands on a
piece a' that. Makes a good grill for outside. But
how in the hell kin you get it outta there? It's
too goddam heavy. Besides, at's Uncle Sam's. No, I'll
buy it. I ain't gonna tangle with him. No sirree,
the hell with that noise. I'll buy it!

They're takin' the tinware outta there, an' sendin'
it to Milwaukee. They're always changin' machinery now,
takin' out the ole stuff an' puttin' in new.

I been there since 1932. I got 3 weeks vacation
this year... Billy comes in, wearing army uniform, sweaters

3 wks vacation

ribs long, long
finger w. shelled
nail along with

APF

Billy
Mary Ellen
furniture

bloody, knives in wooden holster. Will's face tightens. Suddenly remoteness. His eyes out the window, absorbed in the distance. He doesn't know this intruder. ^{On} He knows him and closes him out of his mind. The pipe. He puffs hard, the smoke plumes out, thick wreaths. Billy walks past him clumsy, fumbling, his eyes glance self-consciously at Will, ^{then at Herm, at floor.} A greeting passes on his open lips. "A soda, Herm." He goes to the box, takes a

Pepsi, comes to the counter for a cake. Wearily, as though returning from his visit with his eyes, Will says: "Hi ya doni, Bill?"

- "It's hot, hot as hell over there. Workin' hard. Got too goddam much cattle today. Jesus Christ, Suletti' be a bastard," he blunts, nervous chatter, circumlocution, evade the tension between us. Mary Ellen comes in. A quick gaze at Will,

- "~~for. Well, I~~ self-conscious, tentative, hateful, naturally wary, or indifferent. Her face is suddenly taut. Seeing strangeness on Will's face, ^{uncertainty} ⁱⁿ his eyes, she looks uncertainly to counter. "Hello,

Mary" subdued, Will is courteous, if somber. Mary Ellen smiles faintly. Walks to rear of store, tears head, turns around to see if Herm takes sides. "Well, I gotta step on it, or I'm gonna miss my rodeo. It's twenty of... See you later..."

a rising, deliberate enthusiasm. He leaves. Bill gulps down drink & leaves. Mary Ellen still faint-sailing, uncertain, holds up breath for working down, leaves

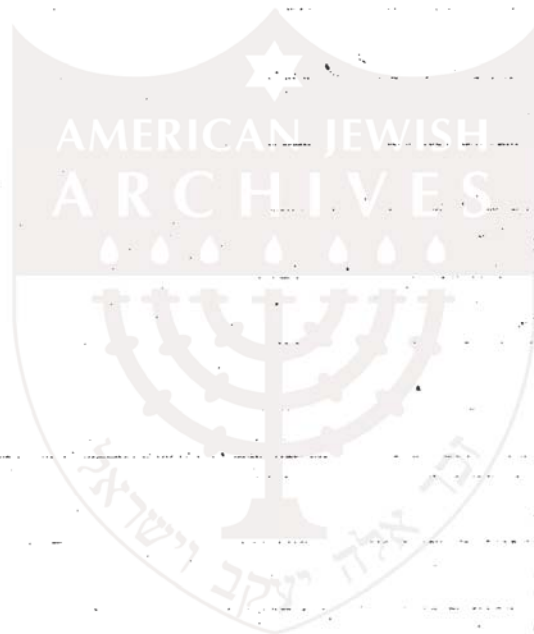
old men who get hurt get lifetime pension, work one a them slow elevators back there, y'know where they can sit

Henry
mistakes confer certain rights (Voltaire)
He is Machiavel because what he loves the
evil that he was against, he loves the belief that is
his destiny his reason for existence



SOLDIER

back from Korea, wants to go no place, just stay home, 1,000
year old busolia in Tokyo - "So what, what's it mean to me?"



HENRY

- he ^{started life} has the grand idea he is the lord of creation; his father
ended life with the grand idea he was a meaningless speck
of dust living his little life as the victim of cosmic irrationality



Cops - Sister

at begin looked like him
I was less & less
I was sad & I was
I was sad & I was
I was sad & I was

~~He will get all the love he gives in~~
~~Bless goodness with his blood~~
I didn't talk to Howard in 3 years

Alma
[wrote us]
Lorraine

~~He was in August for his whole life~~
~~(head)~~
~~Don't love you & don't love me~~
Don't love. I was with you for 15-20
~~at once - blood that~~
~~depression from now~~
~~I love her I couldn't love her~~
~~in the form~~

val,
Raymond Libby - Joan ^{wanted at 14} (2 children) wants to marry
him - toward 25\$ for refugees - clothespin, clothesline
got Raymond got in aluminum factory - comes up to meet
with her - gave her 15\$ to take gas co - comes back
w. 2 bars of candy - buy soft straw - always
dinner soft straw - always under a pot of tea or
coffee like that - real dirty - no boys. \$110 rent
~~no more love part for baby~~

baby aspirins & something to work it thru

Marlene from 10-15 6 Sat no drops, but it was indigestion,

"big address"

Remember coffee in field by garden

I go next and I'm happy

Reel

15 uniforms, long pants, long coat
plaza 1. list 7

reel - do'r Cpe 1 Bk p for clothes per money for baby
\$ 100 cash bill

Com. use truck

document for use



GRACIE

Shows apartment, bath tub, bath every night, ~~shows~~ Billy owes me 3 months, shows wedding pictures (Billy looks like lame idiot); talk about people upstairs (girl 19 lies all day on couch watching TV; kid in bed w. fever, girl walking up & down in rain waiting for ^{Raymond} ~~him~~ goodness, what d'ya wanta marry a bum for, y'got one bum already, but least this one works...) (Shows rooms upstairs - they stink from all the pee (Marlene stinks & pee - hee hee) terrible sin way she lay there, let house go to ruin...
- at night, they sounded like married couple way they was carryin' on... Course y' don't know what was happenin' but way it sounded y' could imagine what it was... Oh, the noises that come from there... ple. a haah...
ouch! stop it! don't do that... it hurts! Ouch Gracie
ceased up stop makin' all that noise... she halled down...
shut up & mind your own business, if ye don't listen ye won't hear...

- would come in gawk at her, y' don't want that, coz sometimes y'd want to pull the fat off with yer hands and ye don't feel comfortable; once sittin' on steps, 6 very hungry, don't go in to eat till midnight when girl went upstairs.

(Joan)

- (Mrs. W hair up in curlers, took out curlers)
(hair was long, ^{tried in knot} Doc Campbell told her to cut it, was healthy, set mind to cut it, had woman in block cut it, threw locks out the back window, got permanent, now can't afford it, when she gets

empty money, would get one; took curler out, put in
fast. and tin box; combed hair fiercely, long hair, put
on hair-net pulled tight to scalp; takes loose hair from
curl, winds around finger, goes to gas stove, lights hair
w. match, goes up in flame; don't want them birds
to get hold of it, make nest out of it, coz they'll give
her headache - Grace Scotts - An that's ole
silly superstition; Mrs W: oh, yeh, I sometimes get
headaches, not all the time, an' I don't want
them birds to give me one.

- Rod's wife (Eva): criticizing ^{cost of} Madeline's clothes; w/d, Grace
has a husband ... had a husband ... Mrs W: oh yeh, he
walked out. A lipo her w. the baby, an' you better
be careful, coz Rod'd might walk out on you, might
leave you any day, you better watch out the way you
talk, he might leave you any day.

- Eva felt aches & pains when giving birth to second child,
2 weeks after Jackie (Henry's baby was killed) died, Eva gave
birth, baby was born dead, Grace said "it's head wound to
jelly, saw the afterbirth, it was green shiny stuff."

- G went down to barrel place saw two kids (15 & 16)
smooching (w. Holt, Henry, ^{killed} Eva & G) kids ran, later saw girl
running up alley w. pants in hand, police were chasing;
below halted at them, don't stop them, don't
want to be accused by cop & say: "Mister what
you tryin' do, rape this girl?"

One day Mrs. W. used up the last of the
mayonnaises ^{on a tomato sandwich.} When Grace came home
from work that evening, Marleen fibbed
on Mrs. Wrigate. She said to Grace
something like, "Mom - mom ate your
mayonnaise. Give 'er hell!" So Grace
said she did, she didn't know where
Marleen picked that up. "You gotta
watch what you say and do in front of her,
or she'll tell everything."

Grace's job consists of picking
peanuts out of peanut butter. A neighbor
helped her get it. She makes \$24 a week,
11 of this goes for rent. She usually has
\$4⁸ spend for food. Everytime the Good
Remov man sounds his bells, the kid
to the window and looks after her
longingly. When Grace can spare a

THAT'S ALL ON

THIS TRIP.

(raw Cotton in ear, face swollen, always
sick, used oil of cloves (warmed))

she buys her ice cream - which isn't
very often.

Recently Gracie had to take
time off from work to nurse an
abscess ^{she always suffered from} of the nose. A few days later
^{abscesses of the ear + mouth.} a
Mexican dentist in the same place.

She remarked that her doctor's bill
was \$9, but she clapped her hands to
her face when she remembered it was
really \$3! When Billy's allotment
comes through, she decided to get
all her teeth pulled out, - and Mrs
Wingate's going to get a new permanent.

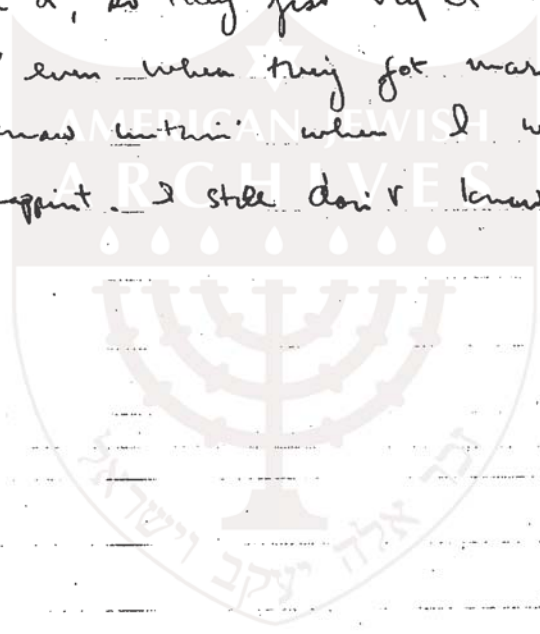
One reason, they claim, Billy
did not pay 3 months alimony, was that
he spent all his money at Herwitz's restocking
his girlfriend's wardrobe - including
jewels & accessories. "Now his poor wife &
child's gotta suffer because he throws
all his money away on a girlfriend"

- Mrs. W.: Bernadette's little girl, 4, puts fingers down, little boy, looks out back window, hollers at them, told woman to see what they was doin'. Sure they were messing around. Woman came back, wame hand, they're doin' within.

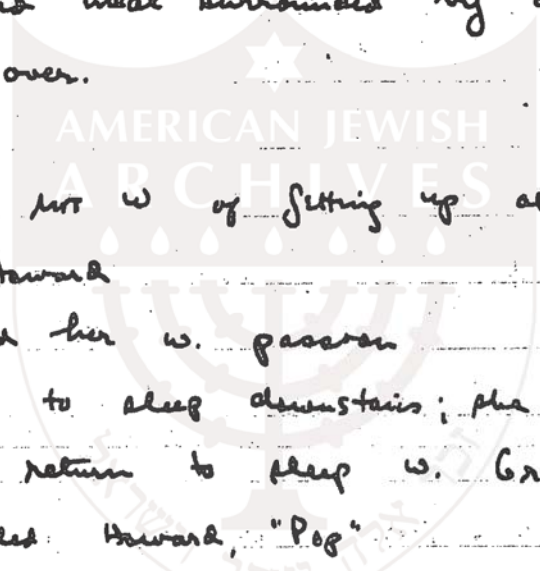
- Juggie, 4, somebody ask "whin's your mother?" Juggie said: "she's up in bed w..." (Mrs. W. tries to recall name of man) "havin' a good time". It's a terrible shame, they see groups doin' it, so they just try it themselves. I never tell Grace anythin' even when they got married...

chipped photos

G: I don't know within when I was married; 2 mos. afterward it happen. I still don't know within...



- Mrs W. sneaked out hot H₂O to Howard in garage; gave him socks, cigars as birthday gifts
- during strike, Frank whom she owed \$100 for groceries ended her credit, boys even gave her \$5⁰⁰ they got from union kitty, she bought flour, made dough, fried it, and served it. when times bettered she made "poppyes": cooked meat surrounded by cooked dough with gravy spilled over.
- Willie accused Mrs W of sitting up at night to sleep in garage w. Howard
- Willie tortured her w. gasoven
- Willie made to sleep downstairs; she would come down to him, then return to sleep w. Gracie, Jr.
- Gracie, Jr. called Howard, "Pop"
- Howard boy shot at Willie's funeral
- After Willie's death, Howard ill, Gracie visits hospital, finds another woman kissing him; hurses up; both meet on streetcar, argue; Mrs. W: he's going to marry me; other: He'll never marry you
- After streetcar incident, Mrs. W. sued G's lawyer, got self new coat, dress, permanent, returned to hospital w. cigars, fruit - argued w. Howard: what kind of right has she got to kiss you? she's not your girl friend, you promised to marry me; Howard: she's only my neighbor



[brakes two
reels in
street-car
lunch]

long hair -
short, money,
kinky curls,
"modern look"

I can't stop her from kissing me.

- After hospital, house destroyed moved to 1700 block, Howard came every morning at 7⁰⁰ for eggs, coffee - for a year, never asked to marry again; she went to town to see him, argued w him on marriage (charged he lived w another woman) he never returned.

- Howard, year later, in store: "I think I'll have to take her out again."

- Billy (17), Grace (19) made love in park (boys travel in wolfpacks, around swimming pool, bushes rustle, cops at 11⁰⁰ p.m.) also made love w. Audie Hulay - ^{Elsie said she would get Audie away from her}

- Mrs. W.: neighbor talking about my Grace; next time I'll hang out her pants to show her she's innocent.

- 1700 block - Mrs. W is across the street, sees something funny going on, comes into 3rd floor apartment, sees Billy run out bathroom thru back door, sees Grace dancing. Mrs. W: "What's the matter?" G: nothing!

- Willie: You don't have sex for me but you got sex for Howard. Mrs. W: It's not my fault, you s.o.b., if you can't take it anymore - before you're ready to do it, you lose it; Willie used to chase after her (grab her like milk frog) as soon as kids went to sleep. She tried to

satisfy him, but before pftt ("It's not my fault you can't satisfy me")

- Sex on w.'s mind continually
- Willie used to drive elevator in a.m.; boss rang: 5:00. you can wait till I come down; boss fired him. Never worked since then for 20 years. on welfare - 15 yrs. withdrawn in galvanize room - lived hand to mouth.
- 2 baskets of groceries (Xmas, Thanksgiving) to Grace, also during strike (began 21-17, Rob not working) Mrs. W. to Mrs. A: "I ^(I'd rather die...) hope I did afore ye do"
- First 5 years Willie worked dead in Abe's Store. During strike supported them for several weeks, brot them basket groceries & meats. Then Mrs. W went to another grocer w. few dollars from welfare fund; owned new grocer \$100; Henry & Rob now work, then strike (to organize union, a Scot Shop complex wanted) brot new grocer small check from union (\$13⁰⁰ buy 2 who or wants), grocer took it, no more groceries; Mrs. W. came back to Abe for few things (flour w. H₂O - prepd in fry pan - \$5⁰⁰ spent during week - canned milk, coffee) Thanksgiving basket: fresh shoulder, canned goods, lard, butter; Xmas basket: chicken, butter cream, vegetables (left bill of \$35⁰⁰); the lot overcharged w.o. Mrs. W. knowing it.

When all three boys worked, more than \$100 a week came in; after work, boys went separately to 3 movies each night; Mrs. W. deducted (took off) insurance, rent, store bill, gave rest of money back to boys. Worked night work (12 to 8 a.m.), during day went to 3 movies every day in week - didn't know about saving - when they came back, bot 1 lb. cooked ham for lunches (90¢ - 1⁰⁰ lb) spent \$40-50 a week for groceries; \$3/wk for rent (Council plenty)

- As soon as insurance policy worth \$25⁰⁰ (\$50 a week; \$1⁵⁰ for W.H.R) cashed it in, bot Candies, beer

- When he didn't work night shift, William went out evenings as relay girl. "Never let anybody play w. my titties, exceptin' you" - This, when engaged.

- Rob's girl (Eva) lay on top of him, begged him to marry her [her stepmother made her wash furniture to clean; later, after marriage, she sits reading books, watches TV, leaves dishes in sink] gets very fat

- His wife insisted William go to church, at first did, then got out of it. One girl child. Bot Ford & \$9,000 home.

- Henry's girl 7 mos. pregnant, then marry. After year, had another child, at 4, killed by ^{Coca-Cola truck} ~~auto~~ (Mrs. W. Can't look at Coca-Cola truck)

- Henry beat up in Saloon, face bleeding, taken to hospital (took wallet)

- William on talking 5 pm Every Friday night in store - His family took turns talking to him while each are supper.

- before Willie died, ^{Margie} always sided w. mother, after death Margie sided w. father & took flowers once every two weeks to grave (gave it up after 3 mos.)

- Margie w. breast caught in doorway, didn't develop fully, afraid of cancer.

- ~~at~~ kids come up to store laugh a lot (Rob on rector, Grace on Soda case, we ^{or on potato chip can} behind counter), then Rob ^{or Grace} suddenly let's stop laughing - it brings somethin bad to happen

were
purch

- Margie feared going to liverade (brokers spied from garbage room & father - it'd be here to pay)

- wouldn't loan things - Kids always would land

- Come into the house the way a man should come in,
 confident of its warmth, ^{owning it,} ~~possessor of its self,~~ its ^{his} ~~insides,~~ ^{if you}
 walk in unhesitatingly, you belong ^{it's you & you've it} together. But this feeling
 about ^{your house} ~~of belonging~~ must be more than your own; the others have
 to know ^{It, which} it, too, when they ^{agree it's yours.} deny you the right of that
 feeling, no matter how much you insist ^{to yourself} it's yours, it
 ain't the same thing any more. You gotta be strong
 inside, like iron, to keep it ^{to yourself} & be comfortable
 with it, not needing anybody else's assent. But being
 strong somehow ends up being litchy, an' if you got
 to be litchy most of the time to live, you ask yourself is it
 worth it? ^{why?} Can't you just live being yourself, easy-going
 and not wanting much except what it takes to live?
 Why do you have to battle ^{for those things which}
 ought to be yours by right - ^{like an' shushes & rain & big breezes} like this coming into
 your house and knowing it's yours - without questions.
 I dunno - maybe I'm tired, old & tired, too tired to
 battle anymore. Well, let the others battle if they like it so
 much. I'll take what there is left to take an' get along
 with that. I guess it's too late to try to tame the jungle.

— free fist & hard like a broom

— these soft-speaking guys who you can't look in the eye are dangerous. They talk soft not because they're so sweet on all, but because they're cowards - they're afraid to tell you what's really on their minds. And they're the jealous kind too - they don't say nothing jealous - but it comes out in crazy things they do. They're the kind that kill their women & then shoot themselves



WINCATE

- Sat afternoon, warm April day - Rob in car - "Swapped it outright for the ~~the~~ ^{little} Stationwagon" (new car - blue Chevy coupe - '38) in front seat w. plump baby (1 yr.) Barbara, thin wavy hair, blubbery pink cheeks, ingratiating smile, friendly to strangers, wife Eva (coal black hair, eyes, big horse teeth separated, married-woman fat) Mrs. Grace, ~~in~~ [in blue house dress, apron, sunny skin, sandy-haired, ~~most~~ suggestion of white hair, no teeth, - smiles & eyes squint Chinese-like] Grace, Jr., in blue dress, hair in pins, purple kerchief, big white tooth & big black tooth next to it, Coquettish smile-raised eyebrows, nervous glancing out window "who's watchin'?", fixes hair under kerchief.

Just looks
characteristic
as lower

"Just been out to ^{the} cemetery to see my ole man - that is (hands wubby finger like 'Sausage') I mean, we ~~was~~ been out there to see if they was takin' care of his grave, - fixin' it up, y'know, takin' keer of the flowers an' all. Hee hee, if my ole man woulda seen me in these bed clothes he'd a got up an' throwed me outta there. Hee hee. But I thought, ah, he'd we'd just drive over an' take a look. He's laid out in Cedar Grove, y'know. (Family lot plot - pay for dyni' all our lives)

"Don't ever get married! You'll live longer! Wait till you're eighty! Look at me, I look better an' feel better than I ever did. Hee hee. ~~At~~ Robert's got his girl now so he's gonna stop. He wanted a boy an' a girl. A football team? Eva: You can go to Hell too! You can't have 'em, I've had 'em!"

Don't even get near it. It just gets you into trouble.

- Will: you never get feet workin' over there. [Anxious, nervous, hands, eyes always movin', feet in constant agitation, touches nose as he speaks]

- Rob - quick, nervous laugh, face electrically transformed into wide false-tooth grin, ^{laugh} comes out hollow, like a long handle and then a gong! Ha ——— HA! Head swirls, head shoots up, a piston, his vigorous head body a steam chamber, its packed energy coming out in sudden bursts - bursts of laughter, burst of hand waves, burst of neck turns, burst of smile - uneven, sudden, unsettling

- "Take it easy, heur?"

WINGATE

2-4

Grace gets Billy's allotment, buys 2 new chairs, truck
load of furniture



- Mrs G, looks up, across street, while she sweeps, watching if they're
on watching

Abe, too!

- Willie, negative about everything - don't want to eat, five minutes later eats; food ain't important, when she don't feed him, ^{as punishment} raises hell, "she don't feed me anyway"; clothes, doesn't put on good clothes to spite her; she don't keep clean, sweeps up after her, if it wasn't for me the place would always be dirty (burns up rubbish in yard); greedily curious - butts in on everything; when she talks at door, walks into living room to see who it is; when she talks to boy or Gracie, ^{he} listens in; Gracie whispers often to children to keep him from hearing, but he hears or suspects hearing; even tho' he's supposed to be deaf; GROUCHY, SURLY, POUTING SIGNS WHEN SITS TO INDICATE HOW HE SUFFERS IN LIFE, HIS MARTYRDOM, & NO ONE CARES NOR KNOWS HIS PRIVATE GRIEF OF WHICH HIS SIGN IS BUT A FLEETING INDICATION; Wants credit for anything he does, & she has only reprimand - because poison is between them - hence his bitter martyrdom increases & as he grows more surly, she grows more resentful, hateful, begrudging him his very existence.

[All the -friendliness & -laughing-cackle is outward show, a paste holding her together temporarily, but then she begins to -talk about herself, her voice cracks, a trembling, a softness, an indefinable fragility, helpless with pity, as though a touching word would start tears, the placid surface of a breakwater after the wild ripple churning waters. She was offering up her undisguised sheep-soul and before the altar of self-revelation there can be no alien pretense.

- Henry, his will became a tyrant over his ^{assorted} impulses rather than the engine it was always.