



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Box 6, Folder 16, Miscellaneous unpublished manuscripts
[typescript & handwritten], Undated.

WILLIE DEATH

WINGATE

Willie took 12 days adyin. He had that cebraal hemrage, where the blood goes up to your head and fills it up and kills ye. Oh, it's just turr'ble. I tell ye, when that gets ye, it's the worst. He had em off an' on. That's why he useta stan' on the oallar steps and say he was seein' people walkin' up an' down on 'em. He didn' know what he was sayin'. Poor soul. He was cutta his mine. He had his last stroke on ~~ma~~ a Thursday and he died on a Sunday night, at nine p.m. He was in a coma, parlyzed all over. I stood with him all that time; didn' sleep for a minit. I took care a' him like I'd take care a my own mother. We put him on a bed in the livin room, an I propt his feet up on the buffet, y'know, the ^{big} buffet we had in the livin room, an' I'd put a cold wet rag on his head and then I'd put a piece of ice in his mouth and he'd grit it with his teeth. Oh, he was pitiful. Jes' pitiful. And then on Sunday night (she flaps her hands ~~on~~ on her hips, such is fate) he died. All I know is that I did everthink I could for him.

-For the funeral, Rob had to come back from camp. His commandin officer gave him ~~se~~ special permission

Rob, his arms folded, over grown stomach: I had to fill out special papers sayin' I was goin' to my father's fun'ral, and then they gave ~~me~~ a pass, and the Red Cross got me my train tickets and gave'd me papers to pay for my meals on the train.

-G: But I had to send him the money first to pay for the tickets. I didn' have anythink put away then, and y'know who gave me the money for the tickets? guess who? Mr. Napp. Ole Mr. Napp over there. He took the money cutta his pockets and gave it to me. An' I tole him I'd pay h 'im back soon as Rob got his check. An'I had to pay the Red Cross for the money they paid out for Rob's maals on the train.

acts out
scene

Rob laughs a nervous high laugh: Christ, I ate like a king on that train.

But them meals were expensive as hell...

G: Gee, I shudder everytime I think about it. Funny thing, we ain't got no pickshes of im. Nooo, he'd never let us take us take one of im. Margie had one of im; you couldn't really see him good, cuz he was stanin' in the yard and on the pickshes he was in the back of Margie. But you cud make him ~~me~~ cut though. He was in his shirt sleeves workin out in the yard on one a his chairs. But we ain't got it no more. Margie took it to the laundry wif her one day and one a them girls took it away from her.

We oncet had a big pickshes of im, when we was livin on Hanover Street. But he wudn't let me have it. He was funny thataway.

I was standing in front a big mirrur in the livin room ironin' my clothes, an he was sittin there, right near by me, y'know, an his sister came in with this pickshes of im in a frame an all, an

she was goin to give it to me. But he got maddern hell an he said don't give it to her, don't give it to her!

he wudn't let her give it to me, an' Jesus, he got all red an see,

sed he'd tear up it fore I'd get my hands on it. That's one thing

he was really funny about. I don't know why, but that's the way

he was...

TOAD
ISLAND

FRAC ISLAND

March
30

Person
Cool
dry

Dirt road, deep ruts, Jack Snyder's Saloon, Coke Signs, beer
Signs, lattice work whitewashed, green tables & chairs under
trees, a man, wife & child at lunch, cars parked, two
railroaders w. coffee pails (big bushy & short starchy, all in blue
overalls) coming from railroaders brick house (grey fronts) dormitory
around road, Mom Mahon's beer joint, more signs, lattice
fences, green picnic tables & chairs, a quaint red-shingled house
with many-gabled ^{gabled} roof, surrounded by high picket white
fence, signs all over, "Do not park, No parking, Beware of
dog, He bites, No loitering around these premises" a foot of
land around fence, whitewashed stones around earth. Behind
house & jutting off cliff-end, a square-box house, tan-
piped roof, propped on stilts high over water, windows screened
dark, bulb lit over door, green shingles, sequestered from
road by high wire fence, wire gate like horse-collar,
on bench in far left of garden, two rusty water barrels,
large black tank for gas-^{propane} cooking, tree before door suspends
taped rusted yellow Japanese battle ~~to~~ ^{troop} ~~troop~~ flowers
planted in soldier's red-painted helmet suspended from fence
railing, white & purple hyacinth in front of garden, ^{out-house} mystery
about closed square house; another red-shingled, many-gabled house
down road on right, small garden, white rocks, water & gas tanks;
on other side junk yard, cars' shells, transmissions, gas tanks, light
frames, seats, nuts, bolts, iron handles, stream all over, rotting row
boats, all over dirty acre, then a clearing, junk pile, cypresses,

rough grey barnacles, snail-shells, oysters, mussels
 Gulf of Mexico or Pacific shells, piles of beer caps,
 tangled driftwood in sand pile, dirty river water lapping
 up, rotted green-stained wharf piles, thick green moss-
 algae, a brown small houseboat faded pale green & white,
 curtained windows, moored in wharf, on wharf water & gas
 tanks, more houseboats along wharf; ⁱⁿ distance boat
 repairs, man on ladder climbing off point, closer by behind
 a large black house, three men sitting at table, dressed
 in somber grey & khaki, smoking, talking, watching, dogs
 barking in distance, two colored men on junk wagon
 govt by

- 2 ducks gliding in dirty grey water, 2 blue
 mallards preening with angled necks on landing.

May night
 unseasonably
 cool

- dusk, 3 men repairing a long row-boat, in army clothes; on large
 boat hull, 2 improved muzzies, a harsh light, a fat woman
 hurrying to a man, front of boat to be built on; overpowering
 silhouette of great smokestacks & curling smoke against
 dying fire-sky, old car w. boards

Kayser, clean-shaven, sensitive to rebuke, heartache in Lake's,
 "Two Swimmers" - peppery crabs.

- non-directional - long dirt road, whitewashed bldgs on both sides, low,
 just above head, bartenders & waiters, couple men, a woman watching TV,
 counter loaded w. pretzels, cheese twists, potato chips, pickles, peanuts,
 outside warped green tables (beer will spill) round red stools

Johnny (thick red-head's brother) comes in w. 4 pennies, gets behind counter, excited, tense, packed concentration. Slowly, deliberately chooses 2 packs of kits squares, a toothie roll; then guesses, 1 cent left. His voice throbbing in his throat - hums down to bottom shelf: "Can I get any of these? No, they're out but bars. Oh! Stands up. Deliberates over each box on top 2 shelves. C'mon you'll have to speed it up - I'm on the phone. Mumbles to himself. "How 'bout this choc. square?" Mumbles some more over 2 shelves. No. Ah. Thinks. Finally, warily, reaches down to choc square box, takes 2 broken pieces - which together are larger than 1 unbroken square. "I'll take these broken pieces," he says, moving quickly away w. candy in hand. From middle of store, "I take these broken pieces so's people won't have to get broken candy." Leaves.

Cool, bright
sunny
Aug 13

Store

earnest
face

7-up man announces 4¢ more a case. The fella
railroad, strikes out kindly: "I can't charge anymore
for a bottle".

Drum: Jack does, he's got a
bign up 7¢ a bottle for all sodas. Why, I'd say
60% of my stops charge that."

Mr: Well, I can't do it. "Grunbles at all Negro
customers, (Bet Shirley, Claire, ^{Joe} ^{Stoke} fat Kennedy crane-man (Boy,
I'm stiff, moved furniture all day yesterday (Sunday) - Y'see
Everybody says Jack is cheap, cheap! He charges
7¢ for all his sodas an' I don't. I oughta charge
that, too, an' then everybody'll holler I'm
dobbin' them, (Theatrical, puts hands over ears) I'm
dobbin' them, my goodness. I oughta charge em 7¢.
Keeps grunblin' & does notin' about it.

- At 3 p.m. Coke man takes out 3 empties, refuses
to take box bursting w. 50 empty bottles. He
screams: "What you mean you won't take dem bottles.
I had to take 'em. I paid 'em money for the bottles.
You gotta take 'em.

Drum: Well, I can't, the, not right now. I ain't got
enough empty shells to take 'em in...

Mr: What'dya mean? I don't want them bottles
around here. Dey keep piling up.

Drum: I'll take 'em next trip

Mr: Next trip certain. By next Thursday I'll have

F.A. Davis have a hunch of 'em
(Cyrus, Candis) DR: Well, Mr. Abe, I just can't. I ain't got the
Blue Ribbon Room for 'em. I'll take the larger part of 'em now,

Morbovitz: an' pick up the rest on my next stop.

#32 - ABC: I can't see why you don't take 'em now. I

membership, you had to take 'em

Ain't pay DR: You don't "Pay to".

for five years.

-Gotta pay 'em

(\$10) when

you die, you

need some

place to be

buried a

no grocer or

Conservative

ABC: Oh, yes I do. Morbovitz, you don't know. You ain't
a groceryman. If I don't take these bottles from

in they go up next block an' take over business

with 'em... That boy's mother comes in w. 50

bottles an' wants her money an' I gotta give it

to her. You don't know man, what I go thru.

Driver takes 35 bottles, she pays him, driver

leaves w. sympathetic: "See you next week, Abe!"

- Comes into house, phone rings - a dark

mysterious voice: "Wanta get blowed?"

"What?"

"Wanta get blowed?"

"One minute while I check this call..." Voice hangs up.

This to check call thru operatn. "Sory, Sir, once

line is broken it's impossible to check call. If

you hold call & someone else goes out & calls us we

can try to check the no. for you, but even then

we'd need a Court order to give you the no.

Have you had any fights w. your neighbors, or have you

a cause

Children had a tiff w. some other kids. That usually is

cuss his bad
advice

Porty comes in with a knuckle, trailed by Mary Joe, Patricia, Charlie, Sharon, Pete, and others. "Got a knuckle," Porty proclaims. "What should I get?" Hobbles over to candy case, right foot bandaged from cut in swimming pool, "Mary Joe, should I get candy bar?" No!

"Then I'll get a bottle of Soda." Takes out Pepsi, gives Stachep a knuckle. Takes away. Goes away to Mary Joe, then to Patricia, Joanie comes in, gives her away, then takes back; others look enviously.

Charlie, whose gassy reduces his speech to a rasp, his gestures to stiff crawling movements, says: "Goddammit I want some too"

Porty puns in drinking to Scowl: "You shouldn't cuss, I hate people who cuss. Cussin' is a sin against the Lord. If you oughter go to a police club, they'll stop you from cussin'."

Charlie fills refrigerator under eye of Stachep, slithers out front door. Porty finishes drinking, about to leave, turns and says smartly: "Adi-ots". He smiles, looking at cortege following him out, "Adi-ots". Waves hand & leaves.

- Kids come behind case to pick out candy
- play gun ball machine for trap, trinkets.
- Charlie, when voice falters into rasp, communicates to Porty with his fingers. Bought caps for two fingers - 10¢.
- Porty, in shorts & bandaged foot, puts large empty cigarette carton over head and waddles down the street. "Am I going to free? Am I?" Charlie rasps instructions.

chair (plato) becomes lesson of Poley's gang.

- 2 kids (Myllie) come in w. 2 bottles, want 2 sodas, no money, disappointed, take \$4 in candy.

- Mr. Best - personnel, ^{in conversation} was drunk, borrows 2 bucks on payday, to drink to read name of cigarettes (Them Crown ones), charged \$3.00

- Mattie's guy: "Y'know how it is, y'cant tell how old some of these colored folks are. Take Jerry for Wallace Frumstance (talking about Doc Fleming, preacher - code)

- Colored man swoop us on day they sack holes, smelling his rat feces from sweat, blood, & sweat. One guy steals cake, Mrs. L. reaches for his pocket, he surges her chin with his fist. "Aint nobody goin' into my pockets..."

- old ^{colored} man, left eye like corneal mesh; boggles; wears cap w. earflaps up.

- ruddy faced farmers' boys from Hagerstown live in Calhoun at Western Mo., unmarried ones don't catch chicks, hold onto them. "They gotta pipe Sunshine into where you live"

- Mrs. L. appeals to guy to bring chicks to her because 1) been here longer than Timmy or others, 2) accommodated factory people more 3) needs money more for sick husband 4) "maybe she's prettier than I am" - Ella says readily, "Maybe I will..."

- George Hilly Jr., 3 years, drinks coffee, "I lost sugar in my lungs & eat it like that." George borrows Xmas boots, tries one on for size, tells him

- Santa will bring other one. Later, Jr. goes w. Gladys to see Santa Claus; asks him; "Hilly, where's my other boot?"

- Postman (Chewing tobacco, takes long a.m.) takes mail down to Frog Island on other side of R.R. trestle which connects stream's Ark w. Westport. That's city property, people living on that land are squatters. Why there's one man who lives in a houseboat as tighter than this space here (measures out space in a corner of the store), lives w. his wife & 3 children. And ain't it

- Shame to bring children up in a place like that... Man must work

day shift 'coz I see him there in the mornin's as the
time, choppin' wood & piddlin' around like that. There's
some city property down there right under the bridge where
Hani's boat yard & Grandley's boat yard are. I don't think
they pay hardly any rent there.

(Tells about weather) When the high winds come up
across those fields it's right rough. There's nothing in the way
to keep 'em back.



STORE

Bot store from Mrs. Kelley, paid her \$900 in settlement, when they came back from lawyer's, Mrs. Kelley went around to customers telling them Jew ain't got enough money to buy store.

- After he moved in, Jim Mc Clanchin, runs saloon selling bootleg whiskey across the street while his brother, a policeman and who lived in the same block sat in the saloon in his uniform watching him sell bootleg, said: "I'll bet you the Jew won't last 2 weeks." And Mrs. Belstock, the fat Catholic woman up the block with the demented daughter who sat in the window with her terrifying dumb distorted for face, said: "What do we need a Jew around here for?"
- So Jim went over to King's, ordered a half sack of corn, took in an ice-box, ^{& groceries,} went from door-to-door handing out credit books to his neighbors who were friends, smilingly asking: "Why deal with the Jew. I'll give you credit." And Jim gave them credit, and in less than a month Jim went out of the credit business in groceries. In fact he went out of the saloon business as well, partly because the credit habit in groceries spread over to the saloon business and partly, because in these wildly ~~start~~ ^{carnal} days Jim found business rather dull satisfying and spent ^{the} his days, nights, twilights of his 50-some year existence bedding out with assorted women, ^{for} whom Linda has the uncouthly Biblical name "Nahtee". "He used to come back 5 o'clock in the morning," Linda recalls with malice & fierce passion, "with his shoe strings still untied."

Finally, "he broke his neck", moved up the block to a basement
in the house where his son, Joe, lived, and then he moved
up to next corner where he's now got his saloon.
That was Jim McGlaughlin, a gurnit, a mix. And don't you
think that Kelley, that o's varf, that navleff, didn't try to
ruin me, too. She thought she could get the money ^{for the store} & keep
the business. First, before she gave up the store, she gave credit
to everybody, so that when I took it over I'd have to give in
credit, too. She gave to Mrs. Perkins & her loan, Buck, and all
of 'em. They washed out with the whole store! What I didn't
go turn loose...!...

An' Rebstock, that bested! He used to go around to the
customers & say: "What do you want to buy from the Jew
for? Why don'tcha buy from Jim? After all, Jim was born
and raised here. He's been here longer than the Jew. That Jew
ain't gonna be here long anyway. Why don'tcha buy from Jim.
He gives credit..." He used to bortelch like this behind my
back, that bested! To my face he talked different. A Mosheren
neshameh.

His son, the same thing, a finch tachshat. I used to hang
clothes outside in front of the store, and there was a waffer from
Matthews who used to buy dungarees, gloves & different
things from me. One day, Rebstock's tachshat, a bested like
his father, was standing out front, on the corner, & he sees the
shuchas is coming in to buy, he says to him: "You don't
want to buy in there, do you? That Jew will cheat you. He
don't sell good stuff an' he won't give you your money's worth."

hence tell you, after all this, I nearly went crazy.

There was an old man named Owen who used to stand on the corner. Jim McLaughlin said to him: "I'll betcha the Jew ain't got \$20 to his name." Owen said: "Sure he's got \$20. What Jew ain't got \$20?" Well, Jim, the shicker, said: "I'll betcha he ain't". So Jim took out \$20, gave it to Owens, and Owens came into the store and bought 2 pieces of chewing tobacco & I gave him change for the \$20. How did I hear about this? They got into a fight & Owens later told me. When he came outside from my store, he gave Jim change for \$10. Jim said: "I gave you \$20." And Owens said no, he gave him only \$10, and they got into a fight and later he told me about it. Ah, what I didn't go there! Stronger men wouldn't have lasted with this bunch of beasts, Anti-Semites!

That old man Napp over there. When I first came here, he took \$25 worth of groceries from me on the hook. And then he stopped coming in to the store. So I went over to the factory to ask me for my money. He almost beat me up, him & his son. He said "I don't owe you any money, get the hell outta here, you Jew..." What did I do? What could I do? I left. No, I never got paid. A nice class of people! They used to say Napp's a relative owned part of the factory & then sold it out. That old goes for nothing but hell. He's still working there. He's about 75 or 80.

you work on the furnace..."

He smiles a big hearty smile, that has the infectious
naivete, ^{openness,} ~~genuineness,~~ and warm spontaneity of negroes & children alike.

His response is so natural & relaxed now as to suggest his previous
concentration, nervousness, and stolidity were a ~~habit~~, a pose, a protective
quality assumed in public, particularly in the white public.

"I works Somethin on de furnace. But not all de time.

I gets changed around mostly... Dis weather ain't too bad now.

It gets worse later on. On... he's see..." he rolls his eyes
upward in pronunciation, "on August fifteen... dat's de worse..."

Dat tell the difference 'ween a man an' a boy. Boy can't
work there," he says, his voice rising to punctuate a truth & boast

of the men of his trade, "only a man can works there on August
fifteen. Den, an' on September nint' an' tent', Den's de hottest

days, he says ^{arbitrarily} drawing again from his lore of imagined times.

woolen
cap over
ears

- Red-haired kid, freckles, front teeth out, right pants leg pulled up, Pocky off dirt on nose: A's marshmallow, not shot. I eat some candy 'fore I went to bed last nite & it stuck on there.
- What's at Say (in pocketbook allaphane) Look? I can read can't I? I couldn't read before but my mother & father went to see my teacher & I can read now. I was in the first grade for eight years. I don't know how old I am now, but I'm gonna find out. What's in 'em papers, that brown stuff? (yellow in yellow-bell papers).
- Take 16¢ out of pocket for pkg. of cigarettes, leave 5¢ behind. "Need another nickel..." he's told. "Oh, here it is..." Later, "Say, it's lucky I found that other nickel for the last ones, else I'd have to get hucksters."

FATHER LEMON { Franklin Speers
 dignified, graying jugged forelocks & stiff mustache,
 dungarees wrapped smartly in leggings, red kerchief
 around neck (to catch sweat) like ascot tie.
 Serves as pastor to Baptist Church on Madison
 Ave next to Cook Funeral Home. Every
 fourth week at Communion he gets all the
 heavily stained plates. During week he
 works on tracks, putting down ties, checking
 condition of rails. "He talks from experience,"
 says George McNulty, "yassuh, he ain't like
 them other preachers who never worked a day in
 their lives. A them folks workmen like us
 how to live, he knows what he's talkin' bout,
 Father Lemon does." [Boys don't come in to
 work today. It's pay day. Day works only wh-
 they has to, heh, heh! One of 'em, hee hee, had
 his face all red. Too much weekend. It sits out
 in truck fixing signal lights.

STAGE

Big negro, strong firm build, ^{bulging} leather jacket & pants in boots, cap, simple friendly face, ^{meaty} nose down ^{patrot's} beak, orders 15¢ bramsweiger, half loaf of bread, bottle of soda; little negro with sailor's pea-coat, knitted blue wool hat, blue dungarees (raspy ^{lively} energetic voice, a feeling of life & rhythm) orders 15¢ bramsweiger. It's all.

Stonloch
now

"I'll take some o' your bread," the little funny guy with bright eyes, says. He wrinkles his nose, "I don't eat much bread. Eats lots o' rice instead. Y'see, my farm comes from the West Indies an' they eats lots o' rice. Y'ever eat rice & curry? Or rice an' shrimps? At's it if y' wants to eat somethin' good." Unwraps meat & begins to finger it, smell it for freshness. Big nigger is harni' his bill fogged up at counter. He doesn't know what's happening to his half dollar and seems embarrassed. At this moment, short Negro blunts out, "Y'owe me a nickel."

"At's right," says big Nigger

"Now, y'owe me a quarter..."

"At's right," the big one says, turning his head slightly towards small one, but still facing towards Al.

"Now, y'owe me twenty cents," he says with finality

"At's right, twenty cents."

He gives him 2¢ change ^{out of} his half dollar & they both leave, saying something about "wonder how much more hodes we got to pull. Pulled two piles already."

Don't feel ripe again and a tall sparsely-built

negro, so tall he seems to bend in order to come thru the doorway, but ~~really~~ he bends in fact because he is crippled in his right foot which makes him bob up and down with the pathetic rise and fall of a lamed animal on a merry-go-round. As soon as he opens the door, he grips the posts with both hands, and as he is calibrating himself thru the doorway, he barks out, "Gimme a Stambach." In one hand he holds a miniature. "How much did that bottle of Shnapps cost?" Mrs. Ark asks, adding quickly, "if I ain't too inquisitive." The big lamed nigger breaks out a white smile that runs ~~from~~ across the width of his face, from one long Soderburn to the other. "Thirty-five cents," he says, smiling. Thirty-five cents, Mrs. Ark murmurs. "How 'bout a can of sardines for lunch?" she says aggressively. There is ^{cyrene} denigration here - if he can spend 35¢ for a miniature, certainly he can spend 10¢ for sardines. "O.K. Ten cents." He buys the tin and then makes his lopsided rolling exit. "Azah yohs oif zai! Mentschen? Animals! Nu... Stambach, sardines, and Shnapps. No! Ochs mis a lunch! Mentschen? Animals!" She spits on the floor in disgust and walks back toward the kitchen.

STORE

June 11, Eddie Lulay (one-ball, short pants, yellow figured blouse, tennis shoes; spit in his speech, dimples in his yellowish-tan cheeks, an open smile) comes into store with Porky, who is trailed by little boy in glasses & another kid. (Buebler's, innocent turned face, stay in background) Porky brings 3 soda bottles, loiters indecisively around Candy-case, ~~wait~~ for "Gimme Six Cents". Eddie hands up 3 Cents. "Gimme three ice cream plates, all different ^{flavors} ~~colors~~ an' spoons, too."

Eddie takes candy plates over to ice-box, arranges them on top of case. Porky, followed by Cophots, comes over to cigar-coke counter for 6¢. He scoops up money. Counts out 5 pennies & spreads them out on counter. "Gimme a nickel for 'em, Ahie". Bespectacled kid, ^{thin, blonde} turns to Porky, talks earnestly, but confusedly, always lingering behind his thoughts, "Hey, Pake, we got outta school, tomorrow is one day, an' then..."

Dumbie rings. Andy comes ⁱⁿ (sprinkled red hair, freckled & cheeky, a robust boy, in khaki shorts, no blouse, no shoes, tooth missing in front) bringing a big soda bottle. He puts down bottle on floor, opens up soda-case, puts one bare foot on top other, looks ^{intently} ~~over~~ bottles, then calls out, "Got any cherry?"

Eddie, holding a choc. ice-cream plate in one hand digging its thin layer of candy with a thin tin spoon, stands silently nearby Andy. Suddenly Eddie blunts out: "I ~~hate~~ hate-choc, you Cofire!" The words spatter out in liquid contempt. Then he is quiet. He drops in his tin plate. "I hate all Cofire!" Andy's head spins away from the ice-box,

circling on Eddie, then on the others. He is visibly hurt. His mouth is open & his tongue licks the open space between his teeth. He rubs one foot against another, spreading out the dirt.

"Y'know why I hate you Coppers? I'll tell you why! 'Coz you ain't got no more school. That's why I hate you..." He doesn't take his bright blue eyes out of his plate. "Now go tell your lousy sister I hate her too..." Andy stands stupidly immobile.

Patsy, who has been straightening out his money problem with his two silent partners, suddenly turns around, walks over to Eddie who is licking his bent tin spoon, and rubs his palm against Eddie's round fuzzy head. "Aw, shut your mouth, you baldhead!" Patsy's sensitive nature is offended by such trash talk. Patsy leaves w. his two side-de-camps.

Before the door closes again Patsy comes in, a pretty, but pale little girl of 5, w. ^{white summer frock w.} a green polka dot, daintily holding a white purse w. a golden latch. Her pinnated hair is parted in the middle (Kester's bread package girl). "Hi, Patsy!" Eddie bellows ^{enthusiastically} in his liquid & cracked voice. He waves his plate & spoon at her. "~~Hi~~" "Clamor, take one o' these ice-creams." Patsy leans against the ice-box her face poking over the edge. She looks over the lemon & strawberry plates. "I don't want any," she says weakly, in a ^{rusty} squeaky voice. "Go wan,

take one. I'm givin' you one 'coz you're sick".

She shakes her head. "I don't want none, Eddie."

- "O.K.". But you can have one... 'coz you're pretty."

Meantime, Andy who has been watching this silently, 2 feet away, decides to pay 15¢ for the soda & he quietly leaves the store.

- Patsy walks up to the candy counter, ~~hands~~^{puts} on a nickel on the counter, and sits on one side using her arm as a brace for her upper body. Eddie gathers up his plates in one hand & leaves.

Patsy looks over the three shelves of Peewee Candies. "Gimme," she says thoughtfully, "gimme 2 o' them ice cream plants. Different colors."

Negro - vacation
91 - 1 check

first
Kennedy
man
2 dolls, Kim
Sara, Cole, Joe,
Fanny, Sherry, Gert
Stimels

negro - 3 women
upset - no
in many cases,
to a whiskey,
bottle. Jesus
came up here
it went to
bottom

Edel
Stone

- On Rock St. Colored women got religious, went crazy,
went down to cellar & rolled all over the ground.
Then her lover came in and they rolled together over
the ground, and she stopped being religious.



School

Frank
arrives in
top by
noon
lip

His pig! Slim
broke. Leman
two trucks
Giv' a jib of
cigarettes

Memorial
day - May 29
barracks?
His nose, here
very pit
bump nose
Kinky.
What's Pop?
Witzel.
He's asleep,
dign' wait
him up.
I'll wake
him up.
pulls out
pint. I'll
wake him
w. this.
Grins.

Mother tells Shirley, most - tipped, well-stocked Jewish
teacher (married to John, Aussie, plug-rambler, silver mine):
"Don't smell 'em - clean 'em" (dirty, smelly kids)



LIGHT ST.

Hot June day. Kids gang up inside foyer of McHenry movie waiting for it to open. It's 12:15, movie opens at 1:00. Two of them box striking poses like Marcano & Walcott on the posters. One is a dandy, long blob of hair, white shirt collar upturned, dungarees, flappers' fists faintly, other kind, slightly shorter, more earnest, bobs & weaves, a third, taller, least bit plumpness at waist, idles between them, around them, rolling his fists as tho' amusing himself in exercise. A black, curly-haired boy in blue polo shirt, dungaree leans ^{back} against ticket booth, bangs out dissonant rhythm with elbows & palms of hand. A tall, fat boy in ^{black} cut-trail, precariously large, in white T-shirt w. furious orange & black tiger growling on front, hurls into foyer & immediately ^{sun-}browned boy, w. delicate dreamy face, & soft-toned pangee-like spot shirt & rich-brown pants darts out of dream.

LIGHT ST.

- Shining down Hanover St. hill on sheet of metal,
a reaching stop in gravel



W 61st St.

Wed June 9 Two little kids sit on curb building a mud castle (Dale Thomas, 3,) cattle truck unloading, milk truck double-parked, a long red cattle truck double-parked up street, a beer truck nervously threads way between the milk & cattle trucks & turns slowly into dirt Wells St, kids dart up & run back onto ~~the~~ pavement, stopping to watch beer truck back up, & make way up street. They kids don't sit down again on curb. Their mud castle has been destroyed, its battle parapets crushed under the tire tread markings.



Bright Col
Jan. 21

what's your
name?

grab bottle
and first boy
sword

Two colored boys - 11 - 12, outside Cohen's Slep-Sewer (Holland St.) duel. ^{one} with wooden sword - not much longer than a dagger - other with heavy slot of wood just slightly longer. Slot-Swordman - "You must die, Sogors!" rolls romantic word, likes it, repeats holding slot toward other's breast, "You must die!" This one is vigorous, strong & handles away, other is more wiry, perhaps because he is weaker, and fights defensively. Slot (in brown suit jacket, green blue shirt, blue pants, rubbing mouth as tho' no teeth) whacks dagger on hand, latter winks, 'Dad!', takes dagger in other hand & then back to right & fights on. Older wags, about 27, passes - dagger boy while backing, calls out "what's your name?" other, still working answers quickly, "Robert". "Is it?" Returns to fighting. (Third one in gray jacket, fur collar, deep blue shirt, gray pants, handsome face) Third boy, tired of handling his little brother around in a soap-box wagon, sends his brother, goes home to get his long sword

LIGHT ST

Amer Legion Parade

State Legion parade in mid-July about 9:30 p.m. Lexington & Howard
Sts. Thin ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ crowds line streets along route of parade.
People seem outwardly unenthusiastic, but one feels inward excitement;
they are ^{awkward} fearful of expressing their inward feelings. Many sit on
curb as long parade passes, some stand with hands folded. Every time
a flag-bearer heading a drum & bugle corps pass, a soldier standing
on pavement salutes rigidly, smartly. Soon he is joined by a civilian
who is sitting on curb and who shoots up just in time to throw salute
together with ~~xxxxxxx~~ soldier. ~~xxxxxxx~~ He sits down and
every couple ^{seconds} minutes he shoots up, like an automaton. Several people
away a fiftyish housewife sits on the curb, her legs spread wide,
disclosing her fleshy inner thighs, stocking roll, and pink panties.
Two heavy women, with dumb silent faces who whisper mysteriously
to each other intermittently, throw hard looks across the street
at the woman with the open legs, and they whisper after each look.
Next to the big women, a colored man in a ^{green} summer hunting cap sits
on the curb with his wife and daughter watching his 2-year-old
little girl ~~xxxxx~~ prence in a circle like a drum majorette. A couple
young plump girls and their dates race across the street in the
space between two drum corps. One of the boys, jokingly begins marching
down the street alone, and after his girl friend sees him, and calls,
"Hey!" he runs back to her. Wise guy, the eyes of people say. A smart
stepping band in blue suits and red pants stripes, the St. Ann Catholic
corps (the Catholics are good at public exhibitions, makes for respect,
and respect makes for converts) marches by, the young boys in close
drill and under the careful spinsterish eye of a unmilitary-looking

looking, schoolteacherish corpsmaster, a man in his deep fifties, short, fatbellied, bespectacled, with soft palms making delicate movements at his sides, and counting out time with his ducklike feet. He is solemnly earnest, and seriousness shrouds his corps. Against the department store window, two tall lean sailors in wrinkled summer whites are making time with two dullfaced little girls, one ^{a brunette} in a blue summer dress with a red flower on her flattened breast, the other a blonde girl in a tan summer suit. They talk and talk and negotiate and the girls twirl their purses, and look self-consciously up the street, and down the street, and across at the parade and at the people across the street, then burst into a restrained giggle.

A truckload of matronly women drive by waving balloons, and waving their hands feebly in the air, almost inaudibly and with extreme self-consciousness, they murmur, ~~xxxxxxx~~ an uninspired greeting, "Heyyyy...hey....". The past matrons of the women's auxiliaries are followed by a Negro ~~drumxleader~~ ^{drum major}, prancing seductively down the street in golden pants and blouse, touched with ~~silvery~~ ^{iridescent} blue; a ^{silvery hussar} white hat with a furry white pom-pom. The lean major whose thin body lines are delineated by the tightness of his pants, crisscrosses the street in diagonal marchings, twirling a thin silver baton in his long agile fingers. He brings his group to a sudden halt at the corner of Lex & Howard at the signal of a cop. While he waits for the parade ~~to~~ ahead of him to gather speed and the traffic to cross, he takes off his hat, mops his wet brow, raises one foot then another to rest them. From the curb, a voice calls out, "Hey, Jim!", and the drum major looks up, smiles a broad white smile, waves his hand, and then quickly resumes his parade composure. He remembered that none of the white paraders acknowledged such unorthodox greetings. With the cop's signal to continue, the drummajor signals two plump-breasted and attractive young ~~gi~~ negro girls

majorettes behind him to resume their smart stepping, and the entire flow of golden-colored marchers begin their drumming and blowing of trumpets.

Limousines with ward politicians, ex-Legion officials and their wives hum by, the occupants of the car peering out at the people in hesitant smiles, not knowing whether to be officials or part of the people. A float, high and rectangular, swathed in white ruffles and illuminated with a pink spotlight, delicately ~~gross~~ moved down the street bearing "Miss Dundalk", an attractive brown-haired girl who smiled continuously and waved now and again a hand bent awkwardly at the wrist. There was a curious absence of hooting or catcalls and other recognition which probably contributed to the vague uncomfortableness her uneasy smiles left behind.

On the heels of the float another Negro contingent followed, headed by a ~~color~~ guard of three small barrel-shaped negroes, two of them in dark blue benedaled legion uniforms, the center one in legion pants but wearing his own white shirt and flashy tie. The center negro, who had a wide square mouth resembling distantly the shape of a rhinoceros' mouth, rolled fiercely down the street, as though determined to overcome the handicap of one shortened leg. His face was thrust forward and his arms swung vigorously in front of his large hard stomach. The two uniformed men at his side seemed to ~~absorb~~ his intensity, and they pounded down the parade avenue as one man.

Behind this contingent, a wobbly group of veterans came, their sole claim to attention being the sagging banner that they were the largest contingent of veterans in the state and that all of them were employees of the Standard Oil Company. Some wore hats, some wore their legion jackets, some the pants, all wore discomfort. They talked

jeep towing
old car with
college boy

among themselves continuously as though they were trying to ignore everybody about them but themselves. Perhaps the fact that most of the participants in the parade had snappy uniforms and were closely drilled, were followed by clangorous bands made them feel, in all their naked and civilian clothing and civilian parade manners, that they did not belong to the spirit of the parade.

On the side lines of the parade two dumpy peddlers holding aloft a clutch of colored balloons ~~now~~ stumbled along with their eyes alert for some parent to buy a balloon for his kid. A couple colored boys, about 14 or 15, slowly idled along on their bicycles looking over the entire crowd from their moving stands.

and a clashing of cymbals and drums
In the distance, a booming and thundering of trumpets, ~~which~~ bugles ~~pattdxtbx~~ crashed through the length of the street and all the eyes along the route turned in the direction of the noise. Smartly, snappily, a drum and bugle corps in powder blue tight fitting ~~unifs~~ uniforms with West Point parade caps hove into view, stamping the redbricked street in double time close drill. A drill master stepping vigorously at midway point of the corps barked out the time and conveyed forcefully that this was the real thing. It was also the end of the parade, and as the clashing and crashing and thundering moved down the street, the people rose from the curbstones all at once, and disappeared into the side streets. The two fat mysterious women remained motionless for several moments watching till the women across the way rose and walked away. "She closed her legs now," one of the women said, and both of them left.

LIGHT ST. (Joe Siske)

Two poplar trees - start budding in early March, begin losing leaves in July, just when you need shade most [Joe Siske cut down 13 poplars on his place 2 yrs. ago, 2 trees last year. They ain't no good. What're they good for? They don't give you any shade. I'm planting maples & oak trees in their place. Yeh, I got some fruit trees only they ain't got no fruit on 'em. I got a plum tree that grows lemons. One day I expect to look up an' find a watermelon hanging in the tree. Hee hee! When that happens, time to give up milk an' go back to beer. - PUTS QT MILK IN COODORAY JACKET POCKET, 2 CHOC. CAKES, DRINK 1 BOTTLE SODA - goes outside, turns around to speak, ugh! whiff of HEINZ'S Fertilized air strangles him "I was gonna say sumthin' but I got a whiff of that goddam stuff. Ugh! ... wanta help me pass some coal? C'mon!"

- March 5 - a breezy march day, intermittently warm & blowy, skies thick-laden ^{gray} cirrus clouds, sun comes out like lazy yawn, opens slowly, then wide, throwing fast shadows & squares of light thru windows, then closes.

Saturday Shop. Lifting

- Steal into movies on Saturday, caught by Brodie
- Kids (smaller, light-haired w. wool cap) brass broom end, wheels about like Revolt with flaming cross; friend, taller dark-haired boy with liquid soft eyes and wildness, tries to wash something in train switch.
- Ronald, Perkins, re-hairer slow-wit, McLaughlin w. airplane goggles, Reibach, make wooden wagon, put on last year's license plates, make headlights out of tin-cans with bulbs which light up w. batteries.
- Caddie - played w. broomstick handle & peg cut down at both ends; bang one end, up it flies, then hit it far as you can. Like golf in a way. (How score it? who wins? longest distance?)

April 2, '53

Light & Cross St. in front of Colvert Bank (Mr. Sullivan, the shifty-eyed cheap manager who tries to rob me of thousands dollars when the banks closed) hillbilly man, his ancient wife, & little boy. Thickset, middle-height man, grime in his features & ^{knobby} hands, hunter cap, grey & worn, ragged grey tweed-like jacket, grey denim workpants, bulbous shoes - smoking a corn-cob pipe, holding it w. his right hand, holding a bag of quercus in his left, stands on edge of curb, silent, hard, or maybe assuming an indifferent air before the watching, probing city eyes. Maybe he doesn't like the way they

look at his wife, bean-pole thin, a waister, slightly taller than he, a gaunt, ancient face, like a dried legume the skin shrunken & lifeless, 2 heavy little eyes, a warped colorless mouth, a nose small & insignificant, unnoticeable almost. She wears a gonish green kerchief, which intensifies the smallness of her head & her terrible paleness. The fragile frame of her body is lost in a patty grey furcoat, dead muskrat which looks continuously soaked, its hairs matted in repellent clots. Her right hand, from skeletal wrist to finger tips protrude in a fist clutching closed the coat. Beneath the coat's hem, a ~~clot~~ furlow of faded, but once deep, purple hangs, an uneven clump of cloth, like a torn fragment for a flag. Only that much hangs down on her right side; no more of the dress is visible. Thinner as her hands, distressing even more than her wretchedly worn face are her legs, 2 thin poles, crane legs, only more unappealing, since than the wrapping of light stockings, just above multi-colored anklets worn on top of the stockings, the fretwork of veins stand out, blue and free of blood, the handiwork of a life of toil. Her brown shoes are flat-heeled, long & narrow. She stands next to her husband, silent, a frightened, hunted look on her face, ^{as tho'} naked at the city Crossroads. The little boy, surprisingly plump faced but quivering, stands untroubled next to her, in a fur-lined cap, snow-suit, chewing on a stretch-salvaged licorice stick. The husband turns the ^{hooky} Corn-cob in his mouth. The bus approaches

NEGRO ALLEY

Narrow streets, like a corridor unroofed, poles, coal ashes
in roof-tar cans all over, paper in broken windows,
high wooden steps rolled, buckling like teeth in bad
mouth, boards unpainted nailed over ^{green} door panels. A
cellar exit built up, squared off into a room, covered over
with tar-paper, dingy brownish red-flower curtains at
pavement level. ⁽¹⁾ Street is deserted. One door is open.
A Negro man in hat is on his knees taking down
linoleum, talking to a voice in a back room. ^{8 white glass.}
⁽²⁾ Street littered with brown whiskey-bottle glass. A
burned out stove stands before a house beneath a dirty
window.

A burst of noise at the corner. PEWOW! PEWOW!
Three colored children playing cowboys an Indians a cops
an robbers. PEWOW! A little girl, about ten, in knotted
pig-tails, holds up a stick & shoots at

May -
3rd a.m. at night, coughing tubercular heard thru window. Young spotty
hops up steps. Raps twice, goes away. More coughing. A
while later a be-pop with coat unbuttoned, clatters down
street w. spiked shoes slipping as tho it were midday.

ITRS. LEVINE

- Today is Tuesday, I put the garbage out today. They come on Tuesday & Friday to pick up the garbage
- I wish I had never met him. For the advocate, told me before I married him I would have to be the one who'd have to work



Items In Controversy

Last week the Port of Baltimore Commission voted, 4 to 2, for a resolution to give "equal treatment" to all carriers on a new railway pier which the Western Maryland Railway proposes to build with city help. "Equal treatment" means that trucks would be subject to the same pier regulations and charges as railroads. We can expect sharp exchanges of opinion over this vote, which gives a new turn to the long-standing competition between railroads and trucks.

For the benefit of readers who may not be versed in port technicalities, it may be explained that the inequalities complained of fall under three main headings—top wharfage, handling charges and free time. Top wharfage is a charge (amounting to \$1 a ton) on freight brought to a pier by truck or taken away by such a vehicle. Sometimes it is paid by the trucking companies, sometimes the steamship companies absorb it, while sometimes it falls directly on the shipper. In any event, it is not assessed against cargo moved in or out by rail, and it is thus a source of inequality.

Handling charges are assessed to cover the cost of moving cargo around on a pier either prior to loading on a ship or after unloading from a ship. If the cargo moves by rail, the charge is in some cases absorbed by the railroads and in some cases it is assessed against the shipper, depending on the freight rate. If cargo moves to or from the pier by truck, the charge is somewhat higher and must, under the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, be assessed against the shipper.

Free time is the period in which cargo can be left on the pier free of storage charges. Truck-borne cargo is allowed two days' free time. But cargo traveling by rail is permitted seven days' free time in the case of exports and five days' free time in the case of imports. The port survey engineers who went into these matters quite thoroughly two years ago recommended that free time be extended to a minimum of five days for trucks and ten days for rail-hauled export cargoes.

While admitting that handling charges put trucks at a disadvantage, they did not advocate any change either in top wharfage or handling charges.

Port Covington To Share in W. Md. RR Centennial

The Western Maryland Railroad, which has its gigantic grain elevator in Port Covington, will mark its 100th birthday May 27.

Western Maryland has come through three Wars, Spanish-American and 2 World Wars, to greatly expand its facilities in South Baltimore during the past century.

Here at Port Covington, vital grain of more than 4 million bushels, can be stored. This fact alone plays a major role in making Baltimore an important grain port. As a matter of fact, five large ocean-going freighters can warp into the Western Maryland Piers at Port Covington at one time and begin off-loading operations.

But grain is not the only major commodity. There are huge facilities for coal, ore and general cargoes.

To handle the "Black Gold" there is a pier almost 1,400 feet long, and two dumpers hoist 90-ton hopper cars and spill the coal into waiting ships.

At the ore pier the same expeditious means prevail, with 1,100 feet of pier to accommodate six vessels.

Two gigantic cranes are capable of unloading 1,000 tons per hour.

Port Covington is an area rich in historical lore. The piers jut out from the site of old Fort Covington, where a gallant group of young Americans successfully fought off a rear-guard action, when the British bombarded Fort McHenry during the War of 1812.

The Western Maryland Railroad has brought much employment to South Baltimore throughout its one hundred years of existence.

Pratt Library In Brooklyn Schedules Unique Program

Many have enjoyed the Telephone Hour Programs presented over the radio on Monday evening, March 10, there will be an opportunity to see what happens behind the scenes and to watch your favorite Telephone Hour stars as they appear, in a film to be shown at Brooklyn Branch, Enoch Pratt Free Library, 300 Patapsco Ave.

The film, "Rehearsal" was obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Roland Hebdon, Jr., of the Brooklyn-Curtis Bay District of the Telephone Company.

Girl Scouts of Brooklyn-Curtis Bay will present folk dances prepared for their annual Juliette Lowe Party and selections will be played by the Orchestra of School 239.

Mrs. George Bolek, president of the Maryland Federation of Music Clubs, will speak on "Music—Our Pleasure and Responsibility."

This is the fourth and last in the series, "Brooklyn — A Good Place To Live." The program begins at 7:30 P.M. Admission is free and the public is invited. For those who enjoy good music, The Brooklyn Branch of the Enoch Pratt Free Library presents an informal program of recorded music the first Friday evening of every month.

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One-Cen

RFP

About 6⁰⁰ a.m., streets empty, black mongrel dog trots around corner, along Henry's pavement, into alley to: back on fence. In awdella of main street, pigeons start. Birds chirp in trees. Watchman sits on Matthew's step waiting for time to go home.

at 5⁰⁰ - Henry's driver waits in front for opening dark, humid summer - mixed w. odor of Henry's, meaty, would be dependency on ingredients in cooker

Cous bellowing all night, ~~is~~ ^{is} odor by day - Still no protest by neighbors who fear Henry's power of life over them (sleaze: "for life or misbehavior"); Cous escape in street, Henry (parklike in gray suit, cane, porkpie hat) seems men around with force of finger - stand in humble silence of him (no equality or parkgarain in venture) "rope's no good, get stuck" what's his name - go down there to head him off. Johnson don't you go down, there's ^{men} ~~roof~~ down there, water so they don't get away under truck - laugh at people who watch his spectacle

Henry rejects Jewish, negro joint inspectors (unwarily considerations)

son, hefty, but of army: Tells Mrs K. (all whom saw in): "wish my boy were healthy and to go -"

Alb turns back out side door

Kids on vacation: play w. Stables (chasing),
ropes (twirling, lassos, tie up another kid horses)
tri-cans (ducks on the rocks) all abusive "games"
Red-haired kid (less bright-green summer pants,
faded blue shirt): Hey, you mudder figger, come on

I get me - (Drop around belly, tries to bumper)

- B ties rope (brown striped t-shirt, dungarees, crew-cut)
thinks word "MF"; one w. glasses, all Q-cuts

- Colored junk man stops wagon in front of Marie's to pick up
papers that blew off in Saturday November wind. Half dozen kids
appear from main streets, alley, pick up paper, swarm around
horse, pull on bit, pat affectionately (even harsher woman to
colored man). Finally colored man (in brown sheepskin coat & brown
hat) climbs onto wagon, GYOP, and kids race after him, howling,
jumping, hopping onto tail gate, whooping it up all along dirt road
toward park.

- Brown heading but circulars (some used to hunt them) manage
follows him in car, picks him up, "I'll take you on"

- Kids coming home from school (pull down scarves, checked
mackinaws, wool hats, angora hats)

- Car at midnight swirls around onto tracks; curses city for no lights

- in daylight, lumber truck & cars, missing 301 turn at Hanover St,
come down to Wells, see dead end a block away, somehow don't
believe it, continue down to cross fence, see no detour; no dogs
are convinced it's a dead-end, turn around & go back to them,
to ask people who are used to it: where's 301, Hanover St

Annapolis, Washington? Potomac River Bridge? Choptank, Plover

- K-g. Calveras

LIGHT ST.

at Farthest point eye sees on South is top of trees forming a vague dark background. Against this rises a water tower whose stilts lift its ^{rough} ~~top~~ above above the trees, next to it is Lake Washington Co. partly obscured by smoke from an oil-burner engine. Another water tank, its top somewhat below the tree-line stands on left-side of light St. Between the tanks light St runs down emptying into a dead-end which is Ferry's Point. Telegraph poles line unambiguously both sides of the street, cars are parked on both sides. The smoke from the engine is black & rises in heavy puffs which in an eastern wind trails across the street over the water tank rising into the sky. The engine is tied by a line of dead, still box-cars, six of which form a shabby yellow & clay red border frame to the box-car distance. The only movement is the smoke, the frequent speeding by of ^{trucks} autos & before the box-cars on Hwy-Highway which ^{lead} ~~go on~~ for the still gateways to the ships at Port Livingston, or the Hwy-block of Bethlehem Steel, close head on the ~~coming~~ highway whose ~~ending~~ ^{which carries away from Southern Cross, coming} ~~at that part~~ ^{leads to} of light street near the piers. The sounds ^{and} of those of trucks ~~also~~ climbing the hill in second, horns home on lunch hour screaming & chopping - stopping of a car-store for groceries for lunch, a ship's whistle at Port Livingston, clank of metal at Kennedy's, dogs baying, too cold for birds, their chirp is frozen.

Major Illips: Look, B&O roundhouse and left side beyond tank, and look big for train. Signals, engineers on other side of box cars, trains with on tracks in front. Ever so often, a larger light comes out from white clouds lighting up patches of the at Ferry Point, & on the far left where the bay curves around the grain elevator & circles back deep into the Sound. As light plays on street, lights of another facet each time, a sloping roof, going depth to smoke or emptying its fullness, surrounding roundhouse in blackness or silencing its wheels, a frolic paint-brush. Sun warms, bird appears chirping, dogs racing dark on

On a rainy day, the water making pelted sounds
on the roof, the ~~floor~~ brick pavement, & the watery
islands in the road, the sky hangs overhead like
the sagging grey underbelly of an animal, thickens in its
middle & brightens up towards its sides.



- Seven hills, kite-flying in "first field"; 2 hrs dug in cave, fell in

Kennedy's - eleven steps, holes in floor, cracking boards, ancient dust, alarms punched lightly by workman w. yellow lamp, outside windows broken, jagged edges in molding; rusted old machinery; front door & first floor front boarded off; 3d floor

Capt Perry - ending walk around docks, three museum ^{arms} ~~clothes~~ in women's clothes, Everyone on steps, water bins, speculate on man acting as woman, ^{Ruap... (Capt Perry?)} or woman as man; 2 Dalmatians (or two dogs) under boat house; 2 rooms, entering into front, narrow sloping toward shore

- RR - Ghanda - dancers (raise the tide)

Wobash the coffee (stop in more water); Spanish trip (je' plain cowbelly boiled & Spanish sauce poured over)

- Kowap (the stew)

black
leather jacket, hunting cowboy cap,
shopping bag, hard flat oval shoes,
glassy grey eyes, stiff mouth, flat nasal voice twang

W.M.R.R.

SHIR

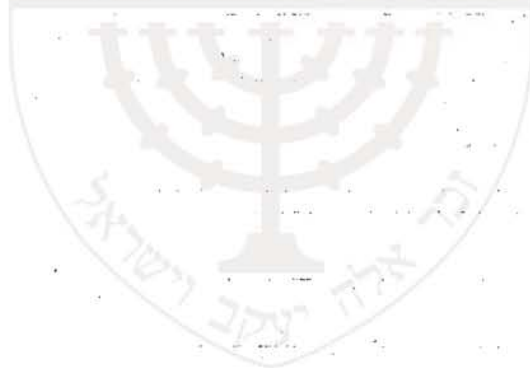
Farmer - worker, dull, slow-speaking - "reason I'm

so late (7³⁰ p.m. Wed, Feb 25) is the mule cable
done broke. Boy, that messed 'Em up. That
mule cable runs up to the mule car, up to
the dump an' then brings it back. Once the
cable broke on a four-pocket car an' that
really messed things up. I work on a
trimmer machine - I trim the coal in the
holds (shoot it into the corners) or I cove it
(build it up in pyramids). That trimmer comes
down on a telescope an' cables. Y'know the
number 2 an' number 3 holds ^(in a Liberty ship) takes up to
40, 50 cars a coal. When there ain't no ship
in at the coal pier, we load scows. Usually
takes about 12, 13 cars. I trim 'em, wal, usually,
I cove 'em. Y' gotta know your business on
them scows... if you don't load 'em right
the first time, y' gotta re-run 'em - take the
scow out, run 'er back an' reload 'er with
the extra car left over. If the captain a' the
tug tells you he's got a bad tug, y' gotta
know how to load it so's he can tow her
out. Yessir, y' sure gotta know yer business -
the weight, how much she holds an' all that.

Reason I come here so late to cash
my check 'zot I don't like to go uptown

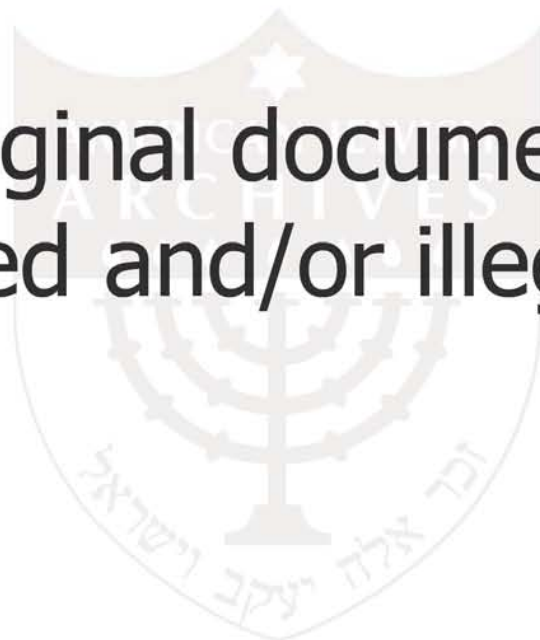
where I live to cash it. Last time I did
it, some fellow came in while I was
gittin' my money, an' he didn't even
try anything, he just turned around an'
followed me out into the street. But I
looked in! I went across the street, then
this way an' then that an' I got
mixed up in the crowd an' I lost
him. So I came here tonight, 'coz
it's safer.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



[start]

Original documents
faded and/or illegible



CHINESE LAUNDRY

Plaster falls from ceiling revealing slats,
next to heavy fly-specked & rusted
flour barrel cage; on entering teller's cage
with railing on opening thru which Alerts
& money negotiated; on right side is
large bell for calling laundryman (Charlie,
Bill ?)



L1647 ST

Negro in slouch hat, glistening black oval face w. gold front
teeth whose face was thick & hairy with wheezy laughter,
complained about sore left foot. He had been working on
deck of ship on cold day unloading coal, the deck
froze in the cold salt air & his foot numbed then
ached with pain. He is now seeing the company doctor.

May -
22nd a.m.

Gay St & Monument. Negro cop to Negro drunk
hanging over mailbox - Hey, you, that's my side
of the street. Get over there to the other side -
Helps pull him across.

LIGHT ST.

Shooting of Foundry, gray brick walls were
dividing the interior forming rubble &
wood for the main pile of twisted
bricks about 8 rows deep, the bulk of coal
was in a half an almost window
and a window but closed, the square flat
roof & the large shadows



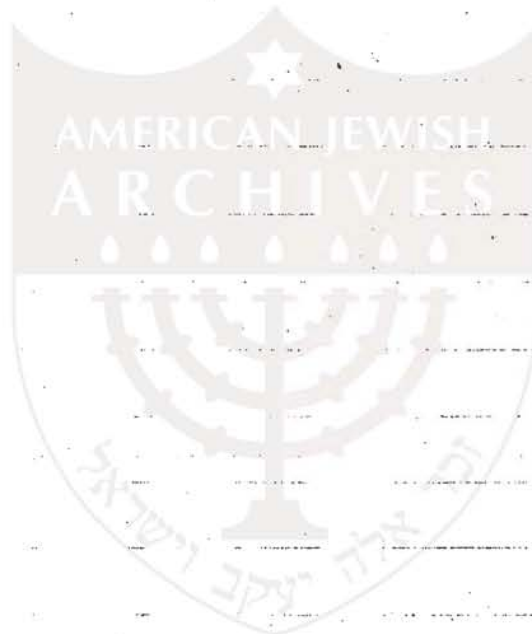
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LIG 117 87.

Oswald, little hunchbacked German, lived in hotel near
Lake Superior, got drunk, bot bathtub down market
went on spree chopping trees and window-frame of Abbe's
store. He took him to jail - Oswald paid him \$10
& paid everyone else.



Old man Morris, big heavy Philadelphian who lived
 up the block and was father-in-law to Raymond
 Hering, had curative powers. When Abe had headache
 Morris came down, put both his hands on his head,
 "I don't know whether he said anything or not"
 and, believe it or not, my headache went away.
 I swear to God it did.



- The pushers, the Trides and deceivers get ahead in the hospital accident room.
- The sprawling fat colored women turn their heads automatically to see the stocking line of a passing colored girl.
- The faded old invalid administrator, upset by everything going wrong, help on vacation, nobody working, faded white hair, powdery sagging cheeks, lady in brown, walking clumsily down aisle, climbing over feet like hurdles, annoyed, chart in hand, pencil in hand.
- The sweet plump silver-haired appointment woman, greying eyelids, dark lips, small neat lips, suggestion of mustache, large bosomed meeting in brooch - suggesting kindly answers - "You can't pay much, can you? Your sister doesn't live with you, does she? She doesn't help support you, does she?"
- The young women attendants - crisp & sweet, sharp & patronizing to the negroes, O.K. Edwin, I'll get you out by 11:00, just have a seat; the hefty big one in black suit - "What's in that bag?" to the colored women in whitening grizzle hair, Biblical prophet face, distracted manner - "Eat!"
- The fat froggy one in bulging sweater, bulging black skirted middle & behind, sugar face, on every

using, shows charitable kerchief & brooch in mirror, puts it, places into waiting room w. Chart in hand.

- The trim, dark Jennie Brunette, Sweet Sophisticated, abrupt hand to Negroes (Either out of sheer boredom of dealing w. Such People,

- The old man from Frederick, walking haltingly w. cane, crippled by swelling feet. Flat blunt nose fin, captured chin, silvered abundant hair, blinking dull eyes, an animal placidity - Evokes 1st 1st jolly from mercantile girl at desk & a maternal fondness from old woman.

- The ageless patriarch Negro, gurgly white beard, servile asking for appointment - "gotta get to work, ma'am by noon" - I'll do what I can to get you out of here by then. We're very busy today. But I'll do what I can. Is that all right? "Yes ma'am". All right, then, sign your name your seat over there and I'll see you soon as we're ready for you. "Thank you, ma'am".

The pretty little girl at the desk. Next to the old man sat a big resolute negro, hands folded, a patient waits a heavy strong oval face, thick and fancy sideburns, golden wire-rimmed glasses, gold teeth [an old-time postal clerk, grocery clerk, like in the movies, w. ^{silver}gaiters, barber-shop jacket] patient, resigned, legs awkwardly folded - Driven impassiveness.

240

10

240

430

280

macaron
mues, ladyfinger, custard

den. yellow malinsey

er powder

monile tea (perpetration)

esegnete Mahlzeit!

intisol has 3 rooms

pool, cues, rack, carambolage

Faux-frais; assez

scow, thole pins

dark floured chintz

fur tippets

partorres

footman or the algaire

light blood & virgious desires

boette (harlot?)

marzipan hares

bishop (punch)

mignonette borders

ragout of shee-fish, julienne soup

échauffement

little white batiste serirette

silk portierres

majestic equipage, calèche

utru, /

Black-water woman, pale face, white hair, black sunglasses, walks up & down like ancient Roman lions, like city & blows plumes of smoke

lovely dotty couple - plump black-haired dark complexion - twiddle thumbs, pick at each other's cheeks, walk thru door hand in hand, only time release each other is to smoke

three administrators - red face, ridge-eyed face like heavy covered green, surprisingly vivacious & charming, Josh Brandy walk

old farmer, serene face, white-haired parted ending in curls on forehead, large vacant washed-out grey-blue eyes,

shrunken mouth open breathing heavily whole pudgy body harmonizing in rest & full of breath, blue-veined hands dead-fallen on kneecaps, swollen feet, unlaced shoes, swollen white bandaged feet

withered grey bag, salt-dry preserved hair, fleshy face, wide grin - false teeth, left arm in cast since "23d of Jan.", belly pop, larger below waistline than above, face indented like peanut with long fox nose, sarcastic to nurse, "Wal, you ain't gotta wait!" "My doctor called 'em up an' told 'em'. He's dandy, Ol' lady - "Hiya, Ole Timmer!"

kindly old negro in wheelchair, wire specs worn open smile, shy daughter w. 2 front teeth, pretty Eliz. Taylor doll - baby-like skin negroes, doe-eyed girl is hard-headed girl w. tiny

old woman took comb out of her
hair & combed old man's, putting
wave in front. Removes dirt
from comb & puts back
in own hair; cup of water,
talks to Negroes about ears,
eyes, & throat (flat chest,
thick middle, fat legs
grubby in brown cotton stockings)
stretched black hair in ^{ribbons} white,
sharp ~~black~~ ^{black} breaks, no lips
(false teeth) convex space,
then almost jutting jaw;
gets towels; she snuffles
under nose, bedroom slippers
clap along hall, gets more
water [she tells old man
on wheel-chair, undershirt,
belly naked, cover by blanket,
mouth open, eyes red flared,
must take your medicine]
she hangs over wheel-chair, warning
- can't do anything anymore

HOSPITAL

^{white} in shirt, rolled up sleeves, grey pants, suspenders
 No teeth, red leathery skin, wis-top bristly greying hair,
 rimless specs, chewing tobacco or no teeth?
 I feel good, yo' sittin here like this an' down nothin'.
 My feelins are good. But I can't excit myself. They
 think it's because the blood is stuckin' to the insides
 of my veins. y'gh, poor circulation. Y'know how it is with
 an ole piece a pipe? The way the rust sticks inside?
 Well that's the way it is with me. They say the blood
 that comes ^{turn} into my leaders don't get inf oxygen. I'm
 sposed to be the only case like this they got here. I
 mean, right now. They had 2 or 3 cases like me
 a long time ago, but I'm the onliest one now. (Moves
 rubbery lips) They sent my blood out to California. Out
 to a professor out there who's sposed to be the
 onliest one who knows anythink about this kinda case.
 It's special. They ain't heard from him yet. That's why it's
 takin so long. (eyes twinkle) red knobby cheeks) They give me a bottle a medicine this
 big to take. It costs \$36, a big bottle like that an'
 you take one or them a day. Think a' that, \$210 a
 week. Course, I don't pay for it. The hospital pay
 for all that, But ain't that sumpin, tho', \$210 each
 week!

y'know I don't think them doctors here really
 know what is the matter with me. I got to see
 the medical charts -- y'ain't sposed to see 'em (clucks

blood to
 Col.
 now
 to
 cost
 name that
 long
 leathers
 my heart
 an' fine
 P.E. table
 \$36 a bottle
 med.
 \$210 a wk.

charts
 City Hospital
 morning

eye cunningly) but I got to see 'em. They don't
know what I got. One of 'em wrote down on one
of 'em charts I got a murmur. But I ain't got
no murmur (clicks lips again, chew lip). I know a little

bit about this, 'coz since I been comin' here, I been
readin' about medicine an' different things in the
paper. One of 'em thinks it's angina pectoris. I
seen one of 'em charts an' they had a word
on it as long as that (holds finger length of
an eel); I don't know what the hell that
was. When I get hold a them charts I memorize
the word an' then I go out an' look it up.
It's tough as hell to get to them charts here,
they got orders you ain't s'posed to see 'em,
Christ, in City Hospital you can just walk
over to the table an' read any goddam chart
you want to. Them nurses leave 'em around
any goddam place. But it's different here.

Russ pleasant
dull white
face, black
hat, shirt
buttoned at
collar

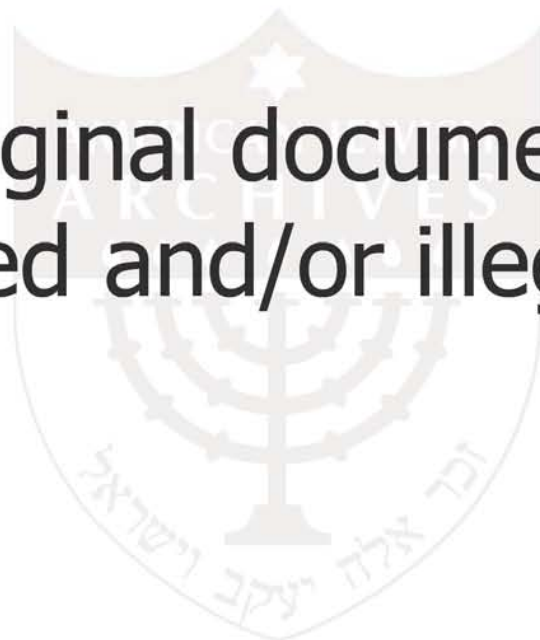
I gotta get Examint today an' get more
a that medicine. You gotta take care a yourself
else you throw up the crap.

- hot, July 16 - Begins mopping brow with ^{CANDY} crumpled handkerchief. God a mercy, I'm burning up...
- Medium-height, powerfully-built ego in undershirt, dungarees & rubber apron, stays large colored girl w. thin sloping breasts & protruding stomach, grabs her hands & moves them back & forth like ^{taut} ~~taut~~ malleable wires.



[start]

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Bestin' you bad, eh boy? Sinkin' yet? Gettin' ye upon
 your toes, eh boy? ^{say to young nigger helping by.} Big proud Negro, works for old man
 w. drawn skeletal face like chimpanzee. They talk about
 death, [Albright went to New York, dead already] the way
 young mothers talk about births. Old man (in large
 misshapen brown beaver hat, blue double-breasted overcoat,
 striped green shirt & thick-knotted ^{deep} green tie, blue check-striped
 pants & vest button-opened in middle & stained w. potato
 dust) nervous movement of upper lip against tip of
 nose, form of upper plate pressing flesh in hard ~~to~~ arc
 to flat-nose tip. Can't see basket potatoes for \$3.50.
 Well with him, says Negro scratchin' back walkin' up &
 down restlessly in sun. Looks at mud-streets, ^{bird-guarded} Buick.
 "At boy must come from Somewhere in 'th' country."
 "Whuh?"
 - "I say he must come from 'th' country" nods at muddy Buick
 - "At's a good car." Nods toward car.
 - "What? Gay!" Irritated

old nigger in slouch hat, burlap bag apron over
 dirty dungarees throws brown at dog in middle of
 street. Dog shrinks in terror, races across street before car,
 hides under big wheel of trailer truck, panting. "Whoo-wee!"
 the negro cries, his eyes glittering, his spittle-edged mouth
 hanging wide with playful, biting glee. "Whoo-wee!" his
 laugh swung around in tennis follow-thru, "Lookat 'er scoot!
 Goddam!" In fish market, white young blood throws

empty fish-box, then another at cat sniffing around
for fish entrails. The box ~~cracks~~^{ow} the ground,
ice flakes flutter, man barks-growls: "Goddam cat!"

chickens hang down, head first, from hook on pole
in front of old man's - a sickly yellow pined
skin, dead mouth open, glass button eyes, and ^{dark red} feathers
tufted thickly and blood-clotted on head and back-ends.

distracted
look
of
chicken
eyes,
startled,
spasmodic



CHICKEN KILLER

a large upended rectangle, faded white-wash walls, splattered with dried blood, crimson, scarlet, the bare necessities of its work - on the far right wall, large crates fixed one on another & screened with wire, ending in a little partitioned office (where the money is kept & the light is on only when the Shochet's wife ^{or daughters} are there), on the adjacent walls the switch boxes. These boxes is three boxes in which the bulg bag, into which the feathers from the machines are emptied - hang, wrapped dirty orange crates before the bulg bag. In front of this wall are banks for machines - in the wall the day one has a furnace which removes the large feathers, leaving the blood & wings (which, on either side two smaller machines which clean more minutely timing it makes. A third smaller one on the far right is idle, unused. The third long wall - a glaring unshaded bulb hangs over the middle large machine exposed, suspended on a long cord from the ceiling. The bulb is bloodied & feathered & casts a yellowish light. A white pipe leads from the switch box over to the machine feeding it power. Midway along the third wall there is a small platform on which the Shochet stands. The Shochet is a short fleshy man whose face seems to rest on his ~~apron~~ ^{aproned} bosom. As he stands on the platform which suggests a pulpit, he holds a chicken in his hand, holding its head back until its neck protrudes and its mouth tears open in

1
frightened wretched caw. With the glinting sharp roza-knife in his right hand he severs the bone & flesh on the forepart of the neck, blood spurts over his hands & apron & on the wall, the chicken, eyes bulging to the limits of strain, screeching in final agonized terror, is tossed headfirst into ^{one of} ~~the~~ metal-tanks the six openings in the metal tank. The feet of the chicken scratch the air in desperate clutching, they beat, strain, clench, open, cry almost, & then as life spills its end from the ~~slat~~ ^{slat} ~~throat~~, the feet ^{lash} ~~scrap~~ out in one final grasping movement, and then the bird collapses lifelessly in the tank.

10/1/20
The shochet, his tall satin & spotted yamulka regal on his head, turns in his delicate and stiff small steps away from the tank, toward the wall in front of him. He is a quiet man, intent on his business, and as he bends toward the slate on the wall on which ^{is a buffer - the slate upon which} he checks up the chicken just killed, he seems to mutter in greying ^{black} ~~black~~ beard, mutter or pray or perhaps he is just clearing the hair which laps over the edge of his lower lip.

He rubs both his plump & white-skinned hands together, raises his bi-focals to review his slate, and wiping his hands on his blood-stained white apron, he turns in stiff tag-life steps to his left, to the chicken crate filled with hens and roosters and ducks & turkeys. Thursday is always the busy killing day for the Jewish people buy for their Sabbath meals. He bends over the crate, plucks out another red hen by its legs, holds it ^{under} ~~between~~ the wing-pits, snarrows its head with one hand, then draws back the head so the neck

protrudes holding the head with the same hand ^{which} ~~with~~ clamps
tighter the wings, and with his free hand he razors the
throat. He is supposed to say a prayer with each killing -
a prayer that he is not killing wantonly but for the sake
of God & men - perhaps that is the reason for his beard-
chewing. He wrices after the slitting the throat, & throws the
bird in the can. Meanwhile, the young negro, who is
medium in height but very powerful & muscular, takes up
the dead bird & runs off its surplus feathers in the large
machine. He then hands it to the older negro (Khaki
shirt, dark grey pants, boots, weathered lined face, large-
brimmed slouch hat) who finishes the cleaning in the
smaller machine.

blue
baseball
cap,
rubber apron
& boots

Next to the crate of chickens at the side of the Shovel,
there is a small table which leans against the wall.
On this are stacked old newspapers for the wrapping of the dressed
fowl. Another stack is against the fourth wall. A large clock
with a rusted gold-colored pendulum advertising a jewelry
company is on this wall. Parallel to it is a long
metal rack with many hooks on which the dressed birds
are hung until their owners come for them.

There is no system of identification of which bird belongs
to whom - the shochet guesses or somehow remembers. His wife
& two daughters are the bookkeepers and wrapped in coats & kerchiefs
try desperately to keep tabs on the going-on - who brought in

what clocks, which values boy get credit for
dressing how many, how much to charge for
each bid (from 20¢ to 30¢ depending on how much
of a battle the customer puts up)



[end]

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On ^{Matthew} steps, suddenly Bobbie holds up guidon, darts down steps, ^{"Charge!"} turns abruptly at lamppost and stops, raising guidon aloft. Porkie, w. rife in hand, bolts down after him, followed by Eddie, Pete & Charley. Buck who, holds onto rail, & takes fast. Ambitious steps down, behind him is another nondescript kid. In front of Bobbie they form a cluster, bumping into each other. Bobbie cries out: "Line Up Straight!". They look right, then left & adjust to straightness, Charlie-Buck constantly uncertain of his standing & watching the others as he imitates their moving. When the line is straight, Bobbie, who is larger, bolder than the others, cries out "Charge!" and holding the guidon high above his head, he wheels about & stampedes down the street, his cavalry charge full hoof-beat behind him. Midway down the street Porkie & Eddie decide to desert & they run to the right over toward Henig's. Bobbie races on toward the factory pavement, & leaps up onto the delivery door platform. Charlie runs but is confused; for a moment he seems to head toward Porkie & Eddie, then suddenly he veers toward Bobbie & his straggling followers. Charlie stops in front of the doorway. He does not try to leap up, instead he places his hands which hang too far out of his pea jacket into his pockets, and stands there waiting for the next excitement. Bobbie lets himself down from the doorway, & listlessly leads his cortege back to the steps, with Charley following. When they reach the steps they plop down on the cold stone. Charlie stands at the foot of the rail, his hands in his pockets. He notices Campbell walking down the street in front of Henig's & he shrieks: "Hey Charley Buck, you goddam hill-billy!" Campbell stops, obviously surprised, then turns toward Charley, twisting his groin at him & holding

up a banana with short poking movement. Charly
looks, cries his greeting with great abandon, while
Coughell continues his way. It's 5 o'clock, the
women come out of the open door, the kids move
to one side, Bobbi's mother calls him & he
leaves, Charlie hobbles across the street toward
home, & the remainder looks a moment then
disappears.



Oct. 28, 2 days before Halloween, in Frank Yee's basement laundry, 3 postmen, one sitting in corner before counter, one sitting on other side of counter next to mound of clothes, & tall ^{burly} one standing bent not to smack head against slanting ceiling. Yee leans on counter, puffing cigarette. Burly guy is feeling his thighs, "Solid... it's all solid, Frank, not an ounce a fat on that..."

"How much you weigh?" Frank asks w. animation.

"Two hundred an fifty..."

"Jesus Christ!" Frank acts staggered. "Two hundred an fifty?" He is standing up deliberately tight, anticipating shock. A pause then "How much you wife weigh?"

"My wife... how d'you like that? Now he wants to know how much my wife weighs?"

"Ninety pounds," the short one near the clothes pound volunteers.

"Ninety... an two hundred fifty? Christ... you make her mess potatoes..." The men break into a raucous laugh, as Frank singly walks over to shelves where neat ^{brown} packages of shirts are stacked.

Burly one, with no hat on penning thick head of black hair, is baiting Frank Yee. "Hey, Frank, I thought you said the Chinese knew all the secrets? You said they knew everything about getting it up... then why in the hell do you take pills to get it up... The Chinese know it all, eh, an you gotta take

American pills...

Man been wound holdin up hand with finger measuring size of a whiskey-glass shot. "Gittin' it up?" He gets it up that much an' he thinks he's got something... Heh heh... (Grow more bitter) Christ, the other day after he took his pills it gets up on him an' he tells me, "Hey, look, look, look at it," an' Christ, it's all he had, an' pfffft, 'fore he can do anything with it 'it much is gone too.

Frank is pink skin deep in embarrassment. The postman on the other side of the counter finally speaks, in the same insinuating manner of the others, "Hey, Frank, let's see those pictures..."

Frank is saturated w. ridicule & is touchy.
"All right, here comes customer in as regular"

Commission market

Tues hot afternoon August - 3 little colored kids,
boy about 6, ~~little~~ girl about 6 in skirt w/ top
riding a stick, girl about 9 w. felt from
mother in hair holding head back by

SPM

gun
carrots

the girl



Journey of the Blindman

May 12, blowy day, wind snapping at dresses & hat brims, turning in full & richly grown green leaves of cottonwood trees like heads of woman's hair; sky is an endless ^{grey} moving of spongy clouds, thick & heavy & voluptuous with rain, swollen like a woman's filled belly - on this day clear sharp tapping of cane on pavement, 3 short tappings, pause 4 tappings, pause, an ^{un-}ending tapping, groping on the harsh fitting pavement. The blind man is large, wide-shouldered, his flattened chest slopes out filling his black vest in a firm roundness at ~~to~~ ~~the~~ the belt-line. His suit is a banker's, a minister's, oxford grey or black, his shirt is crisp, starched, high collared, long wrists, tie is black, firmly-knotted, his well-worn grey hat is soft felt, its ^{brim} yields to the wind in an unresisting flapping. As the wind blows nipping at his open surge-heated coat lapels & front & at his hat-brim, his open & sightless eyes flutter aimless, viewless. His face is hard, with the hardness that is stamped in often in Polish working-man's faces, cheeks rising like in hand rubbing knolls, his nose high-bridged & ending in a blunt, almost smothered-in flatness, & a square chin like the end of a cigar box. He holds cane in right hand, in left ^{standing} a black cardboard suitcase & from forefinger a small white-paper wrapped package. ~~Now~~ down-to-down canvasser. A blind preacher. He walks past Ale's store, steps down, strikes the tracks. He stops abruptly. Turns left, feels his way along the track, feels the gravel-shielded asphalt break into the edge of cobble-stone. He taps the hard-rounded surface of the cobble-stone

wind feels the rain pools around the telephone poles & near the wire fences, turning the black slate smooth surface into sporadic networks of iridescent ripples, silverish gleamings against the black pool stamped out like a misshapen artist's palette against the gravel, asphalted earth. The pole rises like a giant phallus out of the unequal dark water, the falling wetness forming a heavy backing, twinkling how & then like raw tortured nerves waiting to be touched. Rusty sun-brick ^{wind-lashed} ^{rain-soaked, piny} for man & animal gashed by wind, boys' knives, rust for fleeing sparrows, supporting 2 rows of 80 wire ends, 2 heavy brass cables & on this below, eternal & unimpeded utility

wind blows
paper fitfully.

strikes the manhole cover, & suddenly finds his white cane splashing
in a pool of water. He makes a step forward uncertainly, his body
leaning in the direction of the cane. He feels the wetness in his
black shoes & eagerly seeks his way ~~out~~ away from the H₂O (is it a

puddle, a stream, a gutter, a rivulet under a culvert, the edge of a lake,
the shoreline of a river, the coast of an ocean? A seeing man
temporarily blindfolded would here know panic. A blind man
has a greater power with which he has long ago made his
peace, settled his terms, and all else is but inconvenience, the bother
^{which ultimate resignation orders on all of life.} of the temporary moment. His unknowing feet lead him a step further
into the puddle. His ~~the~~ cane waves with greater urgency, and touching
only a deepening wetness, it raises higher & ~~smashes~~ ^{flashes thru} the air & then
strikes the outer line of the pole. With sure instinct & with the dumb
plungish movement of an animal, he backs away from the pole
& the muddy puddle. He taps his way, unrealizingly, just this side
of the puddle's edge, across a ^{short} span of the lumpy cobble-stones,
crosses the corner of the asphalt street, feels the grit of the gravel
road, pauses a brief moment as his cane strikes a decline which is
the cement gutter, slowly lifts his cane to feel the edge of the curb,
fingers its rounded surface as though it were his hand caressing
the contours of a face, & then decisively steps onto the paved walk
along the side of Tommy's. His cane feels the grooved line which
marks the meeting of cement blocks in the center of the pavement.
His feet follow the lead of his cane, the third foot - or the
first foot - along the reliable way-mark. Ten steps, he strikes
the side of Tommy's green wooden cellar-door - automatically
thrusts out the cane to the right side, immediately steps to the side,
walks forward several paces, slides out again the groove & slowly,
by measured tapping, measured stepping walks to the end of

a woman
holding ⁱⁿ her
right hand,
crosses over the
street & with
her left hand
automatically
leads him to
pavement edge.

the black. His cane footling over the edge of the pavement, he turns about, & feels for the side of the wall w. ^{cane} raised as high as his knee-cap. He continues to tap his way along the wall w. raised cane, when Michael Eden, bloated, ~~is~~ a 25-yr-old man w. the girth and bulging hard buttocks of a man of 40, comes on to the edge of Tommy's curb w. the hulk leap over the gutter that the blind man so ^{ardently} painfully negotiated. Michael, his black leather jacket zipped up against the cold wind, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his light light blue pants feeling the warmth of his thick softening thigh flesh, stands for a moment on the curb rim watching the blind man feel his way along the wall. ~~of his~~ ^{his} Michael wonders if the blind man will stop, after 4 more steps at the ^{white wooden} doorsteps of his own house, & ask for ~~alms~~ ^{the purchase of pencils or a printed religious poem} & in that way which is so humiliating to deny (I am blessed to see, he is cursed not to see, am I not as a Christian Catholic brother shunned, widowed, obligated to help him, my accursed Christian brother; yet there is a touch of blackmail - there are millions of blind people on the face of the earth, must I aid them all? And - It is not my fault they are blind, And, humiliating the thought - what if I, my father, my brother, any or all of my blood were blind, would we not seek such aid & make the dejection, the desperate sense of outcast, if we were so denied, rejected. But the rationalization - there are institutions for the blind, charities for the blind, I do not give to any of these - but they are there nonetheless & why should I be bothered?) Michael waits until the man passes his house, finds the central groove again, & taps his

back along the pavement, when the blind man is safely distant from his house. Michael turns his head aside in a vigorous movement as though to extirpate his vision, ^{passing} ~~figure~~ out of existence, steps down onto the gravel dirt road, walks past the parked cars along Tommy's curb, looks once at the blindman, then over to the factory, & swiftly enters his house & the ^{undisrupting} safely behind the closed door.

The tapping continues. The tall blindman reaches the end of the curb and stops. His cane touches the curb's rounded edge & resonates in harmony with his mind. His tapping gently is like the fingers in thoughtful movement on the edge of a glass, 'let us think ^{turn} our next step'. His appearance is that of bewilderment, perplexity. What does he want here altogether? If one knew his purpose in this neighborhood, one could offer help? A cattle-truck driver looks at the man dully, as though a piece of the landscape, passes him by as he leaps up the two back steps into the saloon.

A band of ^{gay, playing, skipping kids} ~~of~~ kids, huddled against the ^{chill} ~~cool~~ air, 3 little boys, another Swede on a tricycle, & 2 little girls (one ^{dances then walks}) conspicuous in ^{bright} red jacket, gather around blindman, timidly following him, one after another walking in front of him to look into his eyes & wincing pathetically, feeling a dread, as though here is the mystery of death, the face of death, an aspect of the unknown, like in the movies, the foveal dark depths of the unknown jungle, the terrifying unknown in the faces of cannibals & voodoo doctors, the sorcery & superstition, so evocative are they in the pity & terror of this walking aspect of death. They trip across his cane, one after another & he says, "go away."

"Please go away," and they listen to the voice, the wail, the call out of the pained jungle death face, and they ³ silently, timidly, walk, slip backwards toward a step, water in caught trances numbness the passing of the blind man &

when he is along ^{the} way, out of the orbit of their child-fishing & child-knowing, a shock of gaiety goes up, they stomp, up & about the steps, & they are cowboy & horses & motorcycle policemen & airplanes, all of the words of imagined life in whose vibrant ^{breathings} precincts death has come & gone & left nothing but a distant memory, perhaps never to be recalled until the final meeting with the master itself.

Along the block the tapping, across the street 2 little girls & an infant brother gallop the pavements holding aloft in the May breeze the lush green leaves on a Cottonwood branch wrenched from the tree by the storm of the night before. The tapping to the end of the block. It crosses the street swiftly, loading any cars, safely with the touch of the curb, ^{the single} ~~the~~ step of a store, inside & the tapping is at an end.

A red truck pulls up, a little youth with belt gridding his waist leaps onto the pole, steps its rungs to the lower cable, flung the belt around the pole, & arched against it, he calls in, tests the cable, comes down & disappears.

At 6:30 in eve, truck returns w. another guy (see next page). Midway along the factory fence, kids brand new U.S. fast, have ~~latter~~ w. waving U.S. flag, probably influenced by cavalry film.

BLIND

Hemorrhage of the retina caused man's blindness; went to hospital, got a serum, a week later he had 30% his vision, got his license & drives a car. I got between 7 and 10% (bony-thin man, medium height, gold rimmed wire specs, eyes somewhat crossed, thin much wrinkled skin, walks shuffling steps, almost bumps into person, then moves out of way, with listless mechanical movements of toy soldier run down)



AS

- height of indignation, reads about rabbi who killed wife on YK after Kof Noko Street

Always trying to get something cheap. Buys potatoes from "ay. rob" who carries samples in his pocket. Brings in bag. Mr howls. Don't want 'em, mister. These ain't the same potatoes you showed me. Don't want 'em." But Mr comes in. Bag is half empty. Take 'em out. Take 'em out. Huh, half empty."

Mr right, don't get so excited. Christ, you don't have to take 'em. You make more noise over a bag o' taters than I make over a hundred dollars. You say you're tryin' a house. I'll take 'em out. (Little man, pox marks show on his face, baggy blue jacket & pants, cuffs too short, socks wrinkled woolly at ankles, wet footed walk, toothless chewing gums, (or tobacco) watery slippery eyes, veined hands)

- indecisive - wanders thru shopping day - shall I get this? get that?
- Outside Chief's window, loiters, looks then returns to car
- dirty clothes at home - grey work shirt, black pants, battered hat, khaki sweater
- his about age, always nearer 60, like Bekky, at death noticed in paper, 56 (Sunny tells me: 'y'know, she was just 56')

Mrs. Ahe

It's a wazel thing. If the
mother has wazel, the children
have too. If the mother doesn't
have, the children don't too.

People need mysteries - the
Secret talk of car dealers,
paleman - the private vocab.
ularies (of children (their
giggles, tongue - sticking), of
little girls (dreams, dolls)
adolescents, school days,
professors, even people,

LOVING

- Tie before marriage, she could bear it, Uncle told her.
- At wedding, Chase had w. food, can't sit down w.o. them; sit at table, Mrs. the busy is watching off her daughter (checked up copybook w. address)
- old guesses at who is watching him busy.
- Mother of Mrs. had 4 children by first husband, a bookbinder, he died she married his assistant, he fathered Sam, Mar, Harry. Never made a living from binding books (un? how many books can you bind in a small town?) Fargisen galoshes (regarding galoshes), and ; you can make vasser oif kashke. They didn't get along too well. Her mother had to support family by going to various ^{village} markets selling soda water, _____ . Father didn't get along w. step-children, one of whom was almost as old as he. Besides, he was very religious & spent most of his time in study.

AB

There is no Jew without a Complex



very tall bareheaded white-blond
hair, soaked clamor's jacket, walks
in clear glow of rain, stops in Blyth,
pulls bottle from groin, drinks Swig,
shakes head as looks at bottle,
like a seductive woman who betrays
him even in embrace, puts back pint
under belt near groin,

ocean fish, haddock w. stripe,
small flat porgy, Nova Scotia

cod, big salmon, (lake trout)
green purple macherel, pink-flesh
cod, salt eels for bait, Crab meat
fresh prebied, Chincoteague clams
(small neck, cherry stone - by
pint, quart, gallon), white-beaked
flounder, skunk woz & ice of
sea, wetness clings to the
stalls & merchants, M.V. Smith
& Son cutting, wrapping, pig
Crab meat, the frozen niggers,
being around & shouting to
parkers of cars, the boots,
white smocks, & glistening
wet concrete floor, the vague
dim lights, the crude merchants
damning the opius (with much
cod-skin, hair, skulls & tails
- 35¢/lb, glass-baby)

Doc Fat on his neck
looked like beginning of
another man's head - fat coil



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(F)

PIGEON RACE - Friday night, May 8, about 8⁰⁰ w. oncoming of darkness, 20-25 cars clutter up neighborhood in that disorderly cluttering which cars make when assembling at horse races, accidents, unlike the parking at funerals, outside factories, or drive in movies, the kind of bumper-to-bumper parking along the gully next to He's & the grocers behind, the sharp angular parking in front of Hing's & ESCO, parking ^{too far} on the pavement, too far in the street, parallel & perpendicular to each other, obstructing streets or reducing traffic ways to ^{near} ~~about~~ footpaths is almost the parking of impulsive men, who in spontaneous ^{absorbed} ~~directing~~ concern for their spot lot in eager curiosity for seeing the blooded corpse, or the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~restless~~ viewing of the extent of damage, or in passionate zeal to bring comfort to the afflicted & pained. Thus, this parking is careless, reckless, & a thoughtless abandon. On the Friday night, w. the cars so parked, the So. Beeto. pigeon club (8 Social) assembled in Charley's Wicklen's stable to prepare for Sunday morning's race. The wide gates whose white-washed visage had long since grown warped & blackened, were held open by wood sprags. Under the naked glare of bulb lights suspended from the board ceilings, the men milled about, happy-voiced, the dilly-joking Germans & Irish & Poles & Italians, the pigeon connoisseurs talking their pigeon talk, their special argot about pigeon care, pigeon racing, pigeon breeding, while others, the professional racers eager to complete all the details of preparing for the race, stood at the two ^{wooden} ~~single~~ tables in provided on horses, registering the "cock birds" & the "hen birds", tagging their legs w. the numbers of

registry. The more vigorous activity centered at the table which
stretched across the width of the stable

cock
hen

standing
drozzle

Pigeon
homer
looks at
eye, spread
of swiftness
of wings



LIGHT ST.

on a hot mid-July day when pavements bake hot
- at Public Municipal Bath in Cross St market, 2 little colored
(one a girl)
kids, in dirty garters run into white man's toilet, young
woman stands on step & cries out: "Come outta there, come
outta there this minute!" She doesn't dare go in because
it is a man's toilet, on top of that a white man's. A hearty
white man of 60's warmly says: "At's all right, woman, All
they want is a drink of water. Heh heh. Here y'all, kids."
And he helps them to a drink in the bucket scale. "At's
all they wanted, a drink, heh heh!" Heh Scamper out, then
to form turn heads back, "Thanks, masta!" "At's all right,
heh, heh!" And finally, the woman, "Thanks!"

- At Light St. Commission market, young Negro toughs, w. open
stunt fronts, grey caps, in mock battle w. knives between
vegetable trucks & horse wagons & refuse. They pass at each
other, abruptly stop & put away knives w. proud clack of blades. Younger
independent boy w.o. cap squares one of the combatants. "Hey, you!"
The offended combatant calls out. "I ain't talkin to you," the
young one says, swinging aside in a jerking arrogant movement.
The combatant flares up angrily, fixes a murderous grip on the
younger's arm, & cries out, his white teeth flashing brightness,
"You mudderfucker!" The younger tears loose from the grip &
disappears into the maze of trucks & wagons & carts & horses.

- At the March market, where movement is electric, hot &
swirling, where great ^{silver} wheeled vans jostle back & forth, park
& maneuver in traffic, where chains of Negroes toss melons
from one truck into another setting the green melons on beds of

young, fiercely strong
bay, where Negro hucksters & their wiry, bony little helpers
load their "Ay-ahs" w. bananas, glistening yellow &
ripe full onto paper-beds in horse-drawn wagons, & tumbled
melons & the green good things of the earth, where Jewish
store-keepers, & fat-bellied Negro street-vendors w. battered old cars
load up w. baskets of cantaloupes & onions, & the white.
shirred, blue-bloomered, white-capped horse cops walk
the stalls to watch the knots of happy hollering jags
Nigger boys & to straighten out the wrong-parked cars, &
the squad cars & police marauds stalk the area bearing
swift death from heated trawls & blazing wheel knife
blades, where in the midst of all this wildness & limited
clamor, a tom-tom might be heard as proper setting
for jungle pulses & primitive passions merging, melting in
the furo & gas smoke of commerce in a heart-searing
anti-human crescendo. March market on Wednesday, hot July
morning. Away from the cars crawling upon each another,
the farmer's boats anchored across the to go. The calm of
the Bay a hand's length distant. The grass is green across
the way. The farmer seeks the commerce. But he can't have
it without the Sunk. And the clamor. And the fighting Nigger
boys. And the arguing Jewish merchants. He can't have the
calm of his bay, the serene & settled lines of his
bay boat cabin, that & commerce, too make a choice. Flip
your coin. I'll straddle the bay & the asphalt street. I'll
have the peace of my boat, my foreign guest & let them cross
over & come to me for what they need. I'll give them the same
kind of my land & let them feel in their bones even for an

without the selfishness of this roaring has important change.

LOMBARD

ST.

middle-height

Russian Village Store

choleric character, w. ^{middle-height} clearly, jowled face, high-blooded, sporting cap.
pink muslin sport shirt, dark blue pants bulging pot stomach w. zipper
opening at height of navel, feels cucumbers for their sturdiness: "Don't go away!
I want a pickle!"

"Take one, they're right back!"

"Don't go away. No I want one pickle! Boi, They're so good!"

"They're good. Honest. ~~Any~~ They're sweet as sugar. My wife just made a salad
with 'em..."

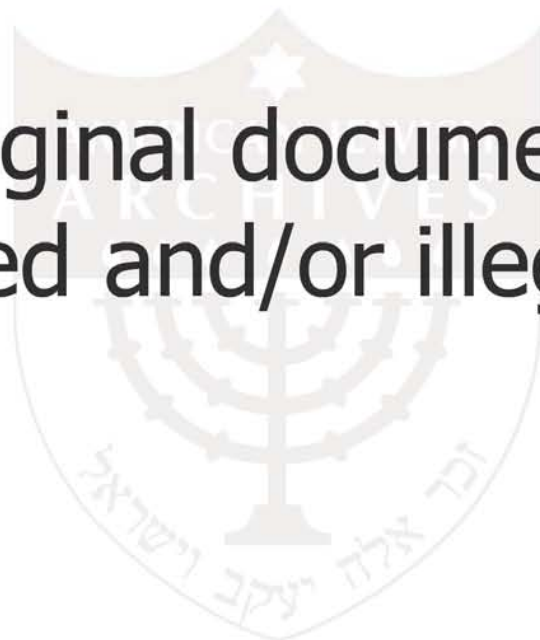
"Don't take me for stuff. Here they're good. Take 'em away from here
they're so good." Cucumbers, drops on cigarette, tosses wrapped up pickle into shopping
bag & leaves

Glossy-haired Italian w. aged lame walk (I'll be here for a long time!)
Hard-beaked Italian (hard, firm, bright sweet) jaws loose w. bubble back to come

Italians, Niggers, Gypsies (young love couple), Southern white trash, Jew, Russ, Black, Protestant
Mr. Brown, cops eat hot dogs - friendly condescension w. Jew, Jew proud of non-Jew

[start]

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(17-19)

fuzzy hair

Young Seelcan, in Frankie's barbershop, tells man in his chair, "I think I'm gonna die young."

hard
Pallack
face

"Heh. Heh, you'll make a good-lookin' corpse." Man is tall, brassy yellow shock of hair combed straight back in thick clotted lines, cheap light ^{plaid} jersey sport shirt, heavy khaki pants — a bus driver, perhaps — ^{clear} ^{harsh} voice, resonant & assured; He is sociable, trying to involve everyone in discussion, & ~~shows him~~

"What?"

"I said, you'll make a good-lookin' corpse."

A pause. Seelcan does not yet fully understand. Then, a smile & mouth's edges & weakly: "Heh, I don't want anybody to look at me after I'm a dead. When I'm a dead, I'm a dead. An atra ael." (1) ~~1~~

"Then you can't be a Catholice. Ain't that right, Frankie?"
If you're a fatalist, you can't be a Catholice... ^{I know, coz I was a}
They breathe, ^{and} ^{then} ^{smotheringly}, "I'm a Catholice — believe the way you do an' still be a Catholice."
Frankie, "You're a ^{nut}thin'. He ain't no Catholice, he's a ^{Catholice} ^{nut}thin'. He eats meat on Friday. He don't go to church on Sunday. Shit, he ain't no Catholice. Y'know what he is?"

cigar, glasses
thin, offhand
short, vigorous
shuffling walk.
mistake

Leo, the tall mustachioed, glossy ^{white-edges} ^{haired}, heavy-shouldered, cautious & agreeable to loss, "He's a ^{huelshiter}, that's what he is..."

Man 2: "What's that a new religion?"

All laugh. Leo: "Das right, a new religion. An' he's da priest. Da biggest huelshiter..."

Seelcan, "No sir. My religion is da money. Das my religion. You got da money ^{you} got everything..."

10

Man 1: "Christ, boy, you'll get over that. He's young yet, he'll get over that when he's older, won't he, Frank?"

Frank: Yeah, he'll find out money ain't everything. Wait'll he gets married. He'll find out money can't buy love. Wait'll he has kids. Boy, when they miss you, ain't no money in the world can buy that...

Sicilian: Bullshit, my parents gonna miss me, they miss my money.

Frank (laughing): How do you like the way he talks (aside to Leo), that boy is stupid, he talks dumb all the time.

Sicilian: "Dey ain't got no use for me less I bring home da money. My ole man's a got two thousand dollars a mine. He's gonna take it & go back to da ole country..."

Frank: I don't blame him. (Unclear: don't blame him for wanting to leave U.S. for Italy? or don't blame him for absconding w. money?)
d'you, Leo?

Leo mumbles, uh uh, meaning agreement  #2

See: Well, dat shows you how much love they got for me. Dey love my money, not-a me. Same ting with my brudder. Dey don't love him. All dey want is his money, too. Hell, anytime he gets in a fight with his wife, dey give her da right, dey don't give da right to him. Dey never give him da right.

Man 1: Well that's funny. ^{Usually} they back him up the way the blood goes. That's what they usually do... Ain't that the way it is, Frank?

in your fore-
last place near
city hall in
New York

Frank: "Well, it all depends. When I have a fight with my wife, you know like all families gotta have fights once in a while, well, the last time my uncles in-law was sittin' right there and she didn't say a word. It was our fight, & we had to make it up.

Man 1: Well, that's the right way to be, but usually

#1
①
give friend

Man: Y'know, it's funny the way people think like that? They sit and wonder when it's gonna come. Boy, we ain't got nuttin to do with how we come here, an' we ain't got ^{no} ~~nuttin~~ say in how we're gonna go. It's all writ down in the good books. All they do is (flip) turn a page an' it's see over with. So there ain't no use in even talkin' about it.

Sic: Wal, I know it, I'ma gonna die young... it don't go that way. I shelly, it's the way the blood goes...

Sic: Wal, my mudder all aways gives my brudder hell. She never gives hell to my sister-in-law. She say, my mudder say, my brudder is hers but she can give 'im hell, but my sister-in-law is a stranger. Dat's why she always gives her da regret. (Warring could) All da time. Don' care what. She all da time gives her da right...

Man: Wal that's the way some of em do it. Once my wife went home to her mother & y'know what she did. She made her come back to her own home. She told her. You're married now, & you gotta solve your own problems. At was the right way a' doin it...

Frank: Families should never mix in that kinda thing...

Man: D'ya read about in the paper 'bout that guy who beat his wife up, lashed in her face an' see that?

Frank: Christ, at's no way to do.

Man: Damned right, it ain't. If I couldn't get along with my ole lady, I'd pack my bags an' get the hell out. But, wait, beat her? And that shit? Now, that ain't the way. Ain't that right, Frank?

different kind of love

Frank - Darned tustin'. It ^{ain't} right. If it got that bad, I'd pick up my tools an' pull out.

Man - Make your own goddamned livin', I'd tell her, an' then I'd blow.

Frank - I betcha that one over there's gonna beat his wife (Socistran);
Frank nods in his direction)

Soc. - Who me? (Pause) I dunno. I might

Man (laughs) - I bet he does, too.

Soc. - It she a damn believe, I think I beat her. I'm a not sure,
but I think so.

Frank - There (thinking, sarcastic) ain't I tell you.

Man - You like to use ~~the~~ your hands, eh? Heh heh. All them young ones
like to use their hands, but they grow out of it. I used to
like to scrap it up once in awhile, but I took a couple good
beatings, an' after that, brother, no more.

Soc. - I like to fight

Man - Ever get beat up? I mean real beat up: both your eyes
bashed in, your teeth caved in

Soc. (laughing weakly) Well, well -

Man (slightly superior) Well, Christ boy, you don't know what a real fight
is! Hell, I ~~as~~ you probably only fought somebody you could beat.
At all it no fight

Soc. - Why should I want a fight. If I come home with a black eye
my father only gonna give me another one - So why should
I fight?

Man - Damn right, if I hadna got so many beatings, I might still a
had my own teeth. (Stands up, fixes shirt in pants). But I tell
you one thing, Frank, things sure tamed down since you came
around here. How long's it been since you first opened up?
Bout, bout 19 years.

Got in
fights over
our sisters.
Some guy
would say
something
Frank

Man Boy, that was a tough bunch that hung out around here in those days. Christ, there was fights around here all the time.

Frank You're right

Man Frank, you used to be plastered two or three times a day. The cops were around here all the time trying to break it up. Who were some of those guys?

Frank (nods, nostalgic) Hell, dey was always mixin' it up...

Man He's see — there was Mope Muller & Freshy & Birdie. Christ, they was always havin' it out our front. They'd beat the hell out of each other. That Jimmy Kirkwood was just in here before. He's a little guy but he's sure is a puncher. He never'd look for trouble, but, Christ, he sure could hit. When he slugged you, you knew you was hit. That Mope jumped into a 3 ft of water & broke his neck. He still is a crazy bastard. Hatch Florman died. Remember? He jumped off Hammer Street Bridge & he never came up again, Christ, what a tough bunch they were —

Frank Tough? You couldn't even look at 'em without startin' a fight. Before I was married I went once with Block Heister over to that cocktail place for a couple beers. We sat down over our beers & then Jimmie Scarboy came in with another guy with their girls. Well, Block looked up, y'know, just to see who was walkin' by & that Jimmie right away picked a fight. Christ, he was gonna hit Block with a beer bottle, just for lookin' at his girl. I took him aside an' told him what you

want to do that for? He didn't do nothing to you.
The bartender finally took it away from him. Jesus,
what a bunch those guys were— There ain't nothin'
like it round here today—

~~MAN~~
~~FRANK~~

'At was around the time of the Scandal, wasn' it?

FRANK

Yah, just around then. Did you know about that?

MAN

(Leaning against window) Know about it? I was on the
wire. Grab let me in on it. Jesus, that shocked me.
I couldn't believe it when I first heard it.

FRANK

She was a Schoolteacher.

MAN 3

(His first comment— I think weakly) I know, she taught me.

~~FRANK~~
~~MAN 1~~

Did she?

MAN 1

She was a pretty woman. Christ, she never looked like
one o' them Lanson Gibsons. I don't think he shoulda
shot her, though. I don't think it was right.

FRANK

Well, Christ, what would you do if you found another man
in bed with your wife.

MAN 1

I know, Frank, but taking another man's life. I wouldn't
want to have to carry that around with me all the
rest of my life.

FRANK

Well, y' know, it's one o' them moments, y' don't know
what the hell to do. y' lose ^(your head) yourself, I guess.

MAN 1

Christ, Frank, he had time to think it over. Somebody tipped
him off beforehand, so it wasn't a last minute thing.

FRANK

Well y' just can't say. It shows how much he loved her.
A fella who's goin' so far to shoot his wife musta
really been in love.

MAN 1 I damn, there's all kinds a' love. I still say if that kinda thing woulda happened to me, I don't think I'd a shot her. That's a helluva load to carry around on your mind for the rest of your life.

FRANK I still say you can't tell... (changing subject) They ^{I'm} surprised he didn't like the other guy, too.

MAN 1 They say he just wanted to get her.

FRANK Christ, I think I mighta shot that ~~man~~ ^{man} too, if I was gonna hit anybody.

MAN 1 Well, I damn. I hear that's he's sorry he done it to her.

FRANK Is that right?

MAN 4 Yeah, one of the boys said him not long ago & he says he's sorry he done it.

FRANK They let him out, didn't they?

MAN 1 Well, Christ, there ain't much they could do to you for catchin' a guy in bed with your wife.

FRANK No, I guess not.

MAN 1 Well, I gotta be goin' (gives Sartrean tip) Thanks, kid, s'long, Frank.

2 FRANK Boy, you don't know what in the hell you're talkin' about. You ain't even got no respect for your parents. When you learn to appreciate your parents when you ain't got 'em no more. Only then it's too late. When you lose 'em you ain't never gonna get 'em back. At's when you learn how much you lost.

MAN 1 At's the Christ, truth. Ima (pausing reflection) I wish I had my father back, I tell you that.

FRANK Boy, you said it, I wish I had mine back. He ain't nuthin' in the world like your parents. Money can buy you everything but it can't buy you the love of a father & a mother. A mother'll do for you what a wife won't do for you. A mother'll kill herself for a child, but a wife won't.

MAN I I don't know bout that, Frank, some of 'em will. There's different kinds.

5-FRANK I know, I know - but even the best of 'em ain't like a mother is to you. You never know this until you're married yourself do you got your own.

MAN Then you're right. You got it then, Frank. I'll agree with you I know I'm right. A wife will leave you when the grin' gets too tough, but a mother'll never leave you. That boy ain't got no sense. He don't know when he's got it good.

#3 insert

MAN Hey, what happened to that little girl you were goin' with?
Ain't you married her yet?

BIC (Wacking over to get lotion in palm) Pansies. "Naw!" Liddle?
She ain't so liddle. She's as big as me.

MAN Well, you ain't exactly a giant. y'know what I mean.
She's shorter than you, ain't she?

SK (Smiles) mumbles yes, she's shorter (than ^{Sour} glowing) She ain't gonna
miss me when I die, she gonna miss da money. At's
what she gonna miss!

MAN One of those kind, huh?



CAMDEN

rainy
May 25

old man de Maggo - short stocky rounding stomach, black hair
splintered grey, mournful look on face, one eye red like
rooster's, slightly protruding lower lip, thick hard handsome
nose, turns head w. stiff strangeness of one-eyed people,
hands akimbo in posture of defiance, a little king hard man,
lumps lightly, "40 year ago I had Ernie, a nuptch,
I'm all right now, had another Ernie ^(this side) here year an'
a half ago, don' bodder me, only when de
wedder change bodder me a liddle, but I don'
mind, I forget about it. I'm all right. Last time I
was sick a year an' half ago [rub lower lip against
upper, watches shapely colored girl in loose pink street
walk by with metaculous, restrained feeling] When it
rains like this I can tell it [runs hand along groin]
but I don' care anymore. It hurts just a liddle,
It's gonna rain now. I can tell. I don' mind it.

I don' wish hard. I don't do much anymore. The boys
do all the lifting now. I don' do much, just lift up
50 lbs. or like that, but that ain't nuttin'. Well, you just
bend over, can hurt you. Naa, I don't do much.

(To tall crippled Negro, wearing red shirt, cap, long saddle shoes) "Hiya
Sandeluhand!" Negro answers: "Hiya Sandeluhand!" "Y'ole
Sandeluhand" mutters something which evokes a low, wild laugh
from the Negro who crosses the street. Like Paranoid Negro, all
in white including cap, cross eyed, walks past old de Maggo

Suspect: "You talkin' to me? Don' talk to me like that!"
(Keeps on walkin' on talkin', Dr. Maggio raises head &
calls out: "Go da hell, ya goddam dummy... I
won't let you talk ta me")

"Don't you talk to me like that. I'll beat
your goddam brains out...!"

"A', go on!"

"I'm talkin' ya, don't you talk me like that,
man! I'm warnin' you!" Still walkin', but turns
around head each time he speaks.

"Go on, go on... BOOGIE!" Scratches his
henna

Master Joe - white smooth turned-down wide-brimmed straw, pink bloody face
tells cheap - layin' costs money

Attracted Irish woman makes finally take (in agrout) I
bought basket apples at Mass Market last week, they were
beautiful in 10¢, and underneath, my God! Could I paid only
\$2 for 'em

Joe: Oh, with whaddy expect. (after she leaves) Chris, she paid for
for apples, she got two dollars worth a apples. you buy a parachute
for \$17.00 & you buy a parachute for 2.95 (talks to witness
black old man in grey cap, pink striped shirt & garters, money mustache
w. wry squeaky laugh like cottonmouth)

Hey, I don't want no b.s. in now. You been b.s. in all the
week. I don't want no b.s. in now

Big Negro, medium height, wrapped in smock of meat-packing house
like wrapping paper, w. brown hat, brim trimmed off all around
except for square over brow, walks by Master Joe & old Negro,
holding big lunch bag, flourishes, "Gentleman, gentleman..."

Little Negro smiles broadly, "Master Truman... ^{Hi ya} Master Truman"
laughs superior-derisively, looks at Master Joe for approbation & support.

Joe: Master Truman is back...

Negro: Master Truman been away... Ain't see you around a long time,
Master Truman, huh huh; Been away?

Truman: What you want for that car (green Pontiac, big car)

Joe: You ain't got no money. Tells cheap, layin' costs money

Mr. Truman

large man,
soft robe on
a handkerchief
"all in soft"
soft hat dog
head, etc?
soft robe,
jumbo

NEGROES LIVE
IN ALL-UPS
WHITE MEN
SPEAK INTO
RECORDS TO
MAKE LOVE,
NEGROES LIVE
THEIR ALL
THE TIME

Little gypsy
girl eats
Carrots, jumps
on potatoes,
jumps
around
market

Surveyor &
chess-egg man
big time operator

April 2
cloudy, lost
then
off.
Sun

BARBERSHOP

long soldier leg, face under cover, lying flat - (Al! I like this!)
Frank: I don't know bout them Russians (after newcast on peace moves) looks good. But I dunno...

Soldier: I wouldn't trust them sons a bitches. (vehemently)
After they cut off one arm, I wouldn't give 'em another hand. Shakes so's they could cut that ^{one} off too!

Frank: Huh, huh (indulgent laugh) I dunno, looks like Sumner's happenin'...

S: Then dirty bastards can't be trusted. I'd like to be president for a day. They wouldn't be droppin atom bombs in Nevada.

Leo: Whaddya mean? (Polish D.P., worked in German factories)

S: I'd drop 'em. Every one of them Jordan bombs in Mr. Stalin's smokestack. ^{An' I'd bomb every one a them ships they owe us.} That's what I mean! An'

Leo: They've got the bombs, too.

S: Yeah, but he who gets there first gets ahead.

then good Sumner's bastard British! Why them sons a' bitches got us long-tied comm' & goin' back at this. They too come over here an' borrow 200 million dollars from us at 2%. Then they borrow the 2% from us to pay us back. Christ, they're makin a bunch of asses out of the American taxpayer. They got us all tied up. Why, take General Motors, United States Steel, The Pennsylvania Railroad an' the other big companies. Look at who the stockholders are! Why the British own most the stock in these places. If they was to drop out all these places would fall flat on their faces. Christ,

[end]

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We're a bunch o' fools better than thieves in Washington
ruin us - a fallin' Economy, makin' a mess o' the
Everything. Take the UN! What ~~some~~ country in his right
mind would set up a UN with 5 nations & then give
any one ^{o'} them the power to veto any ruling. Christ,
how dumb can you get?

Leo: What d'you mean? I don't know what's a goin'
on. I don't pay no attention to all this. An' I think you
be better if you pass less 'attention...

Frank (heh, heh: you mean: what you don't know don't hurt you.
^{beaming childishly})

Leo: (proud) At's a right

S: Well, I know what's goin' on. Goddam it, it's the
most stupid thing in the world

Frank: I always thought 'majority ruled'

S: Yeah! So do I. But it ain't like that in
the UN. They keep makin' decisions an' the Rus-
sians keep vetoin' it. ^{veto. veto. veto} What the hell good is it?

Frank: Well, I dunno. I think them big shots, them
bankers an' politicians are playin' around w. the
lives of the ^{plain} poor people, and the plain people
ain't got no say...

S: You're goddam right they ain't

Leo: Shame this?

S: You, you might as well shame it now. I was
gonna do it tomorrow, but might as well do
it now whilst I'm here.

F (lookin' out window) Hurray, he broke the ice.

S: You mean he's got a Shmoo.

F: Yeah, he's ain't had much business today.

F's: How do you work that with the boy? You send the chain to him?

F: No the chain is mine. He gets a watch for each Shmoo. I lend him the rap and polish and other things. And he sweeps up in here, and are like 'at. That chain costs me a hundred dollars. Used to cost 85. They've gone up. (Holds up mirror) How's that look now?

F's: Fine. (Gives a buck. Thank you. Goodbye

LIGHT ST

Soap (the corner), Sam McLaughlin, Fats Walters, Goose (tinny, hair
parted), Eddie Kagle, Eddie (long but shiny) Raab, Vince (the whoop
wolin player, Radio (Walters - white haired ^{inhabiter} Crazy, black haired
radio - "Hey, Ahie Tookenbottle, Ahie, Ahie Jew Bahie"

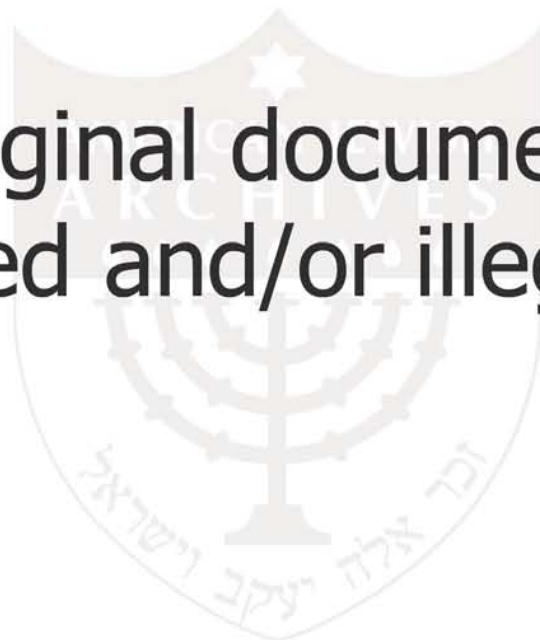


children hopping like skittering feet leaves



[start]

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LEAVES

W. W. BREAD

SACCHITINIC

Negro white equality in
illness - free conversation in
clinic between same kind
Wood woman & Negro
gossip free (dark days)
children w. two girls
Spec mother red. lips &
dark hair colored woman
w. light hair, from the
red dress.

Rose Selner, ex St

PL - 1359

a face bened (8 molded) like a
cabbage leaf; evenly wrinkled like a
small pumpkin; sagging around eyes
like hanging cabbage leaf heaped in a
basket & hanging limp, wadded about
the merest hint of nose

"Hi Hon" to attractive colored girl,
sassy intimate conversation w. Negro
girl in well-kept combed hair, thin
& clean plain, white robust suggested
beard line. Dreamy excited before
after conversation

Basket, garbage hunter, about 175
pounds, sagging black jacket, hat, worn
& large, new face, black & brown

- Italian w. fruit stands in Lee market - 7 am, washin' potatoes, empty crates, displays' ribbons of fruits, vegs.
- Negroes on wide pavement of Al's at Luncheon (Mrs. Haley - Gosh, they shrink!) cut faces, crippled legs (fly open), beans, pardies, meat sandwiches.
- Crazy fat guy w. thick fox-sighted glasses, wild divergent eyes, open friendliness - "Hey, friend, how bout a ride uptown? 'Whaddysay?" Strong appeal. In Camden, walks up street, ruffles & holds elbow, talks to him while Negro ignores, in other hand holds empty cigarette carton.
- Other crazy guy - neurotically unstrid - shirt tail flying out, nose running, nose specs, rasping hoarse voice, sides puffing pennants at games, curses at driving world.
- Whop who speaks Yiddish at Camden, surely humorless; "Yah, 2.50 & 2.50 is 5.00. I learned dat in da Synagogue." Two ragged niggers pass by & laugh. "Ya dunst whop, when your people were fressin' macaronis my people were studyin' the Bible. You can take your grapes & go to hell w. 'em too! Damned Macaroni!"
- Big decaying whop at Adam's, cog brown in mouth, crusting spec rim: (to cop): "She wants 'em (oranges) with a thin skin!" Cop on horse snorts wryly. Mrs. Mc looks out: "deity whop! I'll never hy from you again"
- mistletoe in hot drum before Xmas; drunk; excessive 'thanks'

Mrs. Abe.

- neurotic in decision: in Canada, don't know which basket tomatoes to buy 1.25 or 1.50. Whop hollers at her: I told you there's a dozen & a half
- w. daughter: wonder she doesn't have dates, when she does have dates yelps they mean 'nuttin', only I fill her needs, she doesn't need a dozen to fardes her head & tie her out stayin' out late at night.
- whop who

- crazy wifex at Marsh Market who won't sell nothing. Runs
- finally about his ^{boss'} stacks of onions & potatoes nothing to himself - "Nuttin' for sale. We ain't sellin' nuttin'. Nuttin', lady, nuttin'. Ain't nuttin' for sale." Runs back to brothr. office & running from one window to another, his brown hatted head peering out, he mutters haltingly to himself

may

- kids play red light
- one boy stands in gutter, another pulls one hand, ^{and} other pulls other hand, ostensibly to tear him in half - ends up one lets loose & boy in middle is flung to one side, laughing.
- Boy carries orange in baseball spiked shoes, going to Swanwick Park
- Two boys, walking on tracks, one carrying Rth pole, other a line of 10-12 fish. Kid asks what are they. One of boys answers with weary superiority: "Catfish..."

[end]

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LIGHT ST

(Heinz' alley)

Rutherford's back yard fence was dirty and gone to splinters, but it was still holding up and was high enough to keep people from looking in. Thomas' was only ~~xxxx~~ waisthigh, a new one, like a picket fence, painted in rich green and trimmed with white lines. Along the inside of his yard fence he had long pieces of cord running ^{from the edging down to the ground} ~~along the fence~~ holding up vines. His back room of the second storey was also painted in green. It was the only house in the entire block whose yard was well-kept. He was spending his own money on the place and it seemed he had to because Heinz wasn't going to invest any more money in these cheap houses with their low rents, and besides, Thomas was a foreman and his house had to be in keeping with his position. Most of the other yards were like Rutherfords', pine boards weathered and drab, with the doors hanging loosely on rusted hinges which screeched and had to be forced open and closed. One yard had been white-washed, but the ~~xxxx~~ dark began to come thru; its door was painted green and looked peculiar in its white setting. Across the doorway of another rotted fence a screen door much too large for the opening rested. In some ^{there were} of the yards/little flower boxes with quarter-philodendron plants bought at the five and ten, or ~~xi~~ vines picked up from the fields across the way. But the smell of ammonia, sharp and offending, came from out of most of the backyards where the outdoor privies stood and where the clotheslines hung. Opposite all the yards was the high page fence of the foundry which surrounded an ocean of rusted junk piles, some of finely ground metal shavings, some of massive chunks of steel, like old train ~~xxxx~~ couplings or wheels. Near the bend of the alley opposite the killing room of the slaughter house, two men sat beneath a half-descended iron corrugated gliding gate. ~~Beneath~~ In the dark opening left beneath the gate, flames hot and brilliant orange flared out, belching heat from a furnace mouth into the hot July afternoon. One of

- dogs bark

Pigeon coops
at Kirby's
& Kayser

A breeze
flutters in
fine dust
of rusted
iron.

grimy sooted man, sweated black all over his face and in coveralls, was during resting in his lunchbox in an overturned wheelbarrow. He leaned his head back in his folded arms, crossed his knees like a Hollywood starlet. The other man sat on an empty can, and they chatted.

At lunchtme, Heinz's men came out and sat on the ground leaning their backs against the brick wall of the abbatoir. ^{Most of them} ~~they~~ brought their own lunches with them, great bulging bags of sandwiches or loose meat and rolls, and they went to Abe's to buy large bottles of soda or milk, or to Tommy's for beer. Few bought miniatures in the hot summer. One enormous and black negro bought a large bottle of grape, and poured half of it into a pint milk bottle for the handsome, broad-cheeked, and curly haired light skin negro. The large soda cost 15 cents and gave both twice as much as they would get if each had bought small bottles seprately.

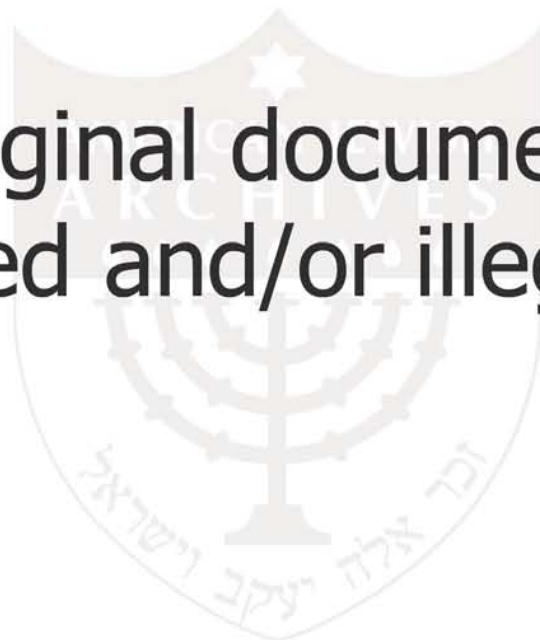
A cattle truck pulls up to the landing, and is unloaded. The kids cry out "Hi! Hi!" to help drive out the cattle like the cowboys do, and some bend down and dart under the truck like the driver did before. A man and his boy stand down near the kettles and buy a couple melts for crabbin.

WELLS ST.

KENNEDY'S FOUNDRY grey brick wall, in black paint in scrawny writing FUCI, last letter uncompleted, the I running down the wall and thinning out at its end. A foot below the word, written in sturdier hand and in bold black paint, the letters billboard large and heavy, FUCK. Before the wall, an old winecolored stuffed rocking chair, the yellow excelsior peering out of the torn seat. Tall cutting weeds grow all around the chair, rise up out of the tracks, the gulley, the side of the roadbank. On the edge of the bank, where Wicklein's alley ends in two deep water filled muddy ruts, a pile of garbage, dirt and splintered timbers lay heaped. Filthiness and a feeling of suffocating dust hangs low all over the ground between Kennedy's walls and the ~~tax~~ board fences of Scott's ^{only} insulator place. Somehow/the bright blue July sky managed to remain untouched by the dirt-feeling underneath.

[start]

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Upright pole next to Tommy's is remnant of railroad signal post

Harrison -
WS
p. 1070

The negro fight incident was like bear-baiting, where bear was tied to post & mastiffs were let in to pit to attack bear which retaliated ferociously - or bull-baiting where bull was hit but sport continued until animal was worried to death - or whipping of blind bear where 1/2 a dozen men armed w. whips surrounded bear & beat it until they drew blood. The bear defended itself bravely, striking the whips out of the hands of its tormentors & leaving them, & even clawing the men themselves.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



LIGHT ST

13 yr - old girl, friend of Claire Kayser, has baby from
sailor in Glen Burnie. Mrs. Ahe to Claire Kayser
who embraces son of Ahe while he bends over to get 2 lbs.
potatoes: "Hey, hey, watch yourself ... you know what
happened to your 13-yr. old girl friend ... you don't
want that to happen to you!"



POLE-MAN

6⁰⁰ o'clock
May 12
Sun
harsh
at
end of
hazy
day

Hullo, Hullo, Hullo - what's current is this? Upper 9 relay? 10
bottom? where in the hell did she go? C'mon, get the lines
on this signal, I ain't got all night here, Hullo, get on the
other phone. Did you get those signals? 10 is supposed to be
opened, 9 is supposed to be closed. Now make sure of that.
Come on 10, I'll call you back in a few moments.

[Smokes a cigarette, dangling from corner of mouth. Lets wire
dangle like a noose, stripping off insulation covering one by
one like peeling out nails, then filling, testing the wires
in various circuits.] Talks to himself, hums a song to
himself, "Christ, don't go away now" he says into headset, "Goddamit, every fuggin' thing goin' backwards today" Pulls

out tools from sock-belt, seton pliers, pliers; Hells wire
in hand, breaks it, Shit... Son-of-a-bitch, goddam bastard!

Wags his head in disgust, looks down at helper (young guy
in brown, he is in dark grey sweater jacket, light grey pants,
black shoes & white socks, both have black hair) His hands
are sure, move swiftly, dexterously, he strips wire, makes joints,
discards throwaway matter w. dramatic flair. Arches across the
street like a bullet strikes caught & frozen in a whirl.

"Listen ya, of them ya!" he shouts lightly at assisting wire.

He rogs dangles from his belt to the ground, his aide
kicks him knife, steady it.

Whistles to aid, give us a screw, then: Ah, Hei, gimme
a muzzle ^{plastic} & wide top. Hello (harsh, loud), gimme a check
on all these circuits. ^{What?} All of them I been workin' on - 130, 131

130, 131
21. 9. 10
16

21, 9, 10, 16." I'll call you back. Men, here catch
this, genuine that plastic tape." Boy searches in rear
of truck, asks "Bob, where is it?" Look in the foot box on
us, I'm pretty I got it up here". I wish I
had 64 pencils, binding that fraction tape. Its big
tape won't go around them little wires. I'd like to
have a piece of inner tube. Tapes wire w. wide
white tape.

Hiho, hello, everything all right? O.K.? I'm going
down to Ridge St., 132 S. Ridge St., I'll call you
from Ridge St." Men start black tapping, rhythmically
swinging his body to pulber, for winding of tape. Sings
Sultry popular if all that.

[end]

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says hee for money to buy fruit; She ~~uses~~ ^{uses} him in loud
voice: "Things wantin' hard-money, always wantin'
hard money..." He buys a banana

Kids are well-dressed & well-fed in contrast
to other colored kids on street. Woman ^{delights} ~~revels~~ in
her infirmity; before putting cash in pocket, looks at
it with smile; as she berates kids or orders them to
slow up or watch for bus or stop looking into people's
cars she assumes maternal manner. Passerby
must mixed feelings: a nuisance, yet unfortunate - project
themselves into her plight & realize they would also want
consideration.

acts foreign
egg; says
impersonally:
wrap em up
good, don't
want no
buggy eggs,
mister, wrap
em good

LOMBARD ST.

~~By~~ Colored woman, about 200 lbs, stumps for legs, face wide, rides in wheel chair down Lombard St; every few minutes she roars out in big Bessie Smith spiritual, 'O Take My Hand'...

Then are 3 boys, all about 12-14, in her company. The two more timid lag behind, one in dungarees & blue reindeer-embroidered sweater & blue wool cap, pushing the wheel chair with strenuous effort as though pushing a push-cart up hill all the way; other timid one, in light brown sweater, lingers behind w. bag in his hand.

Third one is vigorous better boy in brown top-coat, looks student-like in thick nearsighted glasses. He hops before everyone who passes: "Help the lady in the wheel chair... help the lady in the wheel chair..." Runs

Being
says make
sure you don't
take it for
yourself...

into stores, gestures toward wheel chair to prove he isn't taking money for himself, runs out across street, asks, then points to wheel chair.

Woman goes along full length of street, hollering, 'O Take My Hand', then in quiet counterpoint to pusher, 'Slow down, Son.' She pauses in front of fruit stand, feels sweet potato, snags a bean. Fruitstand owner helplessly, almost intimidated. She passes on to next stand, meanwhile letting out a riff, 'O Take My Hand' By time she comes back up street, her bag has become a shopping bag bulging full. Pusher is now the vigorous lad; "My lady Son, stop it, you're going too rapid & fast..." Other kid

Sat, May 17. 7:30 p.m., a yellowish dusk, an ambulance gleaming red across down the street, followed by a wild stampede of cars, running men, women, children, & dogs who howlingly chase a motorcycle & its beefy driver down the scene of boiling excitement. The interne & attendant find Jim Tucker, a small but wiry-strong built man of 40 with a heavy shock of graying blond hair, lying comatose on the pavement a foot or so from the steps of Vergie Campbell's house. A clean-faced cop explains to the interne that one half-hour before a Lincoln car, not new, carrying 3 sailors & Jim Tucker came down Charles St, & finding it a dead end, tried to drive up the road which banks the tracks below in order to reach Light St. when they reached Light St. they found it barred by the Dead End fence & cable wires. The sailor in the blue suit who was driving & was drunk, tried to back the car around & go back the way he came. As he backed the car in the narrow space between the fence & the embankment, the car slipped over the edge & toppled down to the tracks. The 3 sailors scrambled out w. Jim & not knowing what to do passed around a fifth of whiskey. This made Jim very drunk, and he climbed the hill & started to climb the steps to Vergie Campbell's house. Just as he mounted the step a police car, apparently called by someone in the block, came onto the scene. As Jim Tucker reached the top step, he factured & fell off the steps smashing his

head at once on the pavement. Knocked out Stone
cold, said the cop. He wouldn't let anyone touch
Jim Tucker & immediately called the ambulance. While
they were waiting for the ambulance, a tow truck was
called in from Fox's own on the bridge & it managed
to pull the car out. The cop eased the two drunken
sailors in white uniforms into the back of the car & let
the one in blue sit in front, while the truck would tow
them. Before the truck pulled them away, the blue
sailor offered the cop a cigar. He reached out for it
eagerly & was startled when he found it a rubber
snake (acc. to Mrs. L., Jim Tucker was w. them when the
cigar act took place & he stole the snake from the sailor,
the cop came after Jim to get the snake when the fool
occurred). The truck towed away the car & the sailors,
the ambulance came & towed away Jim Tucker, & the
entire street flowed into nervous vitality as the woman
clutching their babies explained to everyone who didn't
actually see with his own, very own, precious two eyes, what
had happened. Really & truly happy.

Mrs. Luley, aboil in excitement, her face twitching with
agitation, her voice reaching a nervous height of
loudness, came rushing to the store with a shopping bag
in one hand & a pretty blonde little girl, Sarah,
with dirt-smeared face trailing on the other. In the
store she raced back & forth, going to the shelves where
the things were she wanted to purchase but too

disconnected in her thoughts to select these things, peering confusedly back & forth so, she said, blocking her finger to her lip, pinching her wrinkled cheek flesh, 'I don't know, something worse is going to happen down there this Evening... I dunno, I'm gonna keep my door locked tonight...' The little girl, apparently sensing the tenderness, squeezed her fleshy little body between the soda can & the blue kerosene can.

"Who was it who fell?" she asks

"That Jimmie Tucker, that no good for nothing 'bum,"

she says w. indignant self-righteousness

"You mean the one whoched over Matthew's?"

"No..."

"I thought it was him, because he ain't supposed to drink, he gets those fits, he gets 'em even when he works. Y'know he used to work in the galvanize room & he got those fits & they laid him off..."

"No, that's Rob Tucker, his brother. Rob is all right. He'll work to make a dollar. He'll whitewash fences or do anything. But this one won't work at all.

"Oh? Jimmie Tucker? I thought it was Rob Tucker. Jimmie Tucker is a no good bum. He stayed in the army 15 years so he wouldn't have to work..."

"I know it," she says, as all the while she talks she collects her fingers, repeating her journey to the shelves, "he's had a hundred jobs & he's worked

Fort
Torch,
military
march
songs by
Roumie

How you
goddam
fucker
is whole
sailor,
Roumie yells
to drunken
sailor
tipsy out
of Tommy's
sailor turns
around w.
goddam arms
circling before
him, &
Roumie, on
seeing him,
paces up
behind
Tommy,
crying.
'I don't
mean it'
Sailor blinks
& turns
corner

off each of them..."

"Them Putherbords are ^{dummies,} ~~dummy's~~ a bunch of hillbillies. He's too smart for them. Look at this, he won't work & he gets them to feed him! An' he don't pay them nothin... Such dummies!"

"No, he sleeps with the Putherbords, but he eats at Millie's..."

"He eats at the Putherbords, too!" a Tahundee Chant

"An you know he's Common?"

"Common? He's the lowest of the low, the lowest thing on the earth! Y'know, he once come in the store drunk & ~~began~~ ^{tried} to put his hands on my wife. You know my wife! She told him to get the hell out & never come back again..."

"He's no good. He was livin' with a woman & he wasn't married to her, an' I think he's got a child from her..." (Kay doesn't seem to hear)

"I think she married Gregor, a fellow who works over there now, didn't she?"

"I think so. They later just got out of jail..."

"For what?"

"Well I heard she found somebody's account card in a dept store & they went up to the store an' ordered \$50 worth of clothes & had it sent to their home. The dept store traced it & had 'em

loaded up..."

"Is that right?"

"Ya-a-as! But that whole family is common! Why ^{Margaret's} ~~trick's~~ husband, Allen, tried to force crown' w. ~~her~~ Vergie, his own mother-in-law. He even threw Margaret's sister, y'know Millie?, he threw her out into the back yard. An' Phyllis, ~~the~~ Millie's child who Mrs. Kirby is keeping, he threw her out into the back yard, too! O, they're so common, that whole gang there! My husband said that if he ever caught that Allen foolin' with our daughters he'd kill him. An' just the other day that common Allen chased my Joanie up the alley. He said he was going to bash her face in!

She figures up the groceries, she puts them in bag, gets kid 5¢ worth of candy (probably none). Holding bag in one hand, container of soda in other, she mentions, returning to topic of incident, that somebody ought to get "Mr. Fixit" (News-post) to fix that fence down there, coz a year ago a drunken woman had her car teetering over edge of cliff & she crawled out & got away before cops came. Mr. Fixit got her toilet fixed, & year ago she had ashes piled up to the fence (her dog could walk over ashes, over fence) & city wouldn't come take 'em away after 30¢ wof of phone calls, & then 2.60 phone calls, & Fixit finally got 'em too, & there's be no trouble ever since.

She leaves. 8:10, Some 40 minutes later, police
car speeds down the street, apparently w.
Jim Tucker ("I guess they'll have to pump
his stomach out to wake him up," she
said before "

"I cashed his State of Wash check for
\$400 couple weeks ago, charged him \$5 for it }



6-10-11-15 ST
(10 p.m. 11.10 ST)

In this
corner,
no?"

She
goes back
into store.

Kid (6,7) in Swiss blue Alpine suit, outside jacket, ^{stung} long pants, newly white-jalied saddle oxhairs, leans into corner pressing head against wall, to pee. When he finishes, he turns around, & entrance watches pee back its course along down-grade pavement. Sated, he runs into store to mother.

part of
cool,
imminent
showers

Plump Jewish boy (8,9). Smugly riding bike, in private dream w. screaming siren, curbing street; colored boy, leaning on brick fence, sucking thumb, spotted flesh head, watches, curiously, raises jacket w. both hands over head, like tent

Tommy's

- When Tommy went to army, she took in bartender; Alie saw him in shorts over the curtain; Told Kelly; Marie explained: "I was afraid to sleep alone..."
- She got drunk and began dancing in street in pygamas
- (A) Mike Wengert worked for Tommy; Mike got drunk (when Tommy gets drunk, he goes nuts) Tommy undressed him in store, tied ribbon to his pecker, and Bernard took turns dancing around the may-pole
- Tommy walks by Alie, spits on ground, Alie spits back, summons to court (Tommy lodge member of judge, Uncle Max political influence; tough for judge to make decision) in court Tommy testifies (phenomenous powers) Alie followed Marie, lusted for her; spit at her heels every block (Alie waits); Alie has magic power, spit at Holbein, he died; Judge says: "I that both of you would leave as friends - I guess not, ya' don't get in each other's way".
- Railroaders in Alie's store; Mrs. A asks: "Why don't you ever check 'em?"; "You ain't got bedroom like she got"
- (A) Mike, little man, bowed legs, hands on rear, chopped-off thumbs, fingers, scabs, watery fish eyes, bulbous nose

Tommy

- Police catch him selling to minors. Ask 2 boys for their registration cards, grab wallets from their hands, no cards. Lock up boys & Tommy.
- Sells after hours (till 2, 3 a.m.) } pays \$200 fine, must appear before grand jury



Tommy

- Mary on hot summer night, sits on sofa step in white pyjamas - Tommy is in visor and cap - she dances on pavement with Dave, Ed & 3 others.



THOS. - CAMPBELL

Thomases will not annul Frankie, Jr.'s marriage w.
Ginger. They're dead far as we're concerned. They're
dead. Ronnie walks along path carrying Frankie's
jacket, pants

Bessie is
from walking
to the house
cleaning up
in store
—
Charlie don't
miss his
father who
lives w.
old mother



[light, sweet, nasal
CAMPBELL - Gusgo elopes overnight w. Frankie Thomas, 17, at
Eleton; Frankie Thomas' family objects, wants to annul marriage,
Welda in store answers Mrs. Ahe ["I hear Frankie got
married"] "Well, he ain't gonna be no dog."
- Frankie - astorically talented



CAMPBELL

about 17.15

loney first face, foreign-minded, fatigue pants - paratrooper pants,
soldier boots, white powdered khaki jacket, works in coop feed
mill, wants 3 cases of soda for party, biggest drinking
capacity; "Mr. can't do more than 2 pints the
other night, yeh, I can drink 2 pints myself - only the
last one gets me

right
Singer
36

2
Singer
has been
out



- Charley Day thrown out of home 'cos big money, would
not pay board, lives w. Rutherford, last yr, Mrs.
Rutherford keeps him up.



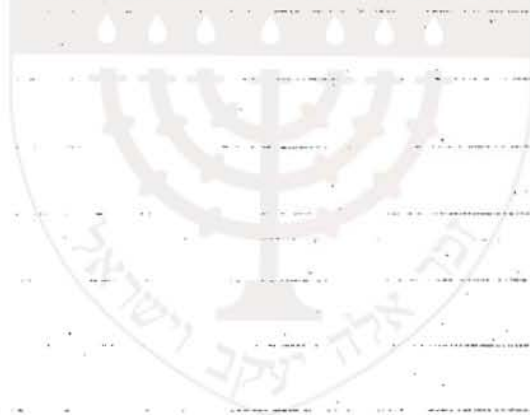
Campbells

Margaret

- Al Brannan, part tpsy, says wife is sterile, got no more kids in her; asks Millie (Marg's step-sister) for a piece, she shoves him out; tells her husband, Jimmie (in order to make jealous); Jimmie goes to Al, in front of Marg, says he wants to straighten this out; Marg: "I don't want ya talkin' like this in my house - get out!" Marg & Millie don't talk to each other.
- Jimmie during war in jail for sleeping with major's wife; returns finds Millie sleeping with sailor (has miscarriage, turns); Jimmie asks her to choose: him or me; she chooses Jimmie because I'm already married to you.
- Has kid from Reds; Red's mother takes care of it; in winter, Millie take it back coz it's easier for her to take it to school with other kid. Kid, mean, spoiled, vicious, calls both "ma". (Kids land her in Cove; squeeze heads on Millie's steps)
- Mrs Campbell drives kids out of house (they live with older, married sisters in same block) so she can be alone with lover ^{but along Charlie to soften him up} who is oil truck driver; previous lover (from No. Carolina) shot her up, she put him in jail, then bailed him out.
- Johns Hopkins doctors cut out Mrs. C so she could have no more kids, too great expense for city.

- Johnnie takes dope; works as grocery boy; wears teen-age dress (suede shoes); Eyes hazy, reffer cuffed in palms, after passing people, takes puff; shirt open; pegged pants { red sport cap, deep blue "shirt blowing, dark grey pegged pants, blue suede shoes, hands hanging offensively at side
- He comes back drunk, knocks out Margaret's front teeth
- Juggy - mean face, block head, blonde hair, has heart back, can die any time, today, tomorrow, may live till 18.

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



which in the past had been hard and rocky, strewn with glass and garbage cans and which was good only for a shortcut road for autos cutting around from Charles Street up to Light St., or for the kids playing marbles or

caddie, had been dug up by the Old Man Rutherford, filled in with black and unworn soil, and planted. It was city land, but nobody from the city ever ~~came~~ bothered to come down this far, ~~xxxxxxx~~ so he took it over. That's

the way he did things in West Virginia, too. On the other side of the garden enclosure, Edna Jane and Viola's two little girls, the cute one with the straight bangs and the small melon head, and her sister with the heavy glasses, and another shy little girl with dirty unwashed

There was blonde hair, were holding a party. ~~They were sitting around~~ a doll table

and four doll chairs made from the same wood that the garden fence and an small wine decanter filled with water and covered with a red glass was the benches were made of. Edna Jane sat on one chair tittering shyly

and laughing into her cupped hands ^{at little girl jokes,} while melon-head stood with one

foot on the lot and kneeled with her other foot on the chair which she wobbled around with her left hand; ~~then~~ her sister with glasses sat on

the curb with her ^{stained} drawers showing, and the other cute little girl knelt with one foot in her chair like melon-head was doing, only she was apart

from the other children as she looked dreamily out across the electric tracks

power lines which hung over the railroad ~~times~~ below the hills, over across the field, the highway along which raced the cargo and transport

trucks, the railroad yard and the endless curving tracks, past the

Locke insulator, the tall black and lonely water tower, down at the patch of the river which was framed at the end of her field of vision.

"Wisht we could go fishin, or crabbin or simpin..." she said.

A pile of boards, timbers, tree stumps rose on the lot next to the kids, where the pavement ended in the alley. The wood pile was higher than

the backyard fence. Old Man Rutherford was always building something. Viola's hard ~~flat~~ screeching voice came out of the second floor somewhere: "Goddam it,

don't go there. When I tell ye don't go I mean it."

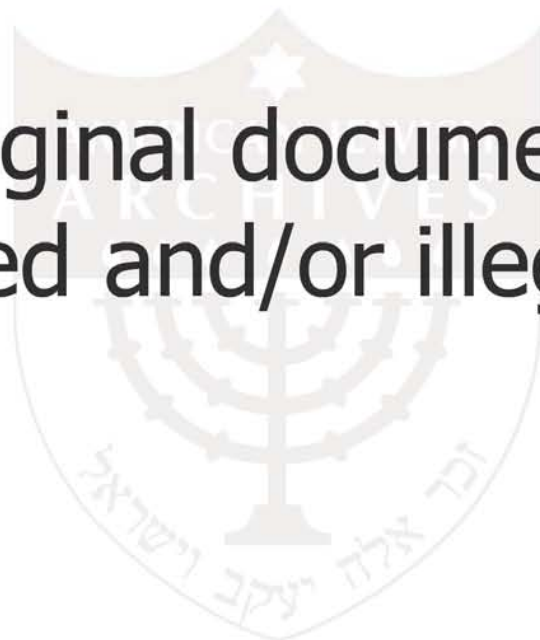
on the
table

RUTHERFORDS

The last redbrick house on the block, next to the white and black street fence which blocks the ~~road~~ off from the railroad tracks deep in the gulley, formed by the two orange-pink and water-ragged hills on both sides. In the two front windows of the house, the cheap blue ^{paper} shades are drawn almost down to the sill. In the small space remaining, on the sills of both windows are two complete rows of little ^{glazed} china figures, bought in the five and ten cent store. Chinamen with sliteyes and pointed clay beards, oriental women in exotic pose, colored figures with white banjo eyes, blurry red mouths set in their liquid black faces, the whole figure in a rhythmic sway of playing a banjo, a pompous Kentucky Colonel in broadbrimmed hat, bowtie--two dozen figures. A rusted screen door held back a black silence in the house. Around the side, a confused jumble of wood and green things. Against the wall there were two ~~shaky~~ benches, both made from warped castaway timbers, roughcut and unpainted. Old man Rutherford sat on the bench nearest the alley. He was in a thoughtful mood. He sat there a few moments his large countryman's straw hat over his rimless glasses, in his blue denim & blue workshirt faded ~~denim~~ overalls/and bulging toe workshoes, watching the clothes lines raised high on a pole overhead, almost up to the second storey of the house and loaded heavily with freshly washed army shirts and pants, he watched it sway momentarily in the breeze, and then picking up a rusted saw from the pavement he stood up and walked around the front of the house. Before the side door midway in the long wall of the house, there stood a man-high wooden enclosure fencing in a garden of tomato vines and sunflowers. The enclosure was made of the same wood from which the benches had been built, and at its far end, near the alley, there was a small gate but no lock. The lot,

[start]

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POB RUTHERFORD

Wearing baseball cap - watches duck-bill - blue handkerchief
out of left back pocket, red out of right front pocket,
right back pocket hanging out altogether. Walks in store
drugged w. scintily or drunk - "I'm getting worse all the
time - just getting worse."

- Viola - in sexy amber-colored high-heels & ankle-strapped
shoes - emphasize all the more her prune-like appeal (face
wrinkles like old sun-baked railroad tie)

Pop Rutherford (Uncle Dave)

(84)

Small, thin 5'1", tottering figure, must be about 80-85, drawn-in oval face with angry white beard & silky white hair over neck. He wears (in mid-summer) a khaki corduroy hunter's cap. ^[or Railroad Engineer's] His right eye is a blob of phlegm. He wears a faded blue shirt, open at the collar with a thick brown tie-knot.

A dirty surge-blue vest; deer-sucker pants too big for him held together by draper-pin at back. Res paint all over seat of pants. So feeble has trouble carrying soap, bleach, lye. - "force weather out time, his his" heartless laugh

- smokes corn-cob; on ^{every} pay-day (?) bought pint of wine at Tommy's, gets drunk; wears leather moccasins, toes turn up, walks on heels
- Junior, a primitive vulgar barbarian, chased him from house; he went to his brothers

- Alou Mitchell had Japanese lover in California (also a 22-yr. old son) - she about 40, came East to visit Rutherfords (a hard-faced woman, a snarl on her lips), met Bill, nice, pleasant-faced, shy, about 25, seduced him. He works in shipyard. She received money check (\$100 - 125) from Jap-lover. Would keep half herself, give other half to Bill. Made him take off work for a week, went on binge. Bill had sensitive system, got sick easily from being worn down by excessive drink, laying, and dangerous shipyard work. Despite her coat & constant attention, she tired of Bill, left him & returned to Jap. Bill cried like child, love her can't love any other, will do anything to bring her back, do anything she wants. Finally Bill tired of waiting, picks up hood & kisses at her in East Bath. Alou has operation on vagina in Calif. Comes back, stands in store

1) long-worm org,
get sick, call
docto

looking out window: "The stars are the children, the stars,
they're my children... the stars, the moon, the sun" Mrs. Arthur
Says: He's been like that since his operation.

He Junior, related to R's, works in paint factory. Harris
and little girl, have 3 kids. He loves her, they go
on welfare. Can't make ends meet. He steals, is put
in jail. Alice influences his wife to come to California,
she gets her for herself too happily. Junior on bus: "heard my
wife got another baby, I don't give ya goddam!"
Alice got silver dollars from Cal. & passed around

PDB - moccasins are brown w. white trim (summer style)
big red handkerchief hangs out of right sweater
pocket. Wears one sweater atop another held across
knot of tie by safety-pin. Beard is stained yellow
across mustache. "Can't stand cold weather much...
Gonna get that good ole summer time, heh heh..." A
gallon of oil. There wasn't no top on that, was there?

POP

Got a check, went to his brother's for week (left Mon.); Melvin
Campbell went after him. Brother took away check, later drunk. He
came back, she wouldn't let in house, police found him in street 1/2 hrs.
Went to City Hospital 6 hrs., returned to Melvin, begging her to keep
him.

- "Wouldn't be able to live w.o. wife"



Clarence
dinner girl
front gate
bustling
overseas
child
9:30 p.m. Feb
one file
in front of
store

9:30 p.m. A Casting Film (15th) Evening - Clarence stands near, almost b. idling, with a thin-faced, dirty blonde girl in his coat in front of store. An idiot girl, they call her, who has been in the army. She has a baby at home. Clarence, (a hunter cap, ^{plaid} mackinaw, tan Army pants,) his hands in his pockets, nestles closer. A foolish, ~~an~~ infant grin is stamped on his face. He washes down before she arrives. A car sweeps by, He moves away, grinning automatically, yellowish teeth in a pimply face. Later, after children gather at the steps to play Spud, or Duck on the rock, they leave, walking toward Herig's Alley, They leap over the tracks and in the shadows of the tree and the slaughterhouse they crouch and race down into the alley, a wild cry of youth and love burning out of their throats.

w. black oil-stained band

Uncle Ben

beat up brown slouch hat, blue vest, ^{3.} dirty green pants, shoes open, ^{no collar} silken silken hair so thin chin is transparent, hair circles around back of neck, savage brown mouth w. four gopher teeth, breath: pickle onions, wine, cigars

Hot July 7, hup 4 cigars, is handed back a penny; skeletal bluish fingers hold up coin before pulpy cream & red streaked eye.

"At'sha penny... long as you got a penny you ain't broke..." Slaps coin into vest pocket. Stares blankly, druggedly ahead of him. His gaze falls on cigars in his left hand, his mouth opens slowly, "Aah —" ^{he means} ~~he says~~. He looks up. "Want one?" He offers a cigar.

Then he looks at them, & catches see four. Spiritedly, he asks,

"What'sh your name?" He can't hear the reply. "Wh...wha...what?"

I can't hear," he says vaguely, almost wistfully. He waits a moment,

and then blunts out, "B.F.M! ... B.F.M! Benjamin... Franklin... Mills! B.F.M! That'sh my name..." He spells it out, ^{in a sing-songy} ~~the dried~~ on his ~~body~~ ^{body}

fingers of his right hand which he holds up before his eyes, "B... That'sh Benjamin... F... That'sh Franklin, M... That'sh Mills... then triumphantly, "B.F.M... Benjamin Franklin Mills!"

Suddenly, like an ebbing wave, he subsides, but in a moment his harsh thin energy breaks out again. Then his stupor. "Did you go to school here?" His mouth hangs open.

"Hah?" Another pause. "I went to school here. P.S. 49.

In 19... 18... 1844... 1890!" He softly, fondly strokes his silken chin hairs. "I had two teachers... both of them grandmothers!"

He begins each sentence slowly, as a thoughtful reminiscence &

he snaps out the end of each triumphantly. "I had Mrs

Mary Jackson & Mrs Betsey Melton..." He smiles a warm

internal smile & his eyes flicker devilishly. ⁽¹⁾ His right hand suddenly shoots down in front of his good eye. "Four letters... yes' four letters..."

① He nods his free hand above his head in successive movements of his hand as he sings out in a soft tone: "A... B... C... D... E... F... G..." [a musical scale]

HE sees he has raised only three fingers, & he lets another rise & join the others, "Four letters... and she beat each one of 'em outta me..." And then he wags his head loosely from side to side like a playful schoolboy, ^{neatly} acting embarrassment, "And those four letters were... F... U... C... K...!" and the last letter he hammered ^{down} with a solid voice thud (driving in a two-penny nail.) He wheels around a complete circle, shaking his head; the episode was thus cleanly completed.

Abe says: "You're all right, Uncle Ben, Uncle Ben is a good fellow..."

Ben's face lights up & he points a straight arm toward Abe ^{behind the counter} & turning his face towards Abe's son who stands before Ben in the middle of the store, the old man says in loud glee, "Hear that? He said it! Hear it? 'Deed, he said it!"

^{his hands fall to his side.} Uncle Ben abruptly begins muttering to himself. His small pointed tongue licks away the hairs from his mouth. "Well," he mutters, as he turns around slowly like a toy man, "well, I gotta be... I gotta..." and he did what he forgot he had to. He went.

Re: ~~Frankie~~

Frankie, after Mrs. L asks him why he bought sodas
at Jack's 6 for 25¢, he answers broadly, "[didn't
buy 6 for 25¢, I got em 12 for 50]



RUTHERFORD

Frankie Comes to store ashes for can o' lye. They're gonna clean their last 'arr stone. No lye, goes home, comes back, gets a bottle of bleach to clean stone.



Pop

Uncle Ben - 36.50 pension, walks to door, fingers out 3 crumpled ten dollar bills, turns one good eye, looks at face on each bill, to determine it's a ten. Presses together 3 tens & puts in coat pocket, "Huh, my brand money". Buys 3 peps Genge Wash, 2 of those "with the dog or 'em" (Genger Tobacco), 1 milk, 1 apple, box Stride matches, can dog food. Takes it out of the 5.

"Well, who d'you think's gonna win the election?" Huh Huh. I ain't voted in thirty years. Huh huh. Last time I voted was for Governor Lusk. It was in 1892. If I'd vote I'd vote Republican. But I ain't even registered.

D'ya hear the thunder? Oh, yes, it thundered early this ^{morning} ~~morning~~. (like surprised and polite child). I told Fannie, it's November thunder. Yes, November thunder.

[while he stands at counter, Weitzel comes in with his check - \$60.50 (twice as large as Pop - the new why?) An awkward moment. Both don't want to let on how much other gets. Weitzel leaves check w. the kid the goes to bank & gets money. Meanwhile takes 3 peps of roza blades & cigars. After Weitzel leaves, Pop takes (as above), then leaves, then Fannie Rutherford comes in w. Charley Buck & leaves check w. the.

November
Thunder

[end]

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Lulays

- Kay had soldier → Joanie (Lieutenant or something - Silver Star)
 - then Bucklester - Parkie & other kids (nephroses - water babies - one killed behind truck; newspaper articles, comes to store to get bottles for picture; only boys are so afflicted)
 - Cuffley - little girl; left her because he found her in kitchen with her own step-father
 - Andrew - wash him in tub, and cut his wavy hair. Andrew brings kids down in his car
- AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES
- Bally (unsuited, stumpy) travels to Canada, Va., New Orleans w. boy friend [ELLWOOD]
 - Buzzy sleeps on park-bench, wife (2 mos. pregnant before marriage) now has new girl friend, sleeps over night and weekends, car \$75
 - Mrs Lulay - tumor on spine - doubled over, hand paralyzed, doesn't take care of family for 14 years - operated on. Said goodbye to husband, told him to take care of kids - up & walking in 3 weeks
 - Edna - married fellow from NY, married 4 months, wants divorce, he won't work; little fellow in factory has taken interest in her
 - Kay slept with stepfather, that's why he supports her with kids when judge heard each of her kids born from different husband, doesn't permit Jimmy Cuffley to pay her alimony. Coquette: "It ^{is} ~~my~~ ^{Andrew} ~~known~~ I gave ~~Andrew~~ ^{him} my father → (A)

- Elsie's ^{1 kid} ^{Sharon} took dog, covered him with butter, shined into oven... Sharon fell off chair shaved tooth into gum; covered Kix with furniture varnish

- Elsie works in pretzel factory for \$23.00 a week, can't sit, foot swollen; puts 5 pretzels into bag, must complete 8 cartons in an hour

- Pete, Elsie's kid, is "a shit-head like me"-

- must have our way

- when out to get job, Audie told Elsie to get a job picking "flyshit out of pepper"

- KAY'S KIDS: 1) Porty (long-sighted glasses, 10'4") Eddie ("am I smart?"); 3) Butch, got killed behind car; 4) , died early; 5) Patricia (Cuffley's kid)

- ELSIE works two days in pretzel factory (from 4pm to 12pm) then change over to bottle factory. ("Girl there more common than me - one's getting married, they give her a pickle bustin' than a cherry...")

- Runner has it MA & PA never married, live in free love

ELSIE takes Pete to movies, tears hole in front of dress; curses in front of mother-in-law: my law, how you talk! Well, you go to church, I go to the movies...

- EONA: sleeps over as boy friend's for 3 weeks at a stretch: "I'm helping him paint"

(A)

where Jimmy took, boy, he'd have a bit: flashing
dark eyes in dark orbit.

- At 13 played with boys at Calvert Bank, on other
side of market
- At 15, flat-chested, splayed-foot gait, teen-age clothes
(Sloppy for sweater, pleated shirt, no makeup, freshies
under eyes) bright print frocks, olive skin
- Helen Eder, bathering 21-yr-old, Skinning Catholic, says if
ANDREW marries KAY, she will change last name (Helen
don't like parking near St. Agnes church for getting, "I
feel funny") Very self-important, works in NESCO office.
["He got hurt? I didn't hear it yet? I guess they'll
report it to me tomorrow?" - "If they say anything
to him about my adding the ball-team list to his check, you
tell him to tell me, and I'll ^{sell} them..." - driving a car -
long nose - looks Italian - runs hand over boy's ass -
long thin fingers, long red nails - Go to confessor, you
don't mind it after you get used to it, the priest knows
how to ask; Joe Gilson tells joke about ^{business} man who
wanted Catholic workers because if they steal and go to
confessor, priest may make them give some of it back ...

Andrew don't like Polly, won't marry Kay unless she gets
rid of him & Joanne. Mrs. Haley adopts both.

(Andrew has noted woman's tattoo on both arms; Kay slaps on
arms, sensual thrill) Kay gets mail from church, "I go every Sunday, I

4's?? Every night Audie used to sit down w. Petie in the living room to watch cowboy shows on television, an' on that night, ^{it was Dec. 22} Petie wanted to watch a show an' Audie wouldn't let him. He told him to go into his room an' play. Petie wanted a dish a puddin', an' Audie says he should wait till after dinner. (He feels guilty now that he didn't give him that puddin'. He says if he didn't tell him to go away an' play, he'd still be alive.) Petie went into his room, an' ~~he~~ he hung himself. Sharon found him. Angie told Sharon to go in an' get him, an' Sharon went in an' found him on the floor with a rope around his neck. She came back into the living room an' told Angie, "Petie is on the floor with a rope around his neck an' he won't answer me." An' Audie rushed in an' found him there.

The way the doctors say, he didn't hang himself, coz he had his feet on the floor, ^{mean} he never took his feet off the floor. He only had a piece of rope this long. It seems he hooked it on the door an' put his neck against it an' it came across his throat an' he got panicky an' got tied up in it. He was there about three minutes, that's all. The doctors brought him downstairs and gave him artificial respiration, an' then the ambulance man come an' gave him more artificial respiration, but it was too late. They brought him to the hospital an' looked over him some more. Next day a brain specialist called us on' said there

might be a chance he could live if he ~~too~~ we'd give
in permission to drill a hole in his head an'
operate. He said he couldn't wait for us to come over.

So Audie gave him permission. The doctor thought
he could save him if he'd draw fluid off his brain,
but when he drilled a hole ~~for~~ it was filled
wif blood. (widens eyes, raises voice) Even then, the doctor
said he thought he could live, but he'd be, y'know, mentally
retarded, in a wheel-chair all his life, an' you'd have
to teach him everything all over again. It's better
this way, I think becuz I know how mean these
kicks can be outside, an' I ~~had~~ (shakes head, looks nervously at
floor & out window) I've had emf already.

Audie still ain't got over it. He's got trouble wif
his heart now, he's got a leaky valve, an' the doctor
told him he ain't helping it any by grieving like that.

Elsie is all right now, but she took it hard when
it happen. She went ^{what they call} into a ~~drab~~ shock. She
~~had~~ lost all her senses. She didn't know nobody,
an' wouldn't talk to anybody. Only when I'd come
over to her, she'd say, "Mom...". I was the only one
she'd listen to. I'd say "Elsie, sit down" an' she'd
sit, or "Elsie, lay down" an' she'd lay down. Then he
took her over to Doctor Ellison an' he did something for
her an' she came back at 12 o'clock an' she was
fine. I don't know what he did for her, but she got

puts fingers
into flabby
lips

3
over it like that.

I tell them to move outta where they are now, but ~~so~~ they won't listen to me. Andie'll never get over it till they leave that place. Everything there reminds him of Petie. Elsie says they don't want to leave it because Petie was so happy there. But that's not so, 'coz Petie was hardly ever there, he was mostly with me down here. He just used to sleep there. Andie won't go into Petie's room, neither will Sharon. They brought all Petie's things down to my house to give to the other kids, but I made 'em take it away; I burst out in tears everytime I saw 'em.

Andie's 28 but that boy's loved him so much...

When he was first goin' with Elsie, I tried to break it up. I had seen kind of a thing about her character. But I'm glad it turned out it wasn't so - she's a good girl, y'know what I mean? She takes a lot from Andie. He's stubborn and hot-headed. And very jealous. He's just like his father that way. He used to beat her. I don't ever like to butt in their affairs. But I told her, if he ever raises his hand to hit ~~for~~ you, you take whatever you get in your hand and let 'em have it. An' she did. She broke 'im of it.

But she's a dirty housekeeper.

LULAYS

MRS: small, wrinkled, false teeth, nervous smile; Jan 5 I was flat on my back (face like cracked clay) squeaky bumpy spine

March 15 - mother died, we put her away; nobody wanted to share expenses, we're still paying them; greatly troubled by family difficulties - illnesses, promiscuous Kay, blighted love of Edna; ^(her 2 PH's child) Buzzy's broken marriage; only bright lights are Bobbie (Eleanor - oh, yes, she's a bookbinder (fallen reflection as she tries to recall, bang book against head) oh, yes, she has a wonderful trade, brings home \$65 every week) and Jane (she's a tenger, says yes' whats on her mind an' don care about huntin nobody's feelin's; she's an artist, workin on a secret map for the navy, it's so secret she's not allowed to talk about it; they celled me up told me that one little mistake can mean 50, 60 ^{men's} lives)

PECKY'S doin right good, he's a draftsman for Orville refrigerators co; got \$10 raise; got a nice little wife. don't know whether she can have children;

AUDIE (Austin - stern military walk like father's, hair ^{dark-brown} grows thick in clump in back; front teeth missing, awkward socially; quiet brooding, then nervous outburst, false high laughter: "I like it best when I'm puttin them to bed") and ELSIE, Lord, I thought they'd never make out; they battle like the devil, but they get along...

works in
NES CO
hiding
painted
cannister
strips
into paint
& drying
machines

{Mrs. L: I don't
see how he
does it... he
does every 46
& comes back
at 2 every
mornin'}

Buzzy - (dark, passionate, self-assured appearance)
married GERALDINE (one foot shorter than another) she
was 16 then; I told her mother it was puppy love,
she said ~~it~~ ~~there~~ were madly in love with one
another. I didn't want to interfere. ~~After they had~~

~~the child, she said~~ I told Buzzy, but he's
stubborn, he knows it all (I wish the army'd take
him, they'd knock some of that out of him - he tried
3 times) so I gave him my permission. ~~After they~~
had the child, she said she didn't love it anymore.
(Police lady later found out she didn't keep a clean
house, bath always dirty, kitchen full of rubbish) She threw
him out of the house. He went sleepin in the park. When
somebody told me, I said he didn't have to do that,
he's always got a home down here. I asked Buzzy
an he told me they separated, so I made him
bring his things here. Then the next night we
found the baby on the steps.

~~then went to~~
She had Buzzy arrested. I got a lawyer - y' know
lawyer Bachman - an I went down with him & the
minister, an I wanted to have her charged with
desertion, but the judge said y' couldn't because
as long as the father was in the house at the
time the baby was put there, y' can't charge desertion.
The judge put em both in jail overnight. It was
the minister who got him out. Buzzy was
supposed to pay \$5 a week in support of the
child and he said he would pay \$15. He's
been payin ever since. I bet you soon as he
misses one payment that baby will be down

there on the front steps.

He's going out now with a nice little girl. (Mentions nothing that he sleeps over at night, over entire weekend - this bothers her, she says nothing about it though). I ask him

if he thinks going back to Geraldine, and he says he definitely won't. I think he ought to divorce her, and think about getting married again, but he says he doesn't want to get divorced, and he isn't thinking of marriage.

He came home from work one night, laid down to rest, and some of his friends called him and ask him to come out for a cup of coffee, so he went with them. An one of them boys bought a new car, and they went out on the road to see how much it would do, and the car turned completely over. (His face was mashed, every ^{bone} ^{looked} broken. I tell you, when I saw him in the hospital at 2:00 am that morning I just passed out right there. (His face is better now. Dr. Fox fixed it up).

It ain't easy I got trouble with my own children, got trouble with my grandchildren too. We got a letter from Joanie's father... "Joan, (dirty blonde hair, 13, turned-up nose, flaring temper, fuddled, vitality Coppenstern like mother) frowns. "oh him". Looks down the street. She mentions Joan's father proudly, to indicate child's legitimacy.

He's in Australia now with the army. He's a major. Gonna make a career of it. He'll be 40 soon. We got a letter from him.

Joan. "So what?" Let's go, I wanta fix my hair. This home permanent stinks.

PORRY (glances) wakes up at 4⁰⁰^{am} ^{wants water} feels he wants to
vomit, has attack, goes into unconsciousness (sometimes
last 12 to 18 hours), becomes dehydrated, stomach
sucks in, skin becomes yellow with consistency
of plucked chicken. Comes out of it, beginning to sit
up and play.

Kidney made up of "tubes" and tube which
lets water out is missing. Has lots of headaches.
Drinks quart of water at a time, sometimes 2 or 3.

When a baby, feeding water was awful

- otherwise very sweet active kid.

- Since Easter (^{March} April) till May had 6 attacks, gets
worse as he gets older. Doctor says he can live
to be old man. Only other case like this in Boston.

- Sits on Jack's crib, twirling cowboy hat, watching

Cars go by [right bus stop was down by cars]

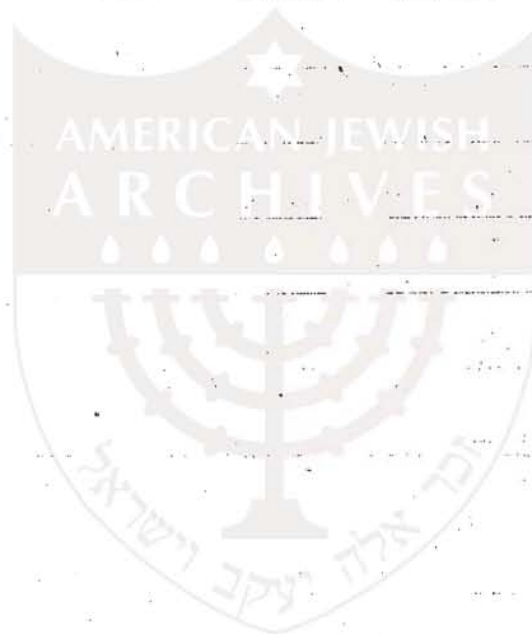
Buzz: was drafted, wanted to go in navy, but because he wasn't direct,
navy wouldn't take him. He's in the marines, a very high I.O. At
Paradise Island. (Parris Island? (Holland)). They fixed his teeth, filled 2, took 2
out on the sides too. I told my mother he'd never had it done if he
wasn't in. He says he's got two of the best instructors. He's not allowed
to have get chewing gum. They don't allow that in the marines. We
can send him candy bars tho'. He's got to ask for permission to go to the
bathroom. That's how strict they are. He'll be spending Xmas on
the firing range. He's taking a test, if he passes, he's a Pfc, if he fails
it, he's gotta go for another 3 weeks

KAY. I'm Lutheran. I was Presbyterian, I was Confirmed Lutheran
yes 6 months ago. I was never confirmed in Presbyterian. We go to
this big Lutheran church over here on Hamburg & Hanover St. We've
got the wonderfullest minister. His name's Weeskes. He delivers
wonderful sermons. He says don't let race or color or creed

interfere. Last Sunday 2 niggers stood in the back of the church &
he didn't chase 'em out. No sir, he didn't. That's how he is.
I tell you I'll be 32 this December 24, Christmas Day,
& when I studied to be Confirmed I learnt more than I did all my
life. They taught us about the ten commandments, & different
things, & they show explain the change of the colors, y'know
we change colors in church ever so often in the year. We're like
the Catholics, y'know. We don't go to Confession like the Catholics,
but we have communion once a month. (This to echo to Andrew's
faith). Our minister was away for awhile & we had another
minister, Rev. Gleason, from the City Hospital. He spoke good
but he wasn't as good as our minister. A rabbi who's
a friend of our minister also spoke at Church bullet, and he
visited my kids when they was out at the City Hospital.
Y'know Andrew is a Catholic (became aware of incongruity of
church involvement & extra-marital involvement) & he don't say
nothing about my goin' to a Lutheran church. Course, some of
his people go to church. But when I was goin' to church
for communion or on Sundays, he'd take care of the kids at
home or he'd drive to church.

Peky is in the vestry - he takes collections on Sunday &
everythin. Once he deliver the worst sermon. Y'know a brandin

- Since he married Hoffman he's changed completely
- Xmas party in church, bring 25¢ gifts then pass around. "I think that's nice". Patsy goes to kindergarten school, bring a penny or 5¢ & drop in her bank every day
 - None of the kids likes Andrew (building up to 1st row of kids before warning him): Eddie won't have anything to do with him, nor with Robbie (Patsy) or Joanie. I don't know why. There's just something about him they just don't like
 - We saw 'Pickup' other day. I like sad stories, y'know w. human interest. I cry all the time. My mother likes musicals. Andrew (apologizing) I don't know why he likes them the best. Also likes cow-boy stories. I like Dennis James (rolls his eyes & cartons) (pans)



Joan (14, 15) in smart fresh chartruese skirt, white blouse, name crocheted in red on blouse pocket; combed brown hair short at back, parted in center, tapering off in curl on front, lipstick, clean olive skin [anxiety on Mrs. L's face: where you going tonight? (a hint of belligerency);

Joan (casual): Oh, I dunno, I guess to a movie or something...
Ma, can I have a piece of gum? (Goes behind counter for bubble-gum.

L: I thought ya wanted chewing gum.

J: No, this is all right.

Mrs. L stares at her with wide worried eyes, the store book is pressed against her lips. Storekeeper asks for book, "Oh, here it is. I almost forgot it" - speaks remotely & absentmindedly.

L: (in lowered voice, threatening tone) 'who you going with tonight... you going with the same boy?

J: Naw... I'm giving him up... He was too easy to get.

L: You're crazy, girl. Soon you ain't gonna be able to get any boy friends you keep up that kind of foolishness.

J: Aw, he was too easy, all I had to do was snap my fingers to get him. I like some competition. I don't like 'em when they're so easy... Can I get a bottle Soda? (Get's bottle choc. yes-foo, pushes on straw, lipstick stains)

Can I help you down the street, ma (Conciliating)

L: No! I can manage.

KRY

I feel lousy. I got a pain from my neck right down to my spine here ^{& in my chest.} An' I can't keep eatin on my stomach. I think it's that varrus that's goin' around. The flu? I don't know, they call it a varrus nowadays. Andrew says it's polio. Everythin's polio to him. Boy, is he a kid?! y'know when my Patsy was sick & her legs went stiff he said, 'Spud' y'better be careful, that might be polio! Humph, Everythin's polio. I think it's just a cold, myself. I'm goin' up to see my doctor, Dr. de Marco, up on North Ave. I stopped goin' to Ellison. I dunno, he ain't doin' me much good. Last August when I had a hemorrhage, y'know in my (looks down toward groin) Ellison wanted to take everything out. But I was talkin' to a lady who had it taken out an' she told me she's as sorry as can be. Every month, she said, when she's about to get her period she feels like ramming her head thru a wall. Dr. de Marco told me I better not let 'em take it out. He said my wisdoms, y'know, look like I never had a child. He said my trouble is I started havin' my period later - I was 15 when I had my first - an' I'm now havin' a change of life early. When I'm 40, he said, I'll have my change of life over with.

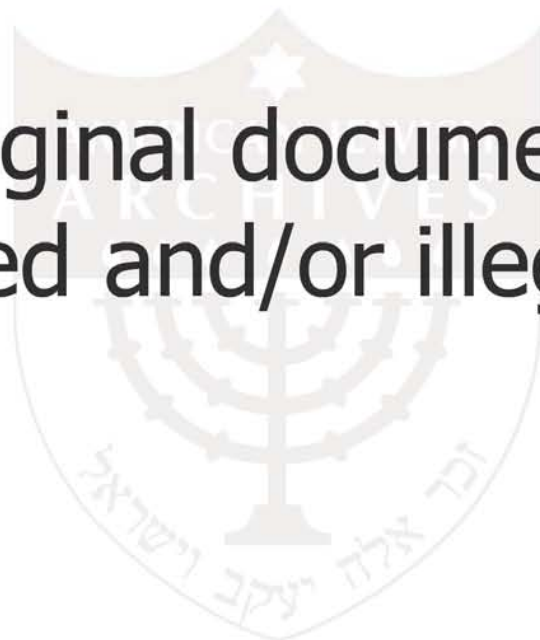
Yes, Andrew calls me 'Spud'. He's got nicknames for everybody. He calls Patsy 'Toodie'. My father calls Eddie 'Skeeter'... y'know, my Patsie is brilliant, she's really bright. I don't know where she gets it. Jimmy, her father, wasn't smart, y'know, & I ain't... I think she gets it from Jimmy's mother, they say she was a bright woman. Jimmy's sister is graduated from school so I guess she must get it from her mother, that's

what it must be. My Joanie's light, too, & so are those
two girls (Jane & Bobbie) They're nobody's dummies.



[start]

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Monday

Mrs L. (Jan P. Sunday)

D-O you see that in turnpike?
Went to NY yesterday. Left here 10³⁰ in the morning & came back at 11³⁰ at night. We were in NY for 3 hours. Took about 4 1/2 hours each way. We had a swell time. We stuck out just for the drive. I wanted to see that new turnpike in the daylight. I love driving in the daylight. My husband likes it at night. He's just crazy about driving at night. When I go at night I just crawl up on the back seat & go to sleep. (Cuddles up coat & settles down in fur). We made wonderful time.

One thing when we got on other side of the bridge the fan belt broke & we spent nearly 2 hours fixing it. We pulled into a City Service place & the man fixed it. First he put in a '40 belt but that was no good. So he put in a '41 belt and that was the right one. Andy was going fast when he felt it go wrong so he slowed down & went it slow up to the station. I heard a cop pulled up alongside when he saw us going so slow & ask us if anything was the matter & whether there was anything he could do to help.

The man said the man at the station, the said the belt wasn't broken, just that somebody had let a screw out too far & that he'd checked the belt, & didn't break it. I heard. He charged us \$2.85 for everything, including service. I thought that was reasonable.

We went on to my sister's. She lives on 64th St. & Amsterdam Ave. (Cuddles more). I couldn't live there for winter. It's a dump. They're all spears there & Mexicans & Egyptians. I know, M. L., when you look out the windows of my sister's apartment you can see a saloon across the street with big blue lights. And you know, there were bigger men sitting w. bigger women

you just to be
in the road
- Jersey
B.L. They say
it's bad in
New York. But we
had no trouble.

~~My husband~~
store
~~My husband~~

ing
elegant

I suppose women w. niggers men & they were driving out
of each other glasses & they had their hands around each
other & they came out & went away together in the same
car. My husband couldn't see that. Boy, you should've
heard him. He was sure is down on the niggers. He said
he couldn't live in N.Y. because of that. I told him we
went all those school there w. a colored girl. And he
said it's a lucky thing he doesn't know me then or he'd
a changed that. Why we were go to a show in N.Y.
because of that. Next we went to a movie & a nigger
woman came in & sat next to me, well you should've seen
me. He grabbed my arm & pulled me outa that seat
-when I didn't know what happen to me before we was
outta there. I ask him what was the matter & he said he
told me he never wanted me sitting next to a nigger. Well I
told him I couldn't help it if she came & sat next to me.
He said he didn't care. We went then to a show there
ever since. & That's been years ago.

L: The niggers there do have it good there, there & in Philadelphia
They eat together in the same restaurants

Mrs. L: (rolls eyes & says B) boy, that's all that has to
happen w. us.

L's boy: I guess your husband had an unpleasant experience
w. a nigger - at one time [Mrs. L: Shoving (a vulgar gesture)]

Mrs. L: To tell you the truth I don't know why he is so
against the niggers. I really don't know why... We all there

about
nigger

12
1938-700
L's boy & Mrs.
L's boy

L's boy & Mrs.
L's boy

1938-700
L's boy & Mrs.
L's boy

Couldn't believe it. Why ^{because} (only ones that had
of work here & she makes ^(Cakes herself) the cakes were than that.
I think that's terrible!

We was goin' to take them (Andy & Ray) to the Automat
to see how you put needles in & get coffee & buy sandwiches &
cake & all - but it was too crowded. We went down to a little
store on the corner ... y'know, Mr. Lewis (he was saving this word of
information for him) eggs sell there for 95¢ a dozen
L: You can get 'em here for 75¢ a dozen. They're come down
Mrs L: I know. But 95¢ a dozen! It was such a funny
place, Ray said to me, 'Ma, this place ain't no bigger than a
box, I'd hate to be here when there's a crowd.' Ah! I told her,
maybe we're the crowd...

We was hungry. We didn't eat anything on the way up. When we
got off that bus & stopped off at City Service to hire the car,
Ray wanted to go into a little place there, but I didn't want no
hot dogs or hamburgers & I told 'em we'd keep goin' till we
find a decent place, a Howard Johnson. Well, Adams looked up &
saw a sign there 110 miles to N.Y. & he said 'I can make that
in 2 hours' so we took him. Let's get in & go... he made
10 miles in 10 minutes! I knew it because I clocked him. I'd
look up, y'know, & see the sign said 90 miles, then 80 miles, &
I timed it. 70 minutes! We got there in two hours & ate at the
Chicken Heaven.

Ray liked ^{the life N.Y.} at 7:00 o'clock I were at an hour downtown
at 11:30. Exactly 4 1/2 hours. Andy said he was down 75 an hour, but

at the Chicken Heaven, y'know where the Crossroads Tavern
is? Well, right around the block, we ate there & a waffer
waitress served us & the husband said, 'She's a waffer waitress
on us' & I told him, 'I don't care what she is, you're
gonna eat what she serves us'.

exp=95¢
people=Sun.
this trip on
this date

And y'know we got a ^{here} fancy meal ~~there~~: 4 or a chicken,
French fries, and hot rolls, Cole Slaw - all for \$1.35.

He got 10¢ more
to go to
15¢ round
trip - making
to go to
his friend
I like n.y. in
the spring & summer
like to go to
Coney Island
(person tips)

There was just too much for us to eat. The whole meal cost
for all 4 of us \$7.00, and that included beer for Andy,
tea for Ray & me, ^{hot tea} coffee for Dad, & jelly & Smith
for Patsy. There was just more than we could eat. I think
at where they have the chairs & tables outside, but it
was too cold out for that. ^①

That was Andy's first trip to n.y. We told him to go slow down Broadway.
Andy told the lights on Broadway. The way it was lit up
& all the people he said it looked like Lexington St. Market on
Thursday night. I told him the original see n.y. on a weekday night.
He said he wants to come up again (laughed) go somewhere he
said. (Adapted ^{festival} ~~festival~~) Well, my sister invited us up again & she
said she'd put them ~~there~~ up for two days, say a Sat & Sun.
They're gonna do it soon, too. ^② (Don't)

y'know my sister cleans offices, ^{at night} & I was
surprised to find out how little she gets paid. y'know
she cleans 2 offices every night - one's a plus to gether
where they make pictures of fighters & actresses, & the other
the Xmas Store is office. One pays her 3.00 a week, the
other 4.00, that's all she makes a week from that, 7.00 I

Couldn't believe it. Why ^(Cochran herself) Higgins (why does that kind
of work here & she make —; she makes more than that.
I think that's terrible!

We was goin' to take them (Andy & Kay) to the Automat
to see how you put waffles in & get coffee & long sandwiches &
cake & all - but it was too crowded. We went down to a little
store on the corner ... y'know, Mr. Henie (she was passing this word of
information for their eggs sell there for 95¢ a dozen
h: You can get 'em here for 75¢ a dozen. They're come down
Mrs h: I know. But 95¢ a dozen! It was such a small
place, Kay said to me, 'Ma, this place ain't no bigger than a
box, I'd hate to be here when there's a crowd.' An' I told her,
maybe we're the crowd...

We was hungry. We didn't eat anything on the way up. When we got off that red bridge & stopped off at City Service to fix the car, Ray wanted to go into a little place there, but I didn't want no hot dogs or hamburgers & I tell em we'll keep going till we find a decent place, a Howard Johnson type, well, Andrew looked up & saw a sign there 110 miles to N.Y. & he said 'I can make that in 2 hours' so we told him 'let's get on it yo... He made 10 miles in 10 minutes! I know it because I clocked him. I'd look up, y'know, 'I can make that 10 miles, 10 minutes, I did it. 10 minutes! We got there in two hours & ate at the Chicken Heaven.

at 11:30. Exactly 4 1/2 hours. Andy said he was down 75 in hours, but

A

Monday

Mrs L. (Jan 7, Sunday)

D.O. you see that want therapeutic?

Went to NY yesterday. Left here 10³⁰ in the morning & came back at 11³⁰ at night. WE were in NY for 3 hours. Took us about 4 1/2 hours each way. We had a swell time. We started out just for the drive. I wanted to see that new tunnel in the daylight. I love driving in the daylight. My husband likes it at night. He's just crazy about driving at night. When I go at night I just crawl up on the back seat & go to sleep. (Cuddles up coat & settles in in fur). WE made wonderful time.

Oney thing was when we got on other side of the bridge the front belt broke & we spent nearly 2 hours fixing it. We pulled into a City Service place & the man fixed it. First he put in a '40 belt but that was no good. So he put in a '41 belt and that was the right one. Andy was going fast when he felt it go wrong so he slowed down & went it slow up to the station. I heard a cop pulled up alongside when he saw us going so slow & ask us if anything was the matter & whether there was anything he could do to help.

The man said the man at the station, the said the belt wasn't broken, just that somebody had let a screw out too far & that shredded the belt, & didn't break it. y'know. He charged us \$2.85 for everything, including service. I thought that was reasonable.

We went over to my sister's. She lives on 64th St. I trusted her. (winkles nose). I consider her there for nothing. It's a dump. They're all spooks there & Mexicans & Egyptians. You know, Mr. G, when you took out the window of my sister's apartment you can see a saloon across the street with big blown lights. And you know, there were bigger men sitting w. bigger women.

at the Chicken Heaven, y'know when the Crossroads Tavern
is? well, right around the fork, we ate there & a waffer
waitress served us & the husband said, 'she's a cigger wait-
on us' & I told him, 'I don't care what she is, you're
gonna eat what she serves us'.

egg = 95¢

Deeper - Sun.
this trip on
7 hrs ride

we y'know we got a furre meal ^{here} ~~there~~ 4 1/2 a chicken,
French fries, ^{you could eat} and hot rolls, & Cole Slaw - all for \$1.35.

10 min / 10 min
10 min - 2 hrs
1-50 percent
1-50 percent
1-50 percent
1-50 percent
1-50 percent

There was just too much for us to eat. The whole meal cost
for all 4 of us \$4.00, and that included beer for Linda.
Tax for 10¢ each, Coffee for Dad, & jelly & butter
for Pat. There was just more than we could eat. I
didn't eat anything but the chairs & tables but not, but it
was too good to eat for that.

On I like my in
the spring & summer
I like to go to
Coney Island
(purses tips)

That was Judy's first trip to n.Y. We took him to go slow down Broadway.
He liked the lights in Broadway. The way it was lit up
& all the people he saw it looked like Lexington St. Market on
Thursday night. I took him the night he was in n.Y. on a weekday night.
He said he wants to come up again (laughed) go somewhere he
said. (Adapt ^{fracture} ~~fracture~~) Well, my sister invited us up for 8 & she
said she'd put them two up for two days, say a ~~part~~ ^{part} & then.
They'll gonna do it soon, too. (Don @)

y'know my sister cleans offices, & I was
surprised to find out how little she gets paid. y'know
she cleans 2 offices every night - one's a photo grapher
where they make pictures of fighters & actresses, & the other
the X-ray Science office. One pays her 3⁰⁰ a week, the
other 4⁰⁰, that's all she makes a week from that, 7⁰⁰. I

Couldn't believe it. Betty says (Betty says that kind
of work time & she makes ^(Catches herself) —; she makes more than that.
I think that's terrible!

We was going to take them (Andy & Ray) to the Automat
to see how you put needles in & get coffee & buy sandwiches &
cake & all - but it was too crowded. We went down to a little
store on the corner ... y'know, Mr. Lennie (he was saving this word of
information for him) eggs sell there for 95¢ a dozen
L: You can get 'em here for 75¢ a dozen. They're real cheap
Mrs L: I know. But 95¢ a dozen! It was such a small
place, Ray said to me, 'Ma, this place ain't no bigger than a
box, I'd hate to be here when there's a crowd.' He'd take her,
maybe we're the crowd...

We was hungry. We didn't eat anything on the way up. When we
got off that mid-lodge & stopped off at City Service to fix the car,
Ray wanted to go into a little place there, but I didn't want no
hot dogs or hamburgers & I told him we'd keep going till we
find a decent place, a Howard Johnson like, well, Andrew looked up &
saw a sign there 110 miles to N.Y. & he said 'I can make that
in 2 hours' so we told him let's get in & go... He made
10 miles in 10 minutes! I know it because I clocked him. I'd
look up, y'know, & see the sign said 90 miles, then 80 miles, &
I timed it. 70 minutes! We got there in two hours & ate at the
Chicken Heaven.

Ray liked ^{we left N.Y.} at 7:00 o'clock & were at our home don't stop
at 11:30. Exactly 4 1/2 hours. Andy said he was down 75 an hour, but

you couldn't tell it. Patsy told it - she was the only one of the kids we took along (Andrew tells her, often how close the kids) - when we got there she said 'when we your house?'

Andy got up & went to work this morning & he felt good. Sam is doesn't look him at all.

Levine: I'd a been kind of for a week. I wouldn't come it for \$1000.00

Mrs. L: Well, he said it didn't look him at all. My husband got up at 4:30 to go to work

L: I said right

Mrs. L: Well he said. (About to leave) I guess we'll go up against next weekend.

2 (on 6) We went by 15th Ave & 59 St. (59?) where the John Memorial Hospital is & I told Ray that's where you was born, on the 4th floor, & she said it looked so dirty, everywhere around there. She couldn't live there she said.

MR LUKY

- My gal is always on the go
- kiss her goodbye every morning
- once threatened to leave him & "he almost died"



Ed,
forget Pm
by 1

2 V L
Clear black eye
(heart-shaped
brown hair base)

Eddie, Patsy on "monkey-bars" in park. Patsy: He's
a water-baby. He drinks 37 glasses a water a
day. Patsy does too. He drinks a whole quart
with bottle just like this (holds up emptying coke
bottle to mouth & gargles it into mouth, making bubbles
like offce water jug)

- Ed: Won't hurt me in the kidneys. I got
kidney trouble (soft eyes, & sad words). I'm a water
baby.

- Patsy: I hope Andy ain't a water baby

- Both shake bottles, creamy bubbles comes out, look it off,
shake, then look off again.

LARRY WEDDING

Lutheran Church Sunday 5 p.m. at (Hampshire) & (Hampshire); Expense
 obtain three weddings, Billie's gown? conv. to, lot at Becky's room
 Eastern (Hampshire) Billie, were under glow of love, a shed loss, blonde
 hair said to husband. Mrs. Haley wishes them to come up to her
 then to show themselves off. Up back belly comes Jane looking
 shy & appealingly ex. in in chasteness & perfect gown, followed by
 Edna, who in outrageous red gown with feather red headband looked
 like a hillbilly as she wide-legged across the tracks, or like
 a primitive woman ^{about to} doing a ceremonial dance. At the step she
 scratched her belly & said - "This damned thing itches!" While the
 two were congratulating the married couple & they stood embarrassed
 in Mrs. Haley excitedly at side observing, she has her hair done up in
 permanent & new specs, Jane calls out: "This things hurts me &
 she looks her ^{stagnant} bra at her armpits & gloves in irritation. "Ma,
 I'm going home to take this off!" No! ma says. Then Billie
 & Harris talk about ^{smoking eyes} how Becky is fixing them her house - "the
 whole house for the night" - & he's going over to Earl Sely's & run
 their stay in a room Mrs. L. is fixing up for them in her house. - Harris
 leaves in 12 days for overseas (Korea). "Ma this itches & hurts" Can
 I go home now? "All right, go home & change". Edna picks
 up gravel stones & throws at Edna. "That ain't no, Edna" she
 slaps his crew-cut head. Edna bubbles on about how wonderful
 her husband is, how she wished she'd met him 10 years ago,
 didn't strike it right the first time, but I sure did
 the second. If anything would happen to him my whole
 world would crack up." Scratches her belly w. finger finger.

[illegible]

[end]

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