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Box: "KAYO"

Contents of envelope labeled

"Old run MS"

Possible Title: In The Long run

ONE = ~~3~~ 1941

(It was great to see the whole gang there all together again.)
But - (84)

Summer 1941
~~high school~~

ONE -- One

Naturally

there

last night 5-7 goodbye to and see him

We were all ~~there~~ at the station to see the Chief off to the West.
His family, of course, his folks and Oola. Moon and Nelly and
their ^{parents} folks, me and ^{mine} my folks. Also Flash ^{and} and Buck ^{and} and Jack
Armstrong and Orphan Annie and Sandy, Bottles and Sister Kate
and Peerless and ~~the~~ ^{Min} Stranger, Sahib and ^{Memsahib and} all the Sherpas. ^{Even the} Katzenjammers.

The whole gang was there actually, every one, and that was the
last time the Rover Boys and Girls were all together. The Chief
didn't make a speech or anything. He shook hands all around and
had a smile and a few ^{special} private words for each Rover, and a kiss
for his mother and ^{Mrs. Mullen and} Oola and Nelly. Moon and Oop helped him carry
his baggage on the train, though there wasn't really that much
baggage. Through the window he waved to each and every one of
us. He certainly looked fine in his uniform. He won't be a
second lieutenant long, I'm ^{that's for} sure of that. Once the Army gets to
know ^{him} the Chief ^{as} like we Rovers do they'll promote him fast.
Especially if there is a war ^{we get into the war like} as the Chief ^{says we will.} says there will be.

It hardly seems possible it's only eight years ago we
moved into the neighborhood. ^{So much has happened it's more} like
^{my} an entire lifetime. ^{All} Naturally I remember ^{about} New Jersey clearly, ^{is running.}
being born there. It seems to me I learned to run before I
learned to walk. I have ^{feel like} the impression I ran home from the
hospital ^{where I was born} and kept on running for ^{nine} eight years, ^{without} and didn't so much
^{as} slow down until we moved west.

In the Long Run

Neighborhood Parents

Oop and Silver Skis -
argument with Chief -
conclusion - "I'll
stay" - "I'll stay"
Thus Skis prepare Oops

Rover - Names
"Somehow left alone the
I admi names like Saguavair etc."
Can't say why exactly. Just punning didn't seem funny

RETELL ALL

Kayo taking Oolar tea drops - boiling hard -
adding brown sugar - Fox Tea - (ugh!!)

^{A friend of}
Dad ^{got him} had a job working on the new Snoqualmie Pass Highway.

~~That's why we moved west.~~ We drove ^{west} out in June, as soon as ~~xxxx~~ school was out. That was ^{as incredible terrific} a wonderful summer, camping in the woods. Sometimes Dad would take me to work, and put me in a safe place and all day I'd watch the trucks and the bulldozers, and Dad and his ^{crew of} concrete mixer. ^{Also the mountains and the clouds and trees.} Other days Mother and I would ~~pack a lunch and go hiking on the mountain trails, with some of the other mothers and children.~~ Having ^{always} lived in New Jersey ~~all our lives~~ the peaks looked ^{just absolutely} stupendous. ^{I was} We were terrified of bears and mountain lions at first, but never saw any. I kept expecting savage Indians to scalp us. But after New Jersey the wilderness ~~was~~ ^{safe as} ~~a Sunday School picnic.~~ ^{Setis, actually,} No, not really, because in New Jersey I even had to run home from ~~Sunday School picnics.~~ ^{rummies and bullies} There were plenty of tough kids in the construction camp. ~~But what amazed me was that tough kids picked on kids their own size.~~ ^{the rule about} ~~and if any bully started chasing me some tough kid started chasing him.~~ ^{ing only your} ~~Another amazing thing was that the whole summer not once did anybody call me a Bohunk.~~ ^{tough guy} ~~Whenever some kid started making fun of the way I talked generally some older kid straightened him out.~~ ^{pushing me around} ~~Whenver some kid started making fun of the way I talked generally some older kid straightened him out.~~

Mr. Mullan ^{is} was a civil engineer. He and Dad became good friends. Mr. Mullan didn't live in the construction camp but quite often he ~~stopped xxxxxx~~ had supper with us. As a matter of fact ~~xxx~~ he taught Mother how to cook over a campfire. ~~Also~~ Our camp was right on the bank of the Snoqualmie River, and ~~xxx~~ he'd often come down in the evening with his fishing pole and haul in a mess of trout and Mother ^{fried} cooked them, right out of the water. He taught ^{both and me} Dad how to fish, ~~and even me.~~ He also told us where the trails were and often Mother and I ~~packed a lunch and hiked up Denny Creek and Granite Mountain and other places.~~

Mullan
to cause of
hikes
xxxxxx

Kings
was
of
xxxxxx

xxxxxx
Pollock
Wop

Several times his family came up on weekends and camped with us. Moon had just joined the Scouts that summer, and I suppose he was wearing his uniform everywhere, but even if he was only a Tenderfoot he sure was the greatest hero I had ever seen. Whenever we went to the show back in New Jersey and President Roosevelt was on the newsreel, and of course he had been on every newsreel ^{for} the last year, the audience cheered and stamped and whistled and sobbed. I knew he was the greatest man in the world. Greater even than the Pope. As far as I was concerned maybe Moon wasn't greater than Roosevelt, but it was close. The Pope was a bad third, although naturally I didn't say so then. Not ^{out loud} to the priest, anyway. I sort of liked Nelly in spite of her being a girl. Not only was she Moon's sister but she was smaller than me. In New Jersey even the girls were bigger than me. She was ~~ix~~ still on crutches that summer.

I still cringe when I think ^{everytime} what I did the first time I saw Nelly. Moon and his mother got out of the car first, and helped her out. ^{of the car.} The sight of Moon in his ^{Boy Scout} uniform ^{dazzled} struck me dumb. Then I saw Nelly, ^{Not only was} and she was a girl, ^{but she was} and smaller than me, ^{Not only} and ^{that she was} on crutches, and in an attempt to ^{I saw a safe chance to impress} curry favor with Moon I ^{so} did what any New Jersey child would do, I ^{ed} mocked Nelly, yelling Crip-foot! Cripfoot! ^{Nelly} She started crying, and Moon ^{shrilled me} turned such a look ^{with} on me... We soon made it up and afterwards I helped Moon take care of Nelly. We'd all walk slowly along a trail ^{and} find a comfortable place for her to sit. ^{by a river and bring her rocks to throw in} It was very strange to walk ^{the water} slowly, and not run, and not be afraid.

country
logic

In New Jersey even the girls were bigger than me.

Moon not in uniform!

For me school had been just one big track meet. After the quit safe mountains I hated to start running again.

When school was about to start Mother and I moved in ~~xxx~~ to the neighborhood. The Mullans had lived there for years and owned a lot of land. Just before the Depression they had built ~~their~~ big brick house. Mother and I moved into their old house, ~~xxx~~ just a few hundred feet away.

I dreaded school. ~~and for good reason, for~~ it was terrible at first, ~~There was all sorts of trouble with the Principal and the teachers.~~ I had graduated from the Fourth Grade in New Jersey, having started school ~~x~~ at five and skipped ~~xxxxx~~ the Second Grade. But when the Principal saw me he tried to put me in Kindergarten.

He and ~~my~~ Mother had a row ~~and finally~~ he put me in the Third Grade ~~as a compromise.~~ The Third Grade Teacher got sick of me in a hurry and the Principal ~~gave up and~~ put me in the Fifth. ~~But~~ the Fifth Grade Teacher couldn't understand a word I said and ~~I couldn't~~

insisted I was a moron. Everybody ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ compromised on the Fourth Grade, ~~and~~ after booting around from room to room most of the fall I kept quiet. ~~Nelly was in the Third Grade so I didn't know a soul in the class.~~ Fortunately one learns rapidly at that age, and I quickly lost my accent and adapted my manners and clothes to conform.

Those first months at school would have been ~~much worse~~ without Moon. Moon and Nelly. We walked ~~to school~~ together, very slowly because of Nelly, but ~~it was safe~~ anyway. On the way we were always joined by the Chief and Oola. Actually in those days she was called Annie. ~~The Chief~~ She was in the Third Grade

and had been since the Chief and his family had moved into the Neighborhood several years before.

But ~~at that time~~ ^{our} Neighborhood was way out in the woods in those days, and there weren't many families.

Partly, I suppose, with Nelly and they were very close friends. Largely, I suppose, because of their brothers, ~~Chief and Moon were~~ ^{such great} buddies. Chief ~~was~~ was Captain of the Schoolboy Patool, and Moon was Lieutenant. Chief was quarterback and captain of the Football Team, Moon was star halfback. ~~that year.~~ ^{the we moved west} Moon was ~~xxxxxxx~~ Captain the next year. ^{Actually} Though they were the same age, ^{they weren't in the same grade} the Chief was a year ahead of Moon in school, ^{because the Chief had} having skipped a year when he ~~xxxxx~~ lived in Seattle, before his family moved into the Neighborhood.

I remember being ^{was sort of} jealous of ~~xxxxx~~ ^{at first} Cola, or Annie, because she idolized Moon as much as I did, and when she was around he gave her as much attention as me. Naturally it was typical kid stuff, // Moon was her Big Uncle and ~~xxxx~~ my Big Brother.

^{both} I idolized ~~the~~ Chief, ^{not only because he was Moon's pal, but just because} so did I. Nobody spent more time than Chief making Nelly feel she was ^{one} ~~xxxx~~ of the gang, and not a cripple. He was certainly swell to me. Right from the first he didn't so much as seem to notice my size and my accent. And I never minded my nickname, ~~indeed I accepted it right from the start,~~ because it was the Chief who gave it to me. I was late getting out of the house one morning and went ^{changing} ~~tearing~~ up the street to catch up. ^{the gang} Chief heard me coming and laughed and said to Moon, here comes Kayo now! Nobody but the Teachers ever called me Frank after that. Even my folks called me Kayo before long.

he was such a nice guy

Tuesday night was the biggest night of the week. ~~That was~~
~~when the Troop met.~~ Chief would come by the Mullan's house
after supper, and in his uniform he looked like General Pershing.
Annie was always with him. ~~Moon would come out in his uniform,~~
and we'd all five ^{walk} ~~go~~ to the meeting. Annie and Nelly and I
^{sit on a hill above the field and watch the Troop}
~~would wait outside the hall until they came out to march around~~
~~and then we'd watch.~~ When the Troop went ~~back~~ in the hall we'd
go home together.

~~It was terrible to be young.~~ ^{I couldn't stand being so}
There was nothing in the world
so important as growing up so I could be a Boy Scout ~~along~~ with
Moon and the Chief.

^I
~~Moon let me climb on the Matterhorn sometimes, but I wasn't~~
very good. Mainly, ~~I think,~~ ^{in those days} because the holds were a lot farther
apart for me than the bigger kids. Mostly I watched. ~~Next to~~
~~being a Boy Scout the most important thing in the world was to~~
~~become a mountain climber.~~

^{Tenderfoot especially}
~~There were two climbers I watched more than any others. And~~
~~I wasn't the only one.~~ They were strangers to me because they
^{went to in town to} ~~came from~~ parochial school and lived ^{a couple of} ~~over a~~ mile away from the
neighborhood. I would have known them sooner ^{because supposedly we} ~~except for the fact~~
~~I refused to go to ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ mass and after we moved from~~
~~New Jersey and my folks didn't argue because they didn't go either.~~
^{I somehow we never went to church.}

~~Anyway I remember sitting in the woods one day watching the~~
~~Troop climb up and down the Matterhorn. There were two Tenderfoot~~
~~climbing as a team.~~ ^{of the Tenderfoot, Dan} One was a big lunk of a guy, almost as big
as Moon or the Chief. The other, ^{Al,} was a wiry little guy. Not as
little as me, but almost.

The North Wall of the Matterhorn had never been climbed ~~then~~.
The Scoutmaster had tried, and the Chief, and Moon, and all the
older kids. Chief had gotten the highest. Several times he'd
been ^{ten} ~~nine~~ feet up before he fell into the grass.

^{Dan and Al always climbed as a team. Dan was just average but}
~~The lunk's name was Dan. The wiry little guy was Al. Al~~
^{was spectacular. After a couple sessions he had done} ~~climbed~~ all the standard routes on Matterhorn, ^{in such good style}
^{one day} ~~the Chief suggested~~ ^{as a joke that} he try the North Wall. But Al was a good ~~six~~
^{foot} ~~inches~~ shorter than Chief, and couldn't even get off the ground,
^{because} since the North Wall overhangs at the bottom. ~~So Chief~~

What made it a joke was that ~~AP~~

They lived
at end of
city bus line
couple miles away

Not only that
but he did them
so fast and
so often it
seemed he was
at the top of
all the routes
at the same time

He kept jumping up, and jumping up, trying to reach the first holds, and ~~he~~ was so serious about it and looked so comical the Chief ~~and~~ ^{he could} ~~told~~ ^{to get started} conceded him the use of a shoulderstand. Dan was the logical choice, of course. Al, perched on Dan's shoulders, reached just to the Chief's previous high point.

Climbed up onto Dan's shoulders and from there could almost reach the Chief's highest point.

Al ^{he stopped} went off Dan's shoulders onto the wall and promptly fell into the grass. For a little guy it was a long fall, and the Chief stopped smiling, and looked ^{a bit scared} ~~chagrined~~. But Al rolled ^{right} up from the grass, climbed up Dan and ^{stopped into the wall} tried again, and fell ^{and} rolled up from the grass. ~~The Chief decided the joke had gone far enough but Al wouldn't listen.~~

After ~~he~~ had fallen a dozen times or so the entire Troop ~~was~~ gathered to watch the ^{ing} performance. And every time Al got up from the grass to try again, and put a foot in Dan's cupped hands, the chorus ^{Troop yelled,} went up, Alley OOP! And Al was on Dan's shoulders, and then onto the rock, and then on the grass again.

~~It might have ended in a big, humiliating joke for the two tenderfeet, but~~ after several ~~dozen~~ ^{and} dozen tries, several dozen Alley OOPs! suddenly Al came off Dan's shoulders and onto the North Face and climbed the last virgin fifteen feet as if it were a staircase. Not only that, he ran down the South ^{east} Ridge and with ^{everybody} a cheering Alley OOP! climbed Dan again, and repeated the route, the impossible fifteen feet. ^{Dan following}

^{This time he} ~~He came down and was ready to do it again,~~ but the Chief ^{stomped away, and you could see he was shaking all over} caught him and brought him back. ~~clapped him on the shoulder and cried enough! enough!~~ Because ^{of their} of that day on the Matterhorn the two ^{of them} always were particularly close friends afterward, in spite of the difference in ages. And since that day Al has always been Oop. Also, just as I am Kayo because of Moon, old lunk Dan has been Dinny ever since. Dinny the ~~the~~ Dinosaur, ^{with} whose broad stupid shoulders ^{that} provide ^{best} Alley Oop a platform for glory.

He was obviously mad. The Chief kept trying to calm him down but it was no use.

and before the whole Troop apologized to Al for kidding him and told him he was beyond any doubt the best rock climber in the Troop. To which the Scoutmaster added, in the Northwest.

law that ~~xxxxxxx~~ somebody always stayed with her so she wouldn't feel left out. We climbed in all sorts of combinations. It happened one night we were climbing in three-man teams to practice rope coordination. Chief and Moon and I were roped together, and we had come over to talk to Nelly. Oop decided to do the North Wall, ~~and~~ which by now he could do clear from the bottom. Then he encouraged Annie to try. He belayed her from the summit and she climbed up on Dinny's shoulders and stepped off on the rock and we were all amazed, because she made it the very first try. Actually she had some tension ~~xxx~~ from the rope but it was still a terrific climb. The three of them came over the grass to us, and we were cheering our heads off. You couldn't blame the Chief, the joke was irresistable/~~xxx~~ He yelled, hail Oop and Oola and faithful ~~and~~ ^{the Pioneer} Dinny! Easygoing old Dinny the lunk didn't mind, but the other two really blushed. The thing about the Chief, though, is he always has a way of smoothing over feelings. She was never anything but Oola afterwards but without embarrassing anybody. ~~xxxxxxx~~

~~School School~~ ^{Franklin High} wasn't too bad when I ~~could~~ ^{could} stick close to one of the Neighborhood gang ^{but} sometimes ^{Seattle} ~~it~~ was as bad as New Jersey, ^{so} ~~so~~ I was usually on edge. Even in the Troop I felt lonesome ^{quite a bit} ~~sometimes~~ because the Chief and Moon were careful not to show favoritism ^o and also Oop and Dinny. There wasn't anybody as small as me. Even Nelly ^{had gotten} was taller. Everyplace there were wise guys making cracks. So I'd tell them I took special pills to keep me small

Franklin okay

and she
sure was
no giant.

because when I got out of school I had a job promised me as ~~Chickie Midget~~ a midget with ^{Barquon and Bailey} ~~the Ringling Brothers~~.

My folks told me I was just slow getting my growth, it ran in the family.

The main reason I never was too miserable about my size was that right from ~~the first~~ the time I joined the Scouts there was something I could do better than anybody else. I've thought about it a lot, and I'm sure it was no coincidence that when I was a Tenderfoot the Chief ^{first} introduced the Troop to Fox and Hounds.

The game as we played it ^{at first} went like this. ~~The whole Troop~~ The whole Troop, except those above Patrol Leader rank, ~~lined~~ lined up on ~~the~~ signal from the Chief ~~and~~ raced over the field toward a ~~sack~~ sack full of slips of paper. The first one to the sack was the Fox. The Fox was given a five minute start into the woods, and had to mark his trail with the slips of paper. ^{only} The rule was that from any one slip of paper the next one had to be clearly visible. Chief and Moon were umpires, and followed ~~the~~ Hounds to rule on this. If after ^{half an} one hour the Hounds hadn't caught the Fox he was ruled to have Escaped.

Those were the rules ^{the first four times} ~~at first~~. ~~But the first six times~~ ^{all four times} the Troop played I was the Fox every time and every time I Escaped. ~~It was a matter of giving up the game or changing the rules.~~ ^{So} The Chief ~~made it~~ ^{turned into} a Patrol game. One entire Patrol was the Fox. But because of me our Patrol won every time. The final change was to give up the race and shift the Fox role around

He could go any direction, double back, hide if he wanted to while the Hounds went dashing by.

the Patrols on a regular rotation. So once every three weeks our Patrol was the Fox, and we always escaped. ^{Every time.} And the other times we were Hounds, and ^{then} no Fox ever escaped. ^{Not once.} It got to be such a good joke Oop petitioned to change the name of our Patrol. We became officially the Fox Patrol. And whenever we played the game Oop turned things over to me. Foxy Kayo, they called me.

New Jersey finally was good for something. It hadn't been any game back there. Little guys like me, whether we were Bohunks or Greasers or Pollocks or Frogs or Wops or Kikes, if we couldn't fight we learned to run. But it's not enough to be fast. Big guys have long legs. And often as not they come two or three or four at a time. I took plenty of beatings. From what I remember I think ^{just about} every kid in New Jersey should go straight to the penitentiary instead of the First Grade. But I didn't get many bloody noses and black eyes my last year back there. For one thing I knew that whole town better than anybody in it. I knew the streets and alleys better than the Street Department. I knew the sewers better than the Sanitary Department. Even now I could sit down and draw ^{an} ~~a~~ more accurate map of the town ~~than anybody has ever done.~~ ~~It was no job,~~ it was a matter of survival. For another thing I learned pace. I bet I could teach ^{any} ~~the~~ Track Coach a lot he doesn't know. ^{As for} Deception; Well, Francis Marion the Swamp Fox could have used me. If I were big enough I'd be just about the best broken-field runner in the history of football.

It would be quite a bit different sort of map than the one in the City Engineer's office, though.

I had been pretending to
at top speed while actually
I was just keeping them a
safe distance behind.

Just for example, one time I was coming back from visiting
dangerous
my aunt and took a ~~xxxx~~ shortcut ~~xxxxxxx~~ through ~~a~~ the Greaser
district. They spotted me, and were sure they had me ~~dead to cold~~ ^{rights}.
~~rights~~. They didn't know I knew their neighborhood better than
they did. I looked scared and ran from one side of the street
to the other ^{as if I were confused} and finally turned up an alley. The whole gang,
eight or nine of them, yelled, because they knew ^{it was a blind} the ~~alley~~ ^{was blind}.
They didn't know I knew it too. Just before I reached the alley
I ^{shifted to high gear} put on ~~extra speed~~ and opened up distance ^{so that}.
~~xxxx~~ ^{I was} out of their sight for just a second. I ^{vaulted into} jumped up in the air
~~and came down exactly inside~~ a garbage can I happened to know was
^{hour of this} always empty this ^{day of the week} because ~~ix~~ the truck had just
been by. They howled around the corner ^{past me up the alley} expecting to see me
cowering
~~xxxx~~ against the brick wall and at ^{exactly} just that moment I ~~xxx~~
vaulted out of the can and back onto the street. I had a whole
^{private} encyclopedia of facts like ~~xxx~~ this ^{filled away}.

Sometimes, of course, I was caught without an escape. ^(H) Sometimes
^{in spite of my encyclopedia of escape routes and hiding places}
I was cornered ~~against a brick wall~~. So I spent a lot of time
^{inventing and practicing} thinking up tricks ^{and rehearsing them}. Once a gang of Canucks
trapped me close to my own home. I'd ^{used a shortcut through their neighborhood} given them some trouble ^{and}
^{several times and} got clean away ^{and} they ~~xxxx~~ snuck up on me when I wasn't
expecting them. It was ⁱⁿ a special expedition. They were all
^{slabbering} drooling and chuckling and I had my back against the wall. I
whimpered and sobbed and looked absolutely petrified. They were

very hard to see
the handwriting

was enjoying himself
so much he ~~held~~ held off
the punch.

just delighted. Their Leader was laughing so hard he was crying when he ~~was~~ stepped up to give me the first ^{clout} punch. I had my arms spread against the wall and was moaning for mercy, ~~and he~~ ^{his head about} turned to ~~laugh~~ ^{that was it.} laugh at some joke and ~~when his head turned~~ I kicked him right in the ~~groin~~ ^{and if he'd been a football he'd have gone right} ~~and~~ ^{out of} when he doubled over I leaped over his back and was two blocks away ~~before~~ ^{the stadium} anybody knew what happened. I had a whole textbook of techniques like this all ~~was~~ practiced over and over again.

It's no wonder I was the Cleverest Fox in the Troop. Oop learned fast. Before long I had only to sketch ~~in~~ a plan and he caught ~~the tricks~~ ^{on} at once. Even when I missed a game because of ~~measles~~ ^{measles} or something still the Fox Patrol always Escaped. And ~~for sure, the~~ there's no Hound so dangerous as a reformed Fox. ~~The~~ Other ~~Patrols~~ ^{Foxes} were just wasting their time trying to outsmart me ^{when I was a Hound.} They know it too, but they enjoyed trying ~~x~~ and nobody was ever mad or bored ~~at~~.

One main reason, of course, was that I was
so ~~so~~ ~~little~~ ~~strong~~ everyone was sort of glad to see
me win. It was the way the Chit handled things

~~mostly~~ In his humorous way Chit kept

challenging the Troop to catch Kayo.

They never did ^{live} I lived for the game.

I spent all my spare time thinking up ~~new~~ ^{new} dodges.

Everyone else was bigger than me, and ~~stronger~~

in every other thing there was somebody better

than me. But I was Kayo the Fox.

He had to pack in that many to get enough cash together to run the old wreck. It got about five miles to the gallon and what broke our hearts was ~~buying~~ ^{the} a quart of oil it burned every fifty miles.

ONE -- Four

Because of our Scoutmaster

~~Putting together enough cash to buy gas was a chore and having to buy oil broke our hearts.~~

strictly

We were always a climbing Troop. Winters ~~We~~ were all over the Matterhorn ~~and as often as we could in the spring and summer~~ ^{the year around.} and fall we went in the mountains, ^{but} It was no cinch to get in

the mountains. Nobody had much money and transportation was hard to come by. The Scoutmaster had a big barn of a ^{fouring} car and ~~sometimes~~ in packed as many as nine Scouts and their packs. Mr. Mullan or

one of the other fathers sometimes would haul a load of us, ^{if they weren't working.} if

The year I joined Moon and Chief went in together and bought a Model T ^{for \$7} and spent all winter ~~putting~~ patching it up. It was quite a sight to see the old rattler with six or seven Scouts inside and packs tied all over the fenders and running boards. When there was a flat tire it took ~~about~~ an hour just to unravel all the ropes to get at one of the spares. ~~There were~~ ^{at least} about two flats on every trip.

Snoqualmie Pass was ~~about~~ the only place the Troop could ~~go~~ afford to go. Depending on the number of flat tires we'd get up there anywhere from 8 Saturday morning to 5 ~~Saturday night~~ ^{that} Saturday night. We'd hike into Melakwa Lakes or Snow Lake or Red Lake, which ~~is~~ about as far as the Troop could get, what with some of the slower kids. Generally we'd have ^a one big Troop climb on Sunday, like Bryant or Kaleetan or Snoqualmie or Red. But usually the eager ~~n~~ guys would get in a climb Saturday afternoon also, ^x and maybe an extra one Sunday. If Kaleetan was the scheduled climb, maybe on Saturday the Chief and Moon would ~~take~~ lead a bunch of us up Roosevelt. Then on Sunday while the Troop was packing out

INTRODUCE ROVER RUN-NAMING ABOUT HERE

(separate section?)

These families who ~~used to~~ ~~bring~~

And guys who wanted to do good deeds and learn how to march like soldiers went out of their way to join some other troop.

~~Good~~
Anybody who climbed with us was also a Rover, ~~at~~

we'd do the Tooth. All this was fine so far as the Scoutmaster was concerned, though he was personally happy to take life a little easier. ~~ThexxHxxxxxx~~ At Saturday night campfire he'd ^{describe} tell about the scheduled climb for next day, and then turn to the Chief and ~~xxxx~~ grin and say, and now we'll hear what the Chief has planned for the Rover Boys.

~~Naturally~~ ^{together,} the five of us were always ~~on every climb,~~ and ^{trips} everybody called us the Rover Boys. On Troop ~~climbs~~ we were the most eager and we ^{practically lived} spent ~~about ten times~~ ^{the} as much on Matterhorn ^{guys because} as anyone else. There were plenty of other eager ~~kids,~~ but none quite as eager as us. ^{soon} After our Troop got a reputation as a climbing troop, ~~xxxx~~ kids came from miles away to join, even if there was a troop right close to their home. ↓

We ^{Original} Rovers went on a lot of our own climbs. It was too complicated for the whole Troop, ^{and usually one or two others} but the five of us in the Model T ^{sometimes made it all the way to} could get as far away as the Index peaks. We did Index and ^{Persis} Baring and Merchant and Gunn. ^{That was} ~~About as far away as the T could~~ get us on a weekend ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ^{and} but we did manage Spire ^{By rat-racing} and ~~Columbia~~ and Columbia ~~Silvertip~~ on weekends. Also we went several times to the Carbonic River ^{Beer} in Rainier Park and climbed ~~xxxxxx~~ of the Sluiskins and Old Desolate ~~and a lot of the others.~~ On one real rat-race we ~~xxxxxx~~ went up to 10,000 feet on Ptarmigan Ridge and on the way down got Observation and Echo out of the way.

Perspiration

Index = Syntax
 Persis = Percy
 Baring = Darling
 Merchant = Cannon
 Gunn = Spear = Squire

Sluiskins =
 Old Desolate =

Ptarmigan = Time again

The Chief put me in front to set the pace because he knew nobody would admit they couldn't keep up with the smallest guy in the Troop, even if everybody knew I was the fastest walker in the Troop.

The year Chief graduated from High school was a wild one. Look in the summit registers ~~for~~ ~~under that year~~ and you'll find Rover Boys all over the Cascades. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ A bunch of us

~~had taken up skiing in the winter.~~ We weren't much as skiers, because we'd spent the whole fall making our own skis and poles. ~~They weren't much but~~

But they did get us around in the snow. We climbed Silver ^{Sliver} and Tinkham ^{Tinkle} and Snoqualmie and Pilchuck ^{Ugchuck} on skis. Just after

school let out my Dad, who had his own contracting business by then, found some reason to send an empty truck up to a job ^{bridge he was building} near

Verlot. ^{It just happened there was room for} ~~and about~~ twenty of us rode the truck up. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{Rovers in} ~~weekx~~ It was a long walk to Monte Cristo ^{in those days} but we really knocked

off the miles in a hurry. ^{for} The old mining town was interesting but exploring. We didn't spend much time in the mines. I'm sure there hasn't

been that much noise in the Upper Sauk since the train quit running twenty years ago. ^{Every daylight hour the whole work} There were Rovers all over the valley, ^{on Silvertip, Columbin, Cadet, Monte Cristo, Goblin, and over the Wilmon Spire.} ~~the whole week.~~ None of us climbed all the peaks but all the

peaks were climbed by some Rovers. ^{Nobody}

When we got back the Scoutmaster took Chief and Moon ~~xxxx~~ all the way to the top of Mount Rainier. Though we were too young ~~xxxx~~ to make the climb Oop and Dinny and I went ~~xx~~ to Camp Hazard with them. Hazard is 11,500 feet high, higher than any peak in the state except Adams and Rainier.

There weren't any Troop trips that summer. The Scoutmaster ^{had a temporary job out} ~~was out of town till fall~~ and Chief and Moon spent all summer in the CCC, building trails up in the North Cascades. Oop and Dinny and I ^{were in no mood to spend the whole summer on the Matterhorn} ~~didn't give up,~~ though. We'd get one of our folks

Mount Cristo = Mommy Cristo

Sauk = Pow

Hazard = Hazardous

ccc = 3 c's

Even if we had climbed most of the peaks there were ways to make them interesting. One way was by doing the harder routes, like East Ridge of Chimney and West Face of Guye.

and South Face of Lundin.

Goldenheimer
Bareblossom
Chimney
Mitch Miller Gap
Baloney Gap

④ Another way was by rat-racing.

and there was no way to earn money

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Maybe we didn't have cars or money but we had thumbs. ~~XXXXX~~ Hitch-hiking is slow going except on ^{major} main highways so we concentrated on Snoqualmie Pass, mostly. We ~~did a lot of the old~~ ~~peaks, but not one at a time.~~ ^{hundreds} One weekend we toured the entire rim^{of} ^{Commonwealth} Commonwealth Basin on Saturday, Guye, Snoqualmie, Lundin, Red, and Kendall. Then on Sunday we climbed Thompson, which is a ^{miles} long ways away, ^{and for an extra kick we traversed it.} We ~~didn't~~ were late getting to the highway ^{and} and hardly any cars were on the road. It was after midnight ^{before} when an over-the-hump truck^{er} took pity on us. We didn't get home till 8 the next morning and our folks were just about out of their minds. Another weekend rat-race was our famous Gold Greek trip, ^{when} when we climbed Huckleberry and Chikamin Saturday, ^{after first} after first hiking ten miles from the highway. ~~Then on~~ Sunday we did Alta, Hibox and Rampart. Fortunately this time we had warned our folks so when we dragged in Monday afternoon they were fairly calm.

④ Our best trip, ~~though~~, was the week we went from Snoqualmie Pass ^{to Goldminer Hot Springs,} ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ over Red Pass down ^{into} the Middle Fork, then ^{up} up to Dutch Miller Gap. We climbed Summit Chief and Little Big Chief ^{and the North Peak of Chimney Rock. Also} and ~~Bear's Breast~~ there. ^{and that} Bear's Breast was the hardest climb we had ever done. Oop did a terrific job leading the summit pitch. There wasn't any register on top. We later found out it had only been climbed once before. Then we ^{hiked} beat our way over to La Bohn Gap, which is a fascinating place with all the old mine machinery rusting away in the snow. ~~From there~~ ^{we} we climbed Hinman and Daniels ^{Spinnels} and Cathedral^s all in one day. But I have to admit we spent the whole next day staggering back to La Bohn Gap, because we were trapped in the dark just below the ^{summit} top of Cathedral, and ~~spent~~

^{It was} a cold night on a small ledge, ^{and} A hungry night too because we ^{were} ~~ran~~ out of food. ^{At La Bohn} When we made it back to camp the next afternoon we boiled up all the food we had left, which happened to be a pound of rice. The next day we ~~went~~ ^{beat through brush} out Necklace Valley to the Stevens Pass Highway, ^{We didn't get a ride and finally} but by the time we got there it was so late we just sacked out and slept. The way we hit the groceries the next afternoon shocked our folks, but ~~after all~~ in the last three days we'd only had that one pound of rice between us.

burned
and
raw
but
the
black
stuff
was
crunchy

We developed a darn good climbing team that summer. There wasn't anything Oop ~~xxx~~ couldn't lead, and what Oop could lead Dinny and I could be dragged up. ~~if x~~ Dinny was a ^{brute for} tower of strength, ^{and} He always carried the heaviest packs, ~~and hauled in~~ ^{And} ~~firewood and water and on the rock~~ when Dinny put on a belay you knew for sure nobody was going to pull him off the mountain. I always climbed third on the rope but I wasn't dead weight by a long shot. ~~I know it's because of New Jersey.~~ Whether I'm thinking about it or not, if I walk through a city or a mountain range I remember everything about it. When we get on a summit I don't need a map, I take one quick look and ~~a~~ name every peak and valley and lake we can see. If we're lost in the fog and can't see anything but snow I listen for a minute to the wind and the sound of rivers in the distance and say, that way, and that's always where the peak is, or the pass, or whatever we're looking for. One look at a cliff and if there's a route I see it. Everybody things it's uncanny. The Chief says I'm in league with the Devil. I just laugh and say any little kid in New Jersey ^{can} could do the same. He's dead if he can't.

unless the
mountain was
pulled over.

What did they climb?

④ After a few days with the whole neighborhood raving about the North Cascades suddenly my Dad decided he could use another truck on a road he was building up

The greatest thrill of that summer was when Chief and Moon came home. They were ~~just~~ delirious about the North Cascades. They said we hadn't seen a thing yet. They talked about the Pickets and Chilliwacks and all the mysterious places that were just names ^{on a map} to us. They'd made some wild trips, hiking all Saturday night after working on trails all day, climbing on Sunday, hiking back, all Sunday night in time to build trail Monday morning. ~~The real climax came when my Dad found some excuse to send a truck up to a job near Mount Baker. School was about to start~~ ^{Monday Tuesday} so we didn't have much time. ~~We rode the truck up Friday night,~~ ^{the truck took us} almost to Austin Pass. Saturday morning we started in the dark and ~~climbed Mount Shuksan, which is 9038 feet high and has rock climbing and snow climbing and ice climbing and glaciers.~~ ^{went at a dead run all day, pounding trail and scree and rock and snow and ice} From the summit ^{of Mount Shuksan, which is 9038 feet high,} Chief and Moon showed us where they'd been all summer, and all the huge mountains close around, most of which had never been climbed. It was almost dark when we got back to our camp at Austin Pass. ^{But Saturday was just a warmup.} Sunday was ~~about~~ the most gruelling day I remember. ^{were so tired even before we} ~~We went at a dead run all day,~~ ^{got to the summit it wasn't for days after I appreciated completely that} and by golly we climbed Mount Baker! For Oop and Dinny and me it was ^{the} our first volcano and it was a terrific sensation to be 10,___ feet up in the air, and looking way up into Canada, and out to Puget Sound, and all over the state. ~~Byxxxx Werexx~~ were all only half conscious when we got to the road. ~~I remember being surprised the truck was still waiting for us, and thinking the driver looked awfully familiar, but I don't~~ ^{even} remember tossing my pack ~~in the bed.~~ ^{in the truck.} It wasn't until the next day I realized

are Gashed but there are some tremendous big Canada in mountains

the driver of the truck was my Dad. That was when I heard him
laugh, and woke up in my sleeping bag, and I was still in the truck
and so were Chief and Moon and Dinny and Oop. And there were
My folks and Mr. and Mrs. Mullan, and ^{Oola}~~Annie~~ and Nelly, all
standing there laughing at us.

Skis the following winter

Making skis
Agnes had skied before

The others still learning

Also girls

A friend of Dad's ^{got him} had a job working on the new Snoqualmie Pass Highway.

~~That's why we moved west.~~ We drove ^{west} ~~east~~ in June, as soon as ~~school~~ school was out. That was ^{as wonderful} ~~terrific~~ summer, camping

in the woods. Sometimes Dad would take me to work, and put me in a safe place and all day I'd watch the trucks and the bulldozers, and Dad and his ^{crew of} concrete mixer. ~~Other days Mother and I would~~ ^{Also the mountains and the clouds and trees.}

~~pack a lunch and go hiking on the mountain trails, with some of~~

~~the other mothers and children.~~ Having ^{always} lived in New Jersey ~~all~~ ^{just absolutely} our lives the peaks looked stupendous. ~~We were~~ ^{I was} terrified of

bears and mountain lions at first, but never saw any. I kept expecting savage Indians to scalp us. But after New Jersey the

wilderness ~~was~~ ^{safe as} ~~a Sunday school picnic.~~ ^{going to mass.} ~~It was not really~~ ^{Safe, actually,} because

in New Jersey I even had to run home from ~~Sunday school picnics.~~ ^{the mass church.}

There were plenty of ^{rummies and bullies} tough kids in the construction camp.

But what amazed me was ~~that tough kids~~ ^{the rule about} picked ^{ing only} on kids ^{your} their

own size. ~~and if any~~ ^{tough guy} ~~bully~~ started chasing me ^{pushing me around} ~~some tough kid~~ ^{body}

~~started chasing him.~~ ^{some tougher guy started pushing him around.} another amazing thing was that the whole

summer not once did anybody call me a Bohunk. ~~When ever some~~

~~kid started making fun of the way I talked, generally some older~~

~~kid straightened him out.~~

Mr. Mullan ^{is} ~~was~~ a civil engineer. He and Dad became good

friends. Mr. Mullan didn't live in the construction camp but

quite often he ~~stopped in and~~ had supper with us. As a matter

of fact ~~Max~~ he taught Mother how to cook over a campfire. ~~Max~~

Our camp was right on the bank of the Snoqualmie River, and

~~Max~~ he'd often come down in the evening with his fishing pole

and haul in a mess of trout and Mother ^{friend} ~~cooked~~ them, right out

of the water. He taught ^{both and one} Dad how to fish, ~~and~~

He also told us where the trails were and often Mother and I packed a lunch and hiked up Denny Creek and Granite Mountain and other places.

Mullan is cause of hikers

Keeps writing

Pollock 1/10/68

Several times his family came up on weekends and camped with us. Moon had just joined the Scouts that summer and I suppose he was wearing his uniform everywhere, but even if he was only a ~~boy scout~~ ^{he} was the greatest hero I had ever seen. Whenever we went to the show back in New Jersey and President Roosevelt was on the newsreel, and of course he had been on every newsreel ^{for} the last year, the audience cheered and stamped and whistled and sobbed. I knew he was the greatest man in the world. Greater even than the Pope. As far as I was concerned maybe Moon wasn't greater than Roosevelt, but it was close. The Pope was a bad third, ^{out loud} Although naturally I didn't say so then. Not to the priest, anyway. ~~I sort of liked Nelly in spite of her being a girl. Not only was she Moon's sister but she was smaller than me. In New Jersey even the girls were bigger than me. She was still on crutches that summer.~~

Country

I ^{everytime remember} still cringe when I think what I did the first time I saw Nelly. Moon ~~and his mother~~ ^{of the car} got out of the car first, and helped her out. The sight of Moon in his ^{Boy Scout} uniform ^{dazzled} struck me dumb. Then I saw Nelly, ^{Not only was} and she was a girl, ^{but she was} and smaller than me, ^{Not only} and ^{that she was} on crutches, and in an attempt to curry favor with Moon ^{I saw a safe chance to impress} I ~~did what any New Jersey child would do,~~ I ^{ed} ~~moaned~~ Nelly, yelling "Crip-foot! Cripfoot!" ^{Nelly} she started crying, and Moon ^{shrilled me} ~~turned such~~ a look on me. We soon made it up and afterwards I helped Moon take care of Nelly. We'd all walk slowly along a trail ^{and} find a comfortable place for her to sit. ^{by a river and bring her rocks to throw in the water.} ~~It was very strange to walk slowly, and not run, and not be afraid.~~

In New Jersey even the girls were bigger than me.

Moon not in uniform!

For me school had been just one big track meet. After the quit side mountains I hated to start running again.

When school was about to start Mother and I moved in ^{to} ~~the~~ the Neighborhood. The Mullans had lived there for years and owned a lot of land. Just before the Depression they had built ~~their~~ a big brick house. Mother and I moved into their old house, ~~xxx~~ just a few hundred feet away.

I dreaded school. ~~and for good reason, for~~ It was terrible at first, ^{all right, but not because of the kids.} ~~There was all sorts of trouble with the Principal and the teachers.~~ I ^{5th} graduated from the Fourth Grade in New Jersey, ~~having started school at five and skipped ^{5th} the Second Grade.~~ But when the Principal saw me he tried to put me in Kindergarten. ^{5th} He and ~~my~~ Mother had a row ^{was about that so} and ~~finally~~ he put me in the Third Grade ^{4th} as a compromise. The Third Grade Teacher got sick of me in a hurry ^{told} and ^{I was a genius so he} the Principal ~~gave up and~~ put me in the Fifth. ^{6th} ~~But~~ the Fifth Grade Teacher couldn't understand a word I said and ~~xxxxxxx~~ insisted I was a moron. Everybody ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{impossible} compromised on the ^{5th} Fourth Grade ^{I know all the lessons but} and after booting around from room to room most of the fall I kept ^{my mouth shut and concentrated on learning the language.} quiet. ~~Nelly was in the Third Grade so I~~ ~~didn't know a soul in the class.~~ ~~Fortunately one learns rapidly~~ ~~at that age, and I quickly lost my accent and adapted my manners~~ ~~and clothes to conform.~~

Those first months at school would have been ~~much worse~~ ^{impossible} without Moon. Moon and Nelly. We walked ^{and from} to school together, very slowly because of Nelly, but ^{at least} it was safe ~~anyway~~. On the way ^{to school} we were always joined by the Chief and Oola. Actually in those days she was called Annie. ~~xxxxxxx~~ She was in the ^{11th} Third Grade

and had been since the Chief and his family had moved into the Neighborhood several years before.

But ~~the~~ ^{our} Neighborhood was way out in the woods in those days, and there weren't many families.

Partly, I suppose, with Nelly and they were very close friends. ~~largely, I suppose,~~ because ~~of~~ their brothers ~~Chief and Moon~~ ^{such great} were buddies. Chief ~~was~~ was Captain of the Schoolboy Pabbot, ~~and Moon was Lieutenant.~~ Chief ~~was~~ was quarterback and captain of the Football Team, Moon was ~~star~~ ^{the} halfback. ~~that~~ ^{we moved west} year, Moon was ~~skinfather~~ Captain the next year. ^{Actually} Though they were the same age, ~~the Chief was a year~~ ^{they weren't in the same grade} ahead of Moon in school, ~~having~~ ^{because the Chief had} skipped a year when he ~~went~~ lived in Seattle, ~~before his family moved into the Neighborhood.~~

I remember being ^{was sort of} jealous of ~~Annie's~~ ^{at first} Annie, because she idolized Moon as much as I did, ~~and when she was around he~~ gave her as much attention as me. Naturally it was typical ~~kid stuff,~~ ~~Moon was her Big Uncle and mine my Big Brother.~~

^{both} I idolized ~~the~~ Chief, ~~so did I.~~ ^{not only because he was Moon's pal, but just because} Nobody spent more time than ~~Chief~~ ^{one} making Nelly feel she was ~~part~~ of the gang, and not a cripple. He was certainly swell to me. Right from the first he didn't so much as seem to notice my size and my accent. And I never minded my nickname, ~~instead I accepted it right from the start,~~ because it was the Chief who gave it to me. I was late getting out of the house one morning and went ^{changing} ~~tearing~~ up the street to catch ~~up,~~ ^{the gang} Chief heard me coming and laughed and said to Moon, here comes Kayo now! Nobody but the Teachers ever called me Frank after that. Even my folks called me Kayo before long.

Te was such a nice boy.

Tuesday night was the biggest night of the week. ~~That was~~
~~when the Troop met.~~ Chief would come by the Mullan's house
after supper and in his uniform he looked like General Pershing.
Annie was always with him. ~~Moon would come out in his uniform,~~
~~and we'd all five go to the meeting.~~ ^{walk} Annie and Nelly and I
~~would wait outside the hall until they came out to march around~~
~~and then we'd watch.~~ ^{sit on a hill above the field and watch the Troop} When the Troop went ~~back~~ in the hall we'd
go home together.

~~It was~~ ^{I couldn't stand being so} terrible to be young. There was nothing in the world
so important as growing up so I could be a Boy Scout ~~along~~ with
Moon and the Chief.

I
~~Moon let me climb on the Matterhorn sometimes, but I wasn't~~
very good. Mainly, ~~I~~ ^{in these days} because the holds were a lot farther
apart for me than the bigger kids. Mostly I watched. ~~Next to~~
~~being a Boy Scout the most important thing in the world was to~~
~~become a mountain climber.~~

^{Tenderfoot especially}
~~There were two climbers I watched more than any others. And~~
~~I wasn't the only one.~~ They were strangers to me because they
~~went to~~ ^{went in town to} ~~come from~~ ^{a couple of} parochial school and lived ~~over~~ ^{a couple of} a mile away from the
Neighborhood. I would have known them sooner ^{because supposedly we} ~~except for the fact~~
~~we were in the same parish but~~ ~~I refused to go to~~ ~~church~~ ~~because~~ ~~we never went to church.~~
New Jersey and ~~my folks didn't argue because they didn't go either.~~

~~Anyway I remember sitting in the woods one day watching the~~
~~troop climb up and down the Matterhorn. There were two Tenderfoot~~
~~climbing as a team.~~ ^{of the Tenderfoot, Dan,} One was a big lunk of a guy, almost as big
as Moon or the Chief. The other, ^{Al,} was a wiry little guy. Not as
little as me, but almost.

The North Wall of the Matterhorn had never been climbed ~~then~~.
The Scoutmaster had tried, and the Chief, and Moon, and all the
older kids. Chief had gotten the highest. Several times he'd
been ~~nine~~ ^{ten} feet up before he fell into the grass.
~~The lunk's name was Dan. The wiry little guy was Al.~~ ^{Dan and Al always climbed as a team. Dan was just average but} Al
^{was spectacular. After a couple sessions he had done} ~~climbed~~ all the standard routes on Matterhorn ^{in such good style}

^{One day} ~~the Chief suggested~~ ^{as a joke that} he try the North Wall. But ^{if} Al was a good ~~six~~
~~feet~~ ^{foot} shorter than Chief and couldn't even get off the ground ~~x~~
^{because} ~~since~~ the North Wall overhangs at the bottom. ~~So Chief~~

they lived
at end of
city bus line
couple miles away

Not only that
but he did them
so fast and
so often it
seemed he was
at ~~the~~
~~to~~
on all the routes
at the
same time

What made it a joke was that ~~##~~

He kept jumping up, and jumping up, trying to reach the first holds, and ~~he~~ was so serious about it and looked so comical the Chief ~~he told~~ ^{he could} ~~conceded~~ ^{to get started} him the use of a shoulderstand. ~~Dan was the logical choice, of course. Al, perched on Dan's shoulders, reached just to the Chief's previous high point.~~

Climbed up onto Dan's shoulders and from there could almost reach the Chief's highest point

Al ^{He stopped} went off Dan's shoulders onto the wall and promptly fell into the grass. For a little guy it was a long fall, and the Chief stopped smiling, and looked ^{a bit scared} ~~chagrined~~. But Al rolled right up from the grass, climbed up Dan and ^{stopped into the wall} tried again, and fell, ~~and~~ ^{The Chief decided the joke had gone far enough but} ~~rolled up from the grass.~~ ^{he} Al wouldn't listen.

After ~~Al~~ ^{he} had fallen a dozen times or so the entire Troop ~~was~~ gathered ⁱⁿ to watch the performance. And every time Al got up from the grass to try again, and put a foot in Dan's cupped hands, the ~~chorus~~ ^{Troop yelled,} ~~was~~ Alley OOP! And Al was on Dan's shoulders, and then onto the rock, and then on the grass again.

~~It might have ended in a big, humiliating joke for the two~~ ^{and} ~~but~~ after several ~~in~~ dozen tries, ^{several dozen} Alley OOPs! suddenly Al came off Dan's shoulders and onto the North Face and climbed the last virgin fifteen feet as if it were a staircase. Not only that, he ran down the South ^{east} Ridge and with ^{everybody} cheering Alley OOP! climbed Dan again, and repeated the route, the impossible fifteen feet. ^{Dan following}

^{This time he} ~~He came down and was ready to do it again.~~ ^{stomped away, and you could see he was shaking all over.} But the Chief caught him and brought him back, ~~clapped him on the shoulder and cried enough, enough!~~ ~~Because of that day on the Matterhorn the two~~ ^{of them} ~~(always~~ were particularly close friends afterward, in spite of the difference in ages. And since that day Al has always been Oop. Also, just as I am Kayo because of Moon, old lunk Dan has been Dinny ever since. Dinny the ~~the~~ Dinosaur, ^{with} ~~whose~~ broad stupid shoulders ^{that} ~~provide~~ ^{boost} (Alley Oop a platform for glory.

He was obviously mad. The Chief kept trying to calm him down but it was no use.

and before the whole Troop apologized to Al for kidding him and told him he was beyond any doubt the best rock climber in the Troop. To which the Scoutmaster added, in the Northwest.

ONE -- Three

At last I was old enough to join the Scouts. Moon was Senior Patrol Leader ^{because} ~~my~~ Chief ^{had} ~~having~~ moved up to Junior Assistant Scoutmaster. Oop was my Patrol Leader, Dinny was his Assistant Patrol Leader. The three of us became very good friends ~~and only~~ ~~met only~~ ~~at school~~ ~~because of the~~ ~~school~~ ~~but~~ ~~because~~ ~~we~~ ~~were~~ ~~all~~ ~~Freshmen~~ ~~and~~ ~~rode~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~school~~ ~~bus~~ ~~into~~ ~~Seattle~~ ~~to~~ ~~Franklin~~. Chief and Moon also rode the bus ^{we were freshmen and} and the three of us stuck as close as we could to them, though Chief ^{pretty fast} was a senior and Moon a junior.

especially after
grade school
when we rode

I advanced rapidly, what with Moon helping me every evening. Very often Oop and Dinny would ride the bus past their stop and spend the afternoon in the Neighborhood, the five of us ~~studying~~ all together. Chief and Moon were Eagle. Actually Oop wasn't far from it, not only because of the extra help but because he worked so darn hard. Dinny also worked hard but things came slower for him. Often, instead of working on tests and merit badges, we'd go over to the Matterhorn and climb. Annie and Nelly were always around. Nelly didn't need crutches anymore though she was still pretty slow at walking. ~~Sometimes when we were~~ She was too self-conscious to try climbing so ~~hiking over to the Matterhorn Chief and Oop~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~she~~ ~~watched~~ ~~while~~ ~~the~~ ~~rest~~ ~~of~~ ~~us~~ ~~climbed~~. ~~We~~ ~~climbed~~ ~~in~~ ~~all~~ ~~sorts~~ ~~of~~ ~~combinations~~, ~~but~~ ~~some~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ ~~others~~. Moon and I, for instance ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ It was a sort of unwritten

Bicycle out or
later on
ride bus

law that ~~xxxxxxx~~ somebody always stayed with her so she wouldn't feel left out. We climbed in all sorts of combinations. It happened one night we were climbing in three-man teams to practice rope coordination. Chief and Moon and I were roped together, and we had come over to talk to Nelly. Oop decided to do the North Wall, ~~and~~ which by now he could do clear from the bottom. Then he encouraged Annie to try. He belayed her from the summit and she climbed up on Dinny's shoulders and stepped off on the rock and we were all amazed, because she made it the very first try. Actually she had some tension ~~xxx~~ from the rope but it was still a terrific climb. The three of them came over the grass to us, and we were cheering our heads off. You couldn't blame the Chief, the joke was irresistable~~xxx~~. He yelled, hail Oop and Oola and faithful ~~and~~ ^{the Dinosaur} Dinny. Easygoing old Dinny the lunk didn't mind, but the other two really blushed. The thing about the Chief, though, is he always has a way of smoothing over feelings. She was never anything but Oola afterwards but without embarrassing anybody. ~~xxxxxxx~~

Franklin *okay* *Grade School* ~~Franklin High~~ *much fun - no friends there* ~~School~~ wasn't too bad when I ~~could~~ stick close to one of the Neighborhood gang ^{but} sometimes ^{Seattle} ~~it~~ was as bad as New Jersey ^{quite a bit} ~~so~~ ~~I was usually on edge~~ Even in the Troop I felt lonesome ~~sometimes~~

because the Chief and Moon were careful not to show favoritism ^{and also Oop and Dinny}. There wasn't anybody as small as me. Even Nelly ^{had gotten} was taller. Everyplace there were wise guys making cracks. So I'd tell them I took special pills to keep me small

*and she
sure was
no giant.*

because when I got out of school I had a job promised me as ~~the Ringling Brothers~~ a midget with ^{Barovm and Bailey} ~~the Ringling Brothers~~.

My folks told me I was just slow getting my growth, it ran in the family.

The main reason I never was too miserable about my size was that right from ~~the first~~ the time I joined the Scouts there was something I could do better than anybody else. I've thought about it a lot, and I'm sure it was no coincidence that when I was a Tenderfoot the Chief ^{first} introduced the Troop to Fox and Hounds.

The game as we played it ^{at first} went like this. ~~The whole Troop~~ The whole Troop, except those above Patrol Leader ~~rank~~, ~~lined~~ ^{on the signal from the Chief} lined up and raced over the field toward a ~~sack~~ sack full of slips of paper. The first one to the sack was the Fox. The Fox was given a five minute start into the woods, and had to mark his trail with the slips of paper. ^{only} The rule was that from any one slip of paper the next one had to be clearly visible. Chief and Moon were umpires, and followed ~~the~~ Hounds to rule on this. If after ^{half an} ~~one~~ hour the Hounds hadn't caught the Fox he was ruled to have Escaped.

Those were the rules ^{the first four times} ~~at first~~ (But ~~the first six times~~ ^{all four times} ~~the Troop played~~ I was the Fox every time and every time I Escaped. ~~It was a matter of giving up the game or changing the rules.~~ ^{So} The Chief ^{turned} ~~made it~~ ^{into} a Patrol game. One entire Patrol was the Fox. But because of me our Patrol won every time. The final change was to give up the race and shift the Fox role around

He could go any direction, double back, hide if he wanted to while the Hounds went dashing by.

the Patrols on a regular rotation. So once every three weeks our Patrol was the Fox, and we always escaped. ^{Every time.} And the other times we were Mounds, and ^{then} no Fox ever escaped. ^{Not once.} It got to be such a good joke Oop petitioned to change the name of our Patrol. We became officially the Fox Patrol. And whenever we played the game Oop turned things over to me. Foxy Kayo, they called me.

New Jersey finally was good for something. It hadn't been any game back there. Little guys like me, whether we were Bohunks or Greasers or Polocks or Frogs or Wops or Kikes, if we couldn't fight we learned to run. But it's not enoughh to be fast. Big guys have long legs. And often as not they come two or three or four at a time. I took plenty of beatings. From what I remember I think ^{just about} every kid in New Jersey should go straight to the penitentiary instead of the First Grade. But I didn't get many bloody noses and black eyes my last year back there. For one thing I knew that whole town better than anybody in it. I knew the streets and alleys better than the Street Department. I knew the sewers better than the Sanitary Department. Even now I could sit down and draw ^{an} ~~a more~~ accurate map of the town ~~than anybody has ever done.~~ ~~It was no job,~~ It was a matter of survival. For another thing I learned pace. I bet I could teach ^{any} ~~the~~ Track Coach a lot he doesn't know. ^{As for} Deception, Well, Francis Marion the Swamp Fox could have used me. If I were big enough I'd be just about the best broken-field runner in the history of football.

It would be quite a bit different sort of map than the one in the City Engineer's office, though.

I had been pretending to
run away while actually
I was just keeping them a
safe distance behind.

Just for example, one time I was coming back from visiting
my aunt and took a ~~short~~ ^{dangerous} shortcut ~~through~~ through the Greaser
district. They spotted me, and were sure they had me ~~dead to cold~~ ^{rights}. They didn't know I knew their neighborhood better than
they did. I looked scared and ran from one side of the street
to the other ^{as if I were confused} and finally turned up an alley. The whole gang,
eight or nine of them, yelled, because they ^{it was a blind} knew the ~~alley was blind~~.
They didn't know I knew it too. Just before I reached the alley
I ^{shifted to high gear} put on ~~extra speed~~ and opened up distance ^{so that} ~~around the corner~~
~~before~~ out of their sight for just a second. I ^{vaulted into} jumped up in the air
and ~~came down~~ exactly inside a garbage can I happened to know was
always empty this ^{hour of this} day of the week because ~~the~~ the truck had just
been by. They howled around the corner ^{past me up the alley} expecting to see me
cowering ~~against~~ against the brick wall and at ^{exactly} just that moment I ~~was~~
vaulted out of the can and back onto the street. I had a whole
^{private} encyclopedia of facts like ~~this~~ this ~~filed away~~.

~~Sometimes, of course, I was caught without an escape.~~ Sometimes
^{in spite of my encyclopedia of escape routes and hiding places}
I was cornered ~~against a brick wall~~. So I spent a lot of time
^{inventing and practicing} ~~thinking up tricks~~ and ~~rehearsing them~~. Once a gang of Canucks
trapped me ^{in my} close to my own home. I'd ^{used a shortcut through their neighborhood} given them some ~~trouble~~ and
^{several times and} got clean away, and they ~~snuck~~ snuck up on me when I wasn't
expecting them. ^{it was} a special expedition. They were all
^{slobbering} ~~drooling~~ and chuckling and I had my back against the wall. I
whimpered and sobbed and looked absolutely petrified. They were

vertical scribbles on the left margin.

was enjoying himself
so much he ~~held~~ held off
the punch.

just delighted. Their Leader was laughing so hard he was crying
when he ~~and~~ stepped up to give me the first ^{clout} punch. I had my arms spread
against the wall and was moaning for mercy, ~~and~~ ^{his head abt} he turned ^{to}
~~and~~ laugh at some joke and ^{that was it.} ~~when his head turned~~ I kicked him
right in the ~~gxxxxxxx~~ groin ~~and~~ ^{and it had been a football had have gone right} when he doubled over I
leapfrogged over his back and was two blocks away ~~and~~ before
anybody knew what happened. I had a whole textbook of techniques
like this all ~~and~~ practiced over and over again.

It's no wonder I was the Cleverest Fox in the
Troop. Oop learned fast. Before long I had
only to sketch ~~in~~ a plan and he caught
~~the tracks~~ ^{on} at once. Even when I missed
a game because of ~~messes~~ ^{messes} or something
still the Fox Patrol always Escaped.
And ~~for sure,~~ there's no Hound so
dangerous as a reformed Fox. ~~The~~ Other
~~Patrols~~ ^{Foxes} were just wasting their time
trying to outsmart me ^{when I was a Hound.} They know it too,
but they enjoyed trying x and nobody was
ever mad or bored. ~~and~~

One main reason, of course, was that I was
~~so~~ ^{such a shrimp} ~~little~~ everyone was sort of glad to see
me win. It was the way the Chief handled things
~~mostly~~ In his humorous way Chief kept
challenging the Troop to catch Kayo.

They never did. I lived for the game.
I spent all my spare time thinking up ^{new dodges.} ~~tricks~~.
Everyone else was bigger than me, and ~~everybody~~
in every other thing there was somebody bigger
than me. But I was Kayo the Fox.

He had to pack in that many
to get enough cash together to
run the old wreck. It got
about five miles to the gallon
and what broke our hearts
was ~~buying~~ ^{the} a quart of
oil it burned every fifty miles.

ONE -- Four

Because of our Scoutmaster

~~Putting together enough cash
to buy gas was a
chore and having to buy
oil broke our hearts.~~

strictly

We were ~~always~~ a climbing Troop. ~~Winters~~ We were all over
the Matterhorn ~~and~~ ^{the year around.} as often as we could ~~in the spring and summer~~
~~and fall~~ we went in the mountains ^{but} it was no cinch ~~to get in~~
~~the mountains.~~ Nobody had much money ~~and transportation was hard~~
~~to come by.~~ The Scoutmaster had a big barn of a ^{touring} car and ~~sometimes~~
packed ⁱⁿ as many as nine Scouts and their packs.

Mr. Mullan or
one of the other fathers sometimes would haul a load of us ^{if}
^{they weren't working.}
The year I joined Moon and Chief went in together and bought a
Model T ^{for \$7} and spent all winter ~~putting~~ patching it up. It was
quite a sight to see the old rattler with six or seven Scouts
inside and packs tied all over the fenders and running boards.
When there was a flat tire it took ~~about~~ an hour just to
unravel all the ropes to get at one of the spares. ~~There were~~
~~at least~~
~~about two flats on every trip.~~

Snoqualmie Pass was ~~about~~ the only place the Troop could
~~be~~ afford to go. Depending on the number of flat tires we'd
get up there anywhere from 8 Saturday morning to 5 ^{that} ~~Saturday~~ night.
We'd hike into Melakwa Lakes or Snow Lake or Red Lake ^{which is}
~~about as far as the Troop could get, what with some of the~~
~~slower kids.~~ Generally We'd have ^a ~~one big~~ Troop climb on Sunday,
like Bryant or Kaleetan or Snoqualmie or Red. But usually the
eager ~~h~~ guys would get in a climb Saturday afternoon also ^x and
~~maybe~~ an extra one Sunday. If Kaleetan was the scheduled climb,
maybe on Saturday the Chief and Moon would ~~take~~ lead a bunch of
us up Roosevelt. Then on Sunday while the Troop was packing out

INTRODUCE
ROVER RUN-NAMING
ABOUT HERE

(Separate section?)

And guys who wanted to do ~~good deeds~~ and learn how to march like soldiers ~~went out of their way to join some other troop.~~

~~Good~~
Anybody who climbed with us was also a Rover, ~~at~~


we'd do the Tooth. All this was fine so far as the Scoutmaster was concerned, though he was personally happy to take life a little easier. ~~xxxxxxx~~ At Saturday night campfire he'd ^{describe} ~~tell about~~ the scheduled climb for next day, and then turn to the Chief and ~~xxxxx~~ grin and say, and now we'll hear what the Chief has planned for the Rover Boys.

~~Naturally~~ The five of us were ^{together,} always on ~~every climb~~ and everybody called us the Rover Boys. On Troop ~~xxxxx~~ we were the most eager and we ^{practically lived} ~~spent about ten times as much on~~ ^{the} Matterhorn as ~~anyone else~~. There were plenty of other eager ^{guys} ~~kids~~, ^{because} ~~but none~~ quite as eager as us. ^{soon} After our Troop got a reputation as a climbing troop, ~~xxxx~~ kids came from miles away to join, even if there was a troop right close to their home. ↓

We ^{Original} Rovers went on a lot of our own climbs. It was too complicated for the whole Troop, ^{and usually one or two others} but the five of us ^{sometimes made it all the way to} in the Model T ~~could get as far away as the~~ Index peaks. We did Index and Persis and Baring and Merchant and Gunn, ^{That was} ~~about as far away as the T could~~ ^{and} ~~get us on a weekend xxxxxxx~~ but we did manage Spire ^{By rat-racing} and Columbia ^{and} Silvertip ^{on weekends}. Also we went ~~several times~~ to the Carbonic River ^{Beer} in Rainier Park and climbed ~~xxxxxx~~ the Sluiskins and Old Desolate, ~~and a lot of the others~~. On one real rat-race we ~~xxxxxx~~ went up to 10,000 feet on Ptarmigan Ridge and on the way down got Observation and Echo out of the way.

Perspiration

Index = Syntax
Persis = Percy
Baring = Daring
Merchant = Cannon
Gunn = Spear = Square

Sluiskins =
Old Desolate =
Ptarmigan =  Time again

The Chief got me in front to set the pace because he knew nobody would admit they couldn't keep up with the smallest guy in the Troop, even if everybody knew I was the fastest walker in the Troop.

The year Chief graduated from High school was a wild one. Look in the summit registers ~~for under that year~~ and you'll find Rover Boys all over the Cascades. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ A bunch of us ~~had taken up skiing in the winter. We weren't much of skiers, because~~ ~~Wade~~ spent the whole fall making our own skis and poles. ~~They weren't much but~~ ~~But they~~ did get us around in the snow. We climbed Silver ^{Silver} and ^{Tinkle} Pinckham and ^{Upchuck} Snoqualmie and Pilchuck on skis. Just after school let out my Dad, who had his own contracting business by then, found some reason to send an empty truck up to a ^{bridge he was building} job near Verlot. ^{It just happened there was room for} ~~and about~~ twenty ^{Rovers in} of us rode the truck ~~up XXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXX~~ It was a long walk to Monte Cristo ^{in those days} but we really knocked off the miles in a hurry. ~~The old mining town was interesting but exploring~~ We didn't spend much time ^{for} in the mines. ~~I'm sure~~ there hasn't been that much noise in the Upper Sauk since the train quit running twenty years ago. ^{Every daylight hour the whole week} There were Rovers all over the valley, ^{on Silvertip, Columbin, Cadet, Monte Cristo, Goblin, and even the Wilmon Spires.} ~~the whole week.~~ ^{Nobody} None of us climbed all the peaks but all the peaks were climbed by some Rovers.

When we got back the Scoutmaster took Chief and Moon ~~XXXX~~ all the way to the top of Mount Rainier. Though we were too young ~~XXXX~~ to make the climb Oop and Dinny and I went ~~it~~ to Camp Hazard with them. Hazard is 11,500 feet high, higher than any peak in the state except Adams and Rainier.

There weren't any Troop trips that summer. The Scoutmaster ^{had a temporary job out} ~~was out of town till fall~~ and Chief and Moon spent all summer in the CCC, building trails ^{up} in the North Cascades. Oop and Dinny and I ^{were in no mood to spend the whole summer on the Matterhorn} ~~didn't give up,~~ though. ~~We'd get one of our folks~~

Monte Cristo = Mommy Cristo

Sauk = Pow

Hazard = Hazardous

ccc = 3 C's

^{It was} a cold night on a small ledge, ^{and} a hungry night too because we were ~~out~~ out of food. ^{At La Bohn} When we ~~made it back to camp~~ the next afternoon we boiled up all the food we had left, which happened to be a pound of rice. The next day we ~~went~~ ^{beat through brush} out Necklace Valley to the Stevens Pass Highway, ^{We didn't get a ride and finally} but ~~by the time we got there it was~~ ~~so late we just~~ sacked out and slept. The way we hit the groceries the next afternoon shocked our folks, but ~~after all~~ in the last three days we'd only had that one pound of rice between us.

burned
and
but raw
the black
stuff was
crunchy

We developed a darn good climbing team that summer. There wasn't anything Oop ~~xxx~~ couldn't lead, and what Oop could lead Dinny and I could be dragged up. ~~if~~ Dinny was a ^{brute for} ~~tower of~~ strength, ^{and} ~~he~~ always carried the heaviest packs, ~~and hauled in~~ ~~firewood and water and on the rock~~ ^{And} when Dinny put on a belay you knew for sure nobody was going to pull him off the mountain. I always climbed third on the rope but I wasn't dead weight by a long shot. ~~I know it's because of New Jersey.~~ Whether I'm thinking about it or not, if I walk through a city or a mountain range I remember everything about it. When we get on a summit I don't need a map, I take one quick look and ~~x~~ name every peak and valley and lake we can see. If we're lost in the fog and can't see anything but snow I listen for a minute to the wind and the sound of rivers in the distance and say, that way, and that's always where the peak is, or the pass, or whatever we're looking for. One look at a cliff and if there's a route I see it. Everybody thinks it's uncanny. The Chief says I'm in league with the Devil. I just laugh and say any little kid in New Jersey ^{can} ~~could~~ do the same. He's dead if he can't, ~~x~~ ✓

unless the
mountain was
pulled over.

What did they climb?

After a few days with the whole neighborhood raving about the North Cascades suddenly my Dad decided he could use another truck on a road he was building up

The greatest thrill of that summer was when Chief and Moon came home. They were ~~just~~ delirious about the North Cascades. They said we hadn't seen a thing yet. They talked about the Pickets and Chilliwacks and all the mysterious places that were just names ^{on a map} to us. They'd made some wild trips, hiking all Saturday night after working on trails all day, climbing on Sunday, hiking back, all Sunday night in time to build trail Monday morning. ~~The real climax came when my Dad found some~~

~~excuse to send a truck up to a job near Mount Baker. School was about to start~~ ^{Monday Tuesday} ~~so we didn't have much time. ~~We rode the truck~~~~

~~the truck took us~~ Friday night, almost to Austin Pass. Saturday morning we started in the dark and ~~climbed Mount Shuksan, which is 9038 feet high and has rock climbing and snow and ice climbing and ice climbing~~ ^{and} ^{rock and snow and ice} ^{at Mount Shuksan, which is 9038 feet high,} and glaciers. From the summit, Chief and Moon showed us where they'd been all summer, and all the huge mountains close around, most of which had never been climbed. It was almost dark when

we got back to our camp at Austin Pass. ^{But Saturday was just a warmup.} Sunday was ~~about~~ the most gruelling day I remember. ^{we were so tired even before we} ~~got to the summit it wasn't for days after I appreciated completely that~~ ~~and by golly we climbed Mount Baker~~ (For Oop and Dinny and me)

~~it was our first volcano~~ th and It was a terrific sensation to be 10,000 feet up in the air, and looking way up into Canada, and out to Puget Sound, and all over the state. ~~Byxixx~~ ~~Wexxx~~ were all only half conscious when we got to the road. ~~I remember being surprised the truck was still waiting for us, and thinking the driver looked awfully familiar, but I don't~~ ^{even} remember tossing my pack ~~in the truck~~ ^{in the truck}. It wasn't until the next day I realized

an Gashet but there are some friends by in Canada in mountains

the driver of the truck was my Dad. That was when I heard him laugh, and woke up in my sleeping bag, and I was still in the truck and so were Chief and Moon and Dinny and Oop. And there were my folks and Mr. and Mrs. Mullan, and ^{Oola} ~~Annie~~ and Nelly, all standing there laughing at us.

Skis the following winter

Making skis

Agnes had skied before

The others still learning

Also girls

ONE -- Five

You'd have to know the Chief a thousand years to find out all about him, I think. He does so many things and does them all perfectly. I said this to Moon once and he laughed and suggested I'd better try five thousand years.

Just for example, aside from everything else Chief plays the piano so well he could undoubtedly make a career of it. He also plays several other instruments -- maybe all instruments, I wouldn't be surprised. And sing! ^{ping} Crosby and ~~Caruso~~ sound like ~~xxx radio~~ static by comparison.

I suppose it runs in the family. When Oola joins him in a duet ~~xxx~~ it sounds as much like angels as anything I ever hope to hear. The Chief could be ~~an artist~~ ^{fantastic musician} if he wanted to but of course he has more important things to do. Oola is the artist ~~ic~~ ^{ic} ~~of~~ the family. Since I can remember she's always gone ~~off~~ ^{on} into ~~the~~ town regularly ~~in~~ one night a week to Mrs. Kelly. This is the very top in Seattle, they say. Mrs. Kelly only takes a very few students in her school. ^{Mrs. Kelly is really} ~~In spite of her name she's~~ a Russian. ^{She married an Irishman but} ~~She was born in Moscow and danced there many years ago.~~ ^{or something like that - Leningrad or ... They say} She did a command performance for the ~~the~~ Tsar once. ~~It was~~

That's mainly why it seemed so creepy, ^{probably} getting formal invitations to attend the recital. Of course we all went because Oola was ~~being~~ announced as the featured dancer. Everybody in the Neighborhood went, and we were all dressed ^{up} in ~~our best~~ ~~clothes~~. Our folks sat in the back row. We were all in ~~one~~ ^{the front} row ~~up front~~. Before the thing started I was busy whispering

wisecracks about Cossacks and Communists to Moon ~~and~~ and the others. When the curtain came up a gang of little girls ^{hopped} ~~jumped~~ ^{and scrambled} around the stage while Mrs. Kelly, who was really probably a Russian spy, banged away at the piano. It was the funniest thing I'd ever seen, and ^{when Christ and Moon wouldn't laugh} I kept leaning across Nelly to give Oop and Dinny the benefit of my jokes, ~~.XXXXXXXXXXXX~~. Finally the Chief reached across Moon and ~~XXXXX~~ squeezed my shoulder ~~very gently~~ so I shut up, though sometimes I just couldn't stand it and had to nudge Nelly, who always had a kind of smothered giggle.

The little girls got through ^{scrambling} ~~jumping~~ around and I sat back waiting for the next joke. The stage was empty and Mrs. Kelly was ^{finkling quietly} ~~rippling~~ away on the keys.

Suddenly I went deaf and dumb. My ~~lungs~~ stopped. My heart stopped. ^{I couldn't breathe} She came out into the spotlight and I almost went blind. She ^{flew} ~~sped~~ across the stage and turned and ^{flew} ~~sped~~ back and ~~yet she~~ didn't move a ^{single} muscle. I thought she must be on wheels but she wasn't, she was on her toes. Then she ^{did a broad jump} ~~jumped~~ and ~~it~~ ^{she} broke ~~the~~ world's record ^{Jesse Owens made in Berlin} (I'm sure but she came down without a sound and ^{bounced} ~~jumped~~ straight up in the air twenty or thirty feet and ^{landed} ~~came~~ ~~down~~ on her toes and spun like a top until I was dizzy. Everything was spinning, I had to breathe, and I was ashamed of the noise I made gasping but nobody noticed so far as I could tell.

It was Oola there on the stage! All of a sudden I realized it was Oola!

Mr. Rovins never talked about girls but I had heard ~~that~~ a lot in New Jersey. Then of course there was the

And when I realized it was Oola I didn't dare look ^{anymore} ~~for~~ ~~ask~~. I was very ashamed and sunk deep into my seat so nobody would see how I was blushing. I tried to be quiet in my breathing but the air just wouldn't come in without those darn noisy gulps. I couldn't help myself, I had to sneak a look at her, even if she was practically naked. She was so darn beautiful. She was so ^{gosh} darn tall.

It's hard to express. ~~It~~ ~~I know~~ ^{I know quite a bit about} By then ~~there were~~ ^{and that sort of} girls ^{who were different than boys} who were different than boys. The Sears Roebuck ~~g~~ catalogue ^{never} ~~told~~ ^{me that} me that. ~~And~~ I knew Oola was a girl. But I had ^{never} ~~thought~~ ^{thought} thought of her as a girl before. ^{Also} ~~And you see, there~~ in the catalogue ^{even though} the women are in their underwear ~~but~~ they are just pictures, not moving. ^{And} ~~and~~ they are ^{total strangers} ~~not people you know~~. ^{They aren't girls you know} This was Oola up there, and it wasn't underwear, it was a ballet costume, but ^{actually} there isn't a whole lot of difference. ^{Of Oola} ~~she~~ ^{all over} was moving ~~like crazy~~. I'd have killed myself if the Chief asked me to. But I looked at him and he was smiling ^{at Oola} at Oola.

So I watched Oola dance. Those long white legs, and smooth arms, and all the rest. Partly because I wanted to apologize ^{to her} to her I concentrated on her face. I didn't look at anything but her face. That's when I stopped breathing entirely. She looked me right in the eye a dozen times or more. Everytime she faced the audience she looked right at me. And her eyelids were drooping as if she was about to ~~sleep~~ fall asleep, ~~but~~ the corners of her mouth were turned up in a soft happy smile. Meanwhile she was

rocketing
~~going~~ up to the ceiling and ^{leaping} from one side of the stage to another without making a sound. There weren't any wheels, ^{she wasn't} ~~and no~~ ^{dangling from} wires ~~from above~~. Just Oola, dancing.

We and the Mullans drove home together and they were all raving ~~about Oola~~. I ~~just~~ tried to keep breathing. ~~Well~~ I ~~soon realized my mistake, which was lucky~~. It was Mrs. Mullan who ^{wake me up} ~~commented first~~ about how she ^{said she} had the feeling Oola was looking her right in the eye. ^{the whole time} And then everyone else said the same thing. I'd known it was stupid all along, but I'm glad I found out then.

Gradually I ~~found out~~ discovered I could be in love with Oola and look at her as much as I wanted and nobody would laugh. ^{The thing is,} ~~Because~~ everybody else was in love with Oola and too busy watching her to bother about what I was watching.

Anyway it had all been settled a long time before. They didn't go out on dates or try to ^{hide snuck off by themselves on trips} ~~escape from the rest of the~~ ~~gang on trips~~, but ever since she climbed the North Face and became Oola, and even though they blushed then, it was always Oop and Oola. ^{but} Everyone ~~one~~ accepted it and that saved a whole lot of trouble.

Saves Lakes
in June

me

ONE -- Six

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

look in
old Manual

We had our share, ~~or more than our share~~, of Eagles in our ~~Troop~~ and won ~~more~~ ^{as many} Court of Honor pennants than any other, ^{as} but in a lot of ways we'd have made National Headquarters, or even Area Headquarters, unhappy if they'd ~~known~~ ^{known} what was going on. We never went heavy on making Kabobs and ~~cooking~~ ^{baking} biscuits and digging latrines and carving pothooks and all the other fancy stuff in the Manual. It just wasn't practical when you were rat-racing around knocking off summits.

~~Knowing~~ ^{If HQ known no} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~we had~~ a coeducational Boy Scout Troop ~~probably~~ ^{really blown off} would have ~~taken~~ the roof off Headquarters. But ~~the way~~ it ~~started~~ was the most natural thing in the world. Oola and Nelly were ~~Brownies~~ ^{Brownies} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~while~~ ^{for} ~~but~~ ^{but} it was too much trouble ^{to go in town} and ~~not~~ enough fun. They were always at Matterhorn with the Troop, and more than most of the Troop. So some of the other guys started letting their sisters come to meetings, ~~and some of~~ ^{and some of} ~~and especially~~ ^{friends of} ~~since they were in school with Oola and Nelly~~ ^{were usually around} (Oola could out-climb anybody in the Troop, except Oop and even Nelly got so she could show ~~XXXXXXXX~~ the Tenderfeet a trick or two. ~~It~~ Nobody was startled when the Chief and Moon brought their sisters on Troop climbs. And it was a cinch no girl was going to join Campfire or Girl Scouts when they could go out with the Rovers.

Everything was fine until
~~But then~~ our Scoutmaster graduated from the University

and ~~had to move~~ ~~next~~ to California. ~~By then~~ The Chief was Assistant Scoutmaster and we expected he'd move up. But Area Headquarters looked at his age and ~~decided it ~~we~~ wouldn't do.~~ ^{said he was too young,} The Chief didn't ^{mind} ~~care~~, and ~~he~~ tried to get someone to be Scoutmaster. But his own Father spent as much time in Washington and New York as in the Neighborhood. My Dad, and Mr. Mullan, both ~~being~~ ^{were} busy building highways and bridges, ~~were not~~ ^{and never were} around home on any particular schedule. Oop's Father worked the night shift and Dinny's Father was retired. I never found out what he was retired from except it seemed ~~it~~ he was retired from everything. There wasn't anybody who wanted to be Scoutmaster.

Never saw him -
slaf - old planner type.

Headquarters gave Chief lots of time, because in spite of his age they had a lot of ~~respect~~ ^{down there} for him. But when ~~they~~ he ~~finally~~ gave up they had no choice. They had a fellow on tap who had been a Scoutmaster in ^{Chicago} ~~Pennsylvania~~ and had just come to Seattle and ~~immediately volunteered at~~ ^{the first thing he did in Seattle was go to} Headquarters ~~and volunteered~~ ^{to be a Scoutmaster.}

We know he was coming but

Anybody who can't remember the meeting when our new Scoutmaster took charge must have been dead at the time. He marched into the hall ~~five minutes before~~ ^{during} assembly. ~~A~~ couple of Tenderfeet laughed and that broke it. Or maybe I did. I don't remember. I was standing at attention in the ~~Senior~~ ^{Explorers} Patrol ~~trying~~ but when those Tenderfeet laughed I exploded. All of a sudden Oop, who was Senior Patrol Leader, ^{and in charge of assembly} doubled over. Dinny, next to me, shook the whole hall. The patrols broke ranks, and ~~then~~ even Moon and Chief were fighting hard to look serious.

The way it started was that the older Scouts were still wearing the uniforms they had as Tenderfeet. Naturally none of the younger kids wanted to look like Tenderfeet so we bought tight uniforms and left them out in the sun and rain to fade them.

~~We had a~~
Also for each summit we were awarded a small brass stud for our belts. You could tell at a glance how many packs a guy had climbed.

The thing was, our Troop wore the regulation uniform, but we were rather salty. We had a style. We wore the regulation shorts, but always a size or two small, and faded, and neatly rolled up a turn or two at the bottom. Our shirts were regulation, but cotton, never wool, and the style was that the cuffs hit halfway between wrists and elbows. Our neckerchiefs were regulation, but they were snugged up to our necks with ^{neat little coils of rope} ~~our own special~~ ^{that looked like miniature climbing ropes,} ~~hand-carved inventions.~~ Then we had our hand-sewn patrol emblems which looked like nothing in the Scout world, as we'd often been told ^{at} ~~and~~ District ^{and Area} Camps. ~~And other things, like we in the Explorer~~

Patrol having a tuft of mountain goat wool on our shoulders

Instead of patrol ~~max~~ insignia, we wore ~~and the rule was we could wear all the wool we could find.~~ My shoulder looked like I This Scoutmaster from Pennsylvania ^{Chicago} came in wearing riding

britches and a wool shirt and a merit badge sash that looked like Flag Day at ~~the League of Nations in bright sunshine.~~ He had tin clinking all over his chest. The thing that busted me up was the whistle and lanyard. It was perfectly regulation, I'd seen it in the Manual thousands of times. I couldn't help it, I ^{whispered} ~~turned~~ to Dinny, and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx whispered,~~ now we're going to learn how to make Kabobs for sure! I tried to whisper, but I guess I didn't. Moon turned right around and grabbed the wall. Chief's ^{lungs} ~~exploded~~ and ~~then~~ ^{he} grabbed his mouth with his hand and yelled Achtung! No -- I mean, ~~SHUN!~~ ^{Ten -} SHUN!

The Chief's voice brought us back. We stiffened. The Scoutmaster was red in the face. ^{so} He ~~looked us over and twisted~~ ~~and~~ ^{He trembled and} ^{awhile and then} shook. He ~~marched~~ ^{paraded} us all over the field and it was pure chaos because we hadn't drilled for so long nobody, not even the Chief, remembered how.

The Chief had organized an Explorer Patrol for those ~~of us~~ like Dinny and me who didn't care to move up ~~to the~~ Patrol Leader and Senior Patrol Leader and so forth as Oop was doing but ~~we~~ ^{we} had ~~been~~ embarrassed to stay in the regular patrols.

had an entire goat ~~knives~~ tied to my uniform.

He stared at the cop of Guck and it looked for sure he was going to bark but instead he

We naturally expected the Troop would follow along in the old routine ~~for awhile~~ ^{at least} until the Chief clued in the Scoutmaster on how things were going. Anyway all the plans had been made for the hike the next weekend. We all showed up on the hike and unfortunately so did the Scoutmaster. He was dressed in his riding britches and wool shirt and whistle and lanyard. We, of course, were ~~all dressed for hiking~~. Then he saw the girls. I imagine he had a famous fit ^{there at the road} (but we didn't see it). The Troop ~~went~~ ^{hiked} in to Source Lake and camped. We got there about 2 in the afternoon and ^{Sauce} some of the Rovers did Chair and others traversed Guey and Snoqualmie. ~~anyway~~ ^{though it was raining pretty hard} We ~~got back to camp~~ ^{Cherry} around 6 and the Scoutmaster had just arrived. ^{Gal} ~~after awhile~~ ^{all rolled into} he started blowing his whistle. ~~so~~ We had a formal assembly. At least we Boy Scouts did. ~~But~~ ^{the Scoutmaster} what bothered him ^{informal assembly} was the ~~gang of girls gathered around~~ watching his every move.

It was the best fiasco I've ever seen. Our ^{Chicago} ~~Pennsylvania~~ Scoutmaster ^{simply blew his top. His big idea was that} ~~announced that~~ we needed discipline. ^{He said this over and over again.} So he marched us around, ^{and countermarched us} blowing his whistle and ^{barking} ~~giving~~ commands. At the best it would be hard to parade troops in a mountain meadow, what with boulders and gullies and cliffs. I don't imagine I made things easier ^{though} ~~when~~ I pretended to misunderstand an order and marched the Explorer ^{of camp} ~~Scout~~ Patrol right out ~~into the middle of~~ Source Lake. With all the splashing and some guys disappearing under the surface how could we hear his orders? Especially since ~~there was another~~ ^{and someone}

in out usual mountain clothes, since the uniforms were too precious for ~~climbing~~ ^{climbing} even if they had'nt been impractical.

He set up his reflector and laid out enough pots and pans for a restaurant but it was all a waste of time because he couldnt start a fire.

The Chief took pity and handed him a cup of Rover Guck, which

is a special way of cooking rice and canned salmon and other things until it's all one big dirty-bloody glue.

~~Suddenly stopped talking at us~~
while he was concentrating on us the Fox Patrol ^{stayed on course} marching through the camp area ^{keeping} perfect ranks even though it meant knocking down tents and kicking pots all over the hearth.

Then he turned and saw the Compressor Patrol

Then he saw the Marmot Patrol

climbing ^{what was undoubtedly and steepest} ~~Marching~~ straight up the longest cliff he had ever seen in his life ^{in a standing glissade} and another sliding down a snowfield a mile a minute. ~~Our Scoutmaster forgot all his military commands and shrieked, stop! stop! Come back! stop!~~

It was the end of the Troop ~~and everybody knew it the minute they saw him.~~ ~~The younger kids all stayed on, and even some of the older ones, and learned how to march.~~ The Troop

never went in the mountains anymore, or even to Matterhorn. They marched around and sometimes went out in the woods and made kabobs and carved pothooks/ and dug latrines.

no PP

Tuesday night ~~2~~ after the Source Lake Fiasco ^{the ranks must} ~~I don't know~~ ^{have looked very slimy to} ~~who went to Troop Meeting~~ ^{Chicago} ~~Our Pennsylvania Scoutmaster was there,~~ ^{but I imagine he was just as happy.} ~~and the Tenderfeet,~~ ^{Most of} ~~and a few~~ ^{were there} ~~guys who saw a quick chance to make~~ ^{older} rank. ~~But~~ all the Original Rovers, and all the eager guys and their

Matterhorn?

sisters were at Matterhorn that ^{Tuesday} night.

The weather was really rare. The rain had stopped as soon as we got out of the hills Sunday night, which ^{is} ~~was~~ typical. There were still clouds, and it was about sunset when we all gathered. A warm spell had come in that ^{morning} ~~Tuesday~~. Even on Monday the clouds had seemed soft and slow. But all day Tuesday the sun had been out, ~~and we had all had to pull off our sweaters and roll up our sleeves.~~

Everybody in school seemed drowsy and happy. And a lot slower than usual. Riding the bus home to the Neighborhood ^{everybody} ~~nobody was~~ ~~mad at the busdriver.~~ ~~There were a lot of laughs, but no fights.~~ ~~I felt tired, but happy.~~ ^{All day} ~~The girls~~ ^{had} ~~on the bus~~ seemed ~~to be~~ much

then usual
prettier. Apparently I wasn't the only one who noticed, because there were quite a few boys sitting by girls on the bus. It was purely accidental, of course, but somehow it was more convenient that night for Oop to share a seat with Oola, and Moon and Dinny filled in the third space. That put me with Nelly and ^{as I recall} ~~probably~~ that's the first time I ^{realized} ~~noticed~~ Nelly was a girl, like Oola.

It was the first evening of spring, no doubt about it. In Seattle ^{spring} ~~it~~ may come in February or June but there's always that first evening.

Anything is possible the first evening of spring. Nothing is too insane.

Out there in the new green grass around the Matterhorn ~~in it~~ ^{was still even though the sun was down}, ~~climbed up on top of Matterhorn and the warm twilight~~, when Chief ~~proposed the organization of the~~ Rovers ~~boys and girls~~, we all cheered. Chief was elected President ^{without any arguments} ~~by acclamation~~ Moon Vice-President the same way, and Oop Secretary-Treasurer and Dinny Sergeant-at-Arms. ^{That seemed to be about enough officers but} ~~and~~ then Chief ^{naturally} nominated me for Head Fox and I won ~~that election without an~~ opponent.

We had a terrific season the year before, but the first year of the Rover ^{was almost incredible} ~~Boys and Girls really shook the mountains~~ is ~~one they're still talking about~~

Minnie suddenly started banging at his guitar and it was Oop who first recognized the tune and yelled, Hail to the Chief! We all took it up and

When he announced there would be two separate but equal classes of membership, Rover Boy and Rover Girl, we all laughed and whistled and clapped.

announced this was the first meeting of the

ONE -- Seven

I could write a whole book about what we call the ~~Glory Years~~ ^{the Rover's}.
But a book would only be a start. It would take a library ^{before I got} ~~through~~.
We had regular meetings every Tuesday night ~~at Matterhorn~~. When
we decided we needed a meeting hall ^{Dad} Bottles' Father, who was
a carpenter, helped us build a big ^{shanty} ~~roof~~, ^{open on all sides} ~~open on all sides since~~
~~we didn't mind the wind but the rain made it hard to concentrate.~~
One of the Sherpas knew of an old building being demolished and
that's where we got the lumber. Dad loaned us a truck one day.
We built the Big Roof in the woods by Matterhorn. Chief ~~looked~~
~~had~~ looked up ownership of the land and found Matterhorn and
^{Rover} ~~of woods~~
hundreds of acres ^{of woods} around was owned by some widow back East.
Her husband had been suckered into buying it ~~during the~~ just after
the World War. ~~That's~~ when ~~the speculators~~ promoters
went all over the country telling ~~people~~ how someday Seattle was
going to be a city ~~of~~ with a million people, Gateway to Alaska and
the Orient, Queen City of the Northwest and so forth. This guy
back East had paid \$300 an acre for the land and his widow wanted
to forget the whole thing since land like this is worth only about
\$25 an acre now, way out in the woods as it is. The banker in
Seattle told Chief to go ahead and do whatever he wanted to, the
only reason the crazy old widow back East kept on paying taxes ^{the}
was she didn't want to admit her husband had been stupid.

with a hole in the middle above the fireplace.

Matterhorn

The Rover meetings ~~werent~~ didn't seem organized. There was nothing formal about them. ~~But~~ Everybody would drift in at various times after supper and ~~start~~ start climbing Matterhorn, practicing ^{various} techniques, ~~and arguing about them~~. When it was dark, or earlier if it was raining, we'd gather under the Big Roof and ~~somebody would have build~~ a bonfire. Sometimes we'd spend the whole meeting making equipment, ~~start~~ We made practically all our own equipment, naturally. We'd go downtown to the sporting goods stores ~~and~~ that had climbing equipment and spend hours examining sleeping bags and packboards and ice axes and then at meetings we'd make our own. We wore out a lot of equipment in that store, but hardly ever bought any. Other times somebody would have read a book about mountains and would start telling about it and that would start a conversation ~~start~~ that would last the whole meeting. We got into such an argument about what happened on the first ascent of the Matterhorn, the real Matterhorn that is, that if it hadn't been for the Chief I swear there'd have been fist fights. Some guys felt Whympers ~~start~~ was to blame for not making sure the best rope was used. Some said Old Taugwalder didn't like the way ^{Hadow was shaking} ~~things were going~~ and ~~deliberately~~ had his knife out ^{all} ready to cut the rope ^{develop} ~~all the way down~~. Some side argument would ~~enter~~ such as whether Whympers had any right to the Matterhorn, it really belonged to Carrel anyway. One would say Carrel stabbed Whympers in the back, another would say Whympers was a darn disagreeable guy, nobody ever liked him much. Anyway he wasn't a real climber, he was a glory hound, sure he had a couple of good seasons but Reverend Hudson was a far better mountaineer.

(Cop liked the Appendix.
 "We are all lost!!"
 A fine gesture.
 Chief points out: "But they meant all lost!")

Cop sided with Carrel sometimes, sometimes with Whympers. Chief? Battering arguments. But Real 35

Chief - for Mallory as symbol, make it or not.
Oop - "either he made it or he didn't - and why did he take Irvine up there anyway?"

The ~~we~~ ~~followed~~ spent a lot of time on Everest. ~~One~~ great question was whether Mallory and Irvine made the summit or not. There's no halfway position on Mallory. Either you're for him all the way or you're absolutely against Mallory. ^{Tell} ~~and~~ a guy who believes in Mallory you're sure he didn't make it and it's like saying there is no God. Fortunately all we Rovers went right down the line with Shipton that a ^{is} Small Party ~~was~~ best. When Rovers were getting hysterical about Mallory the Chief always managed to get us all together again denouncing the Big Party climbers. Especially that ^{Swiss} ~~Dyrnefurth~~ character who tootled up an assembly every morning on the International Kanchenjunga Expedition.

more Oop vs Chief

The Eigerwand was so controversial we ~~finally had to just~~ gave up the whole subject by common consent. Nothing was settled and this was one argument the Chief couldn't calm down because he was right in the middle. The Eigerwand was the first time Oop ever set himself against Chief. I remember how they agreed perfectly on Whymper, that maybe he wasn't the greatest climber or the best-tempered fellow in the world but he had Drive. He deserved Matterhorn because he had more Drive than Carrel, who ~~disappointed~~ threw away his chance for the sake of Italian Nationalism. They stood together on Mallory that it didn't matter whether or not he made the summit he was still the greatest and most perfect symbol.

~~But~~ Eigerwand made it clear Oop wasn't agreeing with the Chief just to be agreeable. Chief, of course, was pretty deep in ~~the~~ what he called the Larger Significance of Eigerwand. Majoring in

Political Science at the University as he was he knew a lot more about Nazi Germany ~~more~~ than the rest of us. I didn't like to see the Chief getting excited the way he did when he talked about Hitler. It made me feel uneasy because Chief just never ~~he~~ got excited. When he talked about the attempts on the Eigerwand he ~~talked~~ raised his voice. ~~Fortunately Moon kept cool.~~
~~So whenever Chief was loud I'd look at Moon.~~

What stirred up Chief was that Oop defended the Eigerwand climbers! He didn't get noisy, actually he always looked rather sad and solemn about it. That made it worse, since Chief answered his quiet questions so loud. Oop didn't come out flat and disagree with Chief. He just asked questions. Why, if Matterhorn is okay and Everest is okay, what's wrong with Eigerwand? Why was ~~what we~~ ^{it okay} ~~not okay~~ ^{for the Germans on} ~~the~~ Von Ptarmigan Ridge ~~okay~~ and Eigerwand ~~not~~?

Maybe the Chief got excited but he was still the Chief. He always listened to Oop, and thought about Oop's questions. Oop wasn't trying to be smart, nobody thought that, he just wanted answers. He wanted to know where you draw the line between daring climbing and crazy climbing. Why Mallory was a gallant Englishman and the Eigerwanders are fanatic Nazis.

It was never settled and that's why we dropped the subject. I remember a very weird dream I had one night. We were out under the Big Roof, all the Rovers, and the Chief suddenly started up the Northwest Ridge of ^{suddenly} Everest, ~~which~~ ^{which} was right where the Matterhorn actually is, and Oop started up the Eigerwand, which ^{suddenly where} was the North Wall of Matterhorn, ^{actually is}

for us to spend all day dodging barneys

^{Then}
~~All of a sudden~~ Chief turned into Mallory and disappeared in fog.
I looked to Oop hoping he would save Mallory but it was Hitler
and he had just lost his holds and was falling down toward the grass.
It was a dream I didn't even like to think about.
~~I didn't know what to make of it, and never have tried to figure it~~
~~out.~~

We didn't argue all the time. We discussed ^{equipment and} techniques and routes and trips we might take someday. After the Cascades and Olympics we'd go north to the Coast Range and the Yukon and McKinley. We'd do side trips to the Tetons and the Selkirks and the Canadian Rockies. Oop was especially interested in what the Sierra Clubbers were doing down in California. He was hot to go to Yosemite Valley and make the first ascent of the Lost Arrow. There were so many mountains in the world, it was hard to decide which to do first. ^{Aconcagua} ~~Aconcagua~~ down in South America, Mountains of the Moon in Africa, ^{really} the Alps naturally ~~just~~ to see what they are like, the Pyxx Caucasus, The New Zealand Alps sounded particularly interesting because when it's winter up here it's summer down there so that an eager climber could do a lot of interesting peaks down there instead of wasting time muddling around in snow up here. Naturally the Himalayas were the very best. Most of us were ^{pritty} rather solemn about the Himalayas because it hardly seemed possible any of us would ever have enough money for a trip like that. ~~aside from the money problem~~ Ⓟ whenever we talked about the Himalayas Chief would ~~start~~ eventually come around to all

They had just made a sensational first ascent of Shiprock in New Mexico?

The only Americans who had ever been to the Himalayas were rich guys from ~~back~~ East.

More on Long March?

It was as if all the families in our school district picked up and walked from Seattle to New Jersey and halfway back, chased all the way by soldiers.

the problems they have over in Asia. Mahatma Gandhi, for instance, the Chief had quite a high opinion of Mahatma Gandhi. ^{Once} I made a few wisecracks about ~~his~~ his bedsheet ~~one night~~ and Chief made me feel pretty small telling Gandhi's vision.

Then, of course, China was a mess. The Japs were marching in and the Kuomintang was corrupt. One night the Chief told us the whole story of the Long March, how the Communes were ringed in by Chiang Kai Chek and his Nazi advisors, and how they broke through the circle, families and all, and marched ~~thousands of~~ miles into the north. I later got the book from the library and read about the Long March. I'd have given anything to be there. Not that I'm a Communist or anything like that, but that was certainly a tricky job considering there were so many of them ~~and hostile troops~~ on all sides the whole way.

Whenever we finished politics we came back to the peaks. There are so many of them, K-2 and Kanghenchunga and Nanga Parbat, and all very worthwhile, and none of them ever climbed, but Everest is the one that you have to come back to, always. Good old Chet, he ~~was~~ was the guy who ^{gave a sense of humor} made us ~~laugh~~ laugh about Everest.

Chet had been a ~~Star~~ Star Scout and Patrol Leader of the Marmots

When the Troop broke up, ~~One night Chet~~ ~~announced~~ announced

that ~~that~~ he was now inviting applications for the 1950 Mount Everest Expedition. ^{Like all of us (Chet} He ~~obviously~~ had read ~~about~~ ^{every book} more about Everest ~~than anyone~~ ^{and} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~almost as~~ ^{as} eager as the

~~Original~~ ~~rovers~~ ~~He~~ kept up the joke and pretty soon nobody called

~~Original~~ ~~rovers~~ He kept up the joke and pretty soon nobody called

and would have been the next Senior Patrol Leader.

The first time we climbed Rainier Chet went along ripping and roaring Columbia Crest

Memsahib sewed a colorful flag
which Sahib always ~~strung~~ strung
on his ice ax on summits and
waved around.

him Chet, he was always Sahib. There was a girl friend of Nelly's
~~xxxx~~ from school that was always with Sahib and so she ~~immediately~~
became Memsahib. Two of his particular buddies from Marmot Patrol
had quit the Troop ~~and~~ ^{to} become Rovers and they were Sherpa Ed and
Sherpa ~~xxxx~~ Tom. He had a younger sister who had been a Rover
even when the Troop was still going and she was Sherpa Sis.
The 1950 Mount Everest Expedition was very eager. ^{Maybe quite} ~~Not~~ as eager
as we Original Rovers, but then we had a head start. ✓

The Chief ~~xxx~~ organized a schedule of regular Rover climbs/
just as we had in the Troop. But without Tenderfeet to worry about
the climbs were better. Transportation was still a problem.

Chief and Moon had gone in together and bought a Model A. It
only cost \$10 because it
~~wouldn't run when they bought it~~ but as ~~it happened~~ ^{most of} Sahib's Dad
was a mechanic for the Post Office and ~~all~~ ^{quite} the Post Office ~~T~~ trucks
are Model A's. ~~Sahib's~~ Sahib's Dad spent a few evenings working
on the A with Chief and Moon and somehow always ^{found} ~~managed to find~~
in the ^{junk bin} ~~waste box~~ at the Post Office Garage ~~x~~ exactly the piece of
machinery needed to reconstruct the A. The A ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~x~~
was a coupe but we still managed to get three Rovers in the ~~front~~
seat and one small Rover -- me, ^{generally} ~~of course~~ -- on the shelf behind
the seat and two in the trunk, sometimes three. The A had
fenders and bumpers to tie packs to, just like the T, but the
great improvement over the T was that the A could go a little faster.

Not that ~~xxx~~ the speed made much difference on Rover Climbs.
Oop and Dinny had bought the T from Chief and Moon so we still
went to the mountains at the pace of the good old T. The A and the
T

and when we went through a town the people obviously thought we were a gang of young Wobblies come to burn down City Hall.

We always had some gag ready going through town

I could carry most Rover Scheduled Parties. ~~Sometimes~~ ^{When} there were too many Rovers ~~but~~ almost always my Dad had a spare ^{gravel} truck around which he was willing to lend if Chief or Moon would drive. We made some grand parades through towns like Darrington and Granite Falls and Enumblaw, the Grand Old ~~T~~ Model T leading, stuffed full of cheering Rovers and stacked high with packs, the Great Model A following, stuffed ^{full of} up with Rovers ^{with Rovers} and spilling out of the trunk, and then the gravel truck blundering along behind and always some special production, like Oola standing on Oop's shoulders imitating the Statue of Liberty. ~~as/when/like/~~ Holding up a flashlight in her hand and looking so darn serene even in the truck sometimes we wondered if she was real.

Sometimes we'd decorate the T and A and the truck with toilet paper streamers and ~~Mince~~ would lead us in the International or the ~~the~~ Cuatro Generales or one of Doc Hill's songs

The Rovers climbed every ^{famous} peak in the state ~~that anybody~~ ~~every body~~ talks about. ~~The~~ Seattle Mountain Club, ^{which} was founded about fifty years ago when there wasn't anything out here but a sawmill and Indians and ^{prospectors going through town to} ~~rumors of gold in~~ the Yukon. You have to admit those old guys had guts the way they went out in the hills all dressed up for a cold day on Puget Sound. I don't ~~a~~ know where they got their information because they ^{all} carried alpenstocks ~~as~~ ~~regular practice~~ until a couple years ago. Real climbers have been carrying axes for ^{eighty} ~~fifty~~ years. We Rovers ~~have~~ never had alpenstocks. When we started climbing we made axes. On many a peak we've met Mountain Clubbers and laughed our heads off watching them jam alpenstocks in the snow and listening to their leaders tootle away on their whistles.

We got a lot of ideas from ~~read~~ The Annals and Newsletters of the

people we know who actually went on expeditions.

Several of them even went out with us on some of our trips during the glory years.

There were two brothers who apparently didn't get along too well in the Club. We could see why, easy enough. We called them the Katzenjammers Kids. They were eager as any of us Originals but never mixed in with ~~the rest~~. They had more money than any of us and were the first.

Actually though we Rovers laugh at the Clubbers we respect them. The Mountain Club did all the important exploration of the Cascades and Olympics. Also there are ~~half a dozen~~ ^{a few} ~~guyxxxxxxx~~ Clubbers ~~that even we eager Rovers can't laugh off~~ ^{as good as any}. The summer Chief and Moon were in the CCC they made the firsts on Fury and ~~Luna~~ ^{Furious} and but they got only ~~xxxxx~~ seconds on Challenger ~~xxx~~ Whatcom because a party of Clubbers had been there a week before. Any time we Rovers made a ^{new} ~~summit~~ ~~xxx up there~~ in the North we looked around for a ~~cairn because we know the Clubbers were out~~ ^{to make sure there wasn't a cairn}.

~~Another thing~~ Chief ^{was a member of} ~~joined~~ the Mountain Club, ~~I don't know~~ ^{for a while but} where he got the money ~~\$5 a year for dues alone, but then Chief never has worried about money the way most of us here. Anyway Chief was a Clubber and he said the guys there were exactly like us, except they had \$5 a year to pay dues.~~

~~Chief was a member of the Mountain Club, but he was a Rover. When he told about the Major Peaks we just had to take them in stride. There was a lot of planning involved, but the Fourth of July after the ^{Source} Source Lake Fiasco we Rovers ~~really let the world~~ ^{did a terrific} ~~stunt to let the world~~ know about us. Chief ^{led} took a party of Rovers to the summit of ~~Madams, as it was called,~~ ^{on Madams, as it was called,} Moon and I ^{went up} were up there on top of St. Helens, ^{or Saint Nilly} and Oop and Dinny, after a perilous journey in the T, ^{took a group up} had got ~~a~~ on top of ~~Hood,~~ ^{Hoodlum,} south of the Columbia River in Oregon. At midnight, ^{the first} ~~on~~ the summits of three volcanoes, ~~the three volcanoes~~ the Clubbers ~~vall~~ ~~guardians of the Columbia,~~ we three parties of Rovers touched~~

quit because as he said, the annual dues were enough to pay for a two week trip in the mountains.

Ⓜ Mainly because ~~of~~ the Mountain Club ~~to~~ and the way they call volcanoes Major Peaks.

special fire bombs we had made.

~~off rockets built by Rovers, carried by Rovers.~~ When we saw the

sparkle on Adams, ^M ~~that's when Moon set off our rocket.~~ ^{touchd} ~~It was so~~ ^{bomb}

~~damn cold up there at 9000 feet, at midnight, the glare of the~~

~~rocket made me think I threw my arm around Nelly.~~ ^{suddenly I put} Then there

was a glint of light to the south. That was Oopp and Dinny, and

they were in Oregon, a foreign state, and I whooped and hollered, ^{along with everyone else}

^{suddenly found I had my arm around} and hugged Nelly, and I knew down there in Oregon by that glint

Oop was hugging Oola the same way.

ONE -- Eight

^{second Rover} (the First Glory Year)
Our ~~first~~ Glory Year most of our scheduled climbs were

the big, famous peaks. The volcanoes became pretty routine.
Shuksan and Sloan and Stuart and Big Four and ^{Olympic Pass} Olympus and
^{Constantine} Constance and ^{Brothers} Brothers and other obvious peaks were fun and
the younger Rovers got a big kick out of them. For we Originals
these peaks were no challenge but we enjoyed leading the others
up. It was a special pleasure for Moon and me to take Nelly up
~~these~~ mountains she'd heard us talking about. ~~and~~ She was still
quite frail and we all took extra care of her, giving her only
a small pack to carry and so forth. It was marvelous to think of
it, how ~~now~~ only several years before she'd been on crutches
and hardly expected to live, and now she was climbing mountains.
Some summits we practically carried her the last part but we
were happy to do it. She never complained about anything but
watching her close the way we did we could always tell when
she was getting tired. Without any fuss we'd slow the pace a bit
or call a rest or lighten her pack or give her tension on the rope
or whatever was needed. Nobody even ^f said a word about it, but just
did it. When she obviously was pooped out and couldn't do anymore
somebody stayed with her. ~~Sometimes it was Moon~~ ^{or} sometimes me
~~or~~ sometimes the Chief. Sometimes it ^{had to be} was Oola. ~~and it was something~~
Nobody ~~for~~ made a fuss about the fact it had to be Oola but it
~~because they were both girls. There was some~~
was a sort of special (mystery) ~~these times which I think I understand but I~~
~~don't care~~ to think about it.

Chick - Moon -
never talked to
me.
Girls -
The guys -
sisters -
Mystery -
I not friends -
I invited -
I hated
that

There had to be some darn important reason for Oola to give up a summit. In some ways I think that during the Glory Years she was the most eager climber in the Rovers. Partly, of course, because she hadn't been able to go on all the climbs the boys had done and was making up for lost time. But mostly it was just because she was Oola.

Oola was on first a Rover (climber - Rainier) (smuggler)

really
You couldn't call her a good all-around mountaineer. She was plenty strong ~~but~~ and on Rainier she was doing ballet steps in the crater ^{ground} when a lot of ^{90's} ~~others~~ were barfing their guts out. But carrying a ten-day pack was too much for her and even a few hundred ^{feet} ~~yards~~ of slide alder ~~would~~ poop ^d her ~~completely~~ out. When it came to routefinding she was hopeless. If she was walking in front when the trail forked she came to a dead stop, even if there was a trail sign. Put her in a crevasse field and she'd be as likely to jump in a crevasse as walk around it. Much as she climbed the Snoqualmie Peaks every time she got on a summit she asked somebody to tell her the names of the peaks. Once on ^{Upchuck (?)} ~~Plechuck~~ she looked due north and ^{saw Komo Kulshan and Beer Hill} suddenly went up on her points and cried, ah Rainier! None of ^{us} ~~the~~ Rovers were surprised but the Fire Lookout had a kind of amazed expression because she was looking at Mount Baker. ~~and~~ The funny thing was she was so sincere and convinced that the lookout, ~~who anyway hadn't seen another human being for two weeks,~~ sneaked a look to the south at Rainier, obviously because for a second he thought maybe he was the one who had gone crazy ^{from} not having seen another human being for two weeks.

~~Upchuck (?)~~

~~Fire Lookout~~

Komo Kulshan

Oola being a girl you would expect she'd ~~xxxxxx~~ be ^{fairly} ~~pretty~~ good at planning menus and cooking. But ~~xxxx~~ once we gave her the job of getting the food together and fortunately it was only a three-day trip and just us Original Rovers because we got pretty sick of dried apricots and tea ~~and raisins~~. That was ~~about~~ ^{boiled} all she brought that was edible. We ~~xxxxxx~~ the lentils four hours and maybe they would have been softened up by then enough to split with our teeth but she let the pot boil dry ~~and~~ while showing us a ~~xxxx~~ pas she was ~~goingxxxx~~ ^{de uno} working up. The ~~drifted~~ ^{steals} octopus and ~~the~~ dehydrated seaweed we simply ignored. There was plenty of tea. She brought enough tea so that the entire gang of Rovers ~~could~~ ^{would} have ~~spent~~ ^{had to work hard at it for} a month ~~slopping~~ ^{to} it down. ~~isn't~~ ^{isn't} an all-around

All in all, Oola ~~xxxxxx~~ a mountaineer in the way Chief and Moon are. Actually, of course, nobody is. We all have our specialities. Dinny is a bull, pure and simple. Oop is fantastic on impossible rock and can hack a ladder of steps up an ~~xxxxxx~~ icecliff faster than anybody can follow. Though I say it myself, I simply never make a mistake in calling the route or guessing where we are. Even Nelly has a specialty. More than ~~xxxx~~ once we've been in a high camp with nothing but blue sky and sunshine and while Chief ~~xx~~ Oop were looking up at the peak and already enjoying the sensation of being on the summit next day Moon or I would notice Nelly was restless and manage to pry out of her that she didn't ~~think~~ like the weather. We learned our lesson the hard way ^{afterwards} and ~~when~~ Nelly didn't like the weather we changed ^{began} plans. She seemed so absolutely infallible we called ~~xxxxxx~~ her Weird Sister. It didn't seem so much of a joke, though, after

by being caught on a couple
 of peaks when a hurricane
 came in

spring ^{Cherry}
our ~~winter~~ ascent of Chair Peak when she ^{got that} ~~XXXXXXXX~~ ~~took on her~~
restless ^{frown on her face} ~~worrying~~ and ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ said she didn't like
the snow and Oola laughed and jumped over a small cornice and
Oop and Dinny and Chief and seven other Rovers followed her
in a long glissade. Only it wasn't a glissade after the first
minute, it was an avalanche, and Moon and Nelly and I stood
there horrified, watching them all tumble down to ^{Saves} ~~Source~~ Lake
along with about a million tons of snow running like a river.
It was a miracle nobody was killed and afterwards when Nelly was
restless ^{right away} ~~immediately~~ ~~XXXXXXXX~~ wanted to know why.

Oola was absolutely stupid about a lot of things, but she
had a specialty too. I guess ~~XXXXXXXX~~ the only way to pñn it
down is that she was dancing all the time. She was a good climber
because she was always dancing. Just as what makes me a good
climber is that I'm always running. ^{And Nelly always worrying}

A lot of it came from her ballet lessons, of course. She had
a million odd little tricks. When we were just starting the first
hard trudge up the ~~xxx~~ trail Oola would make a production. She
might wait till we were all staggering and gasping away from the
end of the road and then let out a scream that made us all stop
in our tracks. Then with a pack on her back she would run around
the T and the A in a ~~x~~ swift circle-8, waving her ice ax in the
air as if she was a fairy godmother and this was her magic wand,
and then she would run toward us and suddenly leave the ground
and ~~xxx~~ leap past us with her legs stretched in a straight line.
She might go ten or twenty feet through the air without moving
a muscle, ^{arms and} ice ax spread out, and then bounce off the trail without

so much as a thud and soar another twenty feet through the air and land in a whirl and then make a deep bow ~~and~~ toward us and come out of the bow facing uphill and lead us forward up the trail on her points. And it is no cinch to go up on your points wearing climbing boots.

Oola had ways of coming in to rest stops as if she were a dying swan or leaping a crevasse as if she intended to ~~cross~~ ^{make it across} the whole glacier. ^{with one jump} Even when she wasn't clowning around she was always dancing. Just spontaneously, whether anyone was watching her or not, on a summit ~~she~~ would suddenly go up on her points and thrust up her shoulders and clasp her thighs with her hands. Oola can't ^{even} dip Rover Guck ^{from the Ten Can} into your cup without a backswing and a follow-through ~~of her arm~~. Her fingers are awfully long and slender. They are always moving. I've known hundreds of people in my life and Oola is the only one who had fingers I can remember.

But when Oola really made her reputation in the Rovers is the Big Wall ~~of~~ ^{the} Little Ogre when she and Oop climbed ~~the South Face of the~~ as a two-man team. Later we got used to it, and when there was a nice bit of rock to climb everybody would demand that the ropes be shifted ^{if necessary} so

~~we could all watch Oop and Oola do~~ the pitch.

That first time, though, was as magical as the recital. Little Ogre is a chunk of granite in Tumwater Canyon, east of the Cascades, in the Rain Shadow, that we use for rock practice ^{high} when the mountains are still clogged up with winter snow.

Move closer.
Rovers could afford the Canyon.

Maybe Mount Eery?
YES!!

→ So, a touch later on —
radar on Eery! — weird thing — War on Eery!

One warm spring afternoon when we were all sacked out on the ^{rockside} talus after a hard day of ~~climbing the~~ Ogre Oop decided it was time to give the Big Wall a try. We had been climbing all day, all over the ^{Every} (Ogre, and ^{everyone was too tired to make wisecracks.} ~~nobody even chuckled, ~~and I thought~~~~) We just kept on relaxing and looking up at the blue sky and the white clouds.

The next thing I remember is being startled to see Oop some thirty feet or so up the Big Wall and thinking he must have got there by magic since nobody, not even Oop, had ever made it that far.

^{really brought me out of my trance}
What ~~woke me up~~ was seeing Oola move by Oop's belay stance. ^{I thought}
~~The last time I saw Oola~~ she was ^{still} drowsing away on the talus over past Nelly and Moon and Chief.

Oola danced ten feet beyond Oop and stopped and then Oop came out of his belay and climbed toward Oola, and I hadn't ~~ever~~ seen her bring in the slack rope but Oop was on belay up to her stance and then he was twenty feet above her and she was coming up ~~■~~ to him and then she leapfrogged and he leapfrogged and if I hadn't known it was impossible I'd have ~~xxxx~~ sworn ~~x~~ they had rehearsed the whole climb seventy times/. It was poetry, that's all you can say about it. From where we were ~~xxxx~~ you simply couldn't understand why nobody ~~xxxx~~ had run a plough over the Big Wall and grown potatoes, it looked that easy. ~~xxxx~~

Well, the Big Wall has been climbed by most of us since then. But I would not recommend anybody trying to grow potatoes there. Oop and Dinny and I made the Second Ascent of the Big Wall and

Anecdotes

there were pitches when I thought I was going to die and there were pitches when I wasn't sure I was going to die but I hoped so. Dinny was no better. For him the trouble was pure bulk so he had his problems on different pitches from me since my problem was short arms and legs. We pounded pitons until the people in ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the town a mile down the Canyon came and said it was the best rendition of the Anvil Chorus they'd ever heard. Well, ~~they soon got used to the Anvil Chorus because~~ until then they hadn't heard many renditions but they heard a lot afterwards. Practically all the Rovers have climbed the Great Wall but nobody has ever climbed it quietly, as Oop and Oola did.

Naturally we've all become very conscious of dancing because of Oola. The Hollywood idea of dancing is dreadful, they just don't know, they think Ziegfield is great, taking most of the ~~xxxxxx~~ clothes off women and draping them in feathers and marching them ^{up and} down steps. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are better except there is still all that nonsense ~~xxx~~ about fancy ^{drapery} ~~clothes~~ and stages that whirl around and ^{stairs} ~~steps~~ that appear out of noplac^e for no^{just} reason ~~so~~ ^{Fred and Ginger} ~~people~~ can run up and down the steps.

Nobody who watches Oop and Oola on rock could ever get excited about any other dancers.

~~Most goes out~~

Tarzan and his Apes had been

ONE -- Nine

We'd been fooling around with skis ~~even in the Troop~~ but it was the winter after the first Glory Summer ^{in the Rovers} when we began taking them seriously. When the snow came up to our hips we gave up climbing and started skiing. Actually some of the guys had ~~been out on skis since the last winter~~ ^{ad all summer}. When we climbed a volcano they would pack ^{d in} their skis ~~along~~ and ~~bring~~ ^{clattered} down the suncups ~~on the descent~~.

~~When we were fighting it out~~

As soon as the first fall frosts came they were out sliding ^{on} down the slick grass at Chinnok Pass.

Our great trip of the winter ^{after first Glory Summer} was one Chief and Moon had been talking up ever since their summer in the CCC. The day after Christmas my Dad hauled the gang ~~in his one of his trucks up~~ ^{to} ~~through Darrington and~~ up the Suiattle River road ^{to} ~~until it~~ ^{where the bridge was washed out} ~~was blocked by a washout~~.

All we Original Rovers were along except Nelly. There were ^{other} only four ~~others~~, ^{Tarzan + the Apes} and these were the Mad Skiers who had been out sliding on damp grass. ^(A) For ^{most of} the rest of us, except Oola ^{rather pretty} enthusiastic Chief and Nelly, who were ~~very good skiers~~, the darn boards were just a way to get ~~me~~ around the mountains when the snow was messing up the landscape. Moon and Oop were plenty good, but never really thought skiing was worthwhile in itself. The ^{Apes} Madmen, though, had got so they didn't think mountains were worthwhile unless they were plastered with stuff to ~~slide~~ ^{slime} on. Tarzan was the maddest of the bunch. When he saw a steep white slope below his skis

(A)

because usually one
Ape would run up and
really wreck in snow
snow

The Madmen were frantic and we hardly
hit the summit before they were banging
down. The rest of us stayed on top till we were
blue, admiring Bonanza.

It's a huge mountain, over 9500 feet high, and so
we put it on the schedule.
We never been climbed.

something in his mind snapped. He ~~would~~ let out a scream and a
howl that curdled your blood and ^{zoomed} ~~go off~~ downhill with a ~~boom~~,
screaming and yodelling ~~all the way~~. Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers
were always close behind, and then Flash's sister, who ~~was~~
thought Tarzan was just the greatest, and was ^{very pleased} ~~pretty happy~~ when
we started calling her ^{you} ~~Me~~-Jane. Usually Chief and Oola and Oop
would go down next, as a group, doing nice graceful linked turns
that were much prettier than ^{Tarzan and the Apes} ~~the Madmen~~, though not so fast and
furious. Then came the rest of the Rovers, with ^{mean leading the conquest} ~~me and Nelly and~~
Dinny usually at the ^{tail} ~~end~~, traversing to the left and doing a
kick-turn and traversing to the right and doing a kick-turn,
sometimes ^{for variety} ~~side-slipping down for a change~~.

We were ^{all tough as nails} ~~in very good shape~~ and made it up the Suiattle to
~~and up~~ Miners Ridge and over Suiattle Pass and Cloudy Pass into
Lyman Lake in three days. The weather was perfect the whole week ^{bitter cold and}
~~and we spent~~ ^{one} ~~two~~ days touring ^{we did} in Lyman Basin up to the foot of
Lyman Glacier, and another day ^{do} ~~making~~ ^{was} what ~~is~~ probably the first
ski ascent of North Star. ^{next day} They ~~we~~ dropped down Railroad Creek
to Holden, where some big mining company was just building a
~~huge red~~ concentrate plant up the mountainside. The miners were
~~am~~ ^{hardly any} amazed to see us, and ~~none~~ of them had ever seen skis before.

They gave us a ride in a truck down the ~~new~~ road to Lake
Chelan. We caught the ~~boat~~ ^{at Chelan} ~~next morning~~ and ~~that afternoon~~
~~splitting into groups, naturally.~~
started hickhiking home. In spite of there not being much
traffic we had an easy trip. Tarzan and Flash and Me-Jane
actually got home the same night and the rest of us made it early

with weathering in snow
Crystal clear

the next day. Skis weren't very common then and ~~xxx~~ there were a lot of curious people who wanted to talk to a genuine skier.

What with skiing all winter the Second Glory Year just seems to have been a continuation of the First. But looking back on it a person could already see why there wouldn't be a Third Glory Year. Not for the Rovers as a club, anyway. For one thing Tarzan and Me-Jane and Flash and Buck kept on skiing after the rest of us were slogging through the slush on foot. Then ~~when~~ it came time to schedule summer climbs they ~~wanted~~ didn't want anything to do with a peak that didn't give them a chance to ski. We had some good chuckles at them, packing their skis through ~~then~~ miles of brush, all for the sake of a rough scratchy slide down hard, dirty suncups for a few hundred feet. But gradually they began going on their own trips.

Then too, we Originals did sort of hang together in a bunch. Not that we were a clique, but Rovers who lived outside our Neighborhood began to group together. It was all perfectly natural. The 1950 Mount Everest Expedition always ~~liked~~ camped together on trips, just the way we Originals did.

Gradually some of the Rovers ^{began to get a bit less} weren't quite as eager ~~as the~~ ^{then the} rest of us. Bottles was ~~just~~ about the least eager ~~xxxxx~~ Rover. But he was a real character, always good for a laugh. It shocked ~~just about all of us~~ ^{||} back in Troop days, when he hauled out a bottle of beer on top of Lundin. I don't think any of us had ever seen a person our age drink alcohol. I'd seen it back in

New Jersey and maybe I was most shocked of all because back there the teen-age kids that drink are exactly the ones you don't want to mess with. If they catch you they don't just beat you half to death, they do the whole job. But Bottles wasn't mean, he was funny. He drank the beer and then yelled, it was harder'n heck to haul it up here but ~~tax~~ now all I got to do ~~to go down~~ is ~~just~~ spread my wings and fly! And he did, too, he glissaded the Lundin Chute wide open, with his ax out of the snow the whole way. It was so comical nobody made any objection. He always had a bottle of beer in his rucksack which he always drank on the summit.

Bottles always took a dim view of the weather. Nelly often thought the weather was going to turn bad. Bottles always ^{was certain} ~~thought~~ the weather was going to turn bad. Especially in early morning when it was time to start up the peak. Bottles always predicted lightning was going to strike out of a clear sky, or that a typhoon was lurking over the ridge. When we came to the roping-up place he always declared the peak was obviously impossible, it would be suicide to go on. And in any event there was a good chance of an earthquake any minute because there hadn't been an earthquake for so long ^{we were overdue for one} ~~and if we were trapped on the peak in an earthquake it was all over with us.~~

It was ^{Memorial Day} ~~in June~~ of the Second Glory Year that Bottles organized the Foggy Dew Beer-Drinking and Sack-Warming Society. We were camped in the meadows of ^{Slumberland} Summerland ~~gaitx~~ looking up ~~ix~~ in the clouds trying to see ^{get a glimpse of} Little Tahoma, 11,117 feet high, ^{a satellite} ~~on the side~~ of Rainier. It turned out that ^{on} this trip Bottles hadn't brought one bottle of beer. He and his younger brother had hauled

a whole case of beer to high camp. Most of us, of course, were concentrating on Little Tahoma and when he offered us a bottle we refused. Not Minny the Minstrel, though. He had his ^{ukulele} ~~guitar~~ along and after a bottle of beer he was twanging away, ~~strumming~~ ^{old English} the campfire, crooning ^{and Negro spirituals} out folk songs and Wobbly songs. ~~and~~

Only one girl drank any of the beer, and that was Katy, who ~~was~~ had become a Rover partly because she was a good school chum of Oola and Nelly ~~was~~ but mainly because she had a crush on Bottles. Chief had joined in with Minny on his recorder, ~~which he was just learning to play,~~ ^{was exercising mildly} and Oola ~~had started leaping~~ ^{the fire} around. Katy after a few sips of beer suddenly started following Oola ~~xxxxxx~~ imitating her. But Katy ^{is} ~~was~~ rather plump and not ~~knowing~~ how to ~~xxxxxx~~ leap she mostly jiggled. We were all laughing and then Min started playing and singing, "Nobody Can Shimmy Like My Sister Kate" and she was laughing so hard she gave an imitation of the Shimmy which paralyzed the whole gang.

Bottles' kid brother was putting away the beer at such a rate Chief ~~obviously~~ became a bit worried. But as ~~is~~ usual he handled things without a fuss. He ~~xxxxxx~~ remarked that we were low on water and asked the kid ^{if} ~~he~~ would go down to the creek and haul back a couple of Ten Cans. What with Bottles flipping bottle caps and Min shouting away and Sister Kate shimmying we all forgot Bottles' brother until about two hours later suddenly he staggered up to the fire and flopped down. He looked pretty sick and he didn't have any water. He didn't even have the Ten Cans. Everybody wanted to know where he had been all the while. He

Always
kid
confused
sort of

and loud

mumbled he had been out ^{looking} ~~scouting around~~ for water. Since the creek was only ~~about~~ thirty feet away the natural question was why he'd been gone two hours. ^{(confused - there) oh, there well,} He said, I must have circled around. Min twanged his ~~guitar~~ ^{whistle}, and in a solemn voice said, all hail our symbol, all hail the Next President of the United States, all hail the native ~~genus~~ ^{genus} who can ~~circle~~ around two hours the ~~thirtyfoot~~ dozen strides between fire and water, all hail Our Peerless Leader! Min then ~~announced~~ ^{banged into} Hail to the Chief! In a way it seemed almost sacrilegious which made it all the funnier. He was always Our Peerless Leader afterwards, or Peerless for short.

Improve!
Min Our (Chamberlain),
Peerless
Leader
around in
circle
of
water

at 3 AM
Well, ~~the~~ next morning all we Originals and the 1950

Mount Everest Expedition and the others ~~started~~ were ~~about~~ ready to leave ^{Slumberland} Summerland and head up into the clouds and the rain and the night. Somebody noticed Bottles was missing and started yelling. ^{ed and} He stuck his head out of his ~~sleeping~~ bag long enough to state that the Foggy Dew Beer-Drinking and Sack-Warming Society expected a momentary eruption of ^{Beer Hill} Mount Rainier and ~~wanted nothing~~ ^{it would be folly} to ~~do with~~ ^{attempt} Little Tahoma. So we all climbed ~~to~~ Little Tahoma that day, except Bottles and Sister Kate and Min and Peerless.

They pulled the same stunt on a couple more scheduled climbs ~~that~~ ^{next month} ~~summer~~, and heaven only knows what they did on their own trips.

Aside from the Katzenjammers, who showed up occasionally, and were always considered only halfway-Rovers, there were only three other regular Rovers. In a way they were always outsiders,

though Chief went to a lot of trouble to make it seem they were part of the gang. One way he used was by giving them nicknames. Every other Rover had gotten a nickname~~x~~ one way or the other~~x~~ before the Second ~~XXXX~~ Glory Summer was ^{well} underway. Except Nelly. Some of the Rovers thought her nickname came from the fact she was frail and small, and called her Little Nell, but actually she had been called Nelly from the time she was born, long before she had infantile paralysis.

Jack Armstrong~~x~~ the All-American Boy~~x~~ was the name the Chief finally gave the leader of the three. Jack was the only Rover who was still in the Troop. Though it set him apart from the rest it wasn't a case of disloyalty. When the Troop blew up Jack ~~had~~ went ~~gone~~ to the Chief and had a heart to heart talk. Jack was very much attached to the Chief but also he was attached to the Scouts in spite of our Chicago Scoutmaster. As a matter of fact, he felt what the Scouts need are more Chiefs and less Chicago Scoutmasters. He told the Chief, ~~and all we Rovers~~, that he wanted to become a professional Scouter when he grew up and get rid of Chicago Scoutmasters. Well, Jack became Senior Patrol Leader when the Rovers quit but nobody begrudged him that because it was obvious he would have been next in line after Sahib anyway. ~~But~~ the Troop kept him⁵³ busy ~~so~~ he wasn't on all the Rover trips~~x~~ but when he came he was eager. ~~and~~ One big reason he came was that Sahib's ^{cousin} ~~sidekick~~ was a Rover. A Rover Girl. I wouldn't say she was pretty, but she was cute, and very strong. She was the

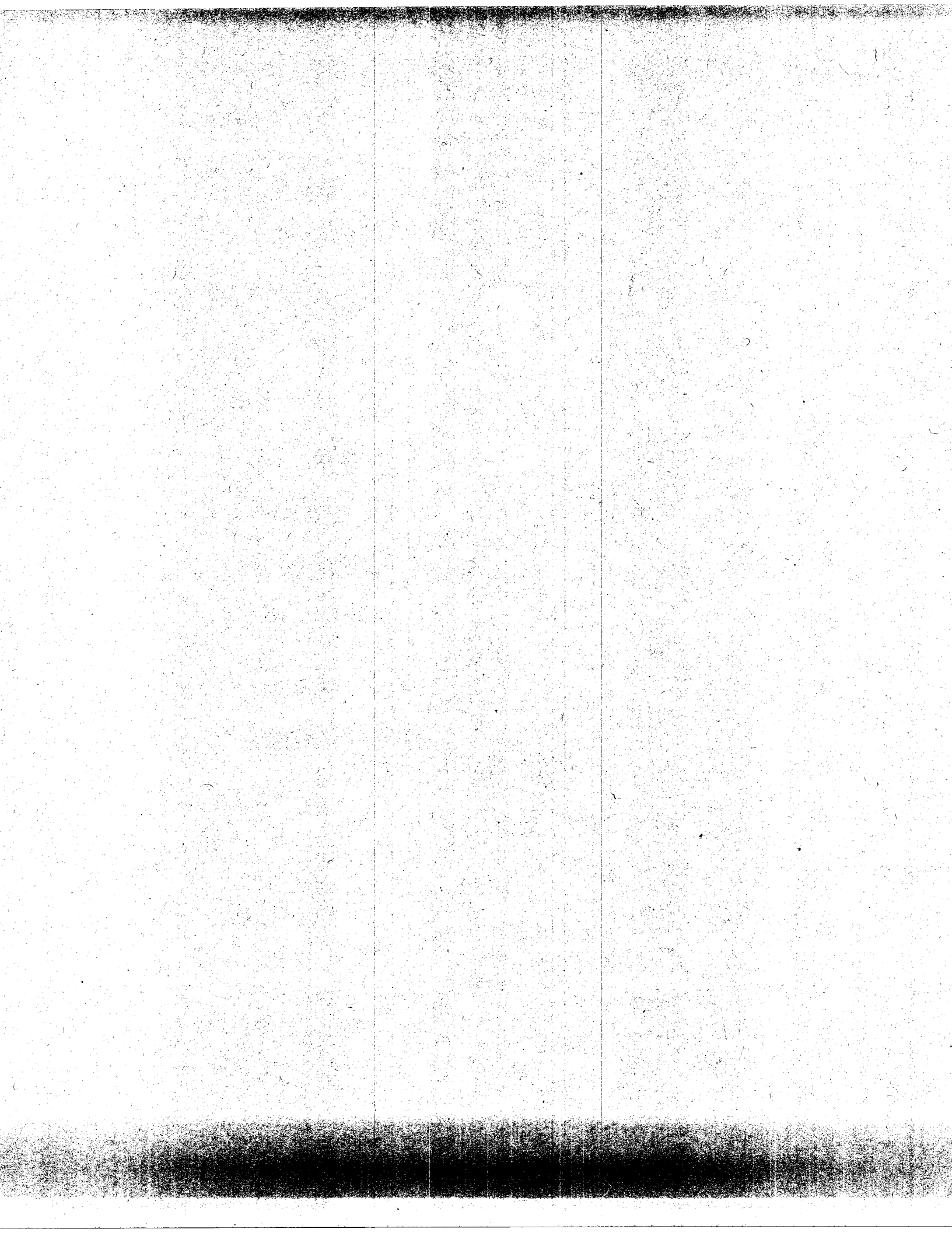
All better in-
writing

leading female athlete at Franklin High, and though girls athletics aren't much, whatever there was she was the best. At first she hung around with ~~the~~ Sahib and his Everesters but when she and Jack Armstrong started going together Chief named her Little Orphan Annie.

~~There was never any confusion. Nobody ever called Gola by her right name of Annie.~~ Jack's kid brother ^{had joined} was still in the Troop ~~and~~ but he ^{that year} always came with Jack on Rover trips. Being the youngest ^{by a couple years} Rover he kept his mouth shut and followed his big brother.

Sometimes he had to run pretty fast to keep up with the gang, and came up to a rest stop panting and gasping, but always cheerful.

By the time he started coming with the Rovers I was five feet ~~and~~ ^{two} ~~four~~ and a half inches, so I wasn't a midget anymore. I was ~~as~~ ^{than} tall as Nelly, and later, of course, I outgrew Nelly. Naturally I wasn't being mean about it, but I gave him his name. Seeing him rush up to our resting place huffing and puffing and smiling and plunk himself down by Jack and ~~Little~~ Orphan Annie I cried, Arf! says Sandy! We all picked up the theme song of the program and sang it all the way through and after that he was Sandy, ~~and~~ and on a summit when everybody was yodelling or giving their particular mountain yell Sandy ~~let~~ let off ~~a~~ a big Arf! Arf! Arf!



ONE - Ten

Our last scheduled Rover trip was Fourth of July weekend when practically the whole gang climbed Rainier by the ^{Beer Hill} ~~Emmons~~ ^{Emily} Glacier. This time even Nelly made it, though it was a struggle. We carried our packs up to the summit and camped in the ~~the~~ crater overnight. Just like the year before ^{at midnight} we set ~~up~~ off a tremendous fire bomb on ^{Columbia} Columbia Crest. Our folks were watching for it back in Seattle and saw the flare clearly. At the crack of dawn the Foggy Dewers lit out for ~~Steamboat Prow~~ ^{the White River} but ~~we~~ ^{and all} Originals, ~~all~~ ^{except} Nelly, ~~and~~ ^{in Cap} the Everesters ~~six~~ ^{Asc} climbed ~~Point Success~~ ^{summits} and Liberty Cap, thus wiping out all three ~~peaks~~ of Beer Hill. The Madmen had ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ climbed on skis, at least Tarzan did, the others gave up and put on crampons at 13,000 feet. Tarzan was determined to ski all the way ^{down} and he did, ^{though} but if it ~~hadn't been for~~ ^{and Mr. Jones} Buck and Flash ~~belaying him he'd never have made it.~~ ^{held him on the rope} a dozen times on the ~~icy~~ ^{traverse} from the Winthrop ~~Engstrom~~ ^{Basin}. So far as we know ~~that was~~ ^{Buck Tarzan made} the first ~~ascent~~ ^(complete) of Rainier. ~~and descent~~

After the Fourth the economic situation ~~got~~ ^{was} too complicated ~~to~~ ^{for} ~~xxxxxxxx~~ have scheduled climbs. We were all scrambling around trying to earn a few bucks and it was impossible to get together as a group. Jobs were scarce and we took what we could get, where we could. ~~My~~ Dad had a bridge contract on the Mount Baker highway and hired Chief and Moon. ^{as shovel jockys} This worked out fine for them, almost as good as building trail in the CCC, besides paying more money. ~~Mostly~~ They had only Sundays free ^{so} their climbs were all marathons, heading up the road in the Model A Saturday after work,

~~50th St
Seattle~~

~~The Corridor
Steamboat Prow
They all stuck down the corridor to
Infiltrate the
Glacier Basin~~

Sahib led the Everesters a merry chase. They were the second party in history to get into the Southern ^{Tickets} Pickets. They bagged ~~ax~~ two firsts and a new route on Terror. We Originals had filled them up to their ears with ^{BANANA} Bonanza and ^{had} ~~we~~ planned a ~~jax~~ joint trip but at the last minute we picked up a ditch-digging job in the Neighborhood that was too good to pass up. Anyway the Everesters climbed Bonanza, ^{or Banana Peak} ~~As it turned out a Portland party~~ ^{some foreigners from Oregon} had beat them ^{by a month} ~~to it~~ but it was still a second, and a darn good one.

Oop and Dinny and I were feeling sort of frustrated by the end of August. Aside from a third on ^{Shimmy} Chimney Rock and a few new routes in the Snoqualmie Pass peaks we hadn't done anything at all spectacular. The Model T was falling apart faster than we could put it together and twice it completely let us down and wiped out trips. When we had good luck hitch-hiking the weather went absolutely ^{characteristic, which means terrible,} ~~insane.~~

Finally we said the heck with money, the heck with the T. There was a trip we'd had on our minds for a several years. We'd hoped to do it with the whole gang, or at least Chief and Moon, but the summer was running out and we had hardly anything to show for it.

We were a whole day hitching rides to ^{Darlington} ~~Darrington~~, and when we told the Ranger what we had in mind he stared at us as if we were maniacs. But when we told him what we'd climbed he fell into the spirit of the thing. He even got us a ride in a CCC truck ~~to the extent~~ and asked as a favor that we'd write him a letter and tell him how we made out. ^{Welded this but} he never believed us

Shimmy
or
Chimney

or Scrimmage Lake we called it.

Minus =
Minus

In the evening we ran up Minus Ridge to the top of Plummer, or Plunder Mountain.

Not having any jobs or other responsibilities ~~was~~ the only thing to limit the length of our trip was the amount of food we had. ~~But~~ We carried just as much as we could. Even Dinny's eyes were bulging that first day up the Suiattle Trail to Image Lake ~~xxxxxxx~~ and hot? The weather ~~had~~ forgotten how to rain and blow, all it could do was burn and bake.

But once we had our altitude we began to ramble. ~~After that~~ ~~Next~~ After the next day from Image Lake along an old ~~xxxx~~ prospector's trail around the headwaters of Sulphur Creek, over ~~xxxxxxx~~ Totem Pass and through the ^{Dangling} Hanging Gardens to ^{Brew} Blue Lake the whole trip is like a dream.

We gave up looking at maps. The maps showed big peaks which didn't exist and didn't show big peaks which were absolutely sublime. The country we were in wasn't mapped. There were maps that pretended to show the country but they were frauds. It was exhilarating. It was so exciting we could hardly sleep at night, no matter how hard we climbed during the day. We shot out of our bags every morning at dawn and started walking. We kept walking until it was too dark to see where we were going. We were hysterical the whole trip, and some of the things we did were rather crazy, I'll have to admit. We climbed Doom Peak and Brew Mountain and Spear Point and Buzzard Mountain. We ran around Chuckleman Glacier and Dinny Glacier and traversed the headwaters of Aggie Creek and climbed Country Peak and Tired Tackle and ~~xxxx~~ ^{C. Annual} and camped at Soup Lake, which was a

See
all
Glaciers
Round

↳ punning names or
climbers German ~~or~~
~~from~~ mostly.

Morris
Fohmann

puddle of water we found on a heather bench one night two hours after sunset. We called it Soup Lake because there was just enough water in it for one Tea Can of soup. It's always been a Rover hobby to think up our private names for peaks, ~~but~~ that hysterical trip ~~was~~ our favorite amusement was thinking up names. ~~Honanzah / M / Ch / L / o / k / e / d / e / t~~ became Banana Peak. ~~Glacier Peak was Gletschergipfel because Oop was studying German in school and went heavy on Glimber's German / when we couldn't get a good punning name.~~ Pilchuck was Upchuck, Middle Fork was Muddle Fork, Bear's Breast, Bare Bosom, Cold Creek, Ghoul Creek, Chair Peak, Chore Peak, McLellan's Butte, Mac's Butt, Terror was Terrible, Fury was Furious, ~~Sloan~~ was ~~Green~~, Monte Cristo was Monte Carlo, and so forth.

We'd been out ~~about~~ a week when we did ~~Mount~~ ^{Cider} Peak and the one next to it which had ~~no~~ no name though it was bigger, so we called it Rover Peak, since there was no cairn on the summit. Then we rattled up ^{Traffic} Magical Mountain and Muddle ~~Mountain~~ Peak and a huge peak without a name that we called the Elger. We spent a night on top of the Elger because we hadn't started up it until twilight. The weather was so perfect we ~~just~~ didn't worry much about time of day. However, it was a cold night and next morning when we got down to Cascade Pass, ~~next morning~~ which obviously had to be Cussword Pass, we were ready for some sleep.

~~Sahale~~
~~Shallal~~
~~Sally~~
SALAMI

Boston
Beastly

The next day we climbed Sahale and Boston, which we called Shallal and Scheissturm because as mountains they are a mess of iron low grade ore. We wanted to go north and do ~~the~~ Butcher and Grogan and Goody-Goody and finish our trip by hiking down ^{Blunder} Thunder Creek to ^{Diabolical} ~~Diablo~~ Dam. But our equipment had taken a beating. Dinny's pants had come completely apart on Rover Peak and ~~though he wrapped the pieces around him~~ ^{Beastly} after the Scheissturm he was climbing in his underwear. Also his boots ^{were pitiful,} ~~had taken~~ a beating, he being over 200 pounds, ~~and though they~~ ^{all wrapped in.} they held pretty well together ^{but} with sling rope we were running out of sling rope. I didn't have a single ~~tin~~ ~~tin~~ nail left in my boots and ~~had~~ ~~broken~~ my sunglasses ~~and~~ ^{sun-glass} had been ~~broken~~ by falling rock on ^{and it was lucky I saw the rock coming.} Minister. Oop's ice ax broke during a glissade on ^{Salami} ~~Shallal~~ Glacier. It simply snapped, from dry rot ^{maybe.} ~~or something.~~ But what really made us change our plans was ~~that~~ ~~when we looked over our food supply we had a shock.~~ The salami had gone bad. It had gone so bad that even Dinny, famished as he was, couldn't force it down. And it had gone so bad evidently every packrat and mouse in the Cascades got the news. ~~Anyway~~ While we were on Scheissturm they invaded our camp. They hadn't been able to get at the salami, hanging from a tree limb in ~~a~~ an upside-down Ten Can, but ~~they~~ by means of multiple shoulder-stands or something they managed to wipe out our rice and noodles. For dessert they chewed holes in our pack sacks, and sliced our pack straps and ate the armpits ^{and shoulders} out of a wool shirt I'd left in camp.

Frankly we were all pretty well shot after the Second Glory

~~Year~~ ^{Summer} We had a Rover Reunion the first weekend in October but when we got to ~~the summit of the~~ Snoqualmie Pass ^{Saturday morning} the weather was so

awful Chief proposed ~~was~~ that instead of climbing we run a game of Fox and Hounds ~~Saturday~~ ^{actually joined me as} Because of our Glory ^{you} Expedition ^{together} Oop and Dinny ~~and I had to be~~ the Foxes. ~~Anyway I was Head Fox.~~

We had played an occasional afternoon game in ~~the~~ ^{Rover} days when the weather was too dismal for a climb but this was our first all-day game. ^{It} was raining to beat the band and scraps of clouds ^{sliding along} were in the valleys and a black sky above so it was really too easy to Escape. ~~Even~~ ^{insisted} though the Everesters ~~made~~

^{Chief} add ⁱⁿ Oola and Little Orphan Annie to the Foxes for a handicap. ~~there wasn't any catching us.~~ We left the Pass at

10 ~~in the morning~~ with ~~xxx~~ a half hour start and laid a ^{to let paper} trail up ~~the~~ Source Creek ~~with~~ ^{made} a false lead toward Denny ^{and} a tricky ^{through a blowdown and then up} double-back/into the Guye-Snoqualmie saddle ^{After making} false leads ~~and~~

~~double-backs~~ toward both summits ^{we led through two trails through a} and a tricky dodging route ^{by a tricky dodging route - with false leads toward Red Lake and the highway} down into Commonwealth Basin ^{and up Kendall.} After laying false trails along ~~back~~ the ridge north and south from the summit

we roped down the east face and circled around ^{back into Commonwealth} and were back at Snoqualmie Pass at 6, a full hour before the deadline. It wasn't

until ^{9:30} ~~6:30~~ the last Hounds dragged in. ^{Various Hounds} ~~Some~~ had climbed Denny, ^{Benny} Guile ^{Sauce} Guye, Snoqualmie, some had been to ^{Bed Dead} Source Lake and Red Lake, ^{Chandle} but nobody had followed us beyond the top of ~~Kendall~~

Everyone was yelling, fool! fool! ~~not~~ ^{Chief} and Moon ^{insisted} to agree about Kendall 66

until we asked if anyone had thought to look down the east face. It turned out they didn't get to the top of Kendall until dark and couldn't see down the face ^{So we officially}

another toward Source Lake,

ruled ~~that~~ ^{borderline cases} is our fair bet

in the saddle. I know about

We stayed up very late and
left late Sunday. After a picnic
in the camp at the bottom of
Sagvatar Falls in dawn hours.

Everyone was exhausted, but ~~then nobody was~~ ^{asleep.} We
~~went~~ ^{drove} down to Denny Creek Camp and set up our tarps and built a
tremendous fire. Just about everybody took on at least a little
of Bottle's homebrew, which he had started making ^{during the summer.} ~~when his~~
~~liking for beer was beyond his budget.~~ It was a great night
since obviously the weather had shut down the peaks for Sunday.
It was a great night for me probably more than anyone since
it was ~~Rxx~~ Foxy Kayo that came in for most of the cussing from
the guys who'd been tricked by ~~my~~ my false leads and double-backs.

It had been a rather weird summer in a lot of ways. Moon and
Chief working at ~~mans~~ ^{for mens pay} jobs, Rovers actually entering unexplored
country and making first ascents. For Oop and Dinny and me, also,
this was our senior year in high school. I suppose that always
tends to make a person stop and think. Think about what comes
after ~~making~~ high school. We were all ~~hoping to~~ planning to
enter the University, but University isn't like school. You
have to declare yourself when you enter, and say what you hope
to do with your life.

But Chief was the one who really set the mood. After all,
he ~~wasn't~~ was graduating from the University this year. Moon had
one more year to go but Chief was soon going to be, officially,
a college graduate and a man.

It wasn't any great change for him. The things he was
thinking about this last year he'd been thinking about for a long
time. The difference was that Moon was the only one in our gang
he'd talked to before. Now we all began to hear what he had on
his mind. All of us in the Neighborhood, that is.

Because suddenly there wasn't any such thing as the Rovers. Not in any organized sense. There was just ~~us~~^{us} Originals from the Neighborhood, fooling around the Matterhorn in winter twilight, or sitting by a fire under the Big Roof. We talked and talked and talked. But we didn't talk much about mountains. Left to himself I'm sure Chief would have talked about nothing but the War. From what Moon told me I know that when they had lunch together at the University that's all the Chief was interested in. It's ~~quite~~ wrong to say the Chief was all wrapped ~~xxxx~~ up in the war because he was Cadet Colonel of ROTC. It was the other way around. The reason he had ~~taken~~^{took} ROTC for four years instead of dropping it at the end of the compulsory two years was because Hitler ~~went~~ into Poland. Chief said then we were going to be in the War ~~xxxx~~ before it was over. I know it was quite a struggle for Chief because I remember him marching in a ~~xxxx~~ Pacifism Parade when he was a ~~sophomore~~^{freshman}. He always was a Pacifist, and still is, he says, but the immediate problem is making the world safe for pacifism. Moon was convinced, and continued ROTC ~~this year.~~ ~~xxxx~~ If both Chief and Moon think we're going to get in the War I suppose we will. Personally I think maybe Chief is getting carried away by his professors at the University. President Roosevelt seems fairly confident we can stay out. He says he hates war, and I'm sure he does. Probably we can win the war as the Arsenal of Democracy, like he says. Those people over in Europe can ^{do the} fight ^{we give them} if ~~they have~~ weapons.

Just
the
b. x. x.

It's odd how guys you've known all your life, or most of it, suddenly turn into something you hadn't suspected. Bottles, last summer, going from a joker into practically an alcoholic. The ~~Madmen~~^{Apes} going so crazy all of a sudden over skis. I suppose ~~xxxx~~ this is typical. In school we had a required course where the teacher talk~~d~~^d about adolescence as if it's a disease. He talk~~d~~^d about our problems and we've got problems I never even knew about. ~~There~~ There are radio programs about teenagers. All comedies, of course. As if there is something particularly comical about being a ~~sex~~ teenager.

Weird, very weird.

The most weird thing of all is what has happened to Oop since our ~~Glory~~^{Expediton} ~~Climb~~. We were always rather close buddies but this last year he seems like a stranger.

It started ~~after~~ after the last Fox and Hounds, out at the Matterhorn one fall evening. I came down off the rock and Oop and Chief were going a mile a minute in an argument about ~~whether~~ ~~or not there is a God.~~ *Cop thought there was one. Chief didn't.*

I was amazed. Not so much ~~amazed~~^{by the fact} that people could disagree on the subject but that they would find it worth talking about. We had gone to mass pretty regularly back in New Jersey but out west everything was so disorganized for awhile we got out of the habit. In school whenever I had to fill in a form ~~xxxxxx~~ or somebody asked me I said I was a Catholic. Actually I became an atheist when I was ten years old, which was when I first ran across the word in ~~a book.~~^{the dictionary} ~~xxxxxx~~ I would have been an atheist sooner but I didn't know the word. I think I really did believe in God

until I started school. After I started school ~~and~~ and got my face ~~rearranged~~ ^{pushed in} a few times I ~~was~~ lost my faith in God. He might save you someday but meanwhile you better learn to run.

Religion and God and all that nonsense seemed to me beside the point. ~~But~~ Oop had been to parochial school and was a tremendous climber and so I always assumed this was what he thought. But Oop was more wrapped up in this God business than any mountain. Oop and Chief tangled, ~~and were intensely~~ ^{just like they had about} ~~than~~ on the Elgerwand. But now Oop was the one who was losing his head, and Chief was the sad and serious and quiet one. ^{And this time they wouldn't quit.} They went round and round, night after night at the Matterhorn. I don't pretend to know what they argued about. Chief said he was not an atheist, he was a naturalist. ~~He was not a mechanist or a materialist, he was a naturalist.~~ He said, that everything is natural, all reality is like an onion, you keep peeling the onion and peeling the onion and there's always another layer ^{but even if} ~~and~~ nobody can know Truth.

I didn't realize how serious things were getting until one night Oop said he was going to talk all this over with his priest. It gave me a creepy feeling, because I've known a ^{couple of} ~~few~~ priests in my life and I couldn't imagine ~~Oop putting~~ ^{anyone talking} a priest's ~~word~~ ^{comparing} ~~alongside~~ ^{word} Chief's.

Oop and his God made me uneasy. So did Chief and his War. Much as I respected them both it bored me to listen to them. Not Oola, she was always listening wide-eyed and quiet to whatever either one had to say. And old lunker Dinny was satisfied to be a part of the landscape like the Matterhorn.

it's all there in the onion, it isn't someplace in the sky.

But sooner or later I couldn't stand all the philosophy and would start cracking wise to Nelly. Fortunately Moon ^{got his} ~~was filled~~ ^{at} ~~up with~~ philosophy ^{from} eating lunch with Chief ^{every day / so} and he would lead the three of us out into the woods. Once beyond earshot of Matterhorn we'd start talking. Mainly ~~it was~~ Moon ^{and} that talked ~~not that~~ Nelly and ~~me~~ ^{I listened} ~~we objected~~.

Culebra Cut

Moon had been Chief's closest buddy for years, but the two of them were not at all alike. Chief was going to be a politician. Moon was going to be a civil engineer. Mr. Mullan had worked on the Panama Canal ^{and had a lot of exciting stories about those days}. Moon was going to build highways over the Andes, dams on the Amazon, and generally have a fine time improving South America. Moon took Spanish in high school ^{and he had a vision of South America as the Next Frontier.} He made it sound so ^{thrilling} ~~exciting~~ I couldn't wait to get down there in the jungles of Brazil and hack out an empire. ^{I also took Spanish in high school.} ~~But~~ Moon was sure the Chief was right, we ~~were~~ going to be in the war soon. That's why Moon was continuing in ROTC. ^{Rot Corp} ^{Rotten Corp} But Moon had a long range plan. He felt the airplane was going to be important in the development of South America. Therefore he planned to spend the war in the Army Air ^{Corp} ~~Force~~. And so he could get in the Army Air ^{Corp} ~~Force~~ he was going to take all his savings ~~from shoveling gravel on the Mount Baker Highway~~ and learn to fly.

He did just that, too, ~~it was~~ last ^{year} spring. The Saturday he was going to try his first solo he was tense. He didn't want anybody to know but he couldn't keep it to himself. He spilled the beans to Nelly and she told me, as a secret. It was darn complicated keeping it from our folks ^{also from} and (Moon ~~both~~ but Nelly and I managed to figure out the buses and we were there when Moon taxied down the airstrip and wobbled and weaved and then was in the air all by himself. We gripped our hands together until the blood was squeezed out and watched that old bundle of sticks and wires and cloth wax up in the sky. Every time the engine sputtered we gasped. Then he stalled. The tired old plane seemed to sink down on its tail and Nelly and I probably saved Moon the way we screamed. He fell over on his left wing and zoomed straight in toward the field and landed without a bounce and Nelly and I were hugging and yelling our heads off.

Moon was pretty happy ~~himself~~ when he came off the field. Then he saw us, and he hadn't known we were there, and he ran at us and whooped and howled and all three of us made a jumping-jack circle.

~~This was a private secret between just us three. Nobody, not even Chief, knew how well Moon was flying. The three of us would sneak off together and never tell anyone anything.~~

Moon was so darn good his instructor, the guy who owned the plane, ~~forgot about him and just let him use the plane regular hours.~~ ~~also since Moon flew so well the instructor~~ gave him special rates which amounted to little more than the gas he burned.

Need
more
information
on
planes

World War I
flying
pictures
Richardson

One evening ~~late~~^{early} in May Moon came down and he had done such a wonderful flight he wanted to take us both up and show us the sky. The very thought of it made me delirious but Nelly shrank back and didn't want any part of it. But we hoisted her between us and ~~put~~^{crammed} her in the ~~plane~~^{cockpit behind the seat.} and I ~~sat down next to Moon.~~
~~About then Moon started the engine and I stopped laughing. I realized now I was the one who didn't want any part of it because this was~~
~~there wasn't~~
not very much wood and cloth and metal around us. One good smack against solid ~~gum~~ earth would make us all mere smithereens.

We took off with Nelly's fingers digging into my neck. My fingers were digging into the seat. The darn motor sputtered and coughed worse than ~~xxx~~ either the Model T or A. We dropped into pits deeper than any well and rode elevators faster than any in Seattle and dove down to the left and zoomed up to the right. Everytime there was a sudden change of direction I looked at Moon expecting to see a look of stark terror on his face but always he had a happy serene expression.

He took us up to 4000 feet and we sailed over Lake Washington to Mount Si and then west and over Puget Sound to Bremerton and it was like having died and become an ~~xxx~~ angel. When he took us around corners or dived it was like glissading or rappelling, only bigger.

He showed ~~us~~^{me} the controls, and how they worked, ✓ Then suddenly ~~he~~^{he} ~~hopped~~^{put me} over me and ~~pushed me into the pilot's seat~~ and said, Fly, Kayo!

and had me follow his motions
on my duplicate set of controls 73

Who was that screaming when we went into a spin? It was Nelly and me, for sure. But Moon ^{didn't panic,} ~~wasn't taking any chances.~~ ^{shouted} ~~He told me~~ ^{instructions} to pull this, ~~and~~ kick that. I did. And there we were, flying serenely along through the sky. And who was driving the ship? Me, Kayo!

It was easy after I got the feel of it.

Boy that was a terrific evening. ~~I~~ dove down to 2000 feet and climbed to 5000 feet, ~~and I made a 180 degree turn.~~ Then Moon ^{spiralled down to the airport on ground} took over the controls and ~~we landed.~~ ^{It was dark at the airport,} though it was only sunset when Moon ~~started his approach.~~ ^{down.}

Flying is tremendous. I can't get that night out of my head. Skiing and glissading ^{and rappelling} are nothing compared to flying. The mountains rise up into the sky a ^{long} little ways, but airplanes go a lot higher. Mountainclimbing gives you a feeling of peace and freedom and safety, being so far away from the big cruel people in the city. Flying does this, but much better.

with the wind whining through the struts

I made turns right and left and then

ONE -- Twelve

We were all looking forward to this summer as the very greatest. We even ~~thought we might get~~ ^{planned to send a Rover Expedition} up into Canada. Mountain Clubbers had been going up to the Selkirks and Rockies, and had been to the Tetons. The Katzenjammers had made first ascents in the Coast Range ^{and the Bogabees}. We ~~fixer~~ figured this was the year the Rovers would bust out of the Cascades. But everything has gone ~~max~~ wrong since that last ~~max~~ game of Fox and Hounds. Oop started it with all his worry about God. ~~max~~ ~~Rxxxx~~ He was worrying so much about God he didn't want to talk about the Rover Expedition to Canada. All he wanted to do was argue with Chief and go for long walks with Oola. Except at school I've hardly ~~seen~~ ^{seen} anything of him.

Then something terrible happened. I still get sick and shaky thinking about it.

Tarzan and his Apes were such hot skiers they were pretty close to being the best in the Northwest. Two years running they'd ~~entered~~ ^{entered} the Team Race sponsored by the Mountain Club and won ~~the race~~ ^{the race} for ~~the Rovers~~. The Mountain Club Team Race was the first ~~max~~ regular competition in the Northwest and had been held every year since the time back before the Depression when ~~all the skiing done~~ ^{the Clubbers were the only ones} in the Northwest ~~was done by Clubbers~~. We were very proud of the Apes, winning against the best skiers in the Northwest. They all became ski instructors at Snoqualmie Pass. ~~and~~ ^{is} There ~~was~~ a rope tow on the Municipal Hill so that instead of herring-boning uphill a half hour for the sake of a half minute ~~of skiing~~ ^{run} a person ~~can~~ ^{can} spend all his time running downhill. Unless a person is

fairly well off the tow is too expensive but as instructors the Apes got free rides. The Team Race is cross-country and the Apes won that on their Rover experience. But after ~~a~~ two winters booming the Municipal Hill they became good fast downhill skiers too, and ~~was~~ between them won most of the races at Inquamie.

So this spring they entered the ^{Silver} Silver Skis. Actually they did it for laughs, ~~knowing~~ ^{Dis United States} they didn't have a chance. Silver Skis is the most famous race in the whole country and guys come all the way from Europe, not to mention ^{Mine} the top skiers in North America. The race starts at Camp Muir, 10,000 feet high on Rainier, ^{Beer} and ends ~~at 5000 feet in~~ at 5000 feet in Edith Creek below Paradise. It's a real mountain race, not like sliding down an alley cut through the trees on some New Hampshire hill.

Chief volunteered the services of the Rovers, ~~and~~ ^(A) since we had three of our guys accepted for the ~~a~~ race most of us were up ~~there~~ at Paradise. Moon and I were assigned to a first aid station ~~at~~ at a sharp turn above McClure Rocks. ^{The morning of the race} We ~~skied~~ ^{hiked} up to ~~Muir~~ with all the contestants ~~and camped with them the night before the race.~~ It was darn interesting to hear people talk German and Swedish. It was very impressive thinking that our Apes were racing against people with international reputations. ~~The trouble was that the Apes weren't as impressed as they should have been. Or rather that they dreamed up a private joke.~~

It was quiet ^a the next morning, quiet as it ever is at 10,000 feet on Rainier. And it was foggy, pure pea soup. Moon and I

Switzerland
and Netherlands
in Hoarup

found up a primus
and

~~skied down to our post and we~~ agreed it was going to be a very slow race. We stomped up and down ^{the snow} trying to keep warm and and then climbed up on a frosty rock below the turn and made tea while watching for the racers. Finally the guy who had drawn Number One came down out of the fog. ~~grrr~~ He was a comical young Austrian who kept us all in stitches at ~~the~~ ^{Paradise Lodge} the night before and we heard him before we saw him because he was cussing away in Austrian. He wasn't going very fast but he missed the flag and came right down toward the rock Moon and I were sitting on. The ^{Race} Committee guys at the flag yelled at him and he scrambled to a stop and hiked back up to the flag cussing like mad. The ~~next~~ next three racers were from the Northwest and ~~obviously~~ obviously had decided what with the fog they were going to have a nice pleasant run and no glory at all. Even I ski faster than they were when they made the turn. Then Moon and I tensed up because Buck had drawn Number Five and we ^{planned} ~~wanted~~ to ^{give him a big} cheer him on as he went by.

It ~~all~~ happened so fast.

✓ The other skiers ^{a time} We had heard long before we saw them. We heard ^{Buck} and saw ^{him} Buck ^{all at once} the same instant. He ^{was coming away to:} never heard the ^{so} yells of the Committee guys at the flag. He missed the turn and when he hit the rock about six feet below where Moon and I were standing he must have been going sixty miles an hour. It must have been my imagination that the rock ^{shook} trembled. I don't know if the sound he made was a thud or a splash or what. I don't even remember how he looked. There was a ^{red} blur ^{that's when} of blood in the snow and I passed right out.

and
~~remembered where I was~~ and looked down ~~where~~
I ~~was~~ woke up and ~~found~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ Moon and the
Committee guys were standing around something in the snow and
suddenly I was barfing my guts out and ^{sobbing} ~~crying~~. I ~~don't know~~
~~how the word was passed up~~. I think ~~three~~ ^{a few} more racers went by
without even knowing there had been an accident and one of them
won the Silver Skis I guess. But soon ^{the wind got up + Moon and} everyone ~~was there~~ ^{came} Moon
and I helped ^{Flash and} Tarzan down to Paradise. I think I could have
pulled myself together because Moon was steady. Tight around the
mouth and grim, but steady. But Tarzan ^{and Flash were} ~~was~~ so broken ~~Max~~ up I
blubbered along with ~~him~~ ^{them Tarzan}. ~~He~~ blamed it all on himself, he'd
framed the joke the night before, and the Apes could hardly sleep
for laughing ^{about} (how funny it would be if a Rover won the Silver Skis.
They planned to give it the old Rover Try. And Buck did.

I ~~didn't~~ go to high school graduation. None of the Rovers
in our class did. ~~Our folks understood and didn't complain~~
Buck was supposed to graduate with us but he was buried ~~xxxx~~ the
weekend before graduation. We were all at the funeral and then
~~the~~ graduation weekend we all hiked up, every last Rover, even
the Katzenjammers. ~~and though the snow was pretty well stamped up~~
~~you could hardly see any trace of the blood~~. ^{You couldn't see a trace of blood. The snow was all perfectly smooth and} We only spent a few ^{minutes}
~~minutes before we skied down to Paradise~~. Chief didn't make a
speech or a sermon. He talked for only about five minutes, and ~~all~~
~~mostly~~ ^{did was} he named over the summits we'd climbed with Buck. He named
them one at a time, and I ^{guess} ~~suppose~~ every Rover was doing what I
was, remembering whatever I could of Buck on that particular ^{climb} ~~summit~~.

Even though Buck was never a particular buddy of mine it was surprising how much I remembered about Buck. It amazed me to find how important Buck had been.

Chief didn't say a word about the War or God. Just the ^{names} mountains we had climbed with Buck. Then we all skied down to Paradise.

~~Down~~ At Longmire Campground that evening, all of us around the campfire looking into the flames, nobody talking about Buck anymore, everyone rather quietly telling what they were going to do this summer and next fall, was when Chief broke the news. He ~~had accepted a commission and~~ was going on active duty.

There was a gasp all around the fire and then total silence. It took our breath away. Even those of us in the Neighborhood who halfway ~~w~~ expected it. There wasn't a one of us in a mood to crack wise. Buck dead, the first person ^{from our gang} ~~any of us knew~~ who actually ~~was killed~~ dead. A Rover, and he's dead. And now our Chief is going in the Army. ~~The Chief doesn't believe in killing people but he is going in the Army and an Army is for killing people.~~

Have to know what you can't do before you know what you can do.

Unpleasant scene - Chief talks at Beck - Oop says it was the logical end of all this

ONE -- Thirteen

We were all there last week. Every last Rover. It was the Chief's last mountain trip before the Army. The Chief wanted to see Cussword Pass and climb some of the peaks we had done on the Glorious Expedition.

Somehow the old Rover Eagerness just wasn't there. We took three days from Sibley Creek to the Pass. Instead of racing along the trail, Originals trying to beat the Everesters to camp, we all stuck in one group, and it made us look quite a bit like Mountain Clubbers on a whistle-toting flower walk, probably. ~~Cussword~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~country~~ ~~where~~ ~~you~~ ~~see~~ ~~other~~ ~~people.~~

The weather was dreadful. When we dragged into the Pass we set up our tarps and for two days ~~all we did was~~ ^{hardly anything but} sleep and eat ^{and sit around the fire talking} ~~breakfast and talk and eat lunch.~~ The first afternoon ^{and up} the fog was bright for a minute ^{so} and we started up toward ^{Tragic} Magical Mountain. ~~The thing was that~~ Instead of breaking into small parties and going in all directions we all climbed in one gang. ^{When we got to} ~~We all sat down~~ in the col ^{and} there was time enough to climb ^{But} Magical if we had been eager, but we didn't. We sat in the col with the clouds blasting over us and then when it was getting dark we glissaded back down to the Pass. The next day we didn't even leave camp.

Tragic

~~Then~~ The next morning we woke up and the sun was shining. ~~It didn't have the effect you'd expect.~~ We didn't shoot out of camp like rockets. ^{manage to start walking} But we did ~~get out of camp~~ before noon and wandered up the old prospector's trail to the top of ^{Salami} ~~Shale~~ Arm.

After so many grey days and so much sacktime the wet grass and bright flowers and the tremendous view ~~over~~ south to Banana and Gletscher and Doom and Groan and even Brew, and ~~about~~ literally hundreds of Rover summits, ~~practically every summit in sight~~ we spruced up and showed some of the old Rover spirit. We chugged up the meadows ~~to the~~ and the moraine and the little glacier to the summit of ^{Sahale} ~~Sahale~~. ~~It was crowded with all the Rovers there because it's not a very big summit.~~ It was crowded with all the Rovers there because it's not a very big summit.

We were all there pressed together like sardines ~~except the~~ ~~can that was pushing us together was the sky~~. Everybody was giving their mountain yell and cheering at various summits. Practically every peak in the state was visible and everybody had a favorite. There wasn't any conversation, just everybody yelling the names of peaks. And when you stopped yelling your own favorites to get breath to yell again you heard other yells. And all this was done by Rovers! If there'd ever been any jealousy or competition between us we lost it all there. All this had been done by Rovers and there we all were on top of ^{Sahale} ~~Sahale~~, all we Rovers except one.

We took our time down ^{Sahale} ~~Sahale~~ Arm. At the end of the Arm, where the trail ^{switchbacks} ~~shoots~~ down from the high flowers to the Pass, ^{sparkled in the mounds} we ~~sat down~~ and watched the sunset.

After supper, ~~we all gathered~~ around the campfire, ~~and~~ nobody was in a talkative mood. ~~We sat there a long time,~~ ~~thinking about various things.~~ Once in awhile Min strummed his ^{like} ~~guitar~~. After awhile he was strumming softly but steadily.

He did Wayfaring Stranger and Foggy, Foggy Dew and Patrick
X Spens and Lord Randall. ~~Nobody sang the words~~ but
During Lord Randall Chief ~~suddenly~~ joined in on his recorder.
Then after X Black Black Black and I Wonder as I Wander they did
Greensleaves and ~~most of us were humming by~~
then ~~and swaying together~~ ^{humming} and looking into the fire. ~~It was a~~
~~dreamy sort of night and who started actually singing~~ ^{and}
~~but~~ all of us ~~were~~ were singing the next song, out on the
hillside ~~by~~ by the sheeling, mo Mary, my beloved, out on the
hillside by the sheeling, mo Mary, my leman. It was the most
natural thing in the world the way Oola was out there in the
dark, you kept on singing the words and couldn't really see her
dance but she was out there, a quiet shadow ^{coming} going round and round
the fire. Then there were two shadows out there and they were
dancing together. Not that he was dancing so much as just standing
by her as she danced and when she moved through the darkness he
moved along with her. Maybe he was walking while she was leaping
but there was no mistaking that ~~poetry~~ poetry. It was the North Wall
of Matterhorn and the Great Wall of Eiger all over again, but
sadder.

~~I don't think Buck had anything to do with it. But somehow~~
~~he seemed to be an excuse.~~ This was a crazy night and somebody
should have been cracking wise. Me or Bottles or somebody. But
nothing was funny. Any weird thing at all was tragic and sad, and
not at all funny.

no?
maybe -
Oop
doesn't
dance really
follows,

~~but he had a lot~~

The shadows weren't around our campfire anymore and ~~somehow~~ ^{gradually} Min and Chief switched into songs we could make noise with. We were really shaking the peaks by the time we went through Eddystone Light and Erie Canal and Blood on the Saddle and the Old Chisholm Trail. Then Min and Chief shifted to labor songs ~~max~~ like Pie in the Sky and Union Maid and Talking Union. ~~Max~~ When we finished the International suddenly there was a roar in the night. We were silent a second and then realized it was an avalanche on the Eigerwand and ~~gussed~~ we'd set it off. There was no holding us, we stood up ~~byx~~ and sang Marsellaise and started an Indian dance around the fire. We went into Columbia Gem of the Ocean and finished with the Star Spangled Banner, standing at attention saluting the moon which had just nudged over the horizon. It wasn't a full moon or ~~a~~ first crescent. It was a middle moon, it was lopsided. We saluted the lopsided moon and then we were pooped. It was 2 AM and we'd had enough music.

It was time to go to bed, that was for sure. Everybody was sagged around the fire wanting to go to sleep. I noticed that even Oop and Oola were back. Chief got up and he didn't make a speech. He was as tired as any of us. He stood up and thanked us all for coming. He said it was a week he would always remember. He said he would remember it all through the war.

Chief ~~wasn't crying, I'm sure, because he simply doesn't cry~~ ~~even though I couldn't see his face~~. But he took a long time between words, and said every word in a way you can't forget. In about three minutes he told the whole

story of the Rovers. In half a minute he told us why he was going in the Army. Actually he just spoke key words. He was just summarizing. We all knew the Chief.

That last sentence I have by heart. He was standing up, all 6 feet 3 inches of Chief, second lieutenant in the United States Army. He was by the fire but though his legs were in the light his chest and face were up in shadows. *I couldn't see his face at all.*

After a long pause he said, look, after the war let's all come back here, right here, and start over.

Everyone murmured. *It wasn't necessary to say any words. It was settled that after the war we'd rat-raced*
~~I guess that's what you'd call it~~
had a big Rover

We all went to bed. We ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ went out to the cars in one day, too groggy to think.

One day waking up.

Then last night down at the station, all the Rovers and many of ~~xxxxxx~~ our folks, we sent our Chief off to the war.

It's not our war but Chief thinks it is. We aren't in this war but Chief says we will be soon. Nobody talks about expeditions anymore. Or anything. Buck is dead and Chief is gone and Oop is raving around looking for God and there aren't any Rovers anymore. If it wasn't for Moon and Nelly I think I might just about lose my mind.

July 1951

TWO -- One

A year ago, even last month, or next month or next year, we next month would have been firing but why (how) of all times?

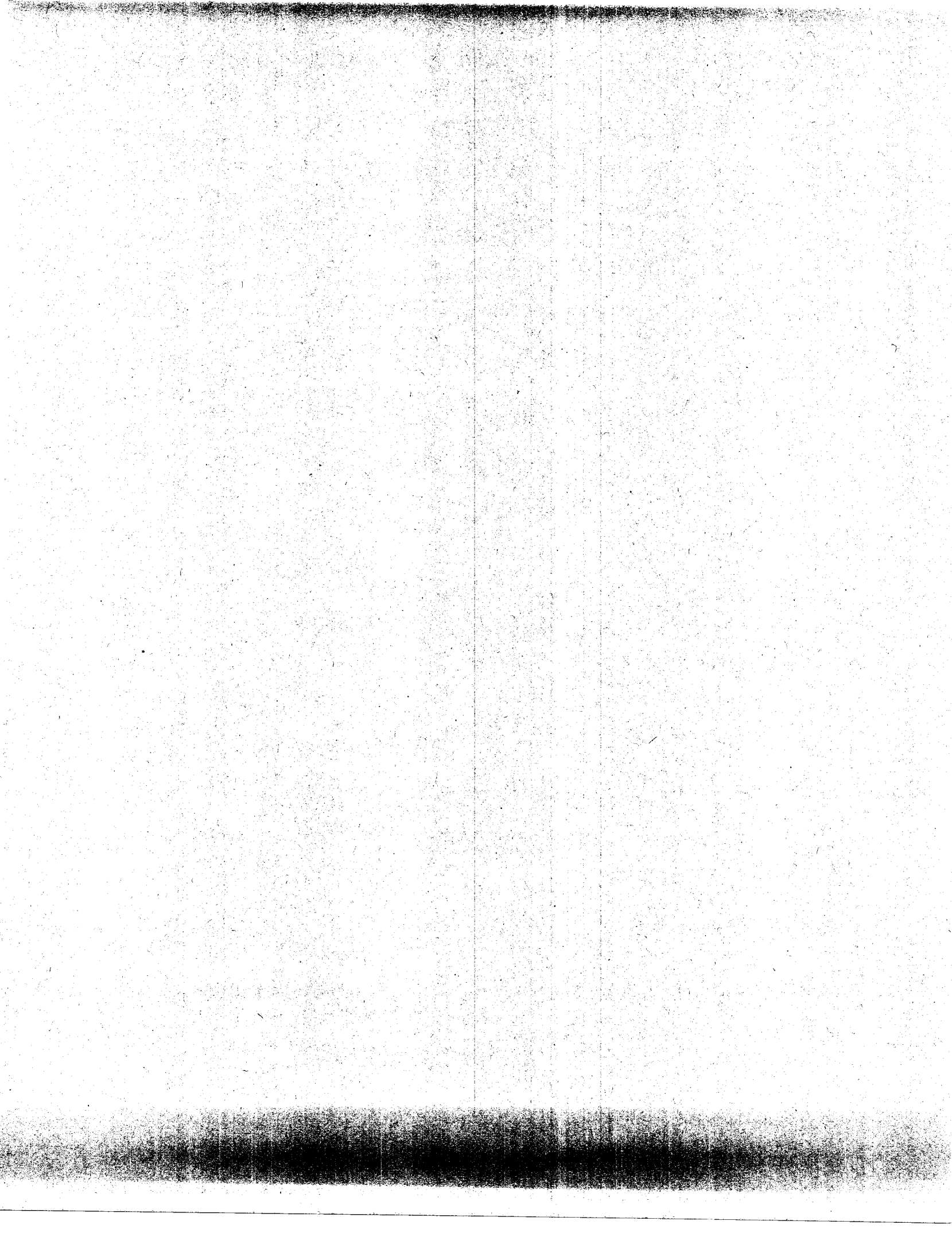
I ~~am~~ ^{damn} ~~near~~ ^{didn't} fainted when I saw Oop ~~come~~ ^{busted through} in the church door. After two years I ~~was~~ ^{couldn't help being pleased} happy to see him ~~and~~ ^I smiled in his direction. He was quite a long way off in the church ~~and~~ ^{but} it looked ~~to me~~ like he smiled back. But not the kind of smile I wanted to see. Not at all. After ~~all this time~~ ^{being gone so long,}, ~~after all of us asking him to come back~~ why did he have to ~~come~~ ^{come now?} ~~today?~~ I thought there might be a terrible scandal but nothing happened. Oop sat there smiling away the whole time.

I stood up in front going through the motions and listening to the words wishing the Chief was around. Not for ten years had I thought about the Chief so urgently as at that moment, up there in front in my monkey suit. I had a ^{feeling} premonition something terrible was going to happen and ~~quite possibly~~ ^{maybe} the only person in the world who could ^{stop} prevent it was the Chief.

But the Chief is ~~way out over the Pacific Ocean in a ridiculous~~ ^{some stupid} place called Korea ~~fighting a silly war~~. But I can't laugh ~~anymore~~ about the Chief. He was a pacifist. ~~and he went to war to make~~ ^{even before there was war} the world safe for pacifism. ~~and~~ Ten years later he's still fighting a war. ^{still fighting for peace. Silly.}

Chief is a big 70's, big talks, big trouble.

He called the shots all right, there at Cussword Pass. He hit the target but he was off on his timing. He said we'd be in the war inside of a year. It was only five months. Also Chief thought we were going to attack Hitler. And we did, but not quite in the scheme Chief had in mind because Chief was looking East all the time. East to New York and Europe. And suddenly the West blew up behind our backs. All those ^{big beautiful} ~~lovely~~ battlewagons we spent our childhood admiring in the newsreels, all down at the bottom of Pearl Harbor.



Recog Hall

The ~~Entering~~ University was ~~rather~~ ~~unpleasant~~ so strange it drew we Rovers closer together. Nelly and Oola and many of the rest were still in Franklin. Those of us in the University had lunch together every day. Me ^{and Moon} being in engineering and Oop in geology our classes were ^{all} ~~mostly~~ close but though Dinny was in pre-law he came down to Lower Campus ^{So did several others} ~~and also many of the others~~. We all bought our sandwiches and ate on the steps of Engineer Hall in good weather, or in ~~the Senior Center Room~~ ^{a classroom in bad weather}.

But just as we freshmen were beginning ^{to} feel at home in the ~~great~~ ^{great} ~~strange~~ ^{strange} University Pearl Harbor broke everything. Moon had already been accepted by the Army but had planned to graduate ^{before entering} ~~however~~ the day after Pearl Harbor he applied for immediate induction and early in January ~~most~~ ^{practically all} of we Rovers gathered at the train station again and saw Moon off to pre-flight school. But that was last time the Rovers gathered at the station ~~as~~ as a gang because it seemed somebody was going every week.

The war still didn't ^{seem} completely real to me because I had a couple of safe years. The Neighborhood felt empty with Moon gone. Nelly and I spent a lot of evenings walking in the woods, or if it was raining sitting around a fire under the Big Roof. ~~Often~~ Sometimes when Nelly and I were sitting there, just the two of us, Oola would suddenly appear, and sit down by the fire and not say a word. Oop and Dinny came up to the Neighborhood frequently. Dinny could always ~~get~~ use his folk's car when he wanted and I'd bought the Model A from Moon when he left. Often we'd drive down to Puget Sound and watch the sunset from the beach.

except

I didn't feel close to any Rover ~~by~~ Nelly that year.

Everybody had secrets. Everybody was thinking about something they wouldn't talk about, not to the whole gang, anyway. Oop and Oola had secrets, and if they were dancing that year they didn't do it with us as an audience. Oop had secrets. He didn't talk about God anymore, not to us. But he was so cranky it was easy to see why the Ranger put him on Surprise. He let it slip one time that he was getting letters from Chief he wasn't telling us about. The Chief wrote to all of us, and we all ~~took~~ read our letters to the group, except Oop.

I didn't like it - all Lays - whistler - whistler - first - be - left - stick

Even Oop and Dinny had a secret. Just before ^{winter} ~~spring~~ quarter finals they spilled it. They weren't draft bait anymore. They had been accepted for the Mountain Troops. ~~Quite a few of the Rovers were down at the station to see them off because both Tarzan and Sahib had also been accepted and they all left~~ ^{went down to Fort Lewis} together for basic training.

TWO -- Three

Gas rationing would have wiped out the climbing season even if I hadn't been working six day weeks. There wasn't anybody to climb with anyway. Nelly and Oola and I ~~was~~ did a lot of Sunday climbs among the Snoqualmie Peaks. ^{But then} ~~But then~~ Oola went ~~west~~ ^{to New York to dance and study} to start college ^{and} it was just Nelly and me. There were still Rovers around but ~~somebody~~ nobody felt like trying to gather the group. It seemed every time you called a Rover to arrange a trip you found out he was leaving.

So it was just Nelly and me. When she entered the University ^{done to read the school} ~~in the '60s~~ ^{in the '60s} we had lunch every day together. I'd come up from Lower Campus and meet her on the steps of English Hall. In good weather we'd ~~eat~~ eat our sandwiches up on the roof and when it was raining we'd go over to Commons. ~~and~~

The Rovers were going fast. Not because they had to because ~~most~~ most still could get school deferments. But instead of hanging back and waiting for the draft and ~~was~~ dodging it any way possible, which was the ^{smart} ~~rational~~ thing to do, the Rovers were eager about the war. It was Chief's doing, of course. How he found the time I don't know but he ^{managed} ~~managed~~ to dash off regular letters to every Rover. Short ones, hardly more than hello and goodbye. ~~and~~ At the time we didn't know where he was, he was just an APO New York number. But the rank changed so fast it was easy to see the Army appreciated Chief the way we did.

The Katzenjammers went into the Paratroops.

Sherpa Ed and Sherpa Tom and Flash Gordon all made it into the Mountain Troops ~~just~~ before recruiting ended. Jack Armstrong enlisted in the Marines, which surprised us all but ~~apparently~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ it wasn't the uniform I'm sure, it was the thought this was the fastest way to get into action. Orphan Annie became a Lady Marine, and that was one of the biggest shocks of all.

There were very few Royers left by spring. Sandy and Peerless were too young. Bottles and Min didn't have any deferment, they weren't in University or even in the shipyards or at Boeing, they were just ^{working and fooling around} waiting out the draft.

There was me of course, ~~Roxy~~ ^{the Fox} Kayo, Wandering around Matterhorn in the evening with Nelly, knowing I'd have to make a decision soon because ~~my birthday was coming up~~. Though maybe I wouldn't have to make a decision. I was keeping up my grades. Actually in spite of South America engineering seemed rather repulsive. But I was keeping my grades high enough. There was nothing definite but the scuttlebut around the department was that probably ~~xxxx~~ anybody who wanted to could make it through another year at least ^{on deferments} and ~~maybe~~ never have to get into the war.

It was one evening in May. May is a month I'd as soon see scratched off the calendar. May is a beautiful month on Puget Sound and in the ~~mountain~~ Cascades and it's a month when the most disastrous things happen.

I had a late ^{afternoon} physics lab and Nelly's last class was out at noon so she hadn't waited for me but had gone home on the bus.

so hectic living from term to term or deferments

I parked the Model A in our driveway and started in the house. I was hurrying because I knew Mother and Dad were waiting dinner for me. But I didn't ~~get~~ get to the house. Not that it mattered because there wasn't any dinner that night in our house. Or in the Mullan's either.

Nelly was standing in the shadow by the driveway, leaning against the fence. Seeing her this way, sweet little quiet Nelly, never complaining, seeing her more broken up than every in her life, ~~except~~ maybe the first moment I saw her and called her Cripfoot, She didn't have to tell me about the telegram or say a word. Seeing her this way I knew right away.

Our folks couldn't help hearing us but nobody came out ~~of either house.~~

Over at Matterhorn we finally ~~became~~ quiet, ^{and then} ~~Though it took~~ a long time and even ~~after we were quiet~~ ^{then} we couldn't talk because right in the middle of a sentence your voice would break without any warning.

At that particular ^{almost} age everyone changes, or seems to change, and sometimes very dramatically. But girls change in ways much more mysterious than boys. Mysterious to me, anyway.

Take Oola as an example. Maybe it was something that happened at ballet school in the East that summer, ~~but~~ or maybe it was something to do with Pop or the Chief or the war, but she was definitely an odd one ~~when~~ when she went ^{New York} East to college. Physically she had ~~always~~ always been just about perfect but she suddenly cut her hair very short, almost like a boy's haircut. She wasn't strange

in the old way of suddenly going up on her points or extending her arms and those long, long fingers. But she was strange all the time. She never walked anymore. She danced always. Always that soft graceful motion, silent and rhythmic. Also she lost weight and though she was very soft and feminine she was also solid and strong. Even when you could see her hip bones pushing against her blue jeans, or her ribs sticking out against her sweater she still seemed always soft. Her eyes were the strangest. As she lost weight her cheekbones became prominent but it was mostly her eyes. It wasn't conscious, either. But sometimes she ~~was~~ looked off into space and when you talked to her she ~~didn't~~ didn't hear a word. She kept on looking into space and her eyelids and brows moved in little ways, and her lips, and she breathed irregularly. Something was going on in her mind that nobody knew about.

If she hadn't been Chief's sister we'd have been tempted to call her a ham. But there wasn't any ham in Chief and there wasn't any in Oola. They might be odd but they were real.

The way Nelly changed wasn't strange. You might almost call it routine and commonplace but it wasn't, not to me. Even when she was just the little sister of my big brother it choked me up when we went swimming and I saw Nelly's bones. Nelly was ~~nothing~~ nothing but bones and a thin skin stretched tight over them. And the bones were disarranged and didn't fit well together.

She wasn't putting on an act.

But Nelly changed. Leaning against Matterhorn that night I realized there was more than bones and skin. Nelly was round and soft. She was small, of course, but ~~that was something~~ now that she had survived and become a woman I was partly glad she had been so sick. Otherwise she wouldn't have been so right for me. Moon was over six feet when ^{we} ~~he~~ saw him the last time. Now I was five feet five inches. Not a midget anymore, I could stand up with Winston Churchill and Stalin and Thomas E. Dewey without feeling embarrassed. But Nelly wasn't much over five feet ~~one inch~~. Nelly made me feel like a big man. Not at all like Oola, who was three inches taller than me.

That night at Matterhorn Nelly and I invented our own private little way of showing ~~to~~ our love. ~~She was~~ We were kissing each other on the lips, the first time, and suddenly she began sobbing and buried her face in my neck. And I held her close and kissed ~~g~~ the top of her head. It was ^{a terrific} ~~an exhilarating~~ sensation, kissing the top of her head. I felt a mile tall. That has always, ever since, been our most private and deep secret, Nelly burying her face in my neck, me kissing the top of her head.

It took ~~a few months of~~ writing letters ~~and~~ but by the time ~~I registered for the draft~~ I was already accepted for pilot training. All we knew then was ^{that} ~~the~~ Moon was missing in action. Somewhere in the Pacific. He might be in a prisoner-of-war camp, he and his crew. Somehow his ~~right~~ bomber had not come back. All I wanted to do was get in a fighter and shoot down Japs.

The trouble is that as you ~~grow~~ grow older ^{you} ~~and~~ start thinking about your motives. At the time nobody, not even me, asked questions. Chief wrote me a masterpiece of a letter sympathizing with my loss, saying that my mission to avenge Moon was one more indication of the unity of the Rovers, an example for our entire generation.

I went off to avenge Moon, all right. That's all I could think about at the time. But now I feel like a ^{Scoundrel} ~~bastard~~ sometimes. The war didn't mean a thing to me. Or the Chief, or Nelly, or Moon. They meant a lot, but nothing really alongside the chance of getting into a hot fighter and zooming around the sky.

Me, Kayo, Foxy Kayo, as big as anybody, faster than anybody, and trickier, Kayo the Fox ~~was~~ would be the greatest Ace of all the Wars.

Etc. ↗

About

World War I
fighters

~~The~~
~~Kayo's~~ War didn't go exactly the way I'd planned.

I marched around and learned commands and how to wear the uniform and took it all seriously, on the surface. Because this wasn't like being in the ~~Scout~~ Troop with the Chicago Scoutmaster or in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ten~~ Corps^e at the University. Crack wise in drill and you might end up in the infantry. I was very cool and what they called Obstacle Courses were flower walks to an old Rover like me.

I swam through all the mud they could make and climbed all ~~xxx~~ their walls and dodged all their dummy mines. I escaped all their traps, too. I was top man in gunnery and from the way my instructors looked at me it was ~~is~~ obvious they had me sized up for a terrific tail-gunner in a Flying ~~Box~~ Fort. So I shot wild ~~xxxxxxx~~ a few sessions and that's probably why I didn't get into the daylight raids on Germany. Even if I ~~did~~ did fit ~~right~~ into the tail of a Flying Fort that wasn't my ambition. I ~~was~~ wanted to be a pilot.

I went to pre-flight school in Montana. They taught me ~~algebra and trigonometry~~ in Montana. I had ^{known} ^{try} ~~learned~~ these in ~~high school~~ but didn't say a word because otherwise they'd have ~~xxxxx~~ made me a ^{bombardier} ~~navigator or bombardier~~.

On e weekend I managed to steal a Jeep and drive down ~~into~~ ^{I didn't have time for a climb but enjoyed} Yellowstone and hike around. The geysers ~~are terrific~~.
~~Really a exciting.~~ ^{and the mudpots}

I was hoping to stay in Montana ~~xxx~~ long enough to get into Glacier Park but I was transferred to a school in Nevada. They taught me arithmetic and geography in Nevada. I know you pretty good but didn't let on or they'd have made me a navigator. Then I was transferred to Texas. The orders came through and said, go to Texas. I thought for sure my pre-flight was over and I was going into flight training.

They flew me down to Texas in a bomber. I hadn't been in ~~the~~ the air since Moon let me fly his old biplane. I was sure Texas was where I'd finally get up in the air. As it happened the reason they flew me down to Texas was they ~~needed~~ needed a busdriver. Somebody had noticed that I was an extremely good ~~navigator and~~ had a drivers' license. When the Airfield Commander called Washington and said the ~~field~~ field needed someone to drive the bus from the field into the town the ~~Postage~~ ^{Post Department} found me.

I outboard myself.
Except for flying from Nevada to Texas I was never in the air the whole time I was in the Army Air ~~Force~~ ^{Corps}. For ~~the better~~ ~~part of~~ a year I drove a bus from the field into town, and back again.

Every little bit helps, of course. If it wasn't for me driving the bus how could all the ~~servants~~ ^{mechanics} and clerks get into town to ~~get~~ get drunk? Somebody has to drive the busses. And since they couldn't make a tail-gunner out of me, or a navigator or a bombardier, and they didn't have enough fighters for all the fighter pilots, the best thing they could do with Kayo ~~the~~ the Fox was make him a busdriver.

Like most veterans who had a very bad time I don't like to ~~xxx~~ talk about the war. I escaped serious injury, though I did ~~xxxx~~ spend two weeks hovering between life ~~xxxxxxx~~ death, or that's what I've always said after ^{wards} because the young doctors said so at the time. ~~Actually I was so sick of driving the bus~~ ^{what happened was that a rattlesnake bit me} ~~that when I stepped on the snake and he rattled I stood there fascinated, daring him to do me any damage.~~ I had been drinking in town, ~~everybody knew that,~~ but nobody blamed me for it. after all, what is there to do in Texas except get plastered? No matter how crooked I ~~was~~ was I always got the bus back to the field. So ~~finally~~ finally they gave me the Purple Heart. I'd have been happy to die of snakebite then, that's why I didn't report the bite and damn near did die.

Point System ^{1st}
 Then Snakebite
 and Home

When the war was about over and there were millions of guys champing at the bit to go home they announced the ~~/~~ Point System. It sounded reasonable and ~~xxxx~~ democratic then. I was all in favor of the Point System even though it meant I might spend years and years driving a bus in Texas. I had ~~xxxx~~ practically no points at all. But fair is fair.

But then one day they asked me if I wanted to go home and before I could say yes or no I had my orders for discharge. The war wasn't over but after Texas who cares?

One nice thing I have to say about the Army Air Force. ^{Coops} If they had ~~sent me home any earlier~~ ^{held onto me so long} ~~as soon as they found they couldn't use me,~~ ^{shipped} I'd have been ~~dragged~~ into the infantry and might possibly have heard shots fired in ~~ag~~ er. But they held

But I got bit by a snake and damn near died I was so drunk so they discharged me

held onto me long enough. I never got a chance to fly but I never had to fight. And I washed out of the Air Force with fewer points than anyone I know of.

Now that it's all in the past nobody talks about how clever they were at avoiding the war. The only people that talk about the war are those who did something marvelous.

Me, Kayo the Fox, I didn't avoid the war, and I did nothing marvelous in the war. ~~It was all stupid to begin with. But I don't have the right to say so.~~

~~The war~~ It was a very typical sort of war.

Damned if I know how you got to be a hero.

they were miracles on rock. But who was the sensation of the camp? Nobody else but our own Rover ~~and~~ Oop. From the very beginning the Ivy Leaguers and Sierra Clubbers clustered around with their mouths open to goggle at Oop climb. Oop climbed pitches free ~~that~~ in minutes that took others hours to engineer with pitons and stirrups and tension. He was universally recognized as perfection it ~~self~~ ^{the} on rock. But ~~incredibly~~ ^{thing was} enough, ~~he got better.~~ ^{that} Those who had been in the Alps and watched the ~~elite of the guides~~ ^{very best} said Oop made them look like ~~novices.~~ [?]

But Oop wasn't popular. He was quarrelsome and mean. His students hated his guts, every mistake they made he chewed them out at ~~great~~ ^{very} sarcastic ~~length.~~ ^{length.} ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ He imitated the accent of the instructors from Harvard, He asked the guys from California when they were going to give up climbing ^{hot granite} canyon walls and start climbing mountains. There were two Mountain Clubbers ^{instructors} in ~~the camp~~ and Oop dredged up every old tired Rover wisecrack about Clubbers, ~~saying~~ about whistles and alpenstocks and the annual birdwalk. He even picked on Dinny, calling him Mr. District Attorney or Judge but naturally he couldn't get Dinny's goat no matter how mean he was.

He had better luck with a coalminer at some dive in ~~that~~ ^{at Colorado} town. ~~Max~~ He had started drinking in ~~basic training~~ ^{that was with Dinny.} but ~~in~~ West Virginia ^{he} got into a regular habit of going into town alone. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ It was a long time before Dinny told us about that night, how the MP's actually saved Oop's life because that miner wasn't fooling.

Dinny was beginning to worry long before the fall. At mailcall he had seen Oop ~~tear~~ ^{write} up a letter without even reading it, and Dinny recognized the ~~hand~~. It was the Chief. One Sunday Dinny waited around for Oop to join him at mass and finally asked him and Oop blew up and used filthy language and told Dinny to get the hell out. Gradually Dinny began to lose his pride in Oop's sensational climbing. He wasn't the only one because later I talked to a Clubber who was in the camp and he said everyone was expecting the fall and if he hadn't been so unpopular somebody ~~else~~ would have tried to calm him down.

Afterwards a lot of the instructors were sorry they ~~hadn't~~ hadn't. When Oola came down to be with Oop some of them met her and realized that if she ~~wasn't~~ thought so much of the guy he couldn't be as bad as they thought. When he went back on duty just about everyone tried to make it up to him because he was completely changed. He was subdued and quiet and went about his business hardly saying a word to anyone. He gave up his spectacular ascents. In fact he hardly climbed at all, but this seemed natural, because he was still convalescing. Then one day he got partway up a ^{very} ~~rather elementary~~ ^{easy} pitch that even the students climbed without a belay. He got partway up and froze. His students didn't know what to make of it but they still hadn't forgiven him and stood around smirking/. Dinny was the one who noticed Oop with his face against the rock, his legs ~~shattering~~ quivering

Dimmy traversed over to Oop and practically carried him down.

~~Oop went back to the barracks.~~ That night he went over the hill and when the MP's caught up with him he was in Florida. Not that they had to look for him because he was in ^{the Miami Beach} a drunk tank. ~~xxxxxxx~~

I wouldn't know anything about what happened next if Oop himself hadn't told me, after I came home and we were boozing it up one night.

He ~~xxxxx~~ could have come out of it all right because the doctors decided it was a case of the ~~xxxx~~ concussion and delayed shock and so forth. The psychologist got him off the hook. The psychologist liked Oop and Oop liked him. They spent a lot of time together ~~xxxxxxx~~ off duty. Officially Oop was just re-convalescing from the fall and had no regular treatment. Just peace and quiet and good food. He and the psychologist would ~~frequently~~ get together and have a few beers ~~and play chess.~~ But several times they had more than a few beers and Oop talked ~~xxxxx~~ about our Rover climbs and about Oola's career in ballet and about the Chief. They talked about religion and the Church. And one night Oop wised up. The psychologist was a pretty shrewd guy but he forced the pace. He started to make suggestions about Oop and the Chief and the next thing Oop remembered was the cell he was in. He had a new psychologist because the other one was still in the hospital. They didn't keep ~~in~~ him in the closed ward very long because he gave them no trouble at all ~~and~~ except at night when he sometimes woke up with the wardboy holding him down and telling him it was just a bad dream. They sent him home while I was still in ^{Montana} Nevada.

The first thing I did when I got home was just loaf around the Neighborhood. Nelly and I climbed all over Matterhorn and wandered in the woods and drove down to the beach and went to movies. ~~and Oola~~ ^{We were the only ones left in} ~~Oop never came into~~ the Neighborhood. ~~There wasn't any~~ ~~reason, I suppose.~~ Oola had an apartment in the University District. Her folks had moved to Washington DC and when she came west to be with Oop she could have roomed with us or the Mullans ^{her apartment} but ~~it~~ was more convenient to the University ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxx~~.

Nelly and I went for a few ~~hikes~~ Sunday hikes but I was in such lousy shape from driving a bus and drinking beer in Texas I wasn't particularly ambitious. It was plenty of fun just to be out in the meadows with Nelly, wandering around ^{waterfalls} cold creeks and snowfields and ^{bright} flowers, all the things they don't have in Texas. ^{Also} ~~Just being with Nelly would have been plenty.~~

The four of us did get together quite a bit. Oola had us all to dinner at her apartment ^{and fortunately Nelly arrived early enough to save the drink} and we ~~xxx~~ drove up to Paradise one time and had a picnic lunch on Panorama Point. Oop and I ~~got together~~ ~~by ourselves~~ occasionally ^{had} ~~xxxxxx~~ a few beers. He was getting his BA the end of summer school and was entering graduate school in the fall. I was going back to engineering. Not so much because it excited me but I couldn't think of anything else to do. I had ^{needed} two years in and in two more years I could graduate and get a job. Maybe not in South America, but someplace.

clouds
and
rain

in school since
returns
from abroad

When summer school was out ~~and~~ we had a celebration dinner at Oola's in honor of Oop's degree and after ~~xxxxxx~~ a ~~few~~ jug~~s~~ of wine I was insisting we all go in the hills for a ~~good~~ good long walk. There ~~seemed to be~~ ^{was} a lot of resistance ~~around~~ but another jug of wine and it was settled.

We were three days getting from Seattle to the Olympic Peninsula and eighteen miles up the Hoh Trail to Glacier Meadows. But ~~thxxxx~~ they were terrific days, just like ~~akdx~~ a Rover trip though not so eager. You wouldn't even have known there had been a war. Oop was cheerful and Oola was her old strange self, dancing up the trail and going up on her points ~~and~~ at unexpected moments and dipping Rover Guck from the Ten Can with a gesture and a ~~followxxx~~ follow through of those long fingers of hers.

Everything seemed to be so normal that I forgot all ~~X~~ I'd heard. ^{The fourth morning} Nelly and I were all geared up to climb Olympus and there wasn't so much as a quiver from Oop and Oola. I was so ^{excited} ~~hepped up~~ I pulled an old Rover stunt and dumped Oop out of his sleeping bag. Watching his face twist and listening to the names he called me made me remember. I apologized and Oola calmed him down and Nelly and I got the ~~hell~~ ^{heck} out of camp. Olympus was my first ^{big} summit ~~xxxxxx~~ in two years and ~~X~~ I'd never climbed it before because the Olympics were very expensive mountains in Rover Days, having to buy a piece of the ferry ^{per} every trip.

from Mr. Black Ball

Over in Queets Basin,
Oop falls about vertigo,
humorous-like.

When Nelly and I came down from the Blue Glacier into camp Oola came leaping out and presented us with cups of tea and Oop stated that he had managed to save the Rover Guck from the skills of Oola and the morning blow-up ~~was~~ ~~was~~ simply was written out of history.

We packed up the Blue over the pass ~~and~~ and traversed the Hoh Glacier, climbed to ^{Blissfull} Blizzard Pass and glissaded down to the ^{Humans} ~~Humans~~ Glacier. ~~Oola led the way~~. I wish the critics who gave ^{Oola} ~~her~~ a raving ^{review} ~~sentence~~ for her ^{first} solo in New York could have watched ^{that} ~~Oola~~ glissade down ~~xxx~~ from ^{Blissfull} ~~Blizzard~~ Pass. She ~~did~~ did it on her feet the entire way, and not once did her ax touch the snow. I could have sworn she was on skis but she wasn't. She linked graceful curving turns all the way down, leaning forward, arms out like wings. And this wasn't corn snow, it was September suncups ~~and ice lumps.~~ ~~xxx~~

Blizzard Pass

The next ~~day~~ day Nelly and I climbed Queets while Oop and Oola sauntered around Queets Basin ~~and eventually ended up on top of Barnes~~. Then over Dodwell-Rixon Pass and down what was left of the ^{Hoodrah} ~~Elwha~~ Snowfinger to ^{Hoodrah} ~~Elwha~~ Basin and up the switchbacks to Low ¹⁴ Divide.

By now there wasn't any ~~is~~ fuss about it, Nelly and I went off climbing and Oop and Oola didn't. So in the morning Nelly and I set out for ^{being very} ~~Meany~~ quiet so we wouldn't wake them up. But then when we were a few hundred yards out ~~xxxxxxx~~ Nelly suddenly asked me if I'd got the pumpernickel. Gosh no, I thought she had it, she'd been the one who tip-toed over and pulled it ~~from~~ Oolass pack.

So I went back for the pumpernickel because we certainly couldn't climb Meany without the pumpernickel. Nelly said I'd find it on the log right by Oola's sleeping bag.

Well, that's where it was all right and it doesn't bother me anymore to think about it. It certainly bothered me then. I didn't want to wake them up so I was very quiet. ^{But they were} ~~and when I~~ ^{already awake and when I} saw them I got the hell out of there, and quietly. I told Nelly I didn't see the pumpernickel anyplace. She thought that was strange but we had a mountain to climb.

It wasn't that I was ignorant about sex or opposed to it. Sex seemed a great idea (to me) and ~~that~~ I'd seen quite a bit of it in Texas. But whenever we busdrivers and mechanics were boozing it up and the rebel gals came around I wouldn't have anything to do with it. Nobody gave me a bad time/ because I made a big joke of it. I just about broke up the bar the night I imitated the famous Sad Sack cartoon. My drinking buddies had found a woman who was practically a midget and brought her around because they said she was just my size. When they introduced me I whipped out a rubber glove and put it on and shook hands with her very formally. When the guys kidded me and asked if I knew what it was all about I put on a very prim and shocked expression and said I was saving myself for my wife. It was a good running gag and they called me the Virgin. ~~When I recovered from the snake bite there were jokes about that too.~~

horny guys

But for all the jokes I was serious. I've never kissed anyone ^{girl} but Nelly ~~except relatives of course.~~ And it's the same with Nelly. Looking back I know that right from the first time we met and she was on crutches and I was a wise little runt from back East it couldn't have worked out any other way. Only once in my life did I ever forget Nelly and that was only for a few hours. And any man or boy who didn't fall in love with Oola that night at Mrs. Kelly's, at least for a little while, must have been pretty sick.

I knew about sex and was looking forward to marrying Nelly. That was one reason I went back to engineering, that in two years I could support her. But Nelly and I were very tender with each other. On top of Olympus I remember looking west to the Pacific and east to the Cascades and north to the Strait of Juan de Fuca and south to Rainier and I remember Nelly and I holding each other and kissing. And her burying her face in my neck and my kissing the top of her head.

On Meany Nelly and I ~~kissed~~ ^{had our summit kiss} but I was uneasy. Nothing was changed between Nelly and me but I was shocked that Oop and Oola could carry on this way. ~~and come right down to it, the whole thing was educational. Before then I had the theory down pat but I didn't know the practice. Like Mark Twain told his wife when she tried to cure him of bad language by cursing, and when she got through he said you've got the words, but not the music.~~
There was no nonsense on Rover trips.

Nelly and I came booming into camp and I was sure I could carry the evening off despite my shocky ^{because Oop and Oola didn't know I'd seen them.} And what does Nelly do the instant we arrive? She ~~points~~ ^{screams} at the pumpernickel and yelps, for Heaven's sake, Kayo, were you blind or something? I told you the pumpernickel was there.

~~I couldn't look at Oop and Oola but I could imagine what they were thinking. There were some strange expressions around camp and I about~~ ^{tried to get out} ~~danced her around~~ ^{of camp or} strangled. I lost my head and grabbed Nelly and ~~danced her around~~ but she was in a gay mood and said exactly the wrong things. She cried, why are you ~~shushing~~ ^{pulling} me? If you ~~want~~ have gone blind we all ~~want~~ want to know. Why couldn't you see the pumpernickel?

It was a ruined trip so far as I could see. ~~I had a tragic look on my face~~ ^I ~~at supper and~~ wouldn't talk to anybody or look at anybody. And I went to bed early. Nelly had to make a big thing about how early I went to bed but I pointed out I'd been driving a bus in Texas and was out of shape.

In the morning Nelly and I were tip-toeing around camp and just about ready to start off to climb ~~Christie~~ ~~Christie~~ Christie when suddenly Oop lifted ~~his~~ ^{poked his} head from ~~the ground~~ ^{his bag} and said, don't forget the pumpernickel, Kayo!

I ~~whipped~~ ^{jumped} around ~~and stared him right in the face~~ ^{like I'd been stabbed} and he exploded. Apparently I was rather comical because Oola exploded. I stood there gaping, they were absolutely shameless, and then Nelly wanted to know what was so funny. Oop gasped, Kayo forgot the pumpernickel! And then Oop and Oola laughed so hard I decided what the ~~hell~~ ^{heck}, if they think it's funny why should I be embarrassed.

We don't need water. All the pots are full. Why are you shushing me?

Nelly began laughing, mainly because the three of us were so hysterical. But she didn't know why she was laughing. She knew there was something mysterious, some joke that she wasn't in on. She nagged me about it for a long time, ~~when~~ in a quiet sort of way. But though it was something I could laugh about, it was never anything I wanted to talk about.

Finally, last week, I told Nelly. And neither of us were laughing.

What with all that had happened the Chief seemed more like a myth than someone we actually climbed with. Then his book came out and though nobody, except Oola, had any warning, we bought the book and read it/ and it put the Chief right back in our group. Even when the book hit the best-seller lists and everyone was talking about it we Rovers knew it was written for us. There were hundreds of little touches that the reviewers and ~~big dome~~ critics missed, things that only a Rover could understand.

From the number of letters ~~xxx~~ we all got from the Chief you would have thought he had no~~t~~ time for anything else. But the facts show he put up a darn good fight in North Africa and Italy and somebody thought well enough of him to haul him up to London. He wasn't on the beaches at D-Day only because he had other work to do.

His book told about his term as Absolute Ruler of a town in Northern Italy. ~~We Rovers read it with special feeling, because he was talking about some of us, and talking to the rest of us. It is a collection of short pieces about all sorts of things. Nobody but a Rover could understand the connection. For instance, one of the early pieces is about the Katzenjammers, That's what he called them in the book. He told about their Rover climbs and their expeditions and how they were both killed on Sicily. Or not Sicily, actually since their pilot got lost and they dropped on Gardinia and from what is known of the incident every paratrooper was dead before he hit the ground.~~

But between incidents were others, about we Rovers.

He described his last climb before the war, the week at Cusswood Pass. Then he told what happened to the Rover ~~one at a time names~~ ~~the Rover's call by our Rover names~~

??

There was another piece about the fight in North Italy. He was talking about Rovers and he was telling us things we didn't know until then. Dinny was in the book. Great big Dinny crawling up a knife-edge ~~xxxx~~ ridge and dropping grenades down on a German machine gun~~s~~ nest that had wiped out scores of fine climbers. and there was Sahib, almost up a cliff in the Dolomites ~~with a team that would have wiped out enemy resistance and then~~ ^{when} a shell exploded and Sahib and his team were gone forever.

~~The thing the reviewers admired about the book was the way it seemed to summarize the war. Chief gave one entire section to~~
~~He told about~~
Jack Armstrong, the All American Boy, ~~and in telling about his taking over the Troop when the Rovers split off and about his death at two Jims he had more to keep the Marines alive than any glee club doing the Walls of Montezuma.~~

His piece about Oop was wrong, of course, though it was brilliant writing. Chief described a good, clean American boy suddenly confronted with evil. I can't criticize any one part of the Chief's story but he was wrong. The Oop he talks about never existed. Almost, but not quite.

The final story none of us Rovers could criticize because it was all new information to us. It was a love story. The girl was an Italian. Her father was the mayor and the big Fascist chief in those parts. Then the partisans busted in the town and

And all we others, ~~the~~ Sherps Ed and Tom in the mountain troops. Tarzan and the Apes, and how Buck was killed in the Silver Skis and Tarzan and Flash were ski instructors in Colorado. And Bottles, who turned out to be 4-F and spent the men in the shipyards

How Min was a C.O. and spent two years on McNeil Island, right in Puget Sound, looking at mountains

How Beckless was killed in an accident during basic training when the war was almost over.

hung her father up by the heels just like Mussolini. And when the Germans straightened up the town by shelling all the principal buildings she welcomed them. Then the Americans advanced and the Germans pulled out and when Chief came in she was in a ditch, her head shaved, her mind gone.

Chief had a lot more important things to do, no doubt. But when his Jeep swung into the town she was the first thing he saw.

That's how the book ends, with them getting married by a priest. Somebody besides us Rovers must have ^{appreciated} seen ~~how~~ ~~beautifully~~ the book described the world situation at the end of ~~the war.~~ Otherwise it wouldn't have sold so many copies. ☺

^{Maybe} Undoubtedly the book helped Chief stay on in the army when most wartime officers were being paroled. What he said in his letters was, we did not fight for the sake of fighting, we fought that there might be peace. But though the shooting has stopped there is no peace. There can be no peace until all mankind is busy solving the old, perennial problems, the ones war never solves.

So Chief spent some time trying to calm down the Italians and Germans. And just about when he got them back to work Asia blew up a gain. So Chief went off to fight Chinamen ~~and~~ ~~keep South Korea safe for Syngman Rhee.~~

~~After the Olympic trip we ~~all~~ drifted pretty well apart.~~

(P) You might think after so many years Nelly and I would be ^{so} used to each other we wouldn't do anything drastic. Probably Oop and Oola had a lot to do with it. After the pumpnickel I realized what I hadn't before, that Oop wasn't living at home and didn't have a room in town. Nelly never did figure it out for the same reason I was so slow. She couldn't believe Rovers could act that way. Anyway I began to think of Nelly in a more ~~immediate~~ way. The way she always acted so mousy and quiet when other people were around and if anybody said boo to her she trembled and blushed, and with ~~her~~ her light complexion ~~she~~ a blush was a real production. But then around me she was always so talkative. Except for the Neighborhood Rovers nobody would believe me when I said Nelly was a regular chatterbox.

Month after month, being with her at school every day and ~~ix~~ out in the Neighborhood at night, and going to shows, and ~~ix~~ and yet when she wasn't around hiking in the hills, I couldn't think of anything but her soft blonde hair and her pale white skin that made her eyes seem incredibly blue, and so shy I think I was the only ~~one~~ ^{person} ~~she~~ who ⁱⁿ really saw her eyes. And her voice, which sounded the same as it had in grade school, especially when ~~ix~~ we were alone, like on the beach, and she got excited as we were walking along by the waves and laughed and chattered.

color of grass in high meadow after the first frost, before first snow lays it flat.

When I told her, one spring night out at Matterhorn, sitting by a fire under the Big Roof, that I wanted to get married right away she was startled. She hadn't thought about marriage and it scared her. But I pointed out she was graduating soon and I had only a year to go. She was planning to teach school anyway and with my GI Bill we could get along ~~until I get a job~~. After ^{and got used to the idea} she thought about ~~she wasn't~~ scared anymore. So we got married in June, just a quiet family affair. We went to the Canadian Rockies on our honeymoon and camped out and climbed a few peaks but mostly just hiked around.

Louis and
Athabaska
and
Victoria
and
Edith
Cavill
and
Sir Donald

We were so wrapped up in each other we ~~w~~ hardly noticed Oola ~~xxxxxxx~~ was gone but she had, ~~right after~~ ^{Some} the winter after the Olympic hike. ~~A~~ new dance company was ~~organizing~~ and had offered her a featured position. Oop had settled down so well ^{in grad school} Oola felt she could go. He went east to see her every vacation, which would have kept him ~~faat~~ broke but ~~xxxxxxx~~ she paid the way. Not that she was getting rich as a dancer in spite of the good reviews but she had an ~~nice~~ inheritance from an uncle ^{or somebody}. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Money was no problem for Oola.

In Seattle
she'd kept
up with
her
dancing

All Oop had was his graduate assistantship at the University. But it didn't cost him much to live. He'd given up the booze and ^{spent all his nights} spent all his ^{days} time in ^{the library and in} history seminars, and ^{recreation} at cell meetings ^{and roller} and that's a cheap way to spend your ~~xxx~~ days and nights.

He never tried to convert me to the Party ~~more~~ anymore than he'd ever tried to convert me back to Catholicism. When he wanted to talk philosophy he wrote a letter to the Chief. From the letters Nelly and I got from the Chief I know the two of them were at it again, hammer and tongs. One night when Nelly was busy at some family function I did stop by Oop's room, thinking he might care to take on a little brew, but he was going to a meeting. I went along and ~~immediately~~ that was a mistake. Not that I had any particular beef with Communism, ^{but} politics just don't interest me. I would never vote for a Republican because of the Depression but come right down to it the only time I've ever voted for a president or senator or congressman and so forth was when there was a school bond issue on the same ballot and while I was there I figured I might as well pull the levers for the Democrats.

It was obvious at the meeting that Oop was a big man in the party. When he talked everybody listened. And ~~a~~ he did most of the talking. What about I can't remember.

So I didn't see much of Oop. Nelly was the only one I wanted to see anyway. Then she became pregnant and I was about to graduate and things were in such a ^{mess} ~~turn~~ I couldn't think about anybody else. She had a bad time ~~f~~ right from the start and what with worrying about losing the baby and maybe Nelly I didn't have time to plan. When I ~~was~~ graduated I took a job at Boeing just to ~~take~~ us over. And ~~since~~ ~~nothing~~ ~~was~~ ~~done~~ ~~we~~ ~~moved~~ temporarily into the Mullan's old house, the one me and my folks had lived in before we bought a section of their property and built our own.

Bottles built it

Boeing =
Bombier Works

Dinny came home ~~just~~ after Oola went Easty and ^{just} before Nelly and I were married. I was glad to see the old lunker. War hero and captain's bars and all, he was still the same ~~big~~ huge hulk of amiable nothing. For awhile he hung around our place quite a bit, and ~~XXXXXX~~ the three of us went hiking. I know he hung around Oop whenever he could, and the fact Dinny spent so much time with us was an indication that Oop was a busy man.

When we started having our troubles we lost sight of Dinny the same way we did of Oop. I ~~guess~~ guess Dinny went to a lot of meetings but I ^{know for sure} ~~am sure~~ he never joined. ~~I haven't any doubt~~ ^{he might} he would have joined if Oop had ever asked him to. Fortunately ~~for~~ Dinny school didn't come easy to him. He had to hit the books hard to make any dent at all. His father had been such a wheel that Dinny ^{got in} ~~joined his father's~~ ^{in his} ~~fraternity~~ and that probably took ~~him~~ up his spare time.

It wasn't that I didn't think about the old Rovers those days but when Nelly came home from the hospital with ~~XXXXXX~~ Little Moon there was one more reason why I was busy. Then almost immediately she was pregnant again, and having just as bad a time as before. Also we had bought a couple acres from the Mullans and were building a house.

Actually the regular letters from the Chief ^{over in Germany} ~~were~~ were our best source of news about our old friends in Seattle. I hardly had time to read the newspapers at the time, what with Frank Junior and his diapers and Moon learning to walk, but of course I did notice Oop's name. All summer long he was giving statements to

the press as ~~xxxxxx~~ Chairman of the Campus Committee for Wallace. The papers also gave a big play to his resignation the month before the election, ^{but he had no statement} Our letters from the Chief were rather brief at the time, and infrequent, but about two months later one came, only about a dozen lines long, and scrawled in a hurry, ~~but~~ there was a PS, so our Oop has voted for Truman!

TWO -- Nine

→ This breaks into
2 parts

When things calmed down around our house and Nelly wasn't pregnant and back in good health I started thinking about the mountains again. Not that I ever stopped really. But I couldn't go climbing worrying about Nelly and our kids and our house and all.

A terribly depressing thing ^{had} happened. One evening after supper I walked over to Matterhorn to do a little scrambling. I hadn't been there for a couple of weeks, what with colic and bad weather and ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~very~~ ^{ing} ^{overtime} tiring work on a cranky little section of the wing assembly. But when I got to Matterhorn I thought I must have lost my mind. The Matterhorn was still there but sticking ~~up~~ ^{Rever} out of a field of brown mud. The ~~Big~~ Roof was nowhere to be seen. The forest had vanished. Except for Matterhorn all I could see was mud and bulldozers ~~xxxx~~. Inside of weeks the bulldozers and mud were gone and the Matterhorn was surrounded by houses. Houses full of people out grubbing around in their yards building fences and ^{raking rocks.} ~~planting grass.~~ Even then I still fooled around on Matterhorn a little but one night a guy came charging out of his house and accused me of stamping on his dahlias. ^{Standing on top of Matterhorn I offered a few} ~~I gave him some~~ suggestions about what he could do with his dahlias and he ^{ran in the house yelling} ~~announced~~ he was going to

Balkanians came right up
across street from us.
one large block of trees
with Mollans, my folks,
us - surrounded by city
people.

Matterhorn had always been part
of the woods - extending all the
way to the mountains.
Matterhorn was our nearest mountain
Now the city had swallowed us up
These people were. They suspected us,
with but 2 acres.

call a deputy sheriff. The noise pretty well emptied the nearby
houses and I could see it was time for Kayo to dodge on out.
I did so, at a moderate rate, because from my antics on Matterhorn
these new people already had me sized up as a degenerate ^{Wild Beast} who
was lusting after their infant daughters. If I had broken into
a run they doubtless would have stoned me to death.

Gosh knows
(There were
plenty of
stones

Wild Men of
the Quinuit

I made a few solo climbs in the mountains but Nelly worried
herself sick about that and she couldn't come with me at the time.
So finally I joined the Mountain Club. In spite of our old
Rover wisecracks the Chief had been a Clubber so it couldn't be
so bad. Also I'd met a couple of Clubbers at Beeng and they
seemed nice enough guys.

One Sunday I saw ^{Bulletin} ^{in the newsletter where} they had a climb of the Tooth ^{Truth} scheduled so
I drove up ^{to Sausalito} and hiked ~~up~~ to the notch below the South Face. When
the Clubbers arrived I ~~found~~ the leader ~~and~~ told ~~him~~ I was there
for the climb. From the expression on his face you would have
thought I said I was from outer space. Finally he let me go along,
on his own rope, actually, but after such a fuss that I couldn't
resist having fun with him.

Now that I know more about the Club I realize I was very
unfair. After all this was supposed to be a training climb for
students and here I show up out of noplance. Also the leader was
just a kid ^{in his teens} and the responsibility of taking several dozen people
up Tooth was ^{bothering} ~~getting to~~ him.

with ice ax from Middle Ages
and all sorts of funny gear

is that like a bowline on a bight?
That's when ^{somebody falls and} you wrap the rope
around a rock.

But I couldn't help it. He kept asking me if I knew how to tie a bowline-~~xxx~~-on-a-coil and did I know what a belay was. So I acted dumb and he taught me how to tie a bowline-on-a-coil, though I was such a stupid student it held up the climb almost an hour. He gave up on trying to explain belays to me and just had me dog along as third on his rope. Even then he worried and called down from above instructions on how to get onto the next set of holds. ^{Once} ~~But~~ I misunderstood ^{his directions} and went the wrong way and ~~once~~ traversed so far out onto the East Face he had hysterics because if I fell from there I'd take a long pendulum and he wasn't so sure his Number Two knew how to belay. ~~What made the situation~~ ^{especially} ~~so critical was that more than once~~ ^{several times in safe places} I fell from my holds and went on the rope, or yelled that I wanted tension because I thought I was going to fall.

Finally we made the summit and the leader was a wreck. He hardly had strength enough to dig out the register book and sign his name. Then he passed the book to me and I signed it the way I had ever since Troop days. He was just passing the book to Number Two when he saw my signature and went straight up into the air.

The way his eyes were bugging I thought for sure he had me spotted as a spy from outer space. He said, or rather whispered and shouted at the same time, are you Kayo the Fox!

Though I was now convinced all Clubbers are insane I had to admit that was how I signed the register. I was flabbergasted, frankly. ~~Every other rope that came to the summit~~ ^{scrambled around to} the leader ~~met and whispered~~ ^{telling everybody} that Kayo the Fox was in the party. One of the Original Rovers. And the way the ^{lead. + pul} party gathered around me I

Musketier's
Tells just
his pul's
When some
other
ropeladders
arrived

had a creepy feeling they were waiting to see my halo.

I didn't know until then that anybody but we Rovers knew about our trips. It ~~x~~ turned out we were mythological creatures. The leader ~~of the club~~ ^{is his name}, became a good climbing buddy of mine immediately. He told me how he and his friends had been out in the North Cascades the last year or two and kept running across Rover names. The older Clubbers who knew ^{about} ~~us~~ had pretty well dropped out of climbing. The younger guys only knew that ~~that~~ ^{before when} when they were still in Scouts, ^{or not even old enough for that,} and didn't know the North Cascades existed the Rovers were all over the wilderness. It made me feel old, actually, the way they rattled off names that to them were just scrawls in a register, and to me were ^{old friends} ~~memories~~ of old friends. They knew our climbs better than I did, almost. They asked questions about the trips, what food we carried, our equipment, the weather, our routes on the peaks, our times. They always gasped at our times. They wanted to know what the Chief was like, and Moon, and all the rest. It's for darn sure, there were times when I felt ancient. Even though some of the guys asking me questions were older than I.

Until the novelty wore off I could hardly climb a mountain with the Clubbers what with people ganged up ~~around me~~ asking me questions.

I had to really think to answer questions.

I and the ~~three~~ ^{three} kids, ~~became~~ ^{became} good friends and ~~made~~ ^{made} a lot of high-ground climbs together the last couple of years.

They made their first stop at ~~Pass,~~ ^{Pass,} ~~and~~ ^{though} they were ~~peeped~~ ^{peeped} ~~and~~ ^{they} were feeling pretty smug.

Mouldy River

They expected to pass me collapsed in a heap but long before they reached Goat Flats they were scared. What I did, all the way, was avoid mud and snow and any other terrain that would show my tracks. They were wild-eyed when they reached Goat Flats because they were sure I'd lost the trail in the brush ~~and~~.

Then some of the young wise guys started working up a story that the Rovers were frauds. To nail it down they began putting the pressure on me. First of all it was just crowding my heels when I was in front to see if I could walk faster. Then they would put their best racer in front and he would go off at a trot. These punks should have seen me in New Jersey. They couldn't even extend me, much less put me down. ~~On my worst morning after~~ ^{With} ~~in~~ ^{have} Texas I could ~~hike~~ ^{hike} these kids into the ground. Being small they thought snow would give me trouble. But whether it's from double joints or just running all my life to keep up, when I kick steps in snow I get complaints that I'm kicking the steps with my chin and doing standing high jumps to get into the steps.

On a climb of Three Fingers, my first year in the club, ~~three~~ ^{of} the kids worked up a ~~max~~ plot. ~~Well, they wanted to see a Rover~~ ~~Roving, so I showed them.~~ We weren't more than a few miles up the Boulder River Trail before I saw they were trying to run me down. I ~~followed~~ ^{tagged} along with the ~~group,~~ ^{behind} ~~pretending continuous~~ ^{those of them} ~~agony, until we got to Saddle Lake.~~ ^{gaspings and grannings} ~~There they were peeped,~~ ^{and staggering.}

~~and sat down for a rest,~~ ^{When} ~~and I went by on the trail as if I didn't~~ ^{tattered past them without stopping} ~~even see them.~~ ^{they were smirking and giggling} ~~When they arrived at Goat Flats in the evening~~ ^{in the evening}

I was in my bag as if I ~~was~~ ^{was} totally exhausted. ~~But~~ ^{the party} next day ~~when~~ ^{split} the party ~~climbed all three peaks of Three Fingers, and found that~~ ~~Keye the Fox had climbed all three peaks the day before,~~ there was an abrupt halt to all attempts to defame the Rovers.

the party split into two groups, ~~and~~ ^{and} one climbed South Peak and I went with the other group, including the eager ~~to~~ ^{to} kids, to ~~the~~ ^{the} climb North and Middle Peaks. They were flabbergasted when they found Keye the Fox had climbed both peaks the afternoon before. And when we got back to Goat Flats and the other party had found my name in that register

for trying to pass
counterfeit money to
prostitute

TWO -- Ten

I followed the hearings in the newspapers and it seemed to me Oop made a fool of the committee, especially the chairman who obviously was trying to make Oop into an Alger Hiss and boost himself into governor of the state. Oop ~~admitted~~ ~~everything~~ had a lousy memory/ on the stand. He could hardly remember his own name. Only once did his memory sharpen up and that's when the committee put a guy on the stand who testified Oop had attended a secret ~~party~~ ^{conference} ~~function~~ in Colorado. The chairman was already printing his campaign posters when Oop introduced documentary evidence he'd been in a hospital having his appendix out that week. ~~The next day~~ the police picked up the committee's star witness on a morals charge.

That ended the ~~campagin~~ for the governorship. He wasn't even ~~relected~~ to the legislature last year. The committee got out of town pretty fast, Oop and the others had mauled them badly. It was a ~~hell~~ ^{heck} of a ~~shock~~ when Oop was arrested for contempt of the legislature. ~~It~~ still didn't seem serious but ~~then~~ ^{he was}

I gave Oop ~~a call before the trial~~ and he came out to our house ^{convicted} for dinner.

It wasn't a howling social success. He was an hour late and drunk. I gave him a drink when he arrived and that was another mistake. Nelly tried to hustle the bottle out of sight but Oop got ~~mixx~~ a clutch on it and never did eat supper.

Chairman was still trying to prove it was a Russian hospital and the doctor was Stalin when

had been cited for contempt his first day on the stand but after the rest

Nelly went off to bed down the kids and for old time's sake I caught partway up with Oop. I tried to get a few answers but he hardly even knew who I was. He stomped up and down the room yelling and waving his arms and then flopped on the couch and laughed hysterically and for no reason at all rattled off obscene words at the top of his ~~xxx~~ voice.

Told me about
"stinking
sickness"

A few scraps of information came through. He'd quit school even before the hearings started. He'd quit the party long ago. The comrades hated his guts. When I asked in a reasonable way why he didn't do ^{what} ~~what~~ ~~the~~ other ex-party members had done, admit they had been members, say they had quit, and play cute on everything else. But Oop just screamed and cursed. And when I suggested that after all the rap shouldn't be hard to beat that set ~~it~~ him off even worse. He was in such a state I was worried ~~about the future~~ when all of a sudden he passed out cold. He seemed to be set for the night, there on the couch, so I went to bed. Somewhere near dawn there was a banging around in the living room and by the time I got there Oop was in his ~~x~~ car scorching rubber and weaving down the road.

Naturally I was scared stiff, but what could I do? I hopped in our car and chased him but there didn't seem any reason to kill myself. I ~~called the cops, it struck me as the best thing for him. But they already had him.~~ I suppose it was being in the Neighborhood that set him off.

Nelly and I. She still didn't talk. Ask her a question and she'd go up on her points and leap across the room, smiling as if she was an angel in heaven.

She rented an apartment in town and when ~~the~~ Oop was released moved out of our place. The day ~~■~~ she was going to pick him up she had breakfast with us, and I've never seen anything so beautiful in my life, the way she nibbled at her toast and sipped her coffee, her whole body in a sort of controlled tremble that only showed in the way she moved her long fingers, and the look in her eyes.

The next morning I stepped out on the front porch to get the ~~■~~ paper and saw what looked like a bundle of old clothes ~~in the shrubbery~~ ~~■~~ I did a doubletake and let out a howl that brought Nelly on the run.

We called ~~the doctor~~ ^{Sandy Sandy} and he ^{was scared and called a doctor. He} couldn't find a thing wrong with her. Except for a bad cold from lying in wet grass most of the night she was okay after a few days. ~~He~~ ^{Sandy} wanted to ~~put~~ ^{in a doctor} her in the hospital for observation and that's the only sign of emotion she showed, just a quiet way of clutching Nelly's hand. She stayed with us a month, not talking, not dancing, sleeping sometimes eighteen hours at a stretch, and when she was awake just ~~sitting~~ sitting in a chair, staring.

But gradually she ~~■~~ showed some signs of life, with the kids first of all. When Nelly had to go shopping Oola babysat, and also when we wanted to go out in the evening. The boys

They told us things about
her

loved her. Obviously when we weren't around Oola came to life. Then she began eating again. As a matter of fact she put on quite a bit of weight, though she could well afford it.

It bothered me, ~~xxxxxxx~~ I just couldn't see Oola as a file clerk, but that was what she wanted so I helped her get a job at Boeing. Also, whatever it was that happened, her apartment seemed to us the last place in the world she'd want to live. After ~~xxxxxxx~~ seeing him the night he smashed his car on Matterhorn, and after last week, I can imagine Oop's last night in Seattle was a horror. But that's what Oola wanted.

the
Bomb marks

TWO -- Eleven

Chief was very concerned, naturally. He'd seen Oola in New York just before the blowup and all seemed well. Though he hadn't heard much from Oop he was pleased that he had broken with the Commies and held high hopes that Oop was now moving into his best and happiest years. Oola, of course, was his pride and joy. He saw her dance and those are letters I'm holding onto, because when they get around to publishing Collected Correspondence of the Chief these will be real gems.

But then his lines of communication broke down completely. His mother was about to fly out to take care of Oola when she had an attack. Neither he or his father could come because of the international situation. He depended on us.

We did our best. I went out of my way to find excuses to stop by her office at Boeing and take her to lunch. We had her to dinner whenever she'd come. But Dinny was probably more help than us, tied down as we were with the boys. He had taken it all very hard, especially since he ~~was~~ was certain that if Oop had only seen him he could have gotten him off the hook. Dinny was the only one of us Originals who had been at all close to Oop's folks and he spent a lot of time with them. They didn't know where he was, and spent all their time talking about their only son, and praying for him. ~~And Dinny's~~ Dinny's powers of speech are about like that of a dinosaur, and anyway he has

more scruples about keeping a secret than anyone I know.
I suspect he spent at least one evening every week with Oop's
folks. *There was a Jesuit...*

In the same way he practically camped on Oola's doorstep
in case he should be needed. Maybe when they were alone they
talked about Oop, I don't know. I doubt it because Dinny
doesn't ~~talk~~ know how to talk and Oola ~~doesn't~~ ^{didn't} want to. *these days.*
I wouldn't be surprised ~~that~~ if they spent evening after
evening together ~~just~~ without a word. Going to movies,
eating dinner, walking the streets, or ~~just~~ just sitting in
her apartment. *listening to records.*

Whenever we could the four of us got together. We had
them to supper a lot and when Dinny felt all the hospitality
had been on one side he'd treat us to a night on the town,
drinks in a dark bar and thick steaks in the kind of restaurant
a low-grade Boeing engineer hardly ever sees.

We went out in the hills sometimes. I was the only one
in the bunch at all interested in climbing so always it was
family picnic affairs. We'd camp at Longmire or Carbon River
or ~~Yukon~~ Monte Cristo and go on the sort of hike that
Moon and Frank ~~■~~ could handle. They ~~were~~ never have been
anything but insane about Aunt Oola. ^{Just} So much as hint that
~~we~~ were going hiking with Aunt Oola and the little Rovers
climbed up the walls ~~of the house~~. They way they screamed
around the yard I'm sure the guy who ~~was~~ owns the Matterhorn
heard them three blocks away and ripped out of the house to

*and I
was in
mountain club*

guard his dahlias.

If we hadn't thought so much of Oola we'd have been hurt, wellly especially, the way our Rovers clung to her in the hills. They wouldn't eat unless she served them, they wouldn't hike unless she was hiking. As their father I approve of all this, it shows they are good normal boys. Every normal boy ~~from~~ the age of one on up ought to ~~automatically be~~ ^{Fall} in love ~~xxx~~ with Oola. ^{sometime or other}

I never for a minute blamed Dinny. Naturally it gave us all a turn, because ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ it never had been possible to think of Oola without thinking of Oop. But there was no Oop anymore and it was some consolation that we'd salvage Oola from the ^{wreck.} ~~situation.~~

Nobody ~~has~~ ^{so much as} ever suggested Dinny was just waiting around for Oop to scam on out. He was being loyal to Oop, and that's all. But after ^{over} ~~nearly~~ two years without a word there was nothing for any of us to do but write him off. Along with Moon, Buck, Sahib, Jack Armstrong, Peerless, Min. If we were also writing off Oola the dancer, ~~xxx~~ and of course after putting on weight and getting out of condition that was settled, then we still had Aunt Oola. And if you'd asked Moon and Frank they'd have said she was the most important person in the world.

TWO -- Twelve

When you get to a certain age it doesn't seem so important for everything to work out the way you thought it should in high school. All you want is for things to work out. Nelly and I were delighted when Dinny told us they were going to get married as soon as he passed his bar exams. ~~Though~~ Nelly and I take the same dim view about such things, ^{but} we nerved ourselves up for the ceremony. Since I was ^{still} technically a Catholic it worked out all right. We went through the rehearsals and were fitted for our costumes. I had hoped we might round up some of the ^{old} Rovers for ushers but Dinny had ~~a number of~~ fraternity brothers and law school friends. That made it even worse for Nelly and me at the rehearsals. Her especially, having to walk up the aisle all draped out in finery that would have cost me half a month's salary, ^{and actually I don't starve at the} ~~if Dinny's father hadn't~~ ^{Bomb marks} ~~stood the bill. Which isn't traditional, I know, but that's the way it was.~~ There was a problem about who was to give away the bride. Since ~~with the father as Chief~~ her father was dead and Chief was in bombat Mr. Mullan was finally chosen, since I was best man.

Catholic Weddings How?
 Ocala joins
 Marriage + Catholics +
 Not Catholic - Ocala somehow -
 does marriage but minister was
 Vatican.
 Actually it was just a typical acceptable wedding.
 Not too much religion but all the fancy trimmings.

Some friend of Dinny's father -
 one of richest 9075 in Seattle -
 director at
 Bomb marks

I gave up a good climb for the wedding. The Musketeers were going to the Northern ^{Thickets} Pickets, which I particularly wanted to see since Moon and Chief practically invented those peaks. But it wasn't until after the wedding I even gave it a thought that there was a choice. They had a fine time last week. They knocked off Whatcom and Challenger and Fury and Luna.

Oola was supposed to spend the night before the wedding at our house. But she drove home to her apartment after the dress rehearsal. We waited dinner and she didn't show. We called her apartment and there was no answer. Finally I drove in town for the bachelor party. Dinny's friends were all stoned by the time I arrived but he was just smiling happily and sitting in a chair with a glass in his hand. I made some excuse about the kids and left early. On some wild hunch I took a long way around and drove slowly up the street by Oola's apartment. There was a light on and I thought I saw somebody in the room. So when I got home I called her number again. I called every half hour until midnight and there was no answer. Then I called and got a busy signal.

Nelly was in a state, naturally. Partly from worrying about Oola, partly from worrying about marching up the aisle in all that ~~xxx~~ ridiculous stuff. She was sure she'd stumble and wreck the whole affair. But I reminded her that her father ~~had to make the same trip and I'd be waiting for her up by the altar~~ And in an emergency my folks would be along the ~~xxx~~ aisle with Moon and Frank.

Everything seemed to be going off normally, which is to say it was all pure chaos. Dinny was trembling like mad, and a six foot six inch tremble is ^{a pretty scary thing} ~~something~~ to see. Especially with five foot five inch Kayo telling him there was nothing to worry about, people did this every day and they generally survived. At least the human race is still here.

But when I herded him out of the room I began to wonder how the human race has ^{made it} ~~survived~~ this long. I suffered the whole long walk with Nelly, she was even worse off than I'd feared. And Oola. She was an absolute scandal. Then Oop walked in the door and sat down in back and I darn near fainted.



212 SAMISH HIWAY BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

MOTEL
HEATED POOL & TV

TELEPHONE REGENT 3-4060

As they say, if you
walk down the street and
meet somebody on his knees
you know he lives there,
if you meet somebody, walking,
you'll notice he's walking fast,
trying to get out

Also they say that ~~where~~

~~Spokane~~ ^{is where} ~~when old~~
~~good~~ ^{capitalists and} ~~and~~ die,
they go to spend eternity in
Spokane. Some they haul off
screaming into Heaven but
the best get into Spokane.

TWO --Thirteen

And I was happy about it.
Even in Rhode Island I hated
the dirty 70's.

There are words. But they aren't the kind of words ^I that ~~can use anymore~~ ^{can use anymore} come to me naturally. They did in Texas, but Nelly cleaned up my language long ago, just by her shrinking away and blushing and being quiet and white. But after this last week even Nelly would use the words if she knew them.

Somehow we all got through the wedding. I thought I was the one with the ~~xxxxxx~~ biggest trouble because I was the only one who saw Oop come in. The usher didn't even blink. Oop ^{probably} had a legitimate invitation, ^{because} ^{must have} Dinny had sent one to Oop's folks. ^{I guess} The announcements had been in the San Francisco papers, Dinny's mother ~~father~~ having been a big wheel in San Francisco before ~~he~~ she ~~xxxxxx~~ married Dinny's father.

Later Nelly told me why she was in such a shaky condition and what had happened to Oola. Even before she told me it was all ^{pretty obvious} perfectly apparent to me. To me and a few hundred other people.

All during the ceremony Oop's smile held me with a fatal fascination. I was glad he was smiling and quiet, but I didn't like his smile. ~~But~~ two years changes a guy, and I had no idea what he might have been doing, and how he might have changed. Certainly this was not the crazy Oop I had last seen, the guy who deliberately smashed his ~~g~~ car into Matterhorn.

The reception was next door to the church. I walked over with some of the ushers and the caterers, ^{was} ~~were~~ on the ball, they were passing out cookies and ^{fruit} booze and coffee and the whole works. I saw my folks come in and then the Mullans and finally Nelly and I ^{together} muscled through the crowd but ^{with all the babbles I} couldn't hear what she was ^{whispering to me} whispering. Then Dinny and Oola busted in and started carving up a cake almost as big as Matterhorn. So apparently everything was working out for the best and soon we'd be able to scuttle out a side door and get out of our costumes.

I heard Oop before I saw him. All of a sudden as Nelly and I were edging toward a door there were loud voices coming through the general babble. One loud voice, actually.

There were about a thousand people between us and the loud voice. I didn't hear a single word but I knew exactly what was being said.

I knew Oop's voice well enough. Just from the way he screeched and laughed ~~and~~ I knew he was crooked to the gills. I couldn't see him above the crowd. But I could see Dinny's face, sticking up there above everyone else. That was the only thing I could see, so I concentrated on his face. It went through seventeen colors and his mouth twitched and his nostrils flared. I've known Dinny sixteen years or so and in one minute he went through more emotions than in all the sixteen years.

other evidence

No more Cop



Then his face was gone and what with all the shrieks from that direction I knew Oola had thrown a fit. Then I saw Dinny's face again and he was barging through the crowd yelling in a way that almost brought the ceiling down. He went out the door carrying Oola in his arms and a crowd poured out after them.

Nelly and I went home and after we put the boys to bed we sat down together ~~xxx~~ on the couch ~~xxx~~ with our arms around each other and didn't say a word. Then we took off our costumes and went to bed, and lay there ^{just} hugging each other, ~~but not doing anything else except hugging each other.~~ All we could think was, they must be having a swell ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ honeymoon, Oola and Dinny.

TWO ** Fourteen

We didn't even get a full night's sleep. The noise on the porch woke us. When I saw Oop I almost barfed. He looked ^{just} like Buck, except he was still ~~alive~~ ^{twitching}.

Nelly and I got him onto the couch and mopped away some of the blood but didn't dare touch him because he was in such pain. From his breath I knew he was crocked but he still was in awful pain.

Nelly picked up the phone to call an ambulance but I was thinking a mile a minute and made her put it down.

Though they hadn't been ushers, ~~x~~ every Rover still in Seattle was invited to the show. I'd spotted Tarzan and Me-Jane and Flash in the audience. Also Sherpa Tom and Sherpa Sis. And Orphan ~~d~~ Annie and Sandy. NS?

Sandy was the one I called. Little Sandy, the ^{youngest} ~~smallest~~ Rover of them all, but a Rover, and not so ^{young} ~~small~~ anymore, pretty close to being Doctor Sandy. Not so little either, at close to six feet. But he came without question and patched Oop. When he saw Oop's condition ~~he~~ he wanted to get him to a hospital. But Sandy isn't stupid. He had been ^{maybe more than I wanted to} a Rover, and heard a few things through the years, and he'd ^{admit it} been at the wedding and the reception. If he called an ambulance it would be police business. But that would be an invasion of privacy, because this was Rover business. heard

printed cuts

Sandy taped Oop's cracked ribs and put his jaw back in the socket and set his nose and doped him up so the pain wouldn't kill him. And Nelly and I nursed Oop through the pain and the hangover. When Sandy slacked off on the dope Oop showed his true colors.

During the day he made remarks to Nelly that she won't repeat, but I can guess. She didn't even want to go in his room anymore, but when he yelled sometimes the boys wandered in. One night I came home with both Moon and Frank in tears. Not to mention Nelly. She wouldn't say why.

Last night Sandy stopped by to change bandages and check him over and Oop was in rare form. ~~Hex~~ All the while Sandy worked him over Oop was promising to see that Sandy went to jail for practicing without a license. Sandy takes medicine seriously and tried to tell Oop he was technically only rendering first aid. Oop then stated he was going to hang us all for concealing a felony, namely assault with intent to kill by one Rover Dinny.

Sandy and I had known it all the time, but Nelly was shattered. She thought this was all another auto crash or something.

When Nelly gasped Oop turned on her and in a ~~making~~ mocking voice said, now don't you cry Little Nell, if your big brother Moon hadn't been trapped in a wobbly bomber he might have been the guy who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, because this you can always remember, Little Nell, your big brother was just that sort of guy.

If I'd known
I'd have torrid
him out

I was advancing on Oop about ready to bash the cast off his nose when he said to me, too bad about your big brother, Kayo, but doesn't it give you a charge, a little squirt like you helping to ~~fix~~ build bigger bombers to drop even bigger bombs? How about that, Kayo, a midget wiping out empires!

Oop had a lot more to say, I'm sure, but Sandy and Nelly and I got out of the room. Sandy sat in the living room shuddering awhile and then went home.

Nelly and I didn't sleep until we heard the front door shut. Oop was in no shape to travel and I don't know where he went or how he got there but I don't know anybody who cares.

July, 1961

Narration
July 28

(61)

THREE -- One

What an evening that was last April! Nelly had been trying to call me all afternoon but I'd been ~~out of my office~~ ~~out of my office~~ out of my office, ^{over} down at the ^{other} Renton plant, and drove straight home from there. As I pulled in the driveway Nelly flew out into the yard. She was so excited ~~that when~~ she was tongue-tied, but finally she calmed down and managed to get it out.

The Chief is coming home!

I saw the ~~letter~~ ^{in her hands} letter then and grabbed it ~~from her~~ and ~~read~~ read through it three times before I realized it was true.

We ^{haven't} ~~haven't~~ heard much from the Chief in recent years, though naturally we hear plenty about him. The newspapers keep us posted on his travels around the world, his speeches, and so forth. We read his books, of course, and magazine articles. But what with one government ^{job} ~~commission~~ and another, and then ~~the~~ his work with the Foundation ~~his letters~~ he's been busier and busier ever since he left the Army. His letters home have been shorter and rarer. Even Oola hears only every month or two and until April Nelly and I hadn't had a letter since last July.

That was the connection, of course. Because in his letter last July he wrote about little things he remembered from ^{Crossman} ~~the~~ Cascade Pass. He remembered that we had ^{Kraft} ~~Kraft~~ dinner and

chocolate pudding the last night and the pudding was burned. He named over the songs we had sung around the campfire ~~and~~ until the middle of the night. It was a rather depressing letter because at the end he said how impossible it seemed to him that that was 1941, and now it was 1960.

His April letter picked up at the same point. I know from various articles and speeches during the last winter that he's been rather depressed about the international situation. In his letter he recalled how all we Rovers had pledged to meet there again at ^{Cusword} ~~Cascade Pass~~ after the war was over. He recalled how he'd expected that would mean four or five years at the most and here it was, ^{almost} twenty years, and still no peace and no prospect of peace. And ^{somehow} ~~except for a couple of overnight stops~~ he hadn't even been in Seattle for those twenty years, ^{not even for an overnight stop between places.} much less the ^{Cusword} ~~Cascades~~ ^{Mountains.}

What he asked me to do, in the April letter, was to see if any of the old Rovers might not want to get together for a week at Cusword. He'd gradually lost touch with the gang, except Oola and us, and asked me to do the best I could.

THREE -- Two

It isn't that we have been unhappy. The job is just a job. I never particularly wanted to be an engineer in the first place but all the years Dad was ~~max~~ scrapping for a living, first as a mixer man and then as a contractor, he impressed on me how safe and soft engineers had it, they ~~g~~ could always get a job. It was true of Mr. Mullan, of course, and then Moon made it sound exciting, building highways and bridges in South America. I never expected to ~~stay~~ build bombers but ~~being~~ Boeing hasn't been too bad. ~~xxx~~ With all my seniority I'll have a job as long as there is a Boeing, and the government can't afford to let Boeing ~~max~~ go under because that would wipe out Seattle and there are a lot of voters in Seattle. It doesn't matter to me whether I work on bombers or jets, airliners or missiles or whatever. The only airplanes that ever interested me were little ones, the World War II fighters. Or actually, even more so, the World War I flying flivvers, like the only plane I've ever flown, the time Moon let me handle the controls.

I put in my time at Boeing and work hard enough to keep pace, but no harder. We own ^{most of} our home and have insurance policies and some money in the bank. We'd be able to put the kids through college and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ so forth.

You may keep fighting against all the security crap ~~but~~ and have a big drunken ~~party~~ brawl when you bust through "dirty thirty" ¹⁴² but there's a bad moment when ~~you're~~ you're halfway from thirty to forty and face up to the world.

About Spotfires, Hurricanes, etc

M-c

the Bomberworks

Old enough to climb! Maybe that's a
commentary on the difference between
generations! when I was their age I
was about ready to bust loose in
Glory Years!

We have some great family trips now that Moon and Frank are old enough to climb. We hike into a basecamp and the three of us do a peak while Nelly takes the girls on a hike. Sometimes we even ~~max~~ do a peak as a family, because even the girls can handle Granite Mountain and Red. The boys think it's great fun to rope up with their sisters on some little cliff, and pretend it's a real peak. We form up into three teams, ~~Max~~ me and Nelly roped together, then Moon and _____, and Frank and _____. The girls are terrifically impressed.

I don't feel like ~~such~~ a giant in my home anymore, what with Moon well on his way to six feet and even Frank almost as tall as me, but even though they're my own kids I have to say they simply are not the Original Rovers. I suppose because it's so easy for them to get into the hills, ~~max~~ and have practically lived there since they were born, they don't take off like rockets as soon as they see the peaks. Also some weekends they prefer to stay home, or go to the beach. Moon is going steady with a girl, and says it's simply impossible for him to survive without a car, even though he can't legally drive one. Well, this isn't the Depression, so Nelly and I don't get excited. Our kids are pretty nice, come right down to it.

But nobody is as eager as me. The tension builds up all week, down at Boeing, and come the weekend I have to go

I sure wouldn't
want my kids to
have to hike in
Rhode Island, and
I gave them
vaccines,
I don't know -

stretch my legs. Frequently I go out on a Club trip, ~~xxx~~ either as leader or to help teach the novices, or just to see old friends. When I feel the need of a good hard run I call the Musketeers. ~~xxx~~ They're all married and settled down now but still enjoy a ramble. Except _____. In a way it was his death on _____ that firmly established ~~x~~ our friendship. After that the difference in our ages stopped mattering at all. They and their wives are ~~xxxx~~ the closest friends Nelly and I have anymore. We swap around on dinners, and have family picnics together now that they have children.

We haven't climbed all the peaks in the ^{Crosswords} Cascades by a long shot, but there isn't any part of the Cascades we don't know by heart.

For a couple of years, ~~xxxx~~ when they were still at the University, the Musketeers were all hopped up about expeditions. We went up to the Bugaboos together and wiped out Bugaboo Spire and Snowpatch and Howser and Pigeon. Then they insisted on trying the Coast Range and we sat out two weeks in a tent under Waddington. My heart wasn't in it, and when they went off to the Tetons and the Wind Rivers and McKinley I stayed home.

I never have been really excited about any other mountain range besides the ^{Crosswords} Cascades. When Nelly and I, on our

No. 2 Roof
Names
out of
Crosswords

NA even
any River
Names

Can't even get
excited enough to 144
think of
River Names for
peaks outside the
Crosswords

honeymoon, hiked in to Berg Lake and looked up at Robson I had to admit this was a tremendous mountain. But Robson doesn't hit me in the guts the way Shuksan does, for instance. Snowpatch was a very good climb, but I remember ~~xxx~~ much more about Bare Bosom and ~~Verbotengipfel~~.

There are bigger and ^{mountains} ~~more difficult~~ ^{together} mountain ranges but the ^{Cusswords} ~~Caseades~~ ^{home} are my (mountains).

For instance, when we traversed Ross Lake to ~~RuthxCreek~~ ^{from} the Mount Baker Highway three years ago, all the way up the lake I remembered the old Skagit River Trail, deep under our boat. Going up Little Beaver Creek and ^{Fairy} Perry Creek I remembered how Chief and ~~The~~ Moon helped build these trails. Crossing ^{Undoubtedly} the Redoubt Glacier I remembered how they were the first ~~party~~ to cross this glacier. On the summit of Redoubt, ^{were still perfectly legible} ~~seeing~~ their names in the register, the second ascent party/. Running the ridge to Whatcom Pass I remembered they had done it first. Then at the highway I remembered how they had helped build this road.

Cussword Pass is even more personal. I've climbed there a lot, but in a way it's strange country to me. When Oop and Dinny and I camped there with our rotten ^{Salimi} ~~baloney~~ Cussword was remote. ~~xxxxxx~~ Now, of course, it's an easy afternoon stroll from the road. They've even renamed the peaks, even the peaks we made the firsts on.

See
note

I can't help going back to Cussword, though usually I end up getting mad. When we came down to Cussword on our Glory Expedition Oop and Dinny and I camped on a little ~~XXXXX~~ bench on the east slopes of the Pass, under a ~~XXXXX~~ cluster of alpine trees, close to a cold waterfall. It was a virgin camp then. Our fire burnt out a circle in the heather.

And when we camped there, all us Rovers, our ~~xxx~~ old ~~XXXXXX~~ leached ashes were still undisturbed.

So naturally I feel this campspot is my private property. But almost always when I get up to Cussword in the last ten years there's a gang of fishermen or out-of-state climbers or hikers ^{climbing up} ~~desecrating~~ the old Rover Camp. Even when I can camp there it makes me sick, cleaning up the garbage, so the place will be livable.

Trips with Modetrans to clean it up.

*The miners with no pupils in 1915 —
since 1947*

White Rock Lakes

THREE -- Three

The first call I made last April, after reading the letter, was to Oola. But it was Dinny that answered the phone ~~and so I had to chill my excitement.~~ He said hello, and I came up short. I hoped Oola would answer. But I recovered and said, hello, Dan? This is Frank.

It's still an effort, even after ten years, to remember ~~to call Dinny Dan, and Oola Anne, and ~~xxxxxxx~~ to remember that my name is Frank.~~ ^{is now} ^{is} ^I ⁱⁿ ^{my} ^{name} ^{is} ^{Frank.}

After seeing Oop that last time Nelly and I had no sympathy for him. We were all for Dinny and Oola. We went out of our way to cheer up Dinny those weeks after the wedding when Oola was in the nursing home. Then Oola came home and they set up housekeeping and for awhile we made a regular foursome. Oola had put on a lot of weight in the nursing home. She looked healthier than she had in years. If you didn't ^{look her in the eyes} ~~see her face,~~ that is. But in October ^{things were} ~~it became~~ ^{getting pretty} fairly obvious and one night when they were over at our house for supper I asked Dinny if he wanted another beer and all of a sudden he practically yelled, my name is Dan! My wife is Anne! Will you please remember that, Frank?

When he said, the name Frank I turned to the bedroom where our young son was sleeping, and then I realized Dinny was talking to me.

Nelly and I did our best but ~~when~~ the trouble was that whenever we four became a happy group one or the other of us would forget, and call Dan Dinny, or ~~an~~ Anne Oola. Moon and Frank ~~xxxxxxx~~ broke up the thing. We tried to train them ~~xxxxx~~ to say Aunt Anne instead of Aunt Oola. But one night ~~xxxxx~~ in April when Oola was only about a week from the delivery room Moon busted out in his loud, innocent five year old voice, Kayo, ~~why~~ ^{or what turned} Auntie Oola ~~xxxxxx~~ turned into Auntie Anne? *Was it a mixch?*

Oola had a very difficult time, apparently. But when we couldn't find out anything from Dinny we were so worried we asked Sandy what he knew. And though he was respecting his ^{Hypocritical} Oath and all, he let us know, not in words but in tone of ~~his~~ voice, that the delivery was easy and normal, in the physical sense. There were other complications and that's why Oola didn't come home.

Then after they were settled in at home every time we invited them to dinner something made it impossible that particular evening. Well, Nelly and I had our own family and our own problems. If that's the way they feel okay. Then suddenly Oola called us, and invited us to dinner.

Things were fairly stiff, what with remembering the right names. And Dinny -- that is, Dan -- didn't look like our amiable old lunker. He looked like a successful young lawyer. That's what he was, of course/. The old family wheels had spun him

directly into the best law firm in Seattle. Even though he was a very junior member, it was obvious that he had been tapped.

^{The}
~~One~~ very shocking thing was the way Dinny -- Dan, that is -- talked. I mean, he talked practically all the time, he dominated ~~all~~ ^{every} the conversations. A guy who said probably not more than a hundred words in my presence in seventeen years, and now in a single minute he says about a thousand words. Whenever Nelly and Oola -- Anne, that is -- got off into a private discussion of diapers Dinny-Dan would wipe it all out with a great babble of nothing.

Daniel III was another shock. Some babies look like just plain babies. And some right from the time they are born look like one or the ~~the~~ other of their parents.

~~XXXXX~~

Darn Nelly, even after all the evidence is in and she knows the truth, she still believes. ~~that~~ When Oola-Anne brought out Daniel III I ^{gulped and stuttered but I} chucked him under the chin and ^{finally managed to say} said he looked great, he looked just like a baby, ~~ought to look.~~

Nelly had to gasp.

So there hasn't been any family relationship the last nine ~~or ten~~ years, or whatever it is. I don't blame Dinny -- Dan -- a bit. If I were in that position I'd do about the same.

The fact of the matter is sometimes I wonder if Nelly realizes there is a connection between our making love and her having babies.

Non-Partisan for Mayor

~~Chief of town at the~~
~~Annual~~ Prime Minister at
Seafair

Speech
On and on



I've never blamed Dinny, or ~~xxx~~ begrudged him a thing.
~~Somebodyxxxxxxx~~ But this isn't Dinny. This isn't
Dinny who boosted Up on the first ascent of the North Wall of
Matterhorn, ^{etc. etc.} who was on the Glory Expedition. This is Dan.
I don't know this Dan. He is ^{thirteen} ~~one foot one~~ inch taller than
I am, and he is on the School Board and the Mayor's Committee
for Investigation of Neglect of the Port and ~~he is on~~ just
about every committee that anybody gets up ^{has on it}. He makes speeches
all over the state, defending Free Enterprise and the American
Way, attacking corruption in government. His law firm
represents every corporation in the Northwest that has more
than a dozen employees. He went to ^{the} Republican Convention
last year as a delegate, and from what the newspapers say
in the state delegation nobody made a move without ~~xxx~~ telling Dan. The only
question in the minds of local political commentators is
whether Dan will ~~be~~ ^{settle for} mayor of Seattle next year or wait it out
and try for governor of the state. Or Senator.

So obviously we don't see Dan anymore. We haven't for many years.

But we see a lot of Oola. In the afternoon she drives out to the Neighborhood with Dan ^{three} ~~the third~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ and she gets together with Nelly while the kids amuse themselves.

When Dan is busy she comes out in the evening and we talk about the Chief and a lot of other things.

When Dan isn't around she is Oola, of course, but actually I have trouble calling her Oola. The Oola I remember doesn't

Alaska-Yukon
Exposition
Century 21
directed at
August
Seattle
and
Chief
was
Brygger
at
the
Bathtub

Not that he
told them what
to do but they
told him what
they were going to
do before they
did it.

The thing is
being married to
Chief's sister
helps him work
the other side of
the street too.
Sort of like

non-partisan
Abraham Lincoln
both the Republicans
& Democrats

Also ACLU

bulge out of her dress, or ~~was~~ stomp heavily across the floor on flat feet. This is not Oola, this is Anne. And she is as much a stranger as Dan.

THREE -- Four

I couldn't see that he had changed a bit. Even though the plane unloaded quite a distance away we all recognized him the moment he ~~xxxx~~ came out the door. The way he walked, the way he held his head, ~~ixx~~ there was no mistaking the Chief. We were all yelling and waving, all four of us.

I don't know what it was. It wasn't that Nelly and I were unhappy, but ever since April we'd been getting more and more excited. Not just to be seeing the Chief again. It was more than that. I had a crazy feeling that ^{right away} everything was going to ~~immediately~~ change for the better. Not that things were so bad, but when the Chief came home ~~xxx~~ everything would get better. In the old days there was always a special ~~xxxx sense of~~ excitement when the Chief was around. Climbs we did with Chief seemed more important. The songs were sung better, the Rover Guck tasted better, the weather was better or at least you didn't mind the rain ^{as much} @

And when he saw us you couldn't believe ~~xxx~~ he'd been writing discouraged letters, he practically ran the last hundred ~~xxx~~ feet. The TV cameramen ~~xxxxxxx~~ just caught him as a blur going ~~g~~ by, and by the time the reporters caught up with him he was waltzing Oola around and giving Nelly a big hug and breaking my backbone with slaps, all at the same time, and saying, Kayo you Fox, where did you find this ^{mild} ravishing woman, surely this is not little Rover Nelly?

what did you do with our old

or the storms were more disastrous

And he was hugging his ~~xxx~~ sister, saying, and here is my light-footed Oola!

Not until later did I ~~xxxxxxx~~ recall ~~the~~ ^{his} doubletake when he saw her, and just a flash ^{across his face} of shock. Or that after he called her light-footed he gave her an extra hard hug.

Finally he gave the reporters a couple of minutes, and that's when I noticed Dan had ~~xxxxx~~ backed off a few feet. It wasn't only the names, the forbidden names, but Chief had looked right at Dan and not recognized him.

It must have occurred to the Chief at the same instant. He was carried away for a second, but Chief never would deliberately snub anyone. Anyway he broke off with the reporters in a nice way, promising to see them later, and came back to us, obviously looking. He grabbed Dan then and ~~xx~~ shook his hand furiously, saying, Dinny, you old lunker! How could you hide that giant frame? I didn't even see you! What's this ~~xxxxx~~ I hear about you taking over the Republican Party? I must say I was chagrined that an old Rover could desert to the enemy, but I trust you are merely ~~xxx~~ acting as a Trojan Horse for ^{wr} ~~the~~ Originals.

About that time Chief saw that the joke wasn't going over, and he said more seriously, in any event, Dinny, I've been very proud to hear of your distinguished career.

Ten Can and when they were sacked out Chief began asking ~~after~~ the news. It wasn't news to me, since during the months of correspondence the gaps had been filled in for me but I hadn't had a chance to tell it all to Chief. Sherpa ~~Ed~~ Tom was a geologist, a professor at the University. Sherpa Ed was also a geologist, but hadn't been able to come, being in Alaska. Memsahib had married outside the Rovers and moved to ~~the~~ Chicago. Then they all talked for awhile about Sahib, and Chief remembered a few anecdotes from Italy that had never gotten home, and of course Sherpa Sis had a few things to tell Chief, from ~~about~~ Sahib's letters home before he was killed.

About that time Sandy and Orphan Annie rolled into camp and of course they were not strangers to ~~me~~ ^{Nelly and me} since Sandy is our family doctor but Chief frankly ~~stated he was~~ puzzled until Sandy yelled, Arf! About then Orphan Annie was ~~unlimbering~~ unlimbering their infant child from the pack on her back and Chief recognized her instantly. It really would be hard to mistake that freckled face and as a matter of fact she's just as lean and strong as when she was a Rover. ^{and a Lady Marine} Hardly any other Rover but me can make that claim. While Nelly was passing around the cups of Punch and helping Orphan with the baby Sandy and Chief went into a discussion and I remember Sandy

saying how much his folks, and Annie, and everyone, appreciated the chapter about Jack Armstrong.

If it hadn't been for me he might have missed the camp I knew from his letters what to expect. altogether. Nobody else spotted him or even recognized him. But I yelled up toward the Pass, Flash! Down here! Chief caught the name and was on his feet to help him get his pack off. Because Flash was pooped. He was so pooped he looked sick. He had put on a lot of weight, and hadn't hiked for years. He had come all the way from ~~Connecticut~~ Connecticut and that in itself was impressive. For obvious reasons he hadn't brought his family. He ^{is} was doing very well, and ^{is} was a big mucky-muck in an insurance company. He still skied ⁵ once in awhile, though he frankly admitted ⁵ somehow he could never get too excited about New Hampshire. Or even skiing, once it became ^{a mob} the sport ~~of the mob~~. Once Nelly had him full of punch and he had his wind Flash didn't seem so fat anymore. He began to go on at a great rate telling Chief about the skiing in Colorado during the war, ~~xxxxxx~~ and some of the great runs he ~~xxx~~ and Tarzan made. But he didn't know anymore about Tarzan and Me-Jane than I'd been able to find out during the spring. They moved around a lot after the war, and he'd had a few Christmas cards from places like Chamonix and Sun Valley. Apparently they had no kids, and no particular career. They were still ski-bumming.

skiing in mountains by yourself practically alone, the Rover way, is our thing. Skiing all the woods is cut in the mob is something else

It was getting into twilight and Chief made some small remark about wishing them well, wherever they are, and Flash hoped they were still running as fast as when the three of them won the Team Race two years in a row. And that led into ~~xxx~~ memories of the Silver Skis, and Buck. Flash talked a lot about Buck, and I learned more about him that night than I'd ever known before.

But while I was listening I was worrying, and watching. Then there they came! It was a whole gang, and even in the half-dark nobody could mistake that laughter. That was the Foggy Dew Beer ~~xxx~~ Drinking and Sack Warming Society, no question of it! Chief ^{sprinted up the trail to meet them and} whirled Sister Kate into camp and in a way it seemed a miracle he recognized this fat lady after twenty years. Bottles hadn't changed a bit except once he got into the firelight we could see he was completely bald. It was so late Bottles was worried about supper but I'd had Nelly ^{make an extra batch of} ~~save some~~ Rover Guck in case they made it to camp late, and so Chief was able to quiz them to his heart's delight while ~~Kate and~~ Nelly fed their five kids.

Everyone else had eaten long since, of course, and Oola had been brewing several Ten Cans of tea, and so we all were drinking tea in the night when the conversation got around to Peerless, and ~~his absolutely unnecessary~~ ~~with~~ death. About now Minny should have been plunking his guitar, but once he

All the jokes about Sad Sack weren't funny. Actually the Army killed the real Sad Sacks, like Peerless. The War didn't kill them. The Army did.

Minny

and his

"

little

big Roof Guitar
Mountain Guitar

"Sittin' down"
"High Country"

got off McNeil Island Min dropped out of sight for awhile. Bottles wasn't laughing when he told how he and Kate used to get things in the mail, without any explanation. Mimeographed sheets ^{asking for money and} telling about all the Negroes in Africa who have not been redeemed by our Lord, and that sort of thing. Then several years ago they ~~xxxxxx~~ heard that Min was in South America. ~~xxxxx~~ Last year there was a news item that hadn't meant anything to me at the time, about a party of missionaries who had disappeared in the jungle. No names were mentioned and Bottles had tried to find out the names but Min's folks were dead and he had never been able to get an answer from the letters he wrote to the church that sponsored the mission.

Brazil or
Ecuador or
some
country
like that

We were all getting pretty solemn by then. Some of us from memories. And some just from being pooped. But kids began to squall and various mothers had to go change diapers or arrange more advanced toilet facilities or just say goodnight or stop quarrels.

The diversion was good for a few laughs from some of us fathers and mothers, but when all was calm in the kiddy-quarters the campfire seemed even quieter than before.

Sitting there ^{it seemed to me plainly} I could hear Min's guitar, and Chief's recorder, and it seemed to me Oola was out there in the darkness beyond the firelight. Somebody, I think it was Flash, murmured, whatever became of Oop? But when nobody volunteered

an answer ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the thing wasn't pursued.

We had a good big ~~big~~ gang of Rovers there at Cusswold, twenty-~~five~~^{three} of us. The last time the Rovers were at Cusswold there were twenty-four, so we^{holding our own, almost} were gaining. We were gaining, but along the way we'd lost Buck and Moon and the Katzenjammers, and Jack Armstrong and Tarzan and Me-Jane and Peerless and Min and Sahib and Memsahib and Sherpa Ed/ and Oop. Oop was the only one not accounted for, but when nobody among the Originals offered to explain ^{him} (the other Rovers took the silence. Twenty years is a long time, when you come right down to ~~it~~. Nobody lives twenty years without finding out ~~there are~~ some things that change that nobody involved wants to talk about.

	Foxes	Other Originals	Everesters	Apes	All Americans	Foggy Devils	Katzenjammers ^{-?}
1961	6	4	2	1	3	7	0 23
1941	2	5	5	3	3	4	2 24

THREE --- Six

The weather was absolutely ridiculous. ~~It wasn't Cascade weather at all. It looked suspiciously like weather shipped in from Arabia.~~

In the morning I accused Chief of throwing his weight around Washington and getting some Arabian weather ^{Smuggled} shipped in by way of a diplomatic pouch. He denied it, he said he hadn't been able to arrange anything in Washington what with the confusion of the new administration, he'd had to go through the United Nations.

Cussword was wild that morning. After scuttling silently off to bed the night before everybody awoke in the blast of dawn just out of their minds. The kids, of course, got us out of the sacks at dawn. First the kids, then the mothers, then the fathers, and anybody who can sleep after that is just asking for somebody to shovel dirt on top of him and erect a headstone. We Rovers were quite unpopular around Cussword Pass that Sunday morning. There were some fishermen who had been boozing it up all night long and just barely ~~mix~~ passed out when the young Rovers started yelling. I could hear their filthy ^{fisherman-type} language a quarter mile off. There were ^{several} ~~xxxx~~ Clubbers in the Pass and on their way to ^{Tragic} Magic they detoured down to cuss me out, ^{gosh darn} ~~goddamn~~ you Kayo, they yelled, we expected a quiet sackout weekend on Magical and now you bust ~~mix~~ us

out of our bags so early we'll probably have to climb Rover Peak instead, ^{gosh darn} ~~goddamn~~ you Kayo! ■ But when I told them what all the fuss was about they stood there paralyzed. They were good kids, they came into the Club in the shadow of the Musketeers and are now trying to match the Musketeer record. But since the Musketeer record is only a pale imitation of the Rover record, when they realized this was a Rover Reunion their jaws fell open. I felt sort of like a guide at the Vatican. Yes, that's the Chief. And there is his sister, Oola, and that's Dimmy, and on our right we see the 1950 Mount Everest Expedition, and in the distance Bottles and Sister Kate, and here we find the Last of the Apes, Flash Gordon, and so forth.

They were impressed, and they'd have loved to stay with us, ^{and I wish they could have,} but ^{they} knew it would not be right so they went off to Magical.

With all the kids and the complications I don't know what would have happened that day if the Chief hadn't been there. I suspect we'd have still been finishing off breakfast when it was time to start dinner. But Chief was romping around the heather, kicking snowpatches, smelling the air, and then he came into the center of the chaos and announced ~~that~~ the Rover Target for Today ^{is} ~~was~~ to get at least out of sight of camp.

Everyone cheered, and Chief started out of camp. Me and my gang, of course, had been ready ^{for} ~~at~~ the trail for two hours so we joined him ~~and I put him on the~~ ~~xxxx~~ old ~~mine~~ trail

Sahale

up Sahale Arm. One at a time like Flash, or in explosions like the Foggy Dewers, the Rovers followed us. It was a very disjointed climb, what with sudden halts for toilet purposes and children getting stung by hornets and falling off the trail and various ~~μ~~ adults flopping into the flowers exhausted.

But by early afternoon we were all up on Sahale Arm, ^{Sahale} and some were collapsed so deep in the green meadows you couldn't even see them, and others were romping around, some almost to the glacier, and as a matter of fact Moon and Frank climbed Sahale and Boston, and still they were back down in time for a late lunch, all we surviving Rovers ~~x~~ eating lunch on Sahale Arm.

All of us looking south to peaks we had climbed. Closest of all, of course, the peaks of the Glory ²⁰³⁵ Expedition. But there wasn't any old Rover who couldn't find a peak he had especially enjoyed. Just as when we were all stacked like sardines on top of Sahale, twenty years ago, yelling out the names of peaks.

We fooled around in the meadows until Cussword Pass, below, was already in early evening shadows. Moon and Frank even had time for a side trip down to Dubious Lake and back, and still we were ~~xxx~~ sitting there, watching the sun go down toward the Pacific. Or Puget Sound actually.

Green +
Big Forest Whisper
and all the
Crisco
Monty
Group.

It was almost night ~~when~~ we family groups got our ~~fires~~
~~or our stoves going and~~ supper^s underway. We had a campfire
afterwards, but it was so late and ~~most~~ everyone was pooped,
either from the hike or from laughing so much. Nobody had
laughed so much the whole day as Chief. Any little thing at
all set him off. And everytime he laughed there were plenty
of Rovers around to join in.

Even though I hadn't done anymore than ~~walk~~^{climb} 1500 feet
above Cussword I admit I was pooped. I don't even remember
much about the day. I know the night before I'd had some sort
of idea of seeing how Dinny-Dan made out, and Oola^{-/2.000-} but I
was laughing so hard all day long it slipped my mind.

Just before I fell asleep I remember thinking that the
fishermen are gone and the Clubbers and here at Cussword there
are just us Rovers. I was starting to laugh but it was too
much effort so I snuggled up to Nelly and passed out.

I mean, seeing the Chief after 20 years, this was enough. Talking to him, and He had a changed. Bring in the newspapers and all, that was just our Chief. — Like me bring a Big Gun in the Club. It was only what we deserved. But it was swell to know we were ^{as} important as we thought we Rovers

THREE - Seven

~~THREE - Seven~~

We had Cussword to ourselves Monday morning. ^{What} ~~Maybe it~~ ^{Some of the response was off} ~~was the energy expended on Sahale Arm, or maybe that the~~ ^{and it} ~~fishermen weren't yelling around until dawn, but the kids~~ ^{all night} ~~were all quiet.~~ ^{slept like a matter of fact, slept} ~~They slept, every one, until the sun hit~~ ^{baked us out of our} ~~camp. And there was nobody who tried to stir them out of their~~ bags.

We were still working on breakfast, some of us when some of us were starting on lunch. Chief just circulated around from one family camp to another and obviously didn't give a darn whether we left camp or not. So neither did anyone else.

Anyway one trouble about Cussword is that there is only one nice meadow-walk to take from there, up Sahale Arm. Any other trip is a climb. And aside from me and my Foxes, none of the Rovers climb anymore. So we spent all day Monday just sauntering around Cussword, and it was a gay group.

Nobody got more than a few hundred feet from camp and Chief.

Because he won't do anything. At least he's honest.
Because he ~~has~~ doesn't need to be cracked,
Honest, do nothing Republicans; cracked, mild Democrats;
that's why I gave up politics

I know Dinny want do what a mayor
ought to do - lower my taxes and
build me a spending to work. But
I know Dinny want take payoffs from cracks.
He'll be a typical good mayor. He want do anything bad.

After supper I strolled up to the Pass by myself to see the sunset. I sat on a rock above the Cussword Valley, quite awhile. ~~ixxxx~~ I was over the hump from our camp so it was quiet and peaceful, which was nice for a change, frankly. Thinking about the Rovers in camp it was interesting to remember them as they were twenty years ago, and now. Actually they haven't turned out bad at all. Maybe we would have been depressed, twenty years ago, knowing how things would turn out. Knowing the Everesters wouldn't get a crack at Everest, the Apes wouldn't ^{win} compete in the Olympics and so forth. But take Bottles and Kate for example. They've never done anything spectacular in life, except Bottles did a fine job building our house, ~~and a lot of others~~. But they're certainly a gay group. ~~Me, as long as I've got Nelly and the kids and the Cascades, I'm happy.~~ And Flash is successful and Sandy ^{doing} and the Sherpas are having a fine time geologizing. is an excellent doctor. Naturally I can't get too excited about Dinny as mayor, ~~and~~ but somebody has to be mayor ^{I guess}. It's been so long since Oola became Anne even that doesn't matter as much as it once did. The ^{Rovers} ~~ones~~ we lost along the way, well, I don't know of any one small group of friends that was hit as hard by the war but there was the old Rover eagerness. No halfway measures with the Rovers. And as a group, we have our place in history. Nobody who ever climbs in the ^{Cussword's} Cascades will ever forget the Rovers. Then there is always the Chief. That was one place we were right, twenty years

And the Chief told us it was a Good Fight

ago. We expected the Chief would be famous. In the Rovers, in the war, as a writer, as a diplomat or whatever you call his work with the Foundation, whatever he does he does the best. Even though his letters and magazine articles have sounded solemn and a little tired sometimes, ^{recently} he's still only forty, and being talked about for a post in the State Department. Forty is very young in that league. It's not at all impossible to think of the Chief as President, or Secretary of State.

Sitting on the rock above Cussword in the sunset I felt pretty darn good. Everything was better when the Chief was around, just as I'd hoped. I seemed more important, too. I couldn't help puffing up a bit, looking at the Eiger, which we'd climbed ~~farx~~ on the Glory Expedition. And ~~Verbotengipfel~~, which was a second ascent, and a first ascent by route for us, and ~~Eldorado~~, another first by route. At the time it just seemed a marvelous rat-race. It wasn't until I joined the Mountain Club I realized it was an epic trip. And now the Chief made it seem even better, more important.

Just before I started down to camp I saw some hikers on the ~~Switzerland~~ trail a thousand feet below the Pass. For a second I wondered if maybe my letter had gotten through to Tarzan and Me-Jane, or if Sherpa Ed had come back early from Alaska and was bringing his family in. Then I realized ~~it was~~ it was too impossible. Just another bunch of

kids coming from the east to
our Cusswords, spending ^{ten times as much} dough
for this one trip than we old
Rovers spent on all our trips

Ivy Leaguers on their long vacation

x fishermen or maybe some ~~Eastern~~ climbers. It wouldn't be local climbers, ~~xxx~~ hiking in on Monday. I was disappointed that we wouldn't have Cussword to ourselves, but at least we'd had it to ourselves one night, just as in the old days.

When I got back to ~~the~~ camp the evening fire was underway. Bottles had taken charge and as his special ^{surprise} contribution had ~~produced~~ manufactured a Ten Can of Foggy Dew, which turned out to be lemonade with a booster shot of vodka.

It's amazing it never occurred to me to combine alcohol with mountains. ~~Not too much alcohol, Bottles hadn't come up to blast the week away, but~~ after a cup of Foggy Dew the fire was marvelously ~~xxxx~~ bright and it was simply grand that we Rovers, we wonderful Rovers, should be together again. Bottles started up the singing, and it was incredible we should all remember so many of the songs. It was the folk songs, of course, that attracted the hikers I'd seen in the valley. They turned out to be a gang of teenage boys and girls from ^{eastern Ivy-type} ~~Yale and Radcliffe~~ and schools. ~~It like that~~ They ^{an encampment of} bounced into our camp expecting to find ~~a bunch of~~ teenage ^{from California} ~~eastern~~ climbers and what they saw was a ^{slum} bunch of ragged old men and women, ~~with their unfortunate slum~~ and drunk to boot. So they turned away rather sternly and camped as far away from us as they could. ~~ix~~ We had a big chuckle over that. If they had known one of those ragged, drunken old men was the Chief they'd have dropped their teeth.

the far-out schools in California
their slum kids
(very big)

There was just enough Foggy Dew to loosen us up, but we kept on singing, though sometimes only a few were singing while others carried on private conversations around the fire, until a song would start up that ~~we~~ ^{private} caught our fancies, and then we'd join in. After the Foggy Dew we tapered off on tea, and so another activity was going off for private walks in the darkness.

Chief and I happened to feel the need about the same time, and we walked up behind a clump of trees. Then ~~then~~ what with the soft music and the circle of light just beyond the trees and down the hill, and the black shapes of the peaks, and the millions of stars, we didn't go back immediately. We stood there for awhile looking up and around, and listening, ~~and thinking~~.

I don't ~~we~~ think we'd have said a word, but suddenly there was a commotion ^{right} at the summit of the Pass and from the people tumbling around it was obviously a party of fishermen arriving ^{and carrying right on the trail.} Also the Eastern climbers about then were settled into a camp on the ~~the~~ spur leading up to ^{Hiccups} Muddle from the Pass, and they were beginning to sing folk songs. Different ones, though, ^{our} from ~~the~~ bedraggled old Rovers, and with much sweeter voices.

It was a comical moment and we both laughed, but not ~~out~~ loud. Chief said, well, Kayo, time passes. Nothing is as it once was. Probably it never was.

fishermen spotting a garbage dump and camping in the middle of it to feed at home

that wasn't even invented 169

I couldn't say it well, but the Chief immediately got my idea when I told him how many times I'd been depressed here at Cussword, seeing the garbage and the fishermen, and feeling that nobody really had a right to Cussword but Rovers. Not only because of the Reunion, but the Glory Expedition. And they didn't even keep the names we put on the peaks. The Clubbers and ~~mix~~ dirty miners came and ignored our names.

I could feel Chief understood. Suddenly he asked if I'd had any recent news from Oop.

Well, all of a sudden I wanted to sit down and talk about Oop to the Chief for a few hours, but I started a couple sentences and then said I hadn't heard from him or about him in years.

Chief didn't say much more. But I felt a bit chilled there, in the night, listening to him. Because he was saying things he hadn't said in any of his books or articles or speeches or letters. I'd never been this close to Chief. I'd always been close, at least I always felt close to him, but never before had he said things to me that he'd never ~~told~~ ~~about~~ ~~anyone else~~ *written about in some book or article.*

First of all he talked about Moon. He told several little stories of their old days together in the CCC, and sweating out the rebuilding of the Model T and the A. Then he switched to Oop for no reason I could see, and talked about their letters, and one time when he and Oola and Oop were

together in New York, and this was a meeting I'd never heard about before.

I don't know how long we might have talked but ~~WXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ a guy came out of the fisherman camp and staggered down the trail a few feet away from us and we heard the singing stop around the Rover camp and some excited conversation. Apparently there was some problem with the fisherman so Chief and I started down to see what was up.

Some things you never forget. I remember how the Chief sighed, just before we started walking, and said, you know, Kayo, I'm supposed to be in ~~Paris~~ ^{Washington getting ready for the conference in Paris.} this week, But I had to come here. It's been lonely, Kayo. Losing Moon, that was like losing a brother. Oop was ~~quite~~ the closest thing to a son I've ever had, and I lost him. And Oola, well... the thing is Kayo, there aren't many Rovers in the world. Year after year of working for what I believed in, then year after year of working to find something to believe in, or people to believe in. After twenty years I realized the only ~~the~~ people I have ever fully believed in were the Rovers. You did a ^{great} ~~magnificent~~ job rounding them up, and I'm not disappointed. I'm going to give them hell in Paris next week, Kayo.

Those weren't his exact words but they are pretty close. Because I was already thinking how much I was going to enjoy the news from Paris next week knowing that we were ~~a~~ making it here, tonight, at Cussword Pass. And when we got to the fire ~~there~~ a terrible thing had happened. That was no fisherman who broke up the singing, it was Oop.

He said it better than that

Eight

THREE -- ~~Seven~~

who broke up the music

It was Oop (and he was pacing around the fire, talking very loud, obviously very drunk. Whatever he was saying he stopped when we arrived. He stopped and raised his arms and cried, hail to the Chief! And he made so much noise about it that most of the mothers in camp immediately left to quiet their children. The fire had died down and I couldn't see the faces of people in the circle. Oop grabbed Chief, or maybe it was the other way around, and they sat or fell down on the far side of ~~nearly halfway around the fire from me.~~

Mintygreen
for
President

The way Nelly leaned against me, trembling, I knew just about what had been happening. I couldn't hear what was going on with Chief and Oop, and those around them, which included Oola and Dan. But ~~Sandyxxxx~~ I remembered Sandy and Orphan had been there, and now they were both gone. I put my arm around Nelly and we hugged each other and stared into the fire and hoped everything was all right. But from Nelly's sudden shudders I knew it wasn't.

Oop was over there, beyond the ~~fire~~ heap of ~~embers~~ embers, and it was the same crazy laugh I remembered from ten years ago.

It was five or six years ago I read that Oop's father had died. I'd never known him well, but ~~for~~ on some impulse I went to the funeral. Probably because I expected Oop would be there and I hoped he would be okay.

He wasn't ~~xxx~~ there but somehow I got involved with his mother. I didn't know her either but she knew me because she dragged me out of the line and hung on me and sobbed on my shoulder and wanted to know if I'd heard from Oop.

I was so shocked I couldn't say a word and she told me how they hadn't heard from Oop for two years and didn't know where he was. She kept sending letters to his last address and sometimes they were returned and sometimes not so she didn't know if Oop was getting any of them and not answering, or whether he was dead or alive or anything. She'd been praying for her only son and burning candles and asking him to see a priest or come home or at least write a note that he was alive. *How his father just wasted away and died of a broken heart.*

All I remember about Oop's father is he was a quiet and scrawny old guy, about half the size of Oop's mother. He was ^{had} always grey ~~in the~~ face. The only times I remember him seeming to be alive is when we were a day or so overdue from a ratrace, and then he and Oop seemed to be great buddies.

But frankly after that funeral I didn't care to think about Oop or his folks. It was such a dreadful situation ⁱⁿ every way. When somebody, maybe it was Oola, or Melly, I don't remember, pointed out to me last month that Oop's mother had died it was just information I didn't need or want. There wasn't anything could be done about it and after tussling with her at the funeral I didn't want to ^{see} remember Oop's mother. Therefore I didn't remember her until I saw Oop.

*all laid out
in a coffin
173 propped up
with cosmetics*

Nelly and I sat there hugging each other by the fire. A couple times there was noise from our daughters but obviously Moon and Frank weren't asleep, they kept things under control.

Everyone else was gone, and there wasn't anything from the fire but an occasional crackle and flare. But ~~one~~ flare showed there were only ^{four} ~~two~~ people left, and three of them were carrying one of them away from the fire. He was still making noise but no words.

Even after a day of doing nothing but walk up to the Pass I felt pooped. Nelly and I dragged over to our bags and I don't even remember going to sleep.

THREE -- Nine

There was quite a ~~widespread~~ ^{heck} movement to get the ~~hell~~ out of camp Tuesday morning. From what Nelly told me Oop had been so ~~incoherent~~ most of the Rovers couldn't make anything from what he said but they knew it was unpleasant. Bottles was out of camp at the crack of dawn with his crew, headed over to Dubious to try the^f fishing with his oldest boys while Kate and the three younger kids had a picnic on ~~Sahale~~ ^{Salami} Arm. Everyone else headed up toward the ~~Magical col~~ ^{Cash Col} in family groups, ~~stopping at various points along the way~~. I looked up Chief before we took off. He thought he'd better stay in camp. Oop was still out but he'd be waking up sometime, probably. Oop was where they'd laid him out, wrapped up in a blanket, ~~and a tarp~~, which turned out to be ~~practically~~ all the gear he'd brought ~~except~~ a bottle ~~which~~ the Chief decided to take into custody.

We passed Anne and Dan not far above camp. I considered striking up some kind of conversation about the terrific weather but it was a pretty ~~work~~ ^{there} stone-faced group so we hustled on. We roped up into the three teams of Foxes at the ~~glacier~~ ^{descent to Mudd}. Sandy and Orphan decided this was far ~~enough~~ with their infant, and sacked out in the rocks. ~~Because~~ Flash was making heavy weather of it we caught up with him and the Sherpas just below the col. We had lunch together in the col, and talked about the mountains, and didn't say a word about what was down in Cussword. Mainly to have something to do the Sherpas climbed ~~Magical~~ ^{Tragic}. Moon and Frank and I amused ourselves ~~trying a new route~~ ^{on Cash (mag)} but since we ~~didn't have any hardware along~~ ~~turned back~~. Down in the col

Not for (circumst)
but for training
And those actually
could
even
swallow up a
Tiny Fox.

in the face and cackled, ~~and~~ whose little boy are you?

Dan Three buried his face in Anne's side and Anne didn't move a muscle. Neither did Dan. He stood like a marble statue with his fists clenched and that's the only thing that showed what was going on inside of him. ^{I don't know. Maybe} But Oop saw the fists and didn't push his luck. ^{Anyway} He suddenly turned and staggered and cackled out of camp.

Those of us who knew had never said ~~xxxxx~~ a word, or even admitted ~~xxx~~ it to ourselves, hardly. The Rovers who didn't even suspect, but knew in a vague way everything was wrong, sized it all up then. Seeing Oop and Dan Three face to face explained everything.

Then everyone hurried off to their family camps. Chief ^{got up} ~~rose~~ from where he was still sitting by the fire circle, very slowly. I sort of drifted in his direction and when he turned to me he looked weary, the way his letters had been sounding, not the way he'd looked since he got off the plane. I didn't ask but Chief said, no, I still have the bottle. He's cold sober. With that he followed Anne and Dan ~~to~~ and I noticed from glancing that way that he did all the work of cooking supper, and except for the kids ^{was} the only one who ate any of it.

THREE -- Ten

There seemed a chance Oop ~~would~~^{was} had vanished for good. Nelly and I were ~~serving~~^{dishing out} up supper to our group, rather tense, when Oop heaved out of the shadows and flopped in the heather by us. It was too dark to see him clearly but the way he was breathing made me suspicious and when the breeze shifted I got a whiff. Obviously he had stashed a bottle ~~xxxxxxx~~^{was gone} before descending on us the night before.

~~But~~ I didn't want a scene in front of the kids so I played it cool and casual. I asked how he was and he said great, how are you Kayo, Kayo the Fox? I said we were getting by, still dodging. That tickled him, he laughed and said over ~~and~~ and over, Kayo the Fox, Foxy Little Kayo! And Little Nell, pretty little Nelly, only ~~she~~ Nelly doesn't like me very much since the time Dinny trampled on my face! I broke in with a jocular remark, ~~about~~ easy does it, Oop, not all the foxes are little. ~~Our Moon here~~ is such a giant we've had to raise all the ceilings in our house.

Oop didn't seem to know what I was talking about, and then he saw Moon and cracked. He giggled and rolled over on his face and pounded his fist in the heather. He yelled, Christ! Kayo, ~~how could you? You know what the skull-thumpers would say about this? I reminded him that nobody was thumping my skull.~~ Said he, ~~was~~ fairly calm, you're right, Kayo, you're okay, Kayo. You're doing fine and it makes me proud. Speaking of the Moon, Kayo,

you're incredible!
You ought to be in
a textbook!
Nobody would believe
it!

I understand you are almost there. I'm very happy for you. It always bothered me the way you were building bigger and better bombers to carry bigger and better bombs. That was a cheap attempt at revenge, Kayo, it was beneath you. Now that you're building rockets I feel a whole lot better. Go, Kayo, go! Go to Big Brother Moon! He's up there in the sky, Kayo!

I know I should have been furious, and jumped on him and starting with my old New Jersey groin kick gone on to kill him. But the way his voice just barely held together, and the small half-sobs that were mixed in, kept me from being angry. But Nelly took the girls off to bed. ~~xxxx~~ Moon and Frank were poised, ready for what ever I said for them to do. I asked them to rustle up wood and also we were low on water for breakfast.

I asked Oop how he'd got up here to Cussword. That brought him out of his silence, but ~~xxxxxxx~~ now though he was ~~a~~ still drunk he was ~~xxxx~~ fairly quiet, ~~or at least wasn't making the girls cry.~~ What he said, ~~xxxxxxx~~ as close as I can recall his words, was, well, Kayo, ~~you probably know~~ the old lady died ~~last~~ ^{couple} ~~month~~ ^{ago}. I didn't hear until a couple weeks ago when a Blackrobe bailed me out of the can in ~~San Fran~~ ^{Frisco}. That's what gripes ~~my ass,~~ ^{me,} that practically all the dough went into candles and masses and ~~the Blackrobe Private Eyes~~ ~~app~~. The bail came out of the estate too, naturally, but I drifted up on the chance something was left. Christ! There was ~~hardly~~ enough left ~~xxxx~~ to keep me ^{in cigarettes for} ~~on the Beach~~ a year. ~~And~~ to get that I had to confess and do penance. The old lady had it all in her will. So, ~~shit,~~ while I'm around town confessing and doing penance and ~~xxxx~~ so forth all of a sudden the papers

I suppose I should have killed him but I got mad. I couldn't even feel sad and depressed.

announce good old Chief is coming home. Wow! But I got to hand it to you, Kayo. I was out one night trying this lousy 4% brew the taverns slop out in this crumby state and after several hours managed to get fairly relaxed. It was in one of those joints on the edge of the sanitary half-mile beyond the University campus. I'm sitting there and what do I hear but a crowd of kids talking about you, Kayo the Fox! You must know them, they are Clubbers, and the way they talked about you I thought it must be some incredible coincidence until they brought in words like Rover and Chief and so forth. Then they started talking about a trip into the Pickets they were planning and how they had asked you but you couldn't go, you were going on a family trip to Cussword. God, Kayo! You must be about the biggest man in the ~~xxxx~~ Cussword Mountains, doesn't it make you feel big, the way the children adore old Kayo the Foxy Rover? ~~Well anyway,~~ it all added up. Chief home. Kayo at Cussword. ~~It was a guess.~~ Pretty shrewd guessⁱⁿ, right?

I didn't interrupt him or answer him, I just let him run down. And he did run down, and was flopped in the dark.

I wasn't mad, I wasn't anything special, but I said, look, Oop, ~~don't you think it would be best for you to go away now, just go away and not come back, ^{why don't} ~~or a long time?~~ ^{never} ~~or a long time?~~ [?] ~~or a long time?~~ ^{oop} —~~

He didn't answer, but after a few minutes he heaved up to his feet and went off into the night.

Oop: You didn't have much left. But you had memories.
No, I ruin the memories. Right? It wasn't worth it! Because of me it wasn't worth it!
If I go away maybe you can kid yourself it was!
Kayo: "Damn it, I don't care if it was worth it or not!
It was fun. This was fun too. Go argue with Chief - I'm sleepy!"

THREE -- Eleven

Hard scratching for wood there at the Pass anyway now. Not like when we could pick up old weathered seasoned logs all around

It was no night for a campfire. Nobody left their family camps for the central fire. I went to bed early, and I really thought it was all over. Not that I was happy about it, ~~xxxx~~ I didn't like to think of Oop staggering down the trail, to wherever he was headed. Or Dan and Anne, or Chief, somewhere around us. But we still had a few days to salvage something, those of us Rovers at the Pass. Maybe there was some hope for Oop. I couldn't imagine what. But then I couldn't imagine how Dan and Anne and the Chief were going to come out, after this. Not to mention Dan Three, who ^{night} ~~someday was going to~~ wonder what it was all about. And Moon and Frank hadn't exactly escaped from all this without a few scars.

Someday he'd try to figure things out and it wouldn't be too hard.

I fell asleep ^{in a hurry} ~~quickly~~. But I had terrible dreams. I woke up with Nelly whispering in my ear. I had been kicking her in my sleep. Not really kicking her, but my legs were moving, and it worked out that I was kicking her. That was a little after midnight.

I awoke, and thought it was another dream, or hoped so, but that was actual real noise. I knew it was real noise, but I only got half-awake before I recognized the noise as Oop. He had taken my advice and gone away, but only as far ~~xxxx~~ as his liquor cache. I know that for a split-second I had a choice. I could jump out of my bag and go help take care of this catastrophe. I decided to go back to sleep.

I thought about it. Then

It probably wouldn't have made any difference one way or the other. When I woke up the first light was coming from the east. I hadn't slept, really, I had just dreamed a few hours. But I couldn't get back to sleep, I lay there not moving lest I awake Nelly, who was cuddled against me.

The thing that spooked the whole camp was a herd of horses thundering up the trail from the Stehakin. They passed ^{right through} our camp ~~a hundred yards away~~, ^{and} but they took an hour to pass, what with stomping and snorting and ~~chapping~~ and wranglers cussing, and ~~conversations~~ and screams of agony and howls for help from a dozen aged ~~and competent~~ ^{fat} men and ^{fat} women mounted on the horses.

Adults might be able to dig deeper in the bag and pretend to ~~xxxxxxx~~ ignore such a racket but there's no convincing infants that this is not a convulsion of nature. Horses don't like mountains and they know they don't belong in the mountains.

~~But there are always middle-aged cowboys and cowgirls trying to extend the frontier, and wranglers willing to torture their ~~xxxx~~ beasts.~~

It was a ~~nightmare~~ day. So far as I was concerned I had no rest at all the night before, the few hours I was asleep were spent dreaming very strenuously. I was worse off than some, maybe, but ~~xxx~~ there were some in such a condition that I felt swell by comparison.

When Oop came staring around the meadows I felt sorrier than ~~hell~~ ^{heck} for him. Whatever he had done, and nobody can forgive most of it, he ~~xxx~~ was such a sick and pitiful guy I darn near busted out in tears. He wandered around, looking up at the sky and down at the heather, his face working every which way. And the way his legs were working obviously he was still half-paralyzed.

It was a ~~scam~~ committee from some bunch in California came up to study the wilderness

Hiccups

He weaved around and then suddenly headed up toward ~~Middle~~.
He went behind a clump of trees and then I spotted him on the
crest of the spur, and then I saw him stand there several minutes
and suddenly ~~dive off the western side of the spur.~~

I recognized the place. I had been to Cussword many times
since the ~~Glory~~ Expedition. But it took Oop a while, in his
condition, to ~~make~~ find it. He was on ^{our} ~~the~~ old Elger route.
Not the one people use nowadays, but the route we took when we
made the first on Elger.

It was crazy. He had no ax, he was wearing ^{street shoes} ~~oxfords~~, he was
a drunk heading for the Elger.

The terrible thing was that nobody cared. I should have
cared. I was really the ~~only~~ only one in proper shape to
go after him. But I watched him go, and when he dropped over
the ridge, I sat down and poured another ~~x~~ cup of coffee. It
seemed to me the best solution after all.

Then Chief walked by us, headed up the spur. I don't think
he blamed me. When he walked by me ~~drinking~~ drinking my coffee, he didn't
look at me at all. He was looking up the ridge, with a sad, stern,
unhappy ^{face} expression. He didn't seem to be disapproving of me or
Oop or anybody. He was the Chief, ^{that's all} ~~of course~~. He was responsible.
He was responsible for everything the Rovers ever did. All the
peaks we climbed. Now he was responsible ~~for~~ for Oop. Even if nobody
needed him or wanted him, Chief had to save Oop.

THREE -- Twelve

I drank coffee until about noon, never moving from our camp, just sitting there. Nelly kept the coffee brewing and Moon and Frank took the girls off and amused them on some cliffs ^{and the snowfield} ~~and~~ ^{boulders}. Then we all had lunch together and afterwards I crawled off under a tree and went to sleep.

It was a good sleep. I didn't dream. Whenever I was about to dream I woke up and heard kids laughing and mosquitoes buzzing around my head trying to get past the fumes ~~of~~ repellent and went back into dreamless sleep.

Not that I ever managed to sleep very deeply. Any little excitement brought me awake. But I ~~am~~ admit it was a crazy sort of sleep. I wanted to escape. Actually the things I was afraid of didn't threaten Nelly or the kids so there was no reason for me to stand up and be a ~~hero~~ hero. There wasn't anything I could do to prevent the things I was afraid might happen. So I slept all afternoon.

Then it was twilight and Nelly had been tip-toeing by every ten minutes for an hour to see if I was still breathing so I made a great production of yawning and stretching. I couldn't have put it off much longer anyway, what with physical necessities. So I went off for a walk by myself, and scanned the horizons, and came back and had supper. I hardly noticed that Nelly had cooked up the best Guck we had carried, a special little supper of

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I guess I refused to dream. Anytime I was about to dream I woke up. But I didn't want to be number 1 either. That's real escape. I would make up my mind to dream. In the middle of the day too.

That took time. We'd planned to surprise the whole group. I'd carried up 3 pounds of salt. But it wasn't an Ice Cream Trip

pumpnickel and Vienna sausage sandwiches. It was very good. The banana pudding for dessert was delicious. Then Nelly handed me a cup of my very favorite mountain drink, hot tea & sweetened with brown sugar. This was a very personal touch. This is a beverage that nauseates everybody else in the world, even Nelly. She has been trying to cure me of the habit for years. And now she ~~gave me the drink without a murmur.~~ actually brewed me up some Fox Tea.

Fox Tea

Awful thing to say. Bot Moon is dead, and Buck, and etc. They did for soon. Oop was overdone. Bot I hoped he would die a Rover. One last time. On Eiger

Something terrible was going to happen, or had happened. There were a lot of possibilities. From the time Oop arrived it was ~~certain~~ ^{sure} there was a disaster coming. We'd been hoping to minimize the damage but now it was beyond control. We could only sit and wait.

Sitting there drinking ~~tea flavored~~ ^{Fox Tea} with brown sugar I went over every memory I had of Oop, from the North Wall of Matterhorn to the Glory ¹⁰⁰⁵ Expedition to the Wedding to now. I knew what Oop had in mind as soon as he turned onto the Eiger route. I hoped the Chief could save something of Oop. I hoped the Chief could at least come back and say Oop had at last been able to climb again. That he had gone up a rock wall with his old Rover spirit, and pushed himself to the absolute limit, and fallen. I hoped that Oop had died a complete ~~Rover~~ Rover.

Oop hasn't climbed since West Virginia. All his ~~hobby~~ ^{hobby} is noise tricks. He should have died a long time ago.

Dinking Sickness Overcome

In the twilight I was sitting there looking up the spur waiting for the Chief and his report. I saw motion. I dropped my cup. The tea was cold anyway. I walked up the ridge.

I cried from a distance of twenty feet, how is he? The ~~answer,~~ ^{was no} just a kind of sob.

I sat down. And he went by, ~~shaking, yes, I think he's~~ ^{half-sobbing} ~~dead.~~

But the guy who went by was not Chief. It was Oop. Not Chief. Oop.

465

THREE -- Thirteen

I followed him and caught him and asked, where's Chief?
 He didn't turn, he kept going, but he didn't know where he was
 going. I grabbed him and yelled, where's Chief? And he
 crumpled in a heap. I rolled him over ~~and his face was cut~~
 and there was dried blood on his ^{forehead and} cheek. Everyone was gathered
 around now, and I kept asking, Oop, what happened? Where's
~~the~~ Chief? What happened to ~~the~~ Chief? He opened his mouth
 and strained as if he was going to barf. His eyes bulged
 and his chest heaved but all that came out were gurgles and
 sobs. He passed out, or seemed to. ~~Sandy~~ But Sandy gave him
 a thorough going over and except for a few cuts and bruises
 there was nothing wrong with him.

468

Accident
 is on
 Garbage Wall
 route
 used
 on
 Glorious
 Expedition

Nobody had to say what to do. I started off up the
 spur at a trot and all the other ^{9:45 were right} men followed behind. I
 knew the route well enough and the others followed ^{me by} flashlight.
 I dropped off the spur and gouged ^{over} along the ^{moraine} sidehill ^{and snow toward} toward
 Eiger, ^{or rather toward Garbage Wall.} tracking their route ~~xxxxxxx~~ from scattered bits of
~~snow and loose scree and mud. Then I lost all the tracks,~~
~~and backtrailed and found they had not gone to Eiger, but~~
~~straight up toward the Triplets.~~

Though I
 left all
 behind

There was a snowfield in the outrun of a gully. I
 kicked to the top of the snow and on the loose rock above
 played my flashlight around. At the top of the talus,
 below the first little wall in the gully, I saw him.

I kicked up
 the snow to
 Garbage Wall I
 crossed the
 moat, the
 left-angled
 ledge, all by
 memory.

Then the
 right-angled
 ledge, snowfield.

~~xxxx~~ I apparently was ^{only} ~~just~~ a ^{second} ~~little~~ ahead of the others. ^{in my thinking}
Suddenly I got up and walked down to the ^{little patch} snowfield, a dozen
feet away. ^{below Chief} I played ^{ed my light} my flashlight all over the snow and
there wasn't a single fresh skidmark from falling rock. A
few old ones. We were all ^{our} playing our flashlights over
the snow then. No fresh tracks.

Modify
for
Gerby's
M4

Then someone broke from our group and started ~~down~~ the
snow. It was Dan. He plunged down the snow without a word,
without looking back. I don't think I'd have done anything.
~~but Sandy~~ ^{grabbed my shoulder and} said, we've got to stop him.

~~Sandy and I~~
~~We~~ took off down the snow together. The other Rovers hadn't
seen Oop ~~that time~~ after the wedding. ^{All} They couldn't believe
~~Dinny~~ ^{knew was} capable of such a thing, easygoing old Dinny.

We caught him ^{at the moment} and he shook us off, ^{which was easy} Sandy said, for
God's sake ~~but~~ Dinny, calm down. Dan kept saying in a tight
voice, not loud or hysterical, just a flat tight voice, I'm
going to hang him to a tree. I'm going to tie a slip knot
around his throat and throw the rope over a limb and hoist him
up and ~~let him~~ ^{I won't break his neck, I'll strangle him} strangle slowly. Sandy kept trying to talk
sense into Dan, and finally I tripped him ^{went down like} and he fell heavily
~~and brushed his hip~~. ^{an old growth Douglas Fir} That brought him back to reason.

~~It wasn't very far, but~~ ^{the whole} We were ~~most of~~ the night dragging
Chief back to camp. Some ^{of us} ~~of us~~ thought we should ~~cut~~
trees and make a stretcher, it bothered us to bump Chief over
rocks. But Sandy ~~gently~~ reminded us it didn't make any
difference ~~to~~ Chief.

He said it so
calmly it was
creaky.
He said it
in the same
voice he'd say
to the
grocer,

That's the thing
about the big guys.
They aren't used to
falling. No, I'm like
an alder. Maybe
you can cut me
down but
have a you
time to
back of a
making me
fall.

We left ~~the~~ Chief ~~a little distance~~ above camp, and
^{we had} ~~went down~~ to get rid of the ^{little} kids. ~~and generally~~ ^{Also we had to} ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxxx~~ break the news to various people. ~~xxxx~~ Dawn
was just breaking. This was the second night without ~~such~~ ^{real}
sleep and everything after that has a weird quality, like
a waking dream.

It would kill a person if he got the whole thing at once, I guess that's why things are still people. We go crazy. Or are stunned.

Sis
Kato + 5
Nelly + 4
Oola + 1
Coph... + 1
Sharp
Bottles
Kase
Ding
Flash
Sandy

The thing is, you cry awhile, and then you sit around hugging each other recovering and then you cry some more and you sleep, and dream, and cry in your dreams, and time goes on, damn

THREE -- fourteen it. In a way you wish you could keep on crying because once you stop you're suddenly a lot

Tragedies like this don't hit you all at once. In a way

~~it's lucky~~ They're just too big to grasp. ~~It's~~ It's been a week now since ~~the~~ Chief died and I still can't believe it. Nelly and I have had some miserable times ^{together} ~~together~~ these days, ~~just as we did~~ when Moon was reported missing.

But last week at the Pass it was such a shock I didn't feel anything but numb. And those in camp, the adults, they hadn't slept either. Sitting up all night by the fire, ~~they~~ ~~wake~~ someone now and then going up to the crest to watch our flashlights, the swift motion over, the ~~x~~ long stop below ^{Garbage Wall} ~~Triplets~~, the slow trip back, what we had to say was no news. ~~I guess it was Orphan that pointed out that if it was just an injury they wouldn't move Chief without a stretcher/ unless it was a very minor injury.~~

I was keeping an eye on Dan, and so was Sandy, because we knew there were two things on his mind. But the second one was postponed. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Anne had been sitting by the fire without moving. Nelly was next to her. I brought Nelly away from the fire and told her ~~quietly~~. She was just settling against me for a few tears when there was a wild shriek and we turned in time to see Anne jump straight up in the air and fall down in the heather, jerk a few times, and go stiff and rigid.

Sandy -
(Arf!)
our doctor -
and knowing all -
close-mouthed. ^{For the} ~~hypocritical~~
Wish Sandy had ^{with} ~~Pro~~
been born sooner.
Wish he'd been an
Original. He's been an
fine Rover but I
wish he could have
been one of us
Originals. Guess I
never gave Jack
Armstrong
enough
credit.

0.15... But you can only stand so much.

Sandy came on the run and so did Nelly and me. He rolled her over gently and her eyes were wide open and staring but she was like a corpse. Sandy said, no she's not dead, ~~just~~ ~~shook,~~ now go away, will you? Orphan chased everyone away except Nelly, and the three of them worked over Anne.

The kids were beginning to stir and that was one thing that had to be taken care of. Kate and Sherman ~~Sis~~ ^{took charge} went to ~~work with the help of Moon and Frank and the other older ones.~~ ^{helped and so they} ~~and~~ ^{with} ~~the other older ones.~~ ^{Bottle's boys.}

I'd forgotten Dan ~~for a bit~~. I'd been keeping an eye on him until Oola flipped, and then I don't remember him ~~and~~ ~~x~~ until all of a sudden I did remember that for the last half hour I'd glimpsed him here and there all around the camp ~~area~~. Because now ~~x~~ he ~~is~~ charged ~~intoxthexfixex~~ up to Kate and bellowed, where is he?

Kate was so startled she just stared ~~xxx~~ up at Dan and he repeated, where is he? Finally she understood and said she didn't know ~~x~~. He'd been sitting in the heather not saying a word and then they noticed he wasn't there anymore. He'd been gone ~~at least~~ two, maybe three hours.

Well, all the time since Chief came home it was the old Dinny, practically. Hardly a word, hardly a quiver, whatever happened just nothing. But from that minute he ~~became~~ ^{was} the Dan ~~that will probably be the~~ ^{Den! No Dinny.} ~~Next~~ mayor of Seattle, ~~if not~~ ^{or} ~~governor of the state,~~ ^{or senator} ~~the~~ ^{Not Dinny.} Dan, that was born the ~~evening~~ ^{night} he married Oola.

Sandy and I stopped him at the meat below Garbage Walk.

Dinny was a night Raven
Dan, he ~~could~~ ^{might} ~~be~~ ^{turn out to} ~~be~~ ^{be} God
if there's an election coming up

Not good old lunker
Dinny. Dan = ~~the~~ ^{the} Dan Dinny 191
~~that~~ married Oola ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~at the~~ ^{at the} ~~reception~~ ^{reception} he turned into Dan.

SPLIT :
To 3-14 1/2

Dan

At first when ~~he~~ started giving orders it didn't seem real. ~~Who~~ Who does he think he is, the Chief? Then, thinking of ~~the~~ Chief a few ~~hundred~~ feet away, lying up there above camp, with no face, it seemed as real as anything does after two nights without sleep, after the whole world has turned upside down and there ^{are} dead people around and sick people, after a bomb has exploded and you're sitting in the wreckage wondering if you're still alive.

Flash, Bottles, Sherpa and ^{me} ~~I~~, we listened to Dan's orders and obeyed. Dan wouldn't use his name, of course, but we all knew who he was talking about. Dan ~~said~~ ^{talked} we are all witnesses to the ^{facts} events preceding the ^{fact} death, and the ^{fact} condition of the ^(being) Chief, and we have ^{fact} medical ^{fact} opinion concerning the cause of ^{fact} the death. There is a material witness ^{to other facts} missing. It will be necessary to question him. In his condition he can't be far away.

lawyer-talk

Dan went on in that way, not hysterical, under complete control. I imagine Flash was ~~amazed~~ because ~~unlike the others~~ ^{being from Connecticut} of us he had never seen Dan on television. ^{From Rover Days} He didn't know ~~until then that~~ Dinny could talk.

Dinny couldn't talk at all but ^{Captain - Governor} Dan talks ^{private officer} in the voice of command. Flash being almost destroyed he was given the easiest job, checking the ~~head of the~~ ^{upper} Stehekin trail. Sherpa ^{Tom} was sent ^{ing} to race down ~~the~~ to the road in case Oop was making for the cars, which seemed ^{very} ~~most~~ likely. Since Bottles wasn't

officer talk.
We were all privates when Captain Dan gave us our orders

in top condition he was assigned to check Dubious Lake, and also keep an eye on the glacier below ~~Magical~~ ^{Tragic} and ~~Muddle~~ ^{Hiccups}.

Dan gave himself and me the toughest jobs. We would go up ~~Sahale Army~~ ^{Salami} and work ^{im} both sides. I would check the east side, above Dubious Lake, and continue to the moraine and ~~then~~ look for tracks on the ~~Sahale~~ ^{Salami} Glacier and also on the glacier leading down into ~~Horseshoe~~ ^{Horsecrap} Basin.

Dan's mind is pretty ~~easy~~ ^{for any prints} to figure out. He saved the west side of the Arm for himself. This was the route the three of us took on the Glorious Expedition, up the Arm and then over to Verbotengipfel.

I set a blistering pace up onto the Arm, hoping to open up room. ~~But Dan~~ ^{split a gut but} kept up. I didn't want to make it obvious, and leave him behind, as I could have done.

When we ~~split~~ split up, on the crest of the Arm, there wasn't a ripple in his face, but I knew that if Oop had staggered instinctively along the route of the Glorious Expedition, as he had when he set off toward Eiger, he was already a dead man.

Like my good
"Officer Captain"
Dan has a
real simple
mind.

THREE -- Fifteen

He wasn't trying to hide. I don't think he even knew where he was. That's all that saved ~~him~~ ^{him from Dan's vengeance} ~~xxxxxx~~, that he just started uphill and kept going uphill until he collapsed. I didn't have to look. I found him on an ~~ice~~ ice-polished ~~xxxx~~ slab below the ^{Salim's} ~~Sahale~~ moraine, with his head in a pool of meltwater, a cold cascade from the snow above spraying ~~him~~ over his whole body. He had drowned himself, that was my first thought.

I pulled him away from the waterfall and he was cold as the grave. When his eyes opened it gave me a start for sure. That skull face and white skin, ice cold, and then the eyes opened.

I asked him if he was all right, and he didn't hear me, his eyes looked right at me but they were focussed on something else about a million miles away. I pulled off his shirt, which was soaking wet, ~~and~~ and the sun was blazing away so soon he was warm and well on his way to being dry.

After ~~xxxxxx~~ about an hour he sat up ~~and put on his shirt~~. So I asked, what happened, Oop? A terrible convulsion shook his body and his face ~~xxxxxx~~ twisted and he looked at me, and for the first time saw me, and he opened his mouth and shook and trembled all over but all that came out were noises in his throat.

I sat with him several hours, and several times ~~if~~ when he seemed calm I asked him what happened and every time it was the same. Meanwhile I was wondering what to do. There was only one thing to do, of course, and that was take him back. He'd have to answer questions. He'd have to tell what happened. And in any event he was sick, he had to go to the hospital.

So I said, let's go now, Oop. And he shrank away from me. I said, come on now, Oop, let's hike on out of here. I touched his arm and he scrambled over the slab into the waterfall and if he hadn't slipped I couldn't have caught him.

I gave up and said, okay Oop, okay, let's just sit here. I offered him a candybar I had in my pocket but he shook his head.

I couldn't drag him back by myself. If ~~if~~ I ~~inflicted~~ started yelling I could get Dan up here, and we could drag him back. Or maybe it would be a matter of ~~me~~ me watching Dan smash Oop into a mess of blood and flesh and bone splinters. ^{like Buck}

I've been thinking about it and thinking about it the whole last week and fortunately Nelly just thinks ~~if~~ I'm brooding about the Chief, and about Oola off in the resthome and all that. But I don't see how I could have done anything else. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Sure, Oop is a genuine so-and-so, and ever since the wedding I've thought so. They

way he acted at Cussword, there's no excuse for that. ^{But} I don't think he murdered the Chief. I just can't ^{believe} ~~conceive~~ that he murdered Chief. But even without that there's always what he did to Oola and Dinny. And the way he treated his folks ~~and so forth.~~

But he was so darn pitiful, up there ^{Sahale} on Sahale Arm. Whatever he ~~may~~ has done, you couldn't help feeling sorry for him.

And what good would it do to ~~kill~~ ^{shoot for} Dinny ~~up~~, and watch Oop get killed and Dinny set himself up for the penitentiary?

So when the time was getting on and I knew it would look suspicious if I didn't come down I shook Oop around until he at least seemed to be conscious that I was talking. Whenever his mind seemed to be wandering or his eyes lost focus I stopped and shook him. I don't know if he heard a word I said. I'll find out this weekend.

I told him exactly what to do. First of all, get some sleep. When it ~~was~~ dark drop down to the Pass. We'd be gone by then. In the clump of trees next to where Nelly and I had camped ~~he'd~~ ^{you'll} find whatever gear I ~~could~~ ^{can} hide without someone noticing. I'd try to stash ~~his~~ ^{your} blanket and rucksack there, and whatever food nobody would ~~notice~~ ^{will} miss. I'd try to put together enough food to last ~~him~~ ^{you} a week, or at least keep ~~him~~ ^{you} alive. An ax, that ~~was~~ the big hitch. Well, I'd ~~have to leave~~ ^{you} my ax, and then ~~say~~ ^{if anyone noticed} in all the confusion

If he was Satan just taking his first dip in the first lake after swimming the swell in Heaven

I left it behind.

Now. I'll also leave a map, with the route marked in. What you have to do is get down to Cussword tonight and pick up the cache and haul back up onto the Arm before morning. Tomorrow drop over into ~~Horseshoe~~ ^{on the little ridge beside the glacier} Basin. The route goes, take my word, I've been there. There'll be one pitch on the ridge ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ but you'll just have to do it. You'd better hole up in the Basin a few days. Watch the skies. Stick close to cover. Don't go out in the open on snow or rockslides or long meadows unless you have a hiding place in mind. A helicopter can slip over a ridge without you even hearing it coming.

I'll mark the route but you won't have any trouble finding the Buckner-Booker col. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Remember this, this is important. The north slopes from the col won't look like the route. It's steep. We belayed When I was there and cut steps ^{several} a full ~~five~~ ropelengths. But you've got to do it. Wait until afternoon ~~of a warm day~~ when the snow is soft. Then do a bellyflop. You remember how ~~to~~ do a bellyflop glissade? If you wait until the snow is ~~XXXXX~~ soft and do a bellyflop glissade you can get down the steep part. But wait in the lower part of the couloir until ~~XXXXXX~~ the glacier is in shadow. You'll have to look around for a good way off the glacier through the cliffs of the lower cirque but don't try to ~~do~~ it in the middle of the day.

Down by the
old cabin
wreckage

You don't
know about
helicopters!

You should. We
invented bellyflop^s
on the Transase.

The rest of the route will be marked on the map. But look out for Park Creek Pass. It may be covered. You may have to lay up ^{in the brush} ~~undercover~~ until night to get around the Pass. And you'd better avoid the trail entirely.

I don't know which way I'll be coming but with any luck nobody will be shadowing me. Either Saturday or Sunday I'll be on the Logan Glacier, but not in the middle. Look for me ^{in the moraine boulders} ~~around the margins~~. And you stay holed up in the rocks on ~~Loganberry Mountain~~ ^{the ridge above the glacier} until you're sure nobody is dogging my steps. You'll have a clear view from there.

That's what I told Oop. It was a ~~big~~ mouthful. I don't know if he heard any of it. ~~And~~ actually I don't care. It would be a lot simpler if ~~he's dead~~ ^{he just} found himself a nice ^{nest} crevasse in the ~~Sahale~~ ^{Sahale} glacier and stuffed himself into it. If he is up there ~~there~~ this weekend then maybe I can find out what happened, and bring him back for questioning.

Oh heck, I don't know if I did right. I had to do something.

That night we got the Chief out. We probably couldn't have made it, all of us so completely shot, but ^{the} Ivy Leaguers came back over from climbing Rover Peak ⁱⁿ the middle of everything. Sandy had shot Oola so full of dope she could walk, with Orphan and Nelly helping. So we all got out that night, and home. ~~But~~ ^{Except} ~~Though~~ Chief ^{He} went to the morgue, ~~and~~ ^{she went back to her rest home.} Oola ~~to a hospital~~. Not all of us got out, Oop was still up there.

#3-17

P 481

THREE -- Sixteen

This last week has been insane. I suppose that's the only reason I'm going through with it. It's not a ~~reasonable~~ ^{smart} thing to do. Helping a condemned killer. ~~Because~~ That's what Oop is. Nobody calls him that, ~~but~~ not even Dan, but every newspaper story and every ~~television~~ ^{TV} " " newscast gives the plain facts as we saw them, and the fact that the only witness to the death is missing, and ~~known~~ ^{thought} to be someplace in the Cascades.

I think every person in the Northwest who owns an airplane has been out flying over the Cascades this week. There's only been one crash, a deputy sheriff from Montana who got lost on his way over Idaho. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

LATER

What makes it particularly grim is all the expressions of sorrow and regret ^{and grief} from Washington and New York and London and Paris and so forth. ~~Just about every helicopter in the United Nations is either over the Cascades now or on its way.~~ The Chief was always important to us Rovers. I never ~~completely~~ realized how ^{was} important he ~~has been~~ to the world, until now.

What chance does Oop have? Every time I turn on ^{TV} television there's Dan, being interviewed. He doesn't accuse Oop of anything, but ^{just says} ~~simply states~~ ^{Oop is the key witness.} that he ~~must be questioned.~~ By the time it gets to New York the tabloids are saying, Mad Dog Killer being Hunted Down! Maybe Oop could get a fair trial

maybe fair find

in Nepal or the interior of New Guinea.

I feel terrible about the Chief. When I got his letter last April the whole world became brighter. And it kept getting brighter until last week. I'll be years just accepting the simple fact Chief is dead, there is no more Chief. But I don't see what all these politicians in Washington and bleeding-hearts in New York and Air Force ^{generals} ~~colonels~~ have to do with it. Much less a deputy sheriff from Montana.

The way they quote him in the papers and interview him on ^{TV} television you'd think Dan was already mayor of Seattle and governor of the state and president, all at once. Dan is okay, but these people don't know that Dan simply isn't that good.

It's not fair. I don't know why I should set myself up against the whole world and meddle in affairs that the Air Force ^{and State Department etc} is mixed into, and that are being talked about all over civilization. ^{Especially} ~~Particularly~~ since Oop is ~~xxxx~~ undoubtedly dead by now, poor guy.

Anyway I'm going through with it. I said I'd meet him tomorrow or Sunday on the ^{Freemont Cheap-Peak} Logan Glacier. If he isn't stunned by all the airplane noise, and not already in the arms of one of Dan's posses, and not in a hole in the ^{Sahale} Sahale Glacier, ^{or canned up below the Buckner-Barker col.} I have to meet him. Because for one thing he'll be half-starved, and he had no fat on his bones to carry him through.

I did all my shopping yesterday. I was very cute about it. I bought the Trapper Nelson at a little sportings goods store in West Seattle. The food and other little essentials I picked up here and there around town, several at a time. I did all this on sick leave, since I'd called in sick as soon as I left home. But Nelly thought I was at work all day. From old and extra gear in our basement I filled in the rest.

So far as Nelly knows I'm climbing with the Musketeers this weekend. But ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ tomorrow or Sunday I'll be on the ^{Fremont} ~~Legon~~ Glacier, and what will happen then I don't know.

Save some of this punch
for later sections of FOUR

(106)

Get
taken
Alexander

~~SEPTEMBER 24~~
OCTOBER 1961

Narration about
October 5 or 6

FOUR -- One

^{pretty ridiculous}
It's all ~~very academic~~ talking about a North ^{ly} ~~Cascades~~
Wilderness Area. The last ^{two} three months if you wanted a quiet
hike in the woods you'd do better trying the Woodland Park
Zoo. ~~ix~~ Things are quieting down now, of course. The
weather is ~~getting~~ miserable and it's no fun ~~to go out~~
hunting criminals in bad weather. Also the ~~NEWSPER~~ public
is getting ~~rather~~ bored and you can ^{it count on} ~~hardly~~ ^{ing} get your picture
in the paper or be interviewed on television just by going
out on a posse. But ~~whitex~~ ⁱⁿ it was fun while it lasted.
There hasn't been anything to compare with it since after
the First World War when everyone was out massacring Wobblies.

Wild Man of
the
Quinn

The first thing that happened, of course, was that every
light plane in the Northwest went out ~~skimming~~ flying around.
Then every person who owned a deer rifle or shotgun went
hiking in the woods shooting at everything that moved.
There were numerous casualties, ~~of course~~ ^{has to be stated as} The deputy sheriff
from Montana was the first, ~~and~~ ^{even though} he cracked up in Idaho.
But before the weather began to turn bad six planes ^{crashed} ~~cracked~~
~~up~~ in the North Cascades alone. ~~Six~~ ^{Seven} people ~~skexkexkex~~ were
killed. This doesn't count the planes that went down in
the Olympics or the Sierra or the Canadian Rockies and the
Great Smokies and other places where ~~Gop~~ was spotted. Or two
planes that are still missing, ~~ix~~ probably in the Cascades.

Invertebrate
Veteran
Blackshirts

The ground campaign was even more lethal. ~~For one~~
~~example~~, ^{just} During one week, ~~in late August alone~~, the week of
Dan's ~~First~~ Extermination Campaign, the ^{Invertebrate Veterans Blackshirts} American Legion
contributed 345 ~~xxxxxx~~ seasoned veterans. Four suffered
fatal heart attacks and one drowned and there were two broken
legs and hundreds of blisters ^{and pulled muscles} and upset stomachs. ^{and delirium tremens} And this
was before they even got into action. Five were shot, two
fatally, and there were many near misses. Most of the
shooting, though miraculously none of the casualties, was ^{during} ~~at~~
the Battle of Lake Anne, where ^{three Blackshirts} ~~six~~ Legionaires ^{held off} ~~survived~~
three hour ~~siege~~ ^{by} eight of their companions who had just
arrived from Austin Pass.

Dan asked the Mountain Club to supply seasoned climbers
and marksmen to patrol the high ~~in~~ country but ~~largely~~ the
Club, partly on my recommendation, decided to stay neutral.
Some Clubbers went out on R posse, ^{15 individuals} ~~normally~~, and there
were other clubs around the country that send ^{official} contingents.
~~But~~ by the end of August the Club officially cancelled all
remaining mountain trips on the various climbing and hiking
schedules. This was after one of the Climbing School parties
ambushed coming down off
was ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~on~~ Monte Cristo by a group of skeet shooters from
Salt Lake City and suffered several direct hits by birdshot,
fortunately at extreme range.

Not everyone was so lucky. A geologist ~~xxxxxx~~
working north of Dome Peak was picked off by a wealthy ~~gix~~ big
game hunter from New York City who ^{was dropped into an ambush by} ~~had hired~~ a helicopter.

refers
back
to
Long
March

Mountain
paratroopers

Shapiro's
grad student

~~to drop him on the ridge.~~ The big game hunter had read up on the Glorious Expedition, which was featured in a national magazine article, and from his experience in Africa reasoned Oop would return to his old lairs. Then there was the Forest Service Ranger out checking a proposed timber sale on the Whitechuck. They dug ten slugs out of him, and what ~~made~~ made it so tragic was that the loggers who ~~got~~ ^{blasted} him would ~~most likely have~~ gotten some work out of ~~the~~ ~~timber~~ ~~sale.~~ ~~the~~ ~~timber~~ ~~sale.~~

The lookout on _____ ~~was~~ ^{hiked} had a narrow escape when he ~~dropped~~ ^{down} ~~into~~ ^{lake} the ~~valley~~ for water, and only because he was in good shape did he manage to outrun the fishermen who ~~chased~~ ~~him~~ ~~back~~ ~~up~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~cabin.~~ ~~They~~ ~~shut~~ ~~out~~ ~~all~~ the windows before one of the fishermen ~~remembered~~ ^{shut out} decided maybe all they had cornered was the lookout.

Most of the war has been carried on by irregular troops ~~without any official sanction~~ but of course they wouldn't have taken up the chase if Dan hadn't been thumping the ~~drums.~~ Dan and anybody else in an official position. Naturally every sheriff in the state has been out in the hills with his deputies, and if there is a law enforcement officer in the whole west who didn't spend his vacation, plus some leave, helping out. Every traffic cop and town ~~cop~~ ^{I'd be surprised} ~~and~~ ~~private~~ ~~eye.~~ The National Guard has been a powerful help, holding training exercises in the mountains, though to be fair they have spent most of their time putting out forest fires set by various others. The Air Force has helped out with helicopters

and carrying out casualties

The Army supported the Extermination Campaign with several thousand troops.

East Guard wouldn't search - just rescue.

AK

HA

and air drops. ~~Unfortunate~~ It's been good training for them, since they aren't used to flying helicopters in the mountains and have learned a lot. The three helicopters they've lost, complete with crews, can be written off to national defense. They've also become much more accurate with their air drops. The first few weeks, flying at 20,000 feet as they were, the navigator would announce to the bombardier that they were now over the Cascades, most likely in Washington, and ~~then~~ they'd pull the pin and scatter rations ~~all over the hills~~.

But by the middle of September when a party on Mount Baker was waiting for supplies the Air Force had narrowed things down so that they usually hit Mount Baker, ^{either} ~~through~~ or Glacier Peak. *Chances were there was a party on Glacier Peak so it all worked out.*

What kept steaming up public opinion was that quite naturally all the casualties were laid to Oop. Every time a plane crashed or a mushroom picker ~~was~~ had his head blown off Oop became more of a villain.

Nobody stopped to think, of course, that during that particular period the Air Force would have dropped three helicopters anyway, wherever they were flying. Or that light planes are smashing into trees and mountains and houses quite regularly, Oop or no Oop. Or that come first day of hunting season there'd have been dozens of deerslayers out in the woods sniping at each other and toppling to the ground from over-exertion. But this year anybody that dies in the woods

dies a hero. Any woods. Because Oop has been all over. The vacation season in the Catskills was ruined when all the New Yorkers evacuated the resorts after Oop prowled the woods. The Governor of Arkansas declared martial law when Oop was in the Ozarks and there were numerous casualties, especially among the Negro population.

But though they tried, no state was able to steal Oop. Washington had him first, and Washington had him after all the others gave up and forgot him.

And in Washington nobody had a firmer grip on Oop than Dan. Even The FBI tried but decided not to push their luck. No cop had a chance. The governor tried to get Oop but decided ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ it was better to make a deal. Dan had a committee going, and the governor gave it semi-official authorization so that in 1964, he will be able to say me, too, when he's running against Dan. The mayor of Seattle hadn't made up his mind about the primaries next spring. Having been in office ^{quite a while} ~~eight~~ years he knew he was under a terrific handicap but it wasn't until September he made up his mind and the political commentators are now spreading the word his great ambition is to be a judge.

I don't mean to say Dan is playing politics ~~with this~~. He wasn't kidding when he set out to hang Oop. But it works out pretty well for him that killing Oop sets ~~xxxxx~~ him up as a certainty for mayor next year.

to
4-3

Or whatever it is
those people
do.

any more
Nobody even talks ~~much~~ about the Chief. They did for a few weeks, but then the State Department and the Senators and the President had other business running the world. When Dan talks about Oop now he doesn't refer to the Chief anymore than he has to. Because it could be embarrassing, sometime, to be ~~xxxx~~ x closely connected to such a far-out liberal. So Dan keeps up the family connection, but mainly concentrates on Justice, which means getting Oop.

Nobody even talks about the evidence. For Heavens sake, who knows more about the evidence than me? I jumped to a conclusion just like Dan did. But there ~~xxx~~ are other explanations for Chief's injuries. Suppose, for instance, Oop was climbing up the ^{Gargoy, both chate} chimney and Chief was following, trying to talk him down. A few rocks come ^{the chute} down, just a few. Several ^{small ones} hit Oop, and give him the wounds ^{we saw} ~~he had~~. One larger one hits Chief in the head and smashes his skull, and that stops the rock so that it doesn't continue into the snow. Chief falls off that twenty-foot step, and hits face first in the rocks. That would account for all the separate wounds.

I just can't believe Oop did it. And even if he did he deserves a fair hearing. If he was caught anytime these last three months he'd never be heard at all. He'd be shot on sight. His only chance is to stay out of sight for months, even years.

I've certainly learned a lot about people since July. I remember Chief saying, that evening when we were closer

than ever before, that he felt lonely, that ~~was~~ there are very few Rovers in the world.

I've found out the same thing these months. The thing is, that among we Rovers the highest honor was to be a good Fox. That's ~~was~~ why I was respected in spite of being a shrimp and completely non-outstanding in everything else. The only reason a Rover could even stand to be a Hound was knowing he would have his ~~chance~~^{turn} at being a Fox, and Hounding was only important ~~just~~ to test ~~(other people or patrons~~^{how good were} as Foxes.

But the world isn't made up of Rovers. The reason all these deerslayers and ~~ops~~^{town clowns} and pilots and big game hunters and skeet shooters and American ~~Legionnaires~~^{Blackshirts} have turned out and spent so much time and money is that they enjoy being Hounds!

They like to run in a pack with all the odds on their side. The greater the odds in their favor the more they enjoy the chase.

I used to think it was ~~just~~^{only} the kids in New Jersey, but the fact of the matter is almost everyone in the world, children and adults, would rather be Hounds.

I've been trying to tell this to Nelly all week. She understands but she still doesn't want me to go. But I have to, and she's accepted it, though she's not happy.

It's not a matter of Oop at all, really. Chief is dead, Dan is going to be mayor, and I am Kayo the Fox.

Kayo hounded
by reporters
too.
Stories about
Rovers.
Expedition
with Clubbers.

~~Don got things started~~
~~Don got things started~~
The ~~Body~~ Arm Patch Body Snatchers

~~His~~ Job sisters looking for
human interest from ~~the~~
Anne ran into Dan.

FOUR -- Two

Every correspondent
checking the
rounds
"what do
about Chiefs
"Great loss."
asking
"you think
death?"
etc.

That ~~last~~ ^{2nd} week of July things were just getting organized.

Every place you looked
Dan was ~~all over the place~~ being interviewed and there were
expressions of shock and grief from all over the world and
Oop ~~was~~ had already been spotted on the summit of Mount
Rainier by one of the guides and also he had been seen in
the Greywolf Range of the Olympics by a party of Boy Scouts.
The deputy sheriff from Montana had already cracked up in
Idaho, of course.

This would all have seemed very amusing to me if it hadn't
been for knowing the Chief was dead, and being almost ^{sure} certain
Oop had died miserably sometime in the last few days. Or
was now dying in agony.

Cheep Peak
Fremont

I couldn't go
back on that.

I told Oop I would be on ~~begin~~ Glacier Saturday or Sunday.
~~I didn't question it,~~ ^{Whether he made it or not} I had to be there. But during the
following week I began to wonder how.

Don got
things started
fast

Actually ^{my} the best route would have been the one I marked
for ^{Oop} him on the map, since it was almost entirely in alpine
terrain. But ^{TV} from watching television I learned the whole
darn Cusword Valley was swarming with population. ~~It was~~
~~like being hit with a club,~~ ^{the} looking at films. Cusword Pass
itself looked like the picnic grounds at Woodland Park on the
Fourth of July. ^{Salem} ~~Sahale~~ Arm hasn't exactly been a place to
seek solitude the last ten years, ^{it} but having been shocked to
see thirty people in those meadows all at one time, ^{me} ~~it hit~~
^{Good gosh!}

The privies were torn down
for firewood.

Seeing on TV

~~me~~ hard to see three hundred people scattering banana peels
and cigarette packages in the meadows!

With my picture scattered all over the papers I couldn't
have got past ~~Marblemount~~ ^{Marblemount} without being ~~noticed~~ recognized.

The Lake Chelan ^{Charlatan} route was out, there was no way to ride
the boat ~~xxx~~ without being conspicuous. Any other east side
~~xxx~~ route was too long for a weekend. There were other
complicated routes from the west side that also were too long.
If I was going to get through at all it had to be the Skagit.

Actually when I left home Friday after supper I thought
it was going to be a routine ratrace, just a tremendous number
of miles on the trail, but no strain for me, Kayo. Maybe
a few dodges here and there, but mostly a matter of bluffing
it out or detouring around a camp.

It was all the congestion on the narrow highway from
Sedro Woolley that first put me on edge. There were about
three hundred times more cars heading into the hills than
normal. The congestion at Marblemount was scary. The three
taverns which make up the town of Marblemount were surrounded
with cars and people ~~trying~~ ^{lined up waiting their turn} to get in the taverns. Fortunately
most of the cars were headed up the Cussword road so when
I made the left turn up the Skagit traffic thinned down to only
about twenty times normal. That is, usually on a Friday night
~~there~~ you see maybe three cars on that road.

Micans
there
up
drooling
straggled
skagits
to high
selling
stock.
Geger
counters

I began to suspect the enthusiasm of the Hounds was growing fast. Much faster than anyone could guess. After all, Dan hadn't even organized his committee by then.

I had enough miles staring ~~at~~ me in the face, ^{as it was} ~~I wasn't~~ ^{Diabolical} happy about it, but if I drove all the way to Diablo Dam I would ~~have plenty of~~ ^{+60 much} company. And if anything went wrong it would be darn hard to deny that I had been to Diablo Dam that weekend, with all the witnesses. So I pulled into the campground below Newhalem, and parked in the most obscure place I could find.

I almost was caught right in the campground. ^{While} Thinking about the route I ~~hauled out and~~ almost walked right into a campfire surrounded by Clubbers who knew me well. Fortunately they weren't spooked, not having been blasted by skeet shooters as yet, and so I got away without being recognized.

It was a long night. ~~I~~ The City Light people hadn't been mobilized yet so I got across the foot-bridge onto the south side of the Skagit. I've heard there is a trail up ^{Bladder} Ladder Creek, but I didn't find it. It was after midnight when I began hacking my way up the brush. I was never lost the whole night, I knew where I was, approximately. But I was a bloody mess when the first light showed me where I was exactly, on the ~~ridge~~ crest of the ridge.

I could have used a couple hours of sleep at that point but instead I rolled down the woods to the ^{Blood} Thunder Creek Trail

and started ~~slugging~~ ^{leaping} out the miles. It isn't as if I was ~~striding~~ ^{carrying} along with a camera and a ~~sandwich~~ ^{just} candy bar. The only thing Oop had up there, if Oop was up there, was an ice ax and maybe a blanket and a tarp and a map. So I was ~~carrying~~ ^{hauling} a complete outfit, plus two weeks food. I would ~~run out~~ ^{make the} ~~with~~ ^{on} a package of lifesavers, if Oop was there.

I was barely warmed up before I almost ran right into a troop of Boy Scouts. I did a hundred yards backward down the trail in a shade under ten seconds, ~~which~~ is a world ~~x~~ record, and then made a half mile detour up the hill, through the brush.

It's darn hard to sprint up a trail under a sixty pound pack when you're asleep. It's even harder when you have to keep your eyes open. Because every time you shut them, there is a Boy Scout troop or a ~~hundred~~ hundred fishermen. Looking back I know it can't be true that for every foot on the trail I spent a hundred in the brush. Otherwise I'd never have made it all in one day.

~~But~~ When the trail began to climb all I could think was, thank goodness, now I can forget people and concentrate ~~xxxx~~ on walking. And I walked and walked, up out of the forest, up into ~~xxxx~~ avalanche greeneries and open hillside trail. And then I became aware of the noise in the sky. I remembered the deputy sheriff from Montana, and as I watched the ~~xxxxxx~~

Supercubs and Cessnas wheel by, enjoying the mild afternoon, not to forget the splutter-machines hovering on every ridge, I remembered the last open switchbacks. Those last slopes where even I would be pooped, and dragging along the trail. So just about the time I had the trail to myself I had to leave it and strike directly through the concealing alder and cedar and green cliffs and wet precipices to the Fremont Glacier.

I am perfectly willing to admit that this was one of the best days a Rover ever had. Not even on the Glorious Expedition was I so pooped. But on the Glorious Expedition I wasn't prodded along by Hounds in the Sky, either.

All I knew was that I had made it. I'd done what I said, I was in the meraine of the ^{Chase Park} Fremont Glacier. When I went to sleep I didn't even remember who I'd told I was going to do it.

To the best of my memory it wasn't completely dark when I flopped in the boulders. It was the middle of the night when I awoke.

The shivering would have woke me about then without anything else. Because it's cold at that elevation in the Cascades at night, freezing cold.

But what I remember was the sound of food being chewed and swallowed.

And half-dead as I was I came up to a sitting position all in a tremble. I didn't shout, but I wanted to, Oop, you made it!

It was so funny I flopped down and laughed and laughed. Oop kept on eating but he chuckled a little. It was sort of a chuckle/. Like his sobs of the week before it came from inside his chest, but it definitely was more of a chuckle than a sob.

Lying there in the rocks under the stars a lot of questions came into my mind. There were a lot of things I wanted to ask Oop. But lying there I noticed that even after he finished eating he still wasn't saying anything. He just stopped eating and flopped against a rock. He was breathing, but that's all. I couldn't see him except as a silhouette. And I'd had a long hard trip in, and this was Sunday morning and I had a lot of walking and dodging to do to get out in time to stop any suspicions at home.

So just like I had the week before on Sahale Arm I sketched in the plan for the next rendezvous, and the plan had gotten more and more complicated all the way up Thunder Creek. But if Oop heard my plan for his escape from Sahale Arm to Fremont Glacier, he could hear this one.

Then I went off to sleep, under Oop's old blanket.

By Sunday night Oop was well on his way to where we would next meet and I had successfully ^{dodged} ~~evaded~~ every Boy Scout and fisherman and was home with Nelly and the kids, in bed in the Neighborhood.

didn't think it would be much fun sitting around a campfire in the meadows, thinking of the Chief. The ocean seemed relatively safe and there was a trip we'd been talking about for some time anyway. We took both cars and parked ^{the Beetle} ~~one~~ at ~~at~~ Lapush and then ~~sixer and six~~ drove south in the station Wagon and spent a week hiking north on the Olympic Park & Ocean Strip. It's not a very long walk so we had lots of time to splash around in the surf and investigate tidal pools and hunt for glass balls and help the girls build the most fantastic sand castles in the history of building sand castles.

It was a darn pleasant week but when we drove home Thursday I was feeling a bit stiff from the lack of exercise and already looking forward to Saturday.

The reason we came home Thursday, ~~was~~ so far as Nelly knew, was that ~~ix and six and six~~ the Musketeers and I were planning to climb _____. It was a trip we had been talking about all winter so Nelly wasn't surprised. She was sort of worried about the shooting but I reminded her we had often made climbs on the opening day of deer season. All you had to do is keep shouting ^{don't shoot,} all the way up the trail, I give up, I surrender, put your deer tag on me and I'll go without a struggle, don't shoot! This stops most deerslayers from taking a shot if the climbing party is large enough. ~~A~~

Star fish
and
water-squirrels

Don't
bother me to
lie to Nelly. This was
my second lie.

Goat-decapitators
Goat scalpers

Deerslayer^s will shoot a lone climber, or even ~~one~~ of two climbers, but if ~~he~~^{they} sees four climbers on the trail he ~~hesitates~~^{hesitates} because there is a chance they are deerslayers and will shoot back.

Naturally Thursday evening both sets of grandparents came to welcome us home. They didn't talk about the war, being pretty busy fussing over the girls, but both my folks and the Mullans mentioned Dan had called, asking where we were. This was rather amazing, since I couldn't remember how many years it had been since Dan had called us on the phone. But there wasn't any message and I didn't particularly care to talk to Dan.

Friday night, when we were just finishing dinner, there ~~was a knock~~ doorbell rang. When I opened the door and saw Dan I about collapsed. I must have looked queer because he asked, what's the trouble, Frank? Well, I recovered quick enough. I made some remark about what with seeing his face ~~every time I turned on television~~ ^{so much recently} I ~~was amazed~~ ^{thought} ~~to see him this far from the studios.~~ The joke didn't seem to ~~xxx~~ strike him as very funny but it was better than saying what was on my mind, that the last time Dan had come to our house ~~xxxxxxx~~ by himself was so many years ago that I'd have to get out a calendar and study it to remember.

Nelly was as startled as I was and ~~xxxx~~ busted into the living room ~~xxxx with a white face~~ and cried, Oola! We couldn't do anything right that night. Dan said, Anne is better. From his face that ~~xxx~~ obviously closed the subject.

Nelly stumbled out to bring coffee, and I wondered what was coming. The boys ~~had~~ ^{found} things to do in the yard and the girls were peeking around the corner. ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{at the great huge monster that scared} It was a bit awkward for a minute but Dan asked how our trip was and I began rattling off details and Nelly arrived with the coffee and helped me out by nodding enthusiastically when I described

Maybe I'd made a mistake and instead of opening the door the TV had turned on

That's my Nelly.

all night, getting

Here mother.

the fun.

But very shortly Dan got down to business. He had come to enlist me in the troops. Since there was probably nobody who knew the North ^{only} Cascades ^{Cassmends} as well as I did I could be invaluable. Also with my prestige in the Mountain Club I ~~might~~ could probably convince the Trustees to sponsor an official Club Regiment. He hadn't been able to get any satisfaction out of the Trustees. He stated that of course I would want to do anything in my power to help, having been so close to the Chief.

He ~~spoke~~ delivered this in about one minute twenty seconds and if he had then ~~xxx~~ cried attention! Forward March! I'd probably have ^{goose-stepped} ~~tromped~~ right out of the house. Because he wasn't asking me, he was commanding me. The solid look on his face, no emotion at all, showed he was in no doubt.

But I started dodging around, saying nobody knows the North Cascades as well as that, talk to the District Rangers, and actually the new USGS maps are so good anybody can figure out the country. So far as the Club is concerned I've never been active in the politics of it, just led some climbs and so forth, nobody pays any attention to me. Naturally, ^{what with} the Chief and all, but me, ~~Dan~~, no, you're wrong, I'm not that much.

Then I've a lot of work to clean up in the office, ~~in a big~~

wife trying to get to Mars you know
and wife got a big contract
designing canals.

Didn't laugh at my jokes,

~~contract and all.~~

Dan heard me out with no comment at all. As a matter of fact the whole time he was staring at a pile of mountain gear by the doorway, because I had assembled most of my stuff before dinner.

When I faded out he asked, could you spare ~~me~~ one weekend? Could you come down to Headquarters tomorrow and Sunday and help coordinate?

I was thinking a mile a minute, trying to avoid traps, and Nelly made a ~~g~~ real effort, it takes a ~~g~~ great effort for Nelly to enter a conversation, but she wanted to help me. ~~She~~ While I was hanging fire, she sputtered, the Musketeers would never forgive him!

Dan turned, and it was Nelly he asked, who are the Musketeers?

Well, Nelly can't stand being stared at, so she said more than she had to because Dan kept staring. She told about how the Musketeers were practically my inseparable companions in the peaks nowadays, now that the Rovers -- and that scared her, realizing she'd used the word, so she described our coming ~~weekend~~ climb in detail, how ~~we~~ we'd been planning it so long, almost as long as the climb of _____ weekend before last.

Dan took it all in, and when Nelly faded out in a blush he asked me all about our climb coming up, and all about our

220

into the
Kitchen for
more
coffee
though nobody
had taken
a sip

climb the weekend before we went to the ocean. I rescued Nelly and myself both with very accurate stories about the whole situation, and finally when I was certain every trap had been avoided stopped talking.

Then Dan dropped the bomb. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

Two bombs, actually.

First he said, we have seen ~~him~~ him.

Both Nelly and I jumped at that, for different reasons.

^{Dan} Then ~~he~~ said, he now is fully equipped for mountain travel.

Dan waited out the explosions. Me, I didn't dare say a word but Nelly blurted out questions. Where? How? What?

It isn't that Dan is inscrutable. It's just that only about two or three times have I ever seen any emotion in his face or heard any in his voice. Sometimes a person has a sneaky feeling that maybe Dan has great depths of soul and intellect that nobody suspects. ~~But~~ All the evidence is that Dan is plain nothing inside. But it's hard to be sure.

Dan was answering Nelly, but I had the feeling he was looking at me while talking to her.

Oop had been seen ^{four} ~~three~~ days before in Lyman Basin. Liar
^{small chopper} A helicopter, one of the jobs the miners are using, slipped over the side of ^{Hechavhar} ~~Chiwawa~~ mountain and spotted him ^{on} ~~in~~ the snowfield below ^{Cider} ~~Spider~~ Pass. Even while I was waiting to

hear the outcome I couldn't help being pleased that Oop was right on schedule. No, of course the identification was not positive. It was late in the afternoon, and he dodged into shadows as soon as he heard the helicopter. But for nearly a full minute the pilot had observed him in full light. He was alone, and he broke into a run, ~~and~~ and apparently hid in a crevasse/. And he definitely had a full pack on his back, and had an ice ax.

Darn Nelly, she knew I was being accused, but what she didn't know was that I had told her lies for the first time in our life together, probably.

She thought she was being helpful when she began sputtering out ways he could have been equipped, by prowling camps and stealing. She said, why he might even have come down to Cussword after we left and found a lot of stuff. For instance he might have found Kayo's ice ax. And what with, well, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ Kayo didn't feel like carrying out everything. Food, for instance. ~~Some~~ Maybe other Rovers forgot things like Kayo did his ax.

The first time she ~~mentioned the ax~~ mentioned the ax Dan suddenly swung that inscrutable or stupid look of his, whichever it is, right on me. So when Nelly faded into a blush I came ~~in~~ in, maybe too quick, and said, that's right. Well

gee, Dan, you can understand. Who thinks about an ax at a time like that?

This is the advantage of being a big stupid hulk. Just by being big and stupid and not saying anything you find out things you might not otherwise.

Not that I'm sure what Dan found out that night. Because I'm not sure whether Dan is as stupid as I've always ^{figured} assumed. Me, for instance, I'd never be fooled by that ice ax story. ~~Or leaving food behind.~~ We Rovers were too thoroughly trained in the Depression. Equipment cost ^{time and} money. ~~Food cost money.~~ After the Depression it doesn't matter how old you get or how ^{or whose been killed or if the world is coming to an end,} rich, you could never forget your ice ax.

Sprint 14 hours hot ^{July} day picking raspberries
and earn 85¢ and feel rich and then
put out \$4 for a second hand ax
with a broken shaft and then put in
your evenings for a month ^{making} ~~making~~ a
new shaft —
you never forget your ax after that.

FOUR -- Five

AK
I may be years finding out the truth. At first Dan was blating out every fact he knew but gradually the communiques from GHQ began making references to certain classified information. So I still don't know what all Dan knows. Or what he knew then.

← I was pretty restless in bed that night. Nelly woke me up out of one dream and very quietly murmured in my ear that I had been kicking her, and that if I was going to run why didn't I ^{go out and} ~~run~~ ^{run around the house and stop} ~~wait till I got out of bed.~~ _{kicking her}

After that I couldn't get back to sleep, and I pretended to be asleep while I was thinking over the strategy and wondering ~~what~~ how I should ~~change~~ change tactics in view of what Dan knew, or might know.

← C It's hard to fool a wife after fifteen years and four kids. When the first light of dawn came into our bedroom I ~~started~~ ^{hopped} ~~came~~ out of bed, and when my feet hit the floor Nelly, in a voice that wasn't in the least sleepy asked me why I didn't call the Musketeers and cancel the climb. She'd been awake all night listening to me think, damn her. But I made such a rush getting out of the house she didn't have a chance to wind up into a discussion, a process that takes her at least an hour. The thing is, my conscience was hurting so bad that I kissed her goddbye with too much passion considering the girls were watching. For a Fox I sure can fumble the ball when I'm around Nelly.

x

spun gravel digging

I tossed my gear in the Beetle and wheeled out of the yard. I took the Beetle because supposedly there were too many in our party for one car but just enough for a Musketeer car plus the Beetle. ~~Nellysxxxxxxx~~

What with worrying about the stricken look on Nellys's face I took the Beetle around the first corner at right angles ~~and~~ throwing gravel and spun wheels on the straightaway.

I wasn't actually trying to go fast but ever since I gave up the idea of buying an airplane and bought the Beetle instead I must admit that a lot of times I take out my frustrations pretending I'm driving in the Grand Prix.

It was so early in the dawn it startled me to suddenly see a car wheel around the corner after me. It was a big Detroit-type pleasure palace on wheels, and darn near rolled into the woven cedar fence of the house on the corner.

But ~~if~~ while it was still on two wheels, teetering, I took another right angle corner, an unnecessary one, really, and didn't see the pleasure palace again. Probably it was all my imagination. After all it was Saturday morning and ~~xxxx~~ just about the time some of the better parties are breaking up. I kept an eye on the rear view mirror but nothing unusual was happening behind me so far as I could tell.

[Handwritten scribble]

have finished wife-switching and are going out to a drive in for a cornucopia with a side of fries.

Once I was on the highway north I got down to serious worrying. In light of what I then knew ^{while I was} busting up ^{Blunder} ~~Thunder~~ Creek, ^{had} my strategy ^{One} (seemed excellent).

~~The~~ main principle of my strategy was to stay away from obvious ground, particularly ~~xxx~~ country Oop and Dinny and I had covered. This meant Cussword was out, and the whole of the Glorious Expedition, and quite a bit more.

A ~~xxxxxx~~ second principle was to stay south of the Skagit.

~~This was a subtle one.~~ ^{Thickets} The Pickets and ^{Chucklebacks} Chilliwacks and the other country north and west of the Skagit is wild. ^{and might seem ideal for hiding} But ~~for~~

~~one thing~~ most of the easy travel is high, on glaciers and open ridges, or low, on the very few trails. Also there are very ~~x~~ few points of easy access. I wanted Oop in country he could travel ^{fast} rapidly, with good cover, and easily accessible to me ^{from many roadheads}. On weekends. Also once I put him beyond the Skagit it might be hard to get him back.

~~The~~ ^{Bess} Ross Lake, ^{Diabolical} Diabolo Lake, ^{the} wide river of the lower Skagit, the crossings available to a guy on the dodge are too few.

The third principle seemed good to me, on the way up ^{Blunder} Thunder Creek. And that was, if by any chance Oop was seen around ^{Grogan} Logan Dan would naturally assume he was on his way to the Th Pickets. Therefore I had Oop double south. But not along the Glorious Expedition route. Because that might well

Ticklebacks

because the Pickets would think anybody is an ideal hideout.

be watched, and even if there weren't troops dropped by helicopter ^{chopper} the whole way it was too open, all glaciers and rocks. So I had Oop take the long way, the up and down way. It was not ~~a~~ route ~~than~~ anybody would ever take unless they were doing what Oop was doing. That was the advantage. And after all, he had two weeks for the trip. And nothing else to do but look for ~~some~~ brush and enjoy wallowing through it. No job to worry about, ~~no~~ summits, and if the weather turned bad so much the better. I wish I could have been with him. It's for darn sure that just about nine ^{to nine} steps out of ~~ten~~ ^{a hundred} he took during the whole two weeks he was putting his foot on ground no human being had ever touched or seen. Knowing that he had made it to ^{Liar} Lyman Basin was exciting news. Because on the map I'd marked for him there were several places where I'd put question marks, meaning I'd never been there and I hadn't the least idea whether the route would go. He'd passed all the question marks getting to ^{Liar} Lyman Basin.

But now there was the bad news. He had been seen in ^{Liar} Lyman Basin. Obviously he had broken cover too early in the day. I plainly marked that part of the route to be done at night, because it can easily be done at night. A case of overconfidence, of course.

The thing was, now instead of the search centering north, ~~xxxxxx~~ it was centering right where Oop was, right where my

no markings

Beetle was carrying me and the food Oop would need to hide out
for the next three weeks.

FOUR -- Six

Just as an extra precaution I drove all over Everett, slowly, watching my rear view mirror. Then I bought the food. But I bought some here, some there, seven or eight stores in all. And never once did I see cars pull out from the curb after me or anything like that.

I actually loitered up the highway, and even considered doubling back and crossing Stevens Pass and coming in from the east side. But that wasn't practical for a weekend. And nobody was following me.

But I did add one dodge. I had intended to drive to ^{Darlington} ~~Darrington~~. So I turned off ~~ix~~ the highway toward Darrington. But then I doubled back and took the other leg of the Mountain Loop, through Granite Falls and Verlot.

Several times I pulled off on hidden side roads and wathhed for ten or ~~twaty~~ minutes. Beyond ^{Farbelow} ~~Barlow~~ Pass I watched a half hour. But then I dug out and spun the Beetle north on the Loop Highway and ~~threw~~ ^{turned} up the North Fork Sauk Road.

I'd lost so much time from being over-cautious that without some genuine motion I'd never make the rendesvous. At that, when I had parked the Beetle and was all loaded, I climbed up in the timber and hid, ~~x~~ watching the road.

Finally I couldn't stand it. I hit the trail and stirred up such a storm of dust the mile markers were a blur as I went by. But I could sense people a mile away. Or rather I knew where people would be. At the creeks, ^{mainly} ~~naturally~~. So a half mile before every creek I shifted into my fox-walk, and a few hundred feet from every camp I stepped silently up into the brush and over and beyond the camp stepped down to the trail and shifted back into my dust-pace.

That was my big mistake, running too fast. It was pure overconfidence, just like Op trying to make it over ^{Sider} ~~Spider~~ Pass in daylight. A good fox knows that ~~though it's~~ important ^{it is} (to run fast) it's more important to be tricky. Out in the open, ~~in~~ in a straightaway run, the Hounds always catch the Fox. There are too many of them, first one and then ~~them~~ another sprints, and forces the pace and even when the sprinters collapse there are still plenty more Hounds.

That fact is, even though I knew the search would be centering on Glacier Peak I didn't realize how quickly it would get underway. I underestimated Dan. There hadn't been many cars parked at the end of the North Fork Sauk road. Just a normal number for a summer weekend. Also I was sure I hadn't been followed.

I had just crossed ~~at~~ Red Creek ^{on a detour} and returned to the trail and was getting into high gear when around a corner I blasted right into a group of ~~men~~ resting. It all happened so fast I didn't think, I didn't say hello, or slow down. I roared

right on through. They were startled and I got about a dozen strides up the trail before one shouted, hey! I shifted into a run and dodged around a corner. They had fishing poles, I hadn't seen any guns, ~~but~~ and maybe they weren't out hunting Oop but when they saw a lone hiker on the run, and saw him step up the pace when yelled at, they became hunters.

The trail straightened and I could hear them hollering ~~in~~ along behind me. Then I hit a long upgrade. My pack ~~was~~ pretty well evened out the odds. They weren't gaining, but I wasn't pulling away. There wasn't much left in my legs when I hit the top of the grade. What if I stumbled? It would be easy to ~~stumble~~. It would be embarrassing to be identified as though by now I knew they had no guns or I'd be being here, even ~~if they didn't know~~ already dead. In any event the rendezvous would be wiped out and Dan would have the goods on me. What if I ran into another party on the trail just now?

At the top of the grade the trail made a sharp left around a spur into a ^{small gulch} creek valley. In one glance I could see there was no cover above the trail, only open forest for a hundred feet. On the far side of the creek the trail again made ^{another} long climb. I scarcely looked, I jumped. For about ~~two minutes~~ one minute I was out of sight of the fishermen and in the time I ~~jumped~~ over the side of the trail, ^{dropped} ~~fell~~ free twelve feet,

broke my fall ~~with~~ in a small tree, and hopped over a mossy boulder and lay flat/. It wasn't good cover but I had no ~~time~~ more time.

As soon as the last of them rounded the spur and started into the creek bottom I scuttled along through the woods, back stepped lightly up to and across the trail, to the trail, and straight up the hill, keeping the spur between me and them. I dove into a clump of young hemlocks and ~~x~~ froze. In a few minutes they returned, slowly, scanning sides of the trail for tracks ~~which I had not left~~. Scraps of conversation reached me, he was darn skittish, alone, too, had one of those ice picks, must have been one of these mountain climbers, better call in the news soon as we can hike out~~y~~.

The plans had to be changed. Trails were out of the question, ~~xxxx~~ obviously. I had expected to be able to use the trail all the way to either White Pass or Red Pass by dodging in daytime and traveling the open stretches at night.

Though it was no great problem to crash up the forest to the high country there was still the question of what to do when I reached Red Pass. It ~~x~~ seemed pretty certain I'd not be able to reach the rendezvous/ Saturday night.

And where was Oop? I was confident that ~~xxxx~~ if he made it to ^{Liar} Lyman Basin that arter his fright there he would be more careful. Also there wouldn't have been enough time to

Whitechuck

White = Bite
Fight
Kite
Light
Night Pass
Night Pass
Quite
Right
Sight
Tight

Red = Bed
Dend
Lead
Dread

mobilize forces to stop him. The high, night traverse over Red Mountain from Spider Pass, and from Buck Breek over to the Suiattle, and then up the forest cover of the valley, and another night crossing from the headwaters of the Suiattle over the south ridges of Glacier Peak, there was no great problem for him. By Saturday morning he was ^{undoubtedly} already bedded down in the cover of alpine forests at the head of Backos Creek.

But it was Saturday ~~morning~~ afternoon, and here I was ~~xxxxxxx~~ at timberline below ^{Mortal} Portal Peak, with nearly a mile of open meadow between me and Red Pass, and then the entire open headwaters of the Whitechuck.

I was sitting inside a clump of alpine firs, pondering the map, when the parade began.

I'd already heard ~~a~~ several light planes that day, or ^{maybe} one plane several times. Now I saw one, and two, and three, and finally seven, all at one time. All at one time over the North Fork of the Sauk. They kept crossing out of ~~the~~ my sight to the north, over the Whitechuck. As I watched them it became obvious they were not flying at random. There was a regular pattern. They had set up a grid. How many were there I couldn't see, over the Suiattle, the White, and all the slopes and surroundings of Glacier?

Then a chopper came up the valley. ^{Not one of the ~~old~~ ~~plastic~~ ~~bubblers.~~} ^{It was a double-chopper} A big ~~ARMY~~ Army job. I couldn't see where it landed, but it wasn't gone long, and

that ~~costs~~ costs more to run than anybody but an Army can afford

[Handwritten scribble]

(Name the places)
"- a Norseman!
that made me sad"
Describe how pattern appears.
plane here -
now - there -
a grid!

most likely it landed at White Pass. Then two ~~smaller choppers~~ ^{soap bubbles} ~~came~~ ^{flashed} upvalley and darned if they didn't pass practically ^{part} over my ^{hair} ~~head~~, four or five hundred feet up. They crossed the ridge, but returned so soon it was darn sure they ~~had~~ ^{sat down} landed in the headwaters of the Whitechuck someplace, both of them.

~~XXXXXX~~ Army ^{bubbles}
The ~~Army~~ chopper and the two ~~smaller ones~~ both came again that afternoon. This time I saw the Army landed below Indian Head Peak. The little plexigas jobs again crossed over me, but were longer in returning, which probably meant landings in ~~the~~ Whitechuck Glacier area, or perhaps even on the very ~~a~~ saddle Oop had crossed the night before. I could only hope he'd been thinking, thinking, thinking. That he hadn't gouged an obvious trench through the snow, and plunged down loose scree, that he wasn't at this moment being riddled with bullets.

Naturally he would see them coming, and be able to escape down Backos Creek. But that would wipe out the rendezvous. And leave him with hardly any food, and no contact with me to arrange another rendezvous. Certainly we couldn't grope around in the brush endlessly, hiding from the troops and searching for each other. It's a big country when you don't dare ~~signal~~ shout, or build a ~~fire~~, or get out in the open.

I began to get rather discouraged. It had seemed to me ~~that~~ it would be a cinch to arrange a rendezvous with the whole

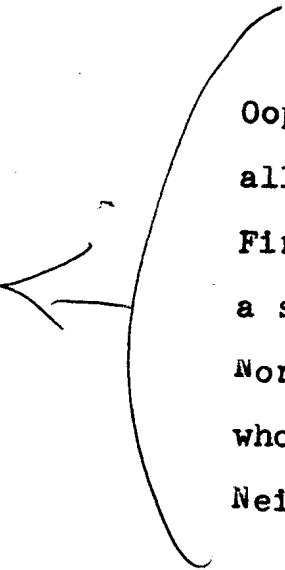
5000
bubbles
with
outboard
motor
soap bubbles

Cascade range to choose from. Every advantage was on the side of the Foxes. And it's true, of course, that a lone Fox could ~~perpetually~~ ^{forever} evade the Hounds. But this was trickier, two Foxes trying to make contact in that big/~~confusing~~ country. Because if Oop had no food he'd be starved out of the hills. You can only live on ~~berries~~ and ~~roots~~ and bugs so long. Even if you're a ~~skilled~~ fisherman, which Oop isn't, you don't park yourself on a river bank when you're on the dodge. You don't shoot off guns even if you have one, which Oop doesn't.

Then there was another sinister thought in my mind that afternoon. How had all these people got here at this particular time? The fishermen hadn't had time to hike out and set all this in motion. If the thing was all set up when Oop was spotted ~~in~~ on the Lyman Glacier the troops would have moved in days ago.

That pleasure ~~palace~~ that screamed around the corner after my Beetle. The radio network centering at ~~State~~ State Patrol GHQ. I had not been tailed on the highway. That was for sure.

But what if the pleasure palace had notified GHQ that Kayo was on the move in a red Beetle? ~~What~~ There aren't that many Beetles on the road, especially red ones. What if those State Patrol cars I had passed on the highway had spotted me? What if on a map at GHQ the hourly progress of the Red Beetle had been plotted? What if somebody at GHQ noted how the Red Beetle moved steadily toward the last plotting of



Oop, at Spider Pass? What if there had been volunteer watchers
all along the Loop Highway, such as the ^{humblyer star} Ranger at Verlot, the
Fire~~men~~^{Guard} at Barlow Pass, at _____? What if someone held
a straight-edge on the map between Spider Pass and the
North Fork of the Sauk? Someone who knew Kayo was a fast walker,
who knew ~~xxxxxxx~~ Kayo was expected home in the
Neighborhood Sunday night?

FOUR -- Seven

^{had to}
 I could only assume Dan ~~had~~ learned a thing or two when
 he was Assistant ~~Patrol~~ Leader of the Fox Patrol. I could ^{not} ~~not~~
 move into the open in daylight. ~~And while~~ ^{darkness} waiting for night
 I ^{got} ~~became~~ ^{pretty} rather furious that the old lunker of a Dinosaur
 should try to beat Kayo the Fox ~~at his own game.~~

I wasn't going to assume Dan was ~~the~~ stupid. Just for the
 game I assumed he was ~~the craftiest Fox in the world,~~ a Fox
 turned Hound. The most dangerous kind of Hound.

~~In spite of that, ~~in~~ my honor demanded that I take a
 route that was not the safest.~~

~~XXXXXXXX~~

My first ^{Bed} plan was to traverse northwest at timberline
~~xxx~~ above Red Breek, cross the ~~xxx~~ ridge between Black ^{Sneck}
 Mountain and Skullcap Peak, then beat through thick woods
 down to and across the Suiattle and up ^{Backup} Backos Creek. It
 would be a hard trip, and it would mean I'd not reach the
 rendezvous until Sunday night, and not get home until Monday,
 which I'd halfway-prepared Nelly to expect, so it wasn't critical.

That's what I should have done, all right. But I made
 another mistake ~~that~~ ^{can't afford to} a Fox should never make. I got mad.
 A Fox should never get mad ~~unless he's cornered and has to~~
~~fight his way out of a trap.~~

Didn't seem
 possible but
 had to
 assume he...

A Fox who
 knows all my
 secrets and my
 betrayed them to
 the Hounds.

But the more I thought about a Dinosaur trying to trick a Fox the madder I got. Sitting under that alpine fir I lost my head. ^{By dark} ~~I wasn't~~ thinking as cool as I should.

Light on my feet, testing out the footing before I gently came down with my weight, moving smoothly ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ and keeping a low silhouette at all times, and avoiding ridges and spurs and knobs, keeping to the low points, in less than an hour I was on the southwest slopes of Portal Peak, a few hundred feet from the summit, a few hundred feet higher than Red Pass.

Now I moved in swift, smooth silent fits and starts. From a boulder to a wind-sculptured shrub of alpine fir. From a clump of heather to a patch of ^{lush} deep lupen. And between moves I ~~xxx~~ froze, and held my breath, and listened.

They ~~xxx~~ two guys posted at ~~Red Pass~~ must have been deputy sheriffs or deerslayers. They ^{sure} ~~certainly~~ weren't mountaineers. Instead of sitting quietly in the ^{shrubs} ~~trees~~ above the Pass they were stamping back and forth in the Pass, ~~xxxx~~ scuffing their feet and cussing about how cold it was. They didn't even bother to whisper, or shield their matches when they lit cigarettes. I spotted them half a mile away, and the only reason I crept by the Pass was the chance ^{they might be a decoy and} there ~~might~~ be someone else ~~with them~~, up in the ~~dark cover of~~ shrubs. ^{was}

I was tempted to sit there and ^{to} ~~throw~~ ^{to} ~~pebbles~~ ~~at~~ them and

see what they made of that. Or give a great scream, view ~~xxx~~ halloo! But it was enough of a joke to stand up and walk by them fifty feet away.

It wasn't a very good joke because I kicked a rock ~~foose~~ and before I knew what was ~~xxx~~ happening ~~xxxx~~ Red Pass ^{sounded} ~~was~~ was like a ^{16 inch} ~~main~~ turret on the USS Missouri. They began blasting the entire Cascade Range and it's a miracle they didn't shoot each other, much less me. It was when a bullet ^{smacked} ~~hit~~ a rock only about ten feet from me and whined out into space that I stopped laughing.

But ^{all things considered} ~~on the whole~~ it was lucky I blundered. I couldn't see where all the guns were located but ~~the~~ I hadn't heard so much noise since the machine gun range when I narrowly escaped becoming a tail-gunner in a Flying Fort. ✓ I did notice ~~a lot~~ ^{the marvelous display} of fireworks from the summit of the Cinder Cone, just below ^M Portal Peak. I had intended to go right over the Cinder Cone, but now I changed my mind.

It simply wouldn't do to get mad. That was the lesson I learned during that brief fireworks display.

The rest of the trip was ~~xxxxxx~~ safer, ~~if~~ not easier, ^{but safer} I ~~xxx~~ scampered over the northwest spur of Portal Peak and got down into the timber on the far side from the Cinder Cone. The travel wasn't too bad by staying close to timberline along

the side of the spur until I reached the crest, then staying on the crest. Naturally this was a calculated risk but I gambled that Dan could not possibly have mobilized enough troops to man all the ~~high~~ open spurs. Especially since I was not on the best choice. My spur flattened out into a horror of brush on an old ~~granite~~ bench perched ~~xxx~~ above the valley. It was so bad that somewhere around three in the morning, ~~x~~ when I hit the Whitechuck Trail, I took another gamble. I figured that maybe most of the troops would be in the high country, with some posted at strategic points on the low trail. This section of the trail was not strategic, so I walked it over a half mile, and then swung off into the valley of Backos Creek.

The tension was off a little and I relaxed and began to feel awfully tired. There wasn't much chance now of getting home Sunday night since it was well into the dawn of Sunday. I ~~xxx~~ can't claim that I was very foxy beating up the brush, scrambling in the cliffs, toward timberline on Backos. I can't claim I Escaped. If Chief and Moon had been there to umpire I'd have had to admit, I was caught.

I was caught.

I was below 5000 feet and in a jungle of slide alder I had it. I couldn't manage one more step. So I fell flat on my face

and rolled out of the pack and decided to catch a few winks.

And for all my skill I was caught, asleep.

FOUR -- Eight

It was a chopper that woke me up. I looked at my watch. Nine in the morning. A fine, fair Sunday morning. The chopper passed over and I relaxed. So I'd be late at the rendezvous. ~~Too~~ Bad, but not too bad. We might still ~~scrape~~ scrape through.

Then I realized ~~there was a man sitting beside me.~~

There were boots next to my face.

I rolled up to ~~my~~ feet, and it was Oop!

He whispered, down! down! They're going over every ten minutes!

I flopped back to the ground and was siezed with the most insane laughter. Keeping the noise down, I chudkle, it is Oop! You made it! ~~Madness!~~ Madness!

Then I realized that Oop had actually talked.

So I became rather sober, and sat up, keeping under the alder, and looked at him. Why, it was the old Oop altogether. Tight muscles, calm but ready for anything, not a quiver.

I was just delighted. I had never really believed Oop could do what he was accused of. The other things, that was Oop when he was sick, and Oop was healthy now.

But darn it, how had Oop caught me?

Kind of halfway-laughing all the while he told about his ~~run~~ run to Spider Pass, and how that made him cautious. Everything

Bills -
Telling
Mass

Sunshine and fresh air
exercise
lean but no school
tense but not insane
laughing but not crazy

had ticked off right on schedule ~~until~~ after that. He was at timberline in Backos Creek Friday night. Then, about noon on Saturday, the ^{chopper} helicopter dropped into the saddle above him. He scooted a bit farther down into the valley. He saw the grid search of the planes, and the ^{choppers} helicopters landing all over the valley. He ~~■~~ said that he knew then he was on his own. Not even Kayo the Fox could get ^{praty} through. He was ~~rather~~ depressed by the time it was dark Saturday night. I interrupted him to say how depressed I was about that ~~same~~ time, over in the timber below Portal Peak.

He was sacked out in the trees, wandering what he was going to do when his food ran~~d~~ out a couple days from now. And then the fireworks began/ and he knew that Kayo was fighting his way through the lines!

Oop was awake the whole night and dawn, studying his map and the country/.

It was eery. He described my whole route through the night, and all the trouble I'd had with brush and creeks and cliffs and being pooped and not daring to use a flashlight, the way he described it I felt he had been wight with me the whole time.

Sitting up there in Backos Creek he saw exactly where I would have to come, exhausted as I was.

As a matter of fact he saw me pass out and go to sleep, and the reason he didn't wake me up was that he knew how much

What a partnership!

I needed that sleep.

There was an awful lot I wanted to talk about with Oop. It was so great to see the old healthy, happy Oop. I wished we could ~~sit down by a fire~~ ^{sprawl in the meadows} and talk for several days and straighten out all sorts of things that had been hanging fire for years and years. It was perfectly obvious to me ~~that~~ there had been some great mistakes. This wasn't all Oop's fault.

But it was Sunday morning. The sky was ~~busy~~, busy. Even now there might be troops coming down Backos. Because when the little ^{chopper} helicopter came straight up the watercourse we both were certain we saw Dan up there in the bubble, only some three hundred feet above us.

So I gave him the plan. And after all my lessons of this run it was not what you'd call a simple plan. I was a fairly humble Fox after all my blunders. It was a great help, of course, that Oop had his health back, ~~and~~ could talk.

Altogether we had only about an hour together before we decided it was necessary to evacuate Backos Creek. So Oop set out with a good solid lump on his back for a safe lair, ^{where he'd have to hole up for the day.} And I, with my ~~po~~ckets full of candybars, ^{and an empty pack on my back} set out for a good daylight ~~rig~~ run.

Without the pack it ~~seemed like~~ ^{was} a cinch. Even though I had to stay in greenery all the way, by midnight I was

FOUR -- Nine

I ^{borrowed} stayed in the sack until ~~XXXXX~~ about one in the afternoon. When I crawled out the house was deserted. ~~XXX~~ There was a note from Nelly that ^{and} she'd taken the girls to the beach for the afternoon. The boys were off someplace. I loafed around and while I was ~~at it~~ thought up some details of the weekend climb with the Musketeers.

But when Nelly got home she didn't ask a single question about the climb. She gave me the usual big kiss and so forth, but went straight to ^{into the kitchen firing up all the supper-making machines} ~~cooking~~ supper. The kids wanted to know all about it so I gave them the story, and told how we were benighted on the way off and that's why we were so late getting home.

TV
After supper I watched the news on ~~television~~ very closely. It was a ~~creepy~~ ^{creepy} sensation, looking at the films taken from the helicopters I'd been wathhing all weekend. It was ~~xxxxxxingxxxxxxx~~ interesting to see the chase from the ~~XXXXX~~ viewpoint of the Hounds and I picked up a lot of ~~xxxxx~~ useful information. Knowing that somewhere in those films was me/. The shots taken from the chopper that flew right up Backos Creek were a real shocker. I could ~~have~~ sworn I saw Oop and me down there in the alders.

Then there was a whole rash of interviews. I recognized the fishermen and I listened with real fascination to their description of me. They made me ~~x~~ out to be a giant who took twelve foot steps and said I was carrying a pack that must have weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. They didn't have a single fact straight about my clothes or what I looked like. ^{I was just a blur to them} The only things they had right were that I was carrying an ice pick and I could run so fast I ought to go to the Olympics. For the Russians naturally.

There were flashes of various colonels and chopper pilots but the big punch was saved up for Dan. He was interviewed at the temporary chopper base at Verlot and in his mountain clothes he looked dynamic as all heck. You couldn't help thinking what a great governor he'd make. He had everything under control.

First he stated that the exact route taken by Oop was ^{currently} now known and he was ~~presently~~ trapped. With the weather forecast favorable constant surveillance from the sky would be possible and hourly the possible escape routes were being shut off. Capture was expected ^{momentarily} hourly.

Then he dropped the bombshell. Dan stated in vigorous tones that it was now positively known that Oop had an accomplice, or accomplices. That the fishermen on the North Fork of the Sauk trail had provided an excellent

War record,
 all these
 Knuts he killed
 over in Italy,
 the infant Wop's
 he kept alive on
 candy bars and
 American toothpaste
 and enriched milk.
 GI Double Purpose
 Toothpaste And/or
 Enriched Powdered
 Milk

^{description}
xx ~~identification~~, and an ambush ~~xxx~~ at Red Pass had narrowly missed catching the accomplice.

^{I news analyst, that is -}
The reporter asked if Dan had any theories as to the identity of the accomplice, or accomplices. Dan didn't answer directly. Instead he summarized Oop's war record. The interviewer interrupted ^{on cue} (to ask if it was true that Dan had once saved Oop's life and Dan ^{eventually had to} modestly admitted it was true. I'm sure that got him plenty of votes, ~~making xxxxxxxx~~ putting it on a personal basis, that Dan was hunting down Oop with a heavy heart, but it was his duty.

^{got him all the Western Adult vote -}
Then Dan ^{didn't want to} talked about Oop's political career and his term in jail. ^{but he did.} Without saying anything that even hinted at it he ~~xxx~~ left the impression that what actually happened back in 1948 was that on orders from abroad Oop had gone underground. ~~Thatx~~ What with the Chief being a person of recognized international stature it was possible there were ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ circumstances connected with his death that ^{because of national security} could not be revealed at this time. If I hadn't known better I'd have been convinced. Oop was an assassin sent from Moscow. Though why Moscow would kill a man who was pleading for closer understanding between nations was hard to see. Except that Moscow is capable of anything. They don't need reasons ~~xxx~~ for what they do. They're nasty just on

principle. It's their nature.

For me the real shocker though, and what cut off my snickers, was when the interviewer asked Dan if the accomplices were an object of Dan's committee's interest, if anything was being done. Ever since we bought a new television set last spring once in awhile the picture ~~ixx~~ seems so clear and sharp by comparison with our old one it jolts me.

When Dan turned from the interviewer and looked straight into the camera and ~~x~~ said he expected no further trouble from the accomplices the hair practically stood up on my head. I kept

right on staring at the TV set
I realized I was watching a commercial about some new kind more expensive of aspirin as if it was a life or death matter.

I was feeling sort of restless and went outside to walk around the ~~xxxxx~~ yard. I didn't realize how long I paced around until suddenly it was getting dark and I had to come inside to kiss the girls good night. The boys were off someplace so Nelly and I were alone in the living room.

I was still thinking and planning while pretending to concentrate on television. The thing was, I felt a bit uneasy. Guilty, even. I'd kept things from Nelly on occasion. Like ~~xxxxix~~ the pumpernickel. But I'd never told her an important lie. Now I was mixed up in great big complicated lies.

There was a hammer pounding
and around in my head
my brain and zapping
the only thing that
saved me was when
the sick old boy
swallowed aspirin
and suddenly the
became a real
life babe ~~at~~ over the
jumping ~~at~~
next Forest Hills.

Actually I was more than a bit uneasy, I was very uneasy. Nelly hadn't asked about the climb and now she was in the same room with me and we were alone and she wasn't chattering. She wasn't mad or anything, every time I looked in her direction she gave me a little smile. But it was her nervous little smile.

Then ~~when~~ we were getting ready for bed, and had finished checking the girls to see they were covered and all, Nelly told me I should call Musketeer One tomorrow. I just said, oh? She said yes, the Musketeers just got back from two weeks ^{yesterday} in the Coast Range and want to get together with us.

So there it was. Well, it made me feel better/ in one respect. I told Nelly the whole workd. And she went along with it. She could see how I couldn't leave Oop up there to die on ^{Salami} Sahale Arm. How I had to keep him alive by running to the ^{Chimp Peak} Fremont. And also to ^{Backup} Backos Creek. How it was not any certainty that Oop had anything to do with Chief's death. Nelly felt exactly the same about the whole thing as I did.

But she couldn't help worrying. ~~Sunday there~~ Saturday she'd had a call from Dan asking where I was. Sunday there had been news flashes on the radio mentioning the sh^{bed}oting war at Red Pass. In the afternoon the Musketeers had called. When I came to bed Monday morning she hadn't been asleep at all. She had been laying in bed wide awake until I flopped down beside her and passed out.

We were very tender together Monday night in bed. She didn't ask me to do anything or not to do anything. She just asked me to be careful. She was scared of Dan. He was such a Dinosaur. We went to sleep finally when I said don't worry about Dinosaurs. Foxes are quick. And careful.

The way we followed the news that week was a sight. Switching channels to catch every news summary. Reading all the papers.

Dan's circle kept growing tighter and tighter around Oop and by Thursday it was obvious Oop had only hours ~~xxx~~ of freedom left. The headlines got bigger, there were news flashes, and feature stories about a guy from ~~Kentucky~~ ^{Mississippi} who had just arrived with his pack of hounds that had ^{checked up} ~~caught~~ ^{Nyros} ~~twenty~~ convicts ^{was} and was all set to go for Oop.

I could hardly wait for the Friday evening newscasts. Even Nelly was chuckling as we waited, since of course from then on I gave her the details of the plans.

Right on schedule Friday morning Oop had walked right into ~~through~~ a fisherman's camp on the Sulattle road and done a scared double-take and run into the woods. I hadn't known exactly where he would let himself be identified but I ~~new~~ knew when. This was the first night all week that Dan was ^{not} interviewed on television. There was a statement from a Committee spokesman at GHQ that implied Oop had fallen into a planned trap. Also the extent of the conspiracy

with
beard

was apparently even larger than had been previously suspected. Possibly there had been treachery among the pursuing forces. It was enough to make a man bar his door at night and keep a round-the-clock watch against prowlers, guys ~~with knives that~~ who don't speak English and carry knives.

The way we were chuckling the boys got the drift of who we were for and who we were against, and even the girls. So when the doorbell rang and it was Dan the boys excused themselves, though I know they were listening. The girls bugged out around the corner, and peered into the living room. So from then on it was a family affair. Though I suspect Moon and Frank had it fairly well figured out already.

Dan didn't come for small talk. He came in flatfooted. Though I put him off a bit by saying, we missed you on the TV tonight. And Nelly almost got into the act when she brought in coffee, she started to ask a question and then was scared, but I wasn't, and I asked, how's Anne? He had to admit she was coming ~~xxx~~ home soon. But he got back on the track.

He didn't ask me any questions. He didn't probe for information. He didn't even pretend to drink the coffee. Dan simply sat in our living room for five minutes and ~~stated that~~ from memory recited the penalties for aiding an escaped criminal, for obstructing justice, for espionage, subversion, and revolution. He stated that he was for

~~218~~

253

America and against its enemies and regardless of who was involved he would not rest until justice was done.

He briefly sketched the forces that were assembled, and hinted at much information he was not revealing.

Dan spoke for five minutes and then left our house and there wasn't any doubt in any of our minds that we all knew exactly what was going on.

Nelly was rather appalled by it all. But Moon and Frank came out of hiding and the girls crept around the corner and laughed and we were all so cheerful even Nelly had to ~~sing~~ laugh when I started singing, who's afraid ~~him~~ of the Big Bad ~~Wannix~~ Wolf, Big Bad Wolf!

That was a big song back in 1933
or thereabouts. When we all were
doing jig saw puzzles and even ~~the~~ most
Republicans were New Dealers

FOUR -- Eleven

The plan worked just beautifully. Around our house we were practically in convulsions ~~for~~ the whole last part of August. What was difficult was explaining to my folks and the Mullans and others why we were so cheerful when our old friend Oop was being run into the ground.

The morning after Dan announced the laws of the United States ~~in~~ in our living room I crept out of our house in the early dawn and looked over my shoulder and then jumped into the Beetle and spun gravel all over the Neighborhood. At Snoqualmie Pass I ~~immediately~~ left out of the Beetle before it stopped gasping and ran up into the woods with a huge pack on my back. I went at ~~the~~ a dead run up the ^{Communism} Commonwealth Basin trail.

Once past ^{Gal} Guye Peak and well into the Basin I chose my spot and put on extra speed and rolled off the trail into a dense blowdown I remembered having seen there on a spring trip.

I froze there ten minutes and was rewarded by seeing six Hounds pound by about ten feet from my lair. Their tongues were hanging out but I have to admit they were good runners, they were really moving. And they were quiet runners. Three of them were Clubbers I knew well, kids I'd climbed with.

Remembering times I had belayed them up rock ~~xxxx~~ and over

crevasses it interested me to see them with guns on their hips, since it was for darn sure they knew who they were chasing.

But they were mere pawns. I didn't blame them. I didn't feel sorry about making them look foolish, though, knowing they were willing to kill their old teacher for the sake of television.

Of course they were moving too fast to see the obvious tracks I scuffed by the side of the trail. They found them a little bit later, on their mortified walk back down.

I went to some trouble to leave a clear trail up into the ^{Gal}Guye-Snoqualmie saddle, and down into ^{Sauce}Source Creek. I didn't want Dan to miss the point, I wanted to remind him of the time I had led him and Oop and the other Foxes ~~xxxx~~ on the greatest game of all.

What I was counting on was that Dan was smart enough to figure out that after the shooting in the Whitechuck I would decide it was better to supply Oop, if I was going to continue supplying Oop, by laying a cache for him to pick up later. I was counting on the fact Dan could understand any such cache would have to be in a place Oop would know about it. I couldn't put a flag on the cache.

Actually it worked out pretty good. I loitered around the lower slopes of ^{Denny}Denny Peak until I saw the ^{chopper}helicopter drop into the ^{Gal}Guye-Snoqualmie saddle. I rolled around in the woods imagining the look on Dan's face when he dashed toward the cave with his six-gun drawn and when he ~~xxxxxxx~~ crawled in

and found the ~~crumpled~~ pile of crumpled newspapers that had made my pack so bulky on the Commonwealth run, all the papers featuring the news of the last week.

I joined the family for dinner at the Denny Creek Campground. Nelly had dropped Moon off at Snoqualmie Pass before returning with the wagon to the Campground. I suspect the people watching the Beetle were mighty surprised to see Moon suddenly step inside and wheel it away. Moon doesn't look a bit like me, and is six~~e~~ inches taller.

This whole incident could easily have been avoided by Dan in his news releases if one of the Clubbers hadn't called up the newspapers and the television stations. The kid wants to go to the Himalayas ~~next year~~ and he doesn't have any money so I didn't blame him. He has to make a reputation or the people who ^{pay for} go on Himalayan expeditions won't invite him. It was a terrific interview he gave. In fact, the news was held over until Monday, it was ~~so~~ entertaining, and nobody watches the ^{tevee} news on Sunday.

Dan was not available for comment so the news people were left on their own and made a big thing about the conspirator at G^ye-Snoqualmie saddle. The kid didn't identify me, obviously he had been warned there were some things that would mean his instant annihilation.

There was so much speculation Dan finally had to make

a statement. On Tuesday. By Tuesday night it was a great victory for Dan. He confirmed reports that a cache had been found before Oop could get to it. Therefore Oop's situation was desperate. But Dan didn't appear on the TV in person. This was just a quote he handed out from GH Q.

I went to work all week and life was pretty normal around the Neighborhood. Though there were some strange things going on.

A family across the street, and two doors down, went on a sudden vacation. The only reason we knew it was sudden was that they had two daughters just the age of our girls. The family was on vacation, but somehow it seemed to us there were ^{still} people in that house.

Also, around the Neighborhood, almost always there were cars parked with men in them. Plain ordinary cars, not belonging to anyone in the Neighborhood, with men just sitting there in the cars. The girls were our reliable reporters. They are at an age where anything that happens is odd. Moon and Frank always confirmed their news by jogging down the road on their bicycles and so forth.

During the week there was more fun watching television. Oop was right on schedule. He staggered into a ~~Boy~~ Scout Camp in the Verlot Campground, and woke up the lookout on the summit of ^{up} Pichuck. This was really Oop. But other

Empty house

Tattoo
P. Pimochle
Castro = Rastle
Unicorn = Barleycorn

Oops were all over the Northwest. It was probably that week that the FBI began making security checks on all the ^{chopper} ~~helicopter~~ pilots in the nation.

We had a real picnic the next weekend. We made a family climb of ^{Pinnacle} ~~Pinnacle~~ Peak ~~in~~ in the ^{Tatoosh} ~~Tatoosh~~. We registered at the ~~Kungix~~ ^{Beer} entrance to Rainier Park. We camped that night at ^{Introspection} ~~Reflection~~ Lakes. In the middle of the night the Beetle drove off ~~from~~ our camp. Next day we ~~we~~ all came down from Pinnacle Peak, all but me. And I had been seen leaving the campground in the morning. But Moon was not in our group. But Moon came down from Pinnacle.

We had a lot of fun with that weekend. The checkpoint was so obvious, there on Stevens Canyon Road, Moon, who was driving the Beetle, slowed down so they could see the Beetle go by, him driving, and the wagon go by, me driving, and wonder how it happened.

Moon may be big, but he can move. We had a big laugh together, on the slopes of the Tatoosh, as ~~we~~ we passed. He on his way back to Pinnacle and the wagon at Reflection Lakes. Me on my way over to Unicorn and the Beetle on a concealed turnout.

It was a very funny weekend. It really broke us up. Particularly since on Thursday, after going to work, and hiring a rental car, I'd got clean ~~we~~ away from Boeing to

Stevens Pass and walked ___ miles to ___ and put down a cache and got back to Everett and ~~xxxx~~ turned in my rental car and caught a bus back to Beeing and driven home at the regular hour.

Not that Nelly and I told the kids, not even the boys, all that was going on. ~~But they got the drift. I thought we'd die laughing.~~ It was a hobby of ours to walk out in the yard and look suspicious. To get in the Beetle and drag out of the Neighborhood, and right straight to the nearest supermarket and buy a quart of milk and come home. All the while feeling the communications network crackling radio waves at such a rate the air in the Neighborhood was ionized.

FOUR -- Twelve

When I first outlined the plan to the family Nelly thought it was funny. But she was pretty nervous by the time we set out. Not that Dan was around bothering us and trying to scare us but every time we saw him on TV we knew he was talking right at ~~me~~ me.

^{Apparently}
~~As it happened~~ ever since ~~the~~ Oop had escaped the Whitechuck trap Dan had been quietly laying plans. The fact that Oop was popping up all over the mountains made it ^{fairly} obvious he was planning to hide out there ~~w~~ awhile rather than slipping out to civilization. ^{After} ~~xxxxxxx~~ my little joke with the false cache he was pretty sure I was going to have to run supplies into Oop soon. But the details weren't spilled to the public until the ^{Monday} ~~week~~ before Labor Day weekend. I think our little family game in the Tatoosh ~~xxxxx~~ Sunday accounted for his rather savage expression on the TV Monday night. Every evening there were more details.

What he was planning for the Labor Day weekend and the following week was nothing less than an Extermination Campaign. That's not what he called it but that's what it was. GHQ was really up ~~it~~ ^{flow} to its ears in ~~organizational~~ charts by then.

The impressive part of the Campaign was the way the Army

pitched in. Wednesday and Thursday the troops moved into position, truckload after ~~x~~ truckload. I hadn't seen anything like it since World War II when they~~x~~ were convoys moving north and south and east and west, and back again. By Friday there were ~~xxxxx~~ chains of sentries along every cross-mountain highway from Chinook Pass north.

On the face of it the plan looked pretty reasonable. Dan had a big map there on the TV and he pointed out how the Cascades ~~xxxxxxxx~~ were cut into small provinces. One line guarded the Chinook Pass highway, another Snoqualmie Pass, another Stevens Pass, making good use of the rivers where ~~ix~~ they were too deep or swift to be forded. Bridges were all guarded, and in the high areas where rivers were no barrier the sentries were posted at close intervals, and in depth, some in concealed positions.

There was another ^{sentry} line from Darrington up the Cusword to the Pass and down to Lake Chelan. The Skagit line was posted from Darrington north to the river, then up to Ross Lake. From North Bend a line ran up the Middle Fork of the Snoqualmie over ~~xxxx~~ Dutch Miller Gap down the Waptus to Lake CleElum. All ~~Major~~ ^{trail routes} cross-mountain ~~passes~~ were ~~similarly~~ posted, though whenever the locations were more than a couple miles from the trucks the Army had to be replaced by volunteer civilian groups. These sentry lines cut the Cascades into even smaller areas. ~~xxxxx~~

Also on Thursday and Friday the airlift ~~xxx~~ was carried out. Every helicopter in the west was in business hauling deputy sheriffs and deerslayers and ~~xxxx~~ armed fishermen to strategic ridges and mountain tops. There were skeetshooters in ambush, Boy Scout troops with fieldglasses, ^{and semaphore flags} though no guns. There were thousands of people who had just planned to go camping over Labor Day who got emergency vacations or leave. ~~xxxx~~ Boeing, for instance, released any engineer who wanted to help out, and this meant thousands of engineers went out to search for Oop at full pay.

~~Anything~~ that could fly went into the air. Army, Navy, civilians, everybody had a sector assigned.

The way Dan outlined it on the TV you couldn't see how the Extermination Campaign could miss. Unless, of course, you knew anything at all about the mountains. We had the Musketeers over for dinner one evening and after a few beers we were just about paralyzed watching Dan give a special half hour ^{TV} summary of the campaign. I wish I could have told the Musketeers, they'd have enjoyed helping out, but it was just as well they ^{and all} ~~like every~~ other sane Clubber^s were ~~xxx~~ planning to stay home or go the the beach over Labor Day. Because I'm pretty sure they were tailed home from our house, and watched carefully during the Campaign.

That was mainly what gave Nelly the shakes. There wasn't

Bombworks
Public
Relations
Budget
ended up on
the Mark 5
Contract cost \$1.5

any doubt about it any longer. Our friends across the street got up with us in the morning and went to bed with us at night and they ~~g~~ went to work with me and bought groceries with Nelly and played softball with the boys and skipped rope with the girls at the playground.

Also I was just as happy I'd made my ~~x~~ secret trip the week before because on Thursday I had a call from ~~Max~~ the Headquarters Building and a genuine vice-president, the sort that to an ordinary engineer like me is in the same class with angels, they probably exist but we'll never get to see them, called me to his office.

It was a friendly little chat. He had a big folder open on his desk but he didn't mention it. He noted that I was taking Friday off, and had put in for vacation the following week after Labor Day. I felt like yelling, it's true, it's true, God notes every little sparrow that falls! It was a miracle for a vice-president to be interested in the vacation plans of an obscure little engineer.

Then he also noted that I wasn't taking opportunity of the company offer to subsidize me for that week, I was taking straight vacation time. So I explained I was going camping with the family, which he thought was swell, but he noted also that I ~~x~~ had been a friend of some of the people concerned and was rather curious about my lack of ~~x~~ interest in exterminating Oop. Well, I told him I was a pacifist and didn't

believe in capital punishment, and was rather cowardly to boot. I was polite about it all and he understood perfectly. But I got the point. Dan couldn't outwit me but he could bludgeon me. That's what he thought. He'd have to catch me first. If he'd seen me operate in New Jersey he would have known there were a lot of bigger and uglier guys than him that tried to bludgeon me. He might think I'd be scared if he outnumbered me with thousands of troops but actually I felt more outnumbered by a dozen Wops in a New Jersey alley than I did by ~~the~~ ^{the} entire armed forces and law enforcement agencies and outraged citizens of the Northwest, in the Cascades.

I've never felt so important in my life, and so happy, knowing that at last the odds were approximately even, that at last the Hounds had something of a chance to catch Kayo the Fox. Though right from the first I knew they were doomed. That's why I was so playful and happy. Nelly thought it was fun too, but when I ^{came upon her by} surprised her I could see she had been worrying.

In Rover days whenever Nelly worried we wanted to know why. But now I knew why, and I knew there was no real reason to worry.

FOUR -- Thirteen

Friday morning we were all rather hysterical. The girls didn't exactly know why but the way Moon and Frank and I were carrying on they played along. Nelly was tense but she had to laugh at our tricks.

First of all I came dashing out of the house at dawn and hopped into the Beetle and dragged out of the Neighborhood and ~~halfway~~ into town dodging around various ~~residential~~ streets. I could just imagine how GHQ was buzzing. Dan had announced that there were ~~a~~ several units of trained mountain climbers and snipers being held in reserve by their ~~helicopters~~ ^{choppers}. I imagine there were troops scrambling and ~~the~~ engines being warmed up.

Actually I ended up parking the Beetle at ~~the~~ ^{Beetle} ~~the~~ ~~garage~~ ~~downtown~~ ~~that~~ ~~always~~ ~~services~~ ~~the~~ ~~car~~. I'd called them the day before ~~the~~ and told them to give the Beetle an oil change and lube job and I'd pick it up later.

What ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~about~~ ^{maybe} a hundred or more red Beetles active in the Northwest I imagine the switchboard and radio channels at GHQ got rather clogged once Dan realized he'd lost me. ~~There~~ By the next day there were red Beetles moving in all directions, and quite a good proportion would be moving into the mountains to help out in the Extermination Campaign.

When the Wagon stopped for gas at a service station near the Beetle Garage and Moon and Frank piled out ~~xxxxxx~~ and Nelly and the girls piled out it was for sure the sleepy ~~gas~~ pump jockey didn't notice that when everybody piled back in I piled in too. The way I came out of the alley ~~and around the station~~ nobody could have seen me even if the Wagon ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ had been pursued to this point. And that was very unlikely, because Moon had driven away from the house, and he shows real promise.

As Nelly drove the wagon out of the station through Seattle, with me slumped deep in the luggage, Moon was just frantic to tell me how he'd dodged without seeming to dodge. The Park Boulevard is a perfectly logical way in town from the Neighborhood. Actually it's the most logical way. But it curves and twists around and there are ~~xxxxxxxx~~ several places where side streets ^{that twist} lead out into residential areas. ^{Moon} They'd lost ^{his} their tail in the Park just as easy as pie, and without even scorching a bit of rubber.

Then Frank couldn't live unless he told what fun they had loading the wagon, parading innocently around in the yard, knowing they were being watched, striking poses for the neighbors across the street.

We knew, of course, we'd be picked up someplace along the way. So nobody gave an obvious stare at the State Patrol

car at the west end of the Floating Bridge. I was down out of sight but Frank had a good angle on the rear view mirror and he shrieked with joy at the way the cop did a ~~double~~-take and dashed for his radio. Everyone looked very sober and normal going by the cop at the east end of the Floating Bridge but it was a hysterical group when Moon announced that the cop had radioed in to confirm that we had definitely crossed the Bridge, we had not jumped the rail into the Lake nor were we hiding in the draw span.

It was like that the whole way over Snoqualmie Pass.

We went by enough patrol cars ~~xxxx~~ at slow speeds that it could be definitely established I was not in the car. But that this was the ^{Fot}Wagon and it was headed east. Dan must have been just about ready for ~~cold packs~~ ^{wet sheets} and ~~xxxxxxx~~ skull-thumping, down there at GHQ, watching the ^{slow} steady ~~progress~~ ^{Fox} progress of the Wagon on the map, and the ^{rip}Red Beetles blossoming out all over the entire state. There had to be some connection between the Wagon and the Beetles. Then, too, there were the pins of another ~~ix~~ color, black probably, since the Beetel pins would have to be red, the Oop pins. It's hard to say how many Oop pins there were. There should have been only three or four. But it was just like the famous flying saucers. The very first flying saucers were spotted near Mount Rainier. Pretty soon ~~they~~ ^{there were}

Nowadays nobody wants to admit we ~~were~~ up here were the first place picked by the 1045 from Outer Space

flying saucers were all over the Northwest, the guys from Mars had obviously picked the Northwest as the ideal spot in the whole world to invade. Until various ~~people~~ ^{Southern Baptists} in Texas ~~and~~ ^{and in California} ~~saw~~ actually talked to the pilots of the flying saucers and told them about the oil and that's when the flying saucers decided to take a second look ~~at the world~~. So it's been very difficult ever since to decide which flying saucers really come from ~~outer space~~ or Mars and which are just the inventions of envious chambers of commerce. There were way too many Oop pins on the map, and way too many Beetle pins. Then there was this stupid Wagon pin.

There was a chance this Wagon pin had some weird, Foxy part in the plan so it had to be watched.

But then what did the stupid pin do but stop cold at ~~Gold~~ ^{Cold} Creek, and spend the whole of Friday night there. And though the Fox camp was watched carefully nothing happened. And though a detachment of reserves was helicoptered into upper ~~Gold~~ ^{Cold} Creek to reinforce the thin lines of deerslayers and ~~Boy~~ Scouts, they sat out the entire Campaign and the only excitement was when a deerslayer shot off his foot and when a Troop of ~~Boy~~ Scouts came down with dysentery and had to be evacuated. ^{rescued} by the ^{Alpines} ~~Body snatchers~~.

By Saturday GHQ must have been pretty sick of the stupid

Big Blue Firball Scare in New Mexico, which had a guilty conscience because of Alamogordo

Wagon pin, especially with all the Red Beetles getting into action. Because when the wagon pulled off into a meadow near the end of the ^{Crofting Elm} Cle ~~Elum~~ River Road there was nobody shadowing up the road close enough to do any good. There was nobody to see me crawl out from the baggage of the wagon and stretch my legs. And after a day and a night inside the wagon I was ready for a stretch, for sure, among other things.

When Moon and Frank and I set out up the trail with our fishing poles in our hands and our fishing baskets on our hips and a kind of vacant look in our eyes nobody but Dan himself could have figured us for **Foxes**, much less the idiots he had posted along the trail.

FOUR -- Fourteen

Harold Lloyd and

Saturday was just about the funniest day since ~~the~~ the Keystone Cops ~~got~~. Even though there were three of us I knew it was a good idea to keep up the noise, so we talked our way up the trail. Actually we were keeping a good hard pace ~~xxx~~ whenever we were sure nobody was watching, enough of a pace so I was the only one who could talk, Moon and Frank were busy gasping. Whenever we approached a bend in the trail or a creek we slowed down and all three of us made a racket of chuckles and shouts. At that we had guns levelled at us four or five times that day.

The main thing was to make enough noise so the guys would not have the nerve to shoot us on sight. They would shoot down anybody that walked unless they were ~~xxxx~~ afraid they were outnumbered. So we made enough noise for nineteen deerslayers and that way were safe. Whenever we walked into a guard post the guys were trembling for fear we might wipe them out. Then when they saw we were ~~x~~ just a goofy fisherman family they'd become real stern policeman*types. They wanted to know all about us, where we come from, where we was going, and what for. So while Moon and Frank hung back with their jaws open and their shoulders slumped, looking like genuine fishermen, I'd explain how we, meaning me and the boys, was

jest heading up fer a good hole we'd heard of.

The same story worked at Deception Pass. This was a harder bunch to deal with because the commander was a regular deputy sheriff and he had about a dozen loggers with him, tough as nails and already so drunk they could hardly hold their guns on us, and a whole week to go. We all cowered humbly, which is the only way to please a deputy sheriff, and I just about offered to ~~lick~~ lick his boots clean, if his majesty wanted, but it was just me and the boys and we had heard there was a ton of fish up there in Square Lake.

What with all of us wearing tennis shoes and bib overalls I guess we looked typical enough to satisfy the deputy but he could already see it was going to be a long week ~~xxxxxx~~ and we were such scared idiots we were simply ideal for questioning. He came right out and accused me of being Oop in disguise! And I gave him satisfaction, I dropped my pole and ran up to him with my hands clasped, begging for mercy. The deputy demanded I tell him everything I knew and I whimpered I didn't know nothing.

Then Moon, that imp, clutched at my shoulder and said, Pa, Pa, those fellers down the trail, you recall what they said? So I told the deputy to leave the boys alone, wasn't their fault, and it just escaped my mind, the last bunch down the trail, the soldiers, ^{boys} they did say this Oop feller had been ~~was~~

And having
us pupils
in our
eyes

surrounded on some peak. Mount Lion? No, Mount Den? No, it was Mount Daniel, that was it, Mount Daniel, that was what the soldiers ~~xxxx~~ ^{boys} said, everybody was going like a regular tornado to Mount Daniel.

There is a deputy who will be a town marshal soon. Once he heard that the soldiers were going up to Daniel he ~~xxx~~ went to Daniel. He tried to get the loggers to go with him but there were only two young guys who would. He managed to scare a several of the older guys by saying he'd arrest them. All loggers know they ought to be arrested, any time, any place. ~~xxx~~ They were too drunk to go uphill but they could go downhill and he sent them off down each side of the pass to ~~xxxx~~ ^{tell} the trailwatchers to follow the deputy up to Daniel.

This, of course, was exactly why we had been so hysterical about Dan's TV map. If all those people he had mobilized were Dans maybe the map would have frightened a Fox. But they were deputy sheriffs and deerslayers and loggers.

I wasn't with them to see it, of course, but Moon and Frank told me afterward how funny it was, the two of them backtrailing to camp, and everyone they saw rushing off to follow the deputy. Except about five loggers at Deception Pass who by Saturday afternoon couldn't hardly match bottles with mouths, much less see or care who walked by on the trail.

By Saturday night Moon and Frank were safely back at

Like the
marshal who
burned down
half of
Darlingtown
than the people felt
sorry for him. They'd kick
in the county a long time
and said "yes, well, he was
he was honest!" at least

the wagon, and GHQ was once more watching that stupid Wagon
pin move over the state.

By Saturday night I was approaching the Stevens Pass
Highway and Dan's famous sentry line.

FOUR -- Fifteen

The troops might have been more of a problem if they tried, like pacing up and down and flashing their lights into the dark, but whatever they might have thought down in ~~the~~ Fort Lewis once they were posted on the road they saw how stupid the whole idea was.

Probably there was a good deal of ~~noise~~ ^{racket and bustle} up at Stevens Pass because that's where the officers would be but naturally it never occurred to me to cross the highway at the pass. Originally I'd planned to ~~to~~ swing up onto the side of the ridge, which I wasn't looking forward to, since it's rough country. But ~~when~~ with the loggers ahead of me spreading the alarm it seemed silly to make trouble for myself. Everyone in the Deception ~~Pass~~ Creek posts was busy scrambling up toward Daniels so as I met them coming up the trail I'd start yelling, he's on Daniels, everybody's closing in on Daniels, and everybody took me for another messenger. It was pretty funny ^{then} (but later I felt rather bad about it because ^{some of} the people from the Cle Elum River posts went into Daniels by way of Cathedral Rock and Peggy's Pond while others busted straight up from Deception Pass. Hardly anybody got to Daniels, of course, and the tragedy was that the few

who did ^{started} ~~did a bit~~ of shooting and though nobody was hurt in that battle there was a troop of Boy Scouts on lookout up there and a stray bullet killed one. Also loggers and deerslayers and fishermen got separated and kept stumbling on each other. Two guys are still missing and nobody will ever know, probably, whether they were shot or whether they fell off a cliff. But several days later one poor skeetshooter staggered out Necklace Valley ^{into a trail post} and he must have suffered horribly ~~but~~ because ~~after~~ even with a dozen bullets in him you could still see lots of scars from brush and rocks.

But I didn't know ^{how} our little joke about Daniels turned out when I hiked out Deception Creek. It was still light when I left the trail and sat on a knoll in the forest and watched ~~the~~ the highway until I could see where the sentries were and how alert they were. I spotted ~~one~~ one who was completely bored. He had picked a comfortable log a few feet above the road and only came down to ~~the~~ the highway when he heard a command car approaching. Since they were coming by on a twenty minute schedule, like clockwork, by twilight he was taking the opportunity to dash to his log and get in a few winks after each command car.

So when it was dark I watched a command car pass and waited five minutes and then went ~~across~~ across the road like a shadow. The river was no problem. I don't know if there was even a

So far as he was concerned it was driving Air Force like in Texas.

sentry line at the river but the spot I waded, in the shadow of a clump of trees, ~~just~~ close to a rapids, a person could have been right on the bank and not seen me/ or heard me.

It was strictly a routine night run. The country around there is sloppy but open and anybody who knows how to walk with their feet instead of their eyes and has fair night vision can keep up ~~a~~ something of a pace. I stayed away from the high ridges ^{likely to be} ~~which were~~ crowded with ~~Boy~~ Scouts and ~~sharpshooters~~ various national ~~riflex~~ rifle champions and that sort. About two in the morning I crept down through the woods to Lake Valhalla to get a drink of water.

I intended to sneak right on past but there was a real gang whooping it up around a campfire, about forty guys in all, and listening to the conversation I had a magnificent idea. After all, even if I can walk with my feet instead of my eyes and make speed on broken country I've never claimed I don't prefer a good clear trail/ in broad daylight.

The thing was, these guys were boozing themselves into shape to march north the next day along the ^{Cussward} ~~Cascade~~ Crest Trail and occupy various lookout posts between Lake Valhalla and Cady Pass. And by the way the talk was going, guys asking, say buddy, what's your name? Joe? Joe, you're the greatest ol' ~~myxid~~ buddy I ever had, you understand' me, know what I mean? It was obvious they were a bunch of strangers to each other, volunteers from all over that had been herded into a bullpen at Stevens Pass ~~myx~~ when they showed up and when whoever was in charge there called GHQ to ask what do do with the

jerks Dan or one of his staff officers decided to put them someplace where they couldn't do any harm or hurt themselves too bad so he sent them out to sit on the trail/ here and there. Naturally there were first line troops already in position along the ridges but you don't want to send voters home and tell them to sleep it off.

So I shucked off my fish pole and basket and when a couple guys staggered out in the ~~dark~~ brush to relieve the ^{gas} ~~the~~ ^{in water} pressure I fell in beside them and we all staggered back to the fire together. Nobody noticed me, and after several bottles had passed my way there was a guy next to me swearing eternal friendship and I was telling him he was a great ol' buddy. As soon as people began passing out I took the opportunity to crawl out in the brush and pull a few branches over me and get some sleep, which was an unexpected treat.

Next morning about eight there was a guy bellowing around trying to wake up people. He turned out to be police chief of some small town near Seattle, and he had been assigned command of this bunch. Not to be obvious about it I let him stir a dozen others out of the sack before I staggered into the camp area looking bleary and vacant-minded. There was going to be a problem getting others up so finally the police chief, not wanting to look bad, told his assistant chief, who he'd brought along, ~~with his entire three man force,~~ to take

us up the trail and occupy the posts up near Cady Pass, if we got that far, and he'd stake out the real sots ~~fix~~ closer to the lake.

It was a sort of a drag, actually, trying to make any speed with that crew but anyway it was a better pace than I could have made at night off the trail. Without being obvious about it I managed to get right up behind the ~~fix~~ assistant, who naturally had to walk in front/. So I was able to push the pace a bit by stepping on his heels now and then and whenever he stopped to gasp falling against him and knocking him down and then apologizing. It got to him that a runt like me who didn't even have a six-gun strapped to his waist could walk faster than him in his policeman cap and britches and I was pretty scared he might die the way he was groaning. But after all what's one ~~more~~ small town cop more or ~~a~~ less.

I pushed the cop along the trail and the rest of our crew was spread out for miles behind but it was very much worthwhile to tag after him because we went by a dozen ~~a~~ machine gun nests and two sector command posts, and it was very nice to have my commander take all the guff about where ~~is~~^{are} your ~~orders~~^{orders} ~~pass~~ and so forth. This whole area was manned by policemen types and rod and gun clubs with everybody trying to pull rank.

It was getting late in the afternoon and obviously the rate we were going it would be another two days before we got to Cady Pass. Our commander was shot when we hit the ~~xxx~~ sector command post at Wenatchee Pass and there was no trace at all of his boss and the Lake Valhalla late-sleepers and only two of our original crew were still walking. Acting just patriotic as ~~hell~~ ^{heck} but very bashful still the same I led around ~~xxxxx~~ the subject until our commander thought ~~xxx~~ it was his own idea and gave me his copy of the orders and sent me and the two other survivors north to Cady Pass.

Well, being the deputy commander of the deputy commander I got to walk in front and it wasn't more than two miles, what with stepping up the pace bit by bit, until I was all by myself.

Cady Pass was warlike as all heck. I was challenged by sentries in regular army fashion and taken to the general in charge, and I really wasn't fooling when I gawked at the ~~helicopters~~ ^{choppers} and troops and all. ~~The general~~ Actually I was probably ~~xxxxx~~ lucky this was an army post because the general wasn't like the deputy sheriffs who liked to grill suspects. He took one look at me quivering there with my jaw open and my vacant eyes ^{without any pupils} and he'd seen so many of my type already he sent me out of his sight. I told him that I was supposed to

South of

be on lookout ~~xxxxxxx~~ close to Cady Pass and was hurrying to make it before dark. The orders confirmed this so all he did was tell me I ~~was~~ ~~xxxx~~ at Cady Pass so I'd better turn around and go back the way I came. I thanked his majesty and backed out of his tent and then shambled around camp ~~xxxx~~ and took the trail north out of Cady Pass. I was challenged there by a sentry but when I told him I was on my way north to ~~xxxxxx~~ Cady Pass and showed him my orders he let me ~~xxxx~~ go by. He didn't know ~~where~~ he was and didn't care.

FOUR -- Sixteen

It had all been very amusing, spending a night and a day as one of Dan's Hounds, but my feet were killing me ~~and~~ from all the stone bruises and heat of walking in tennis shoes. Also I was hungry. I was delighted to drop my role and swing off the trail down the ridge to ~~xxxxxxx~~ the cache I'd placed on my Secret Thursday Run.

I had a dandy meal of tuna fish and pumpernickel and cold water from the spring and then rolled into the brush and slept out Sunday night.

Monday was plain luxury. I was ahead of schedule, since I hadn't planned to reach the cache until Monday night. So I spent a quiet day, letting my tender feet get used to wearing boots again. Also I was darn happy to get rid of the bib overalls and the open jaw look. *And put goggles back in my eyes.*

Rather than sack out in the brush all day I decided to enjoy myself. There wasn't any pressure so I could dodge around ~~xxxxx~~ from good cover to good cover and watch the helicopters and sometimes amuse myself by traveling close to some watcher on a trail or ridge. I was at the rendezvous ~~ix~~ between Indian Head and Saul early in the afternoon.

I had no trouble finding the rendezvous. It was in a clump

of cedars on top of a small buttress ~~XXXX~~ that jutted out ~~from~~ ^{below} a moist green mossy cliff a hundred feet high.

There were several ~~XXXXXX~~ reasons I'd picked this spot. For one it was so close to Glacier Peak and our last rendezvous Dan wouldn't believe we'd be so stupid. Especially since because our last rendezvous was so close naturally he'd load up the area with troops, the trail access being easy and so many places for helicopters to land, and the country being so open. Having Oop show himself at many other places was just an extra nice touch. Dan ~~■~~ would assume the next rendezvous would be miles away, but with Oop pins all over his map there was no way to decide ^{where} ~~which way~~ to concentrate his forces.

One main reason was though it was right in the heart of country the helicopters and Boy Scouts and deerslayers could easily patrol this was ~~↓~~ such a nasty little obscure valley nobody in their right mind would have anything to do with it.

The big thing was that one time a few years ago I took a picture of Indian Head from David and this little buttress and the little mossy cliff above stuck out very prominently. That is, they showed well enough so that Oop, with the picture, could find it.

There were a lot of other considerations, like the view from the buttress and the several ~~ex~~cape routes off the buttress

and the ~~dense~~ cedar growth on top and so forth.

I was early, and Oop wouldn't be in until dark, or maybe not even until the next night. And the plan was that if he didn't show by that next night, or if I didn't, the alternate rendezvous would be our objective, over by Clark Mountain. If either of us got side-tracked and found we couldn't make the first spot, we would make for the second.

I had a good snooze on the buttress, watching ^{after} ~~the~~ helicopters and ~~the~~ ^{had} planes put me to sleep. About dark I woke suddenly. There was a ~~rattling~~ rattle of gunfire and then an explosion. That set off quite a battle because everybody started shooting and I didn't know what to make of it.

Everything quieted down and after ~~supper~~ a tasty supper of cheese and pumpernickel and cold dripwater from the mossy cliff above the buttress I hunched up in the cedars to listen.

~~This time Oop was caught, by golly.~~

II

I thought I was imagining things, that the alders off the side of the buttress hadn't really moved. Or if they had it was a gust of wind up the gully that didn't reach me on the buttress. But I strained my eyes down there. And I listened. I strained my eyes and ears until I didn't know if it was something moving or just my eyes quivering or something making noise or just my ears roaring.

He got within twenty feet of me before I ~~was~~ was sure it actually was something moving. And that was a tense few minutes, wondering if the something that was moving was something I wanted to meet up with. Or whether it was one of the many frightened bears that were ~~wandering~~ just confused as all heck that weekend.

But when he sat down on the buttress, about five feet away from me, I knew it was Oop. When you know a person long enough you come to recognize the way he breathes, or moves ~~in~~ his head, or the way he sits down, or something. I don't know what it was I noticed about Oop but I knew that was him.

~~279~~

285

FOUR- Seventeen

What I really wanted to do was wake him out of a sound sleep. Especially after he had essentially done this to me at Backos Creek and the Fremont Glacier. But after fifteen minutes I could tell he wasn't about to doze off, he had obviously been caved up someplace close by all day long. However I had to do something, so I started tossing pebbles out into the trees, small ones, one at a time.

After about five minutes of this treatment he was hunched up, listening. Then I dropped one ~~in~~ off to his left. He looked left. Then I dropped one to his right. He looked right. Then I took just the tiniest pebble I could find and dropped it right on top of his head.

And he turned around and in a smothered laugh said, you win the whole show Kayo! *I'm caught!*

So we joined up and had a big smothered laugh about the fact we were in such a ridiculous darn place in the mountains, a place nobody ever wanted to be ~~be~~ or tried to be or even stumbled into by accident. What made the joke so much ^{better} ~~bigger~~ was all the places just like this we had both been recently. There used to be a time when we went out to make first ~~ax~~cents of big obvious things like mountain tops and glaciers and cliffs. Now we were making firsts on little insignificant hidden things like caves and swamps and alder tangles and cedar jungles on tiny buttresses below moss cliffs ~~mix~~ on a mountain nobody

ever climbs on purpose, or hardly anybody.

The great thing about that night was how much fun Oop had been having. He told all about his runs. He obviously was in terrific shape again. He really had covered miles, both day and night. Then I gave him the story of the Extermination Campaign, and my false runs and the whole business.

It was a glorious night because at last I was sure it was all worthwhile. I knew the Chief would approve of everything I had done. He would, too. I don't pretend to know ^{of cars} ~~much~~ about the things that worry Oop and the Chief. Also I don't feel inferior because I don't worry about those things. But it's just like when I ~~used~~ used to go to church. The ~~guys in~~ black robes and the nuns bothered the heck out of me until I decided they weren't my kind of people. But I always sort of respected them in a way. They were confused and unhappy but they meant well, most of them.

Listening to Oop tell about his runs made ~~xxxx~~ me think of many an old Rover trip. I could hardly believe it was twenty years ago everything went to pieces. Of course I've been a Rover all along. There's been a lot happen and now there aren't any Rovers but me. Me and Nelly and the kids. Old Oop there, talking ~~■~~ like a Rover, it was grand. He's had bad times but to see him finally come through, it about

choked me up. I'm sure Oop will go on now and he'll come out okay.

Well, we talked and chudkled on but gradually ran down. There were silences ~~xxxx~~ that made me a little nervous because we'd come close to various subjects. Frankly once or twice I was hoping Oop would tell what really happened, not only about the Chief, but other things. But he didn't volunteer. And so many funny things had happened the last weeks it was impossible to go to sleep, even if we both hadn't slept out most of the day.

So finally I began to feel the urge to cover ground and we talked ~~x~~ over the next rendesvous. Really, at the time I didn't even consider talking about anything but the next rendesvous. Like what about the ^{final} ~~last~~ rendesvous, and taking this matter to court and all that. When it was all settled I stuffed a couple of candybars into my pockets and was standing there on the buttress shuffling my feet and then Oop gave a funny kind of laugh and said, go Kayo, run, Fox, run! So I laughed and ran.

I've laughed a lot and run a lot but that was a night when I really laughed and ran the most, possibly. That night and the next day. I'd worried a little about Oop before, but not anymore. I was doing the right thing, and it was a heck of

a lot of fun.

The brush was nothing to me. Run enough brush at night and you learn to run with your chest as well as your feet. Who needs eyes? Run along with your arms out in front and your weight in back of your heels and your feet probing instead of pounding and if your feet fall through air probe with your chest while leaning over backward farther and grabbing with your arms. Even if you step over a cliff you ~~will~~^{would} not do anything worse than sit down hard. Maybe sometimes you have to go into a tumbling act to prevent multiple fractures, but it's a good game, running through brush in the dark, if you have a sense of humor about it. Actually I suppose Cop and I are the only two people in the world that are expert at the sport of brush-running at night. It's not exactly the sort of event I expect to see on the schedule of the next Olympics.

I was feeling so loose I was tempted to run out the whole way but it was getting on toward dawn when I saw a great splash of light on the trail. I tagged along on a parallel course in the brush awhile and saw ~~they were~~ what was up. It was about forty people and they weren't ~~hunters~~ Hounds. Not right then, anyway. Some of them were soldiers and some were climbers and the rest were ~~from the~~ the assorted kind.

Gradually I drifted down out of the brush onto the trail behind the stretcher-carriers, and by dawn I had taken several turns on the stretchers.

It was hard for me to take, since everyone was blaming Oop and his accomplices and I knew Oop and I had nothing to do with this. We didn't ask any of these people to come out in the mountains. We didn't ask this guy to ~~xxxx~~ fly his helicopter up from Boise, Idaho. He and his two brothers.

All that gunfire. Well, this guy from Boise just came up to help out. He didn't register with GHQ. There'd been all this talk from GHQ about Oop being supplied from a Russian helicopter. The sector commander at White Pass saw a helicopter that wasn't on his chart, and got rather excited about it ^{and was calling for instructions.} Some deerslayer ~~and~~ down the ridge heard a rumor and opened fire and that set the whole valley ablaze.

^{when} The gas tank blew ~~when~~ the guy from Boise ^{and} was falling off into the valley. ~~he~~ (saw this was not friendly county). So they dropped in the woods ~~xxx~~ and the people posted in the valley picked up the pieces, and the three of them made two convenient stretcher loads.

It was very convenient for me, naturally. The various commanders along the trail didn't give us a look. Nobody saw me split off and join my family.

And they were amazed to see me, since the end of the White River Road was supposed to be just one of the false trails. I wasn't due to be picked up until the next day or the day after. But there I was, and when I rolled into the wagon they packed gear on top of me fast enough and homeward we went.

FOUR -- Eighteen

GHQ didn't shut down operations because the Wagon pin was back in the Neighborhood. There were ~~x~~ still all those red Beetles all over the state, and no red Beetle in the Neighborhood. But some of the old zip went out of the Extermination Campaign on Monday. Things like the helicopter being shot down at White Pass and the Boy Scout catching a stray bullet on Mount Daniels took quite a bit of fun out of the chase for some people. In the quiet sectors ~~where~~ those who didn't see any action began to get bored sitting around. Then too various prominent ~~xxx~~ citizens, especially Democrats, began to take a dim view of the affair. The National Safety Council was rather sore, since their predictions for the Labor Day Weekend were wrecked, and they came right and said why. A national television commentator ~~came right~~ ~~out and~~ said everyone had gone crazy in Washington State and frankly it made him worry about the fate of democracy.

From the standpoint of the Army it wasn't good timing, pulling out Wednesday night. ^{According to them} ~~what actually happened was~~ they got orders to pull out Tuesday night even before it started to rain. Certain anti-militarists, though, had a good laugh over the fact it began to rain like heck Wednesday morning and that night the troops went back to Fort Lewis.

Used to be
"Soviet of
Washington" and
now their

This wasn't any summer mist, either, the weak little storms that ~~old-time~~ ^(U.S.S.W.) Cascade climbers call good-weather storms. This was the first storm of winter, with snow above 6000 feet and slush above 5000 feet and hard ~~rain~~ cold rain down to sealevel.

Naturally the airplanes and helicopters were grounded but instead of waiting ~~for~~ at advanced bases they just went home instead. Except for a few guys wholed up in shelters ~~xxx~~ who hadn't run out of liquor yet the hills were practically empty by Thursday. That morning the governor, a Democrat, sounded off in time for the evening papers to the effect he was going to personally investigate this entire operation, and was ~~going to~~ requesting a full report from Dan's Committee.

I was pretty restless waiting for the evening TV news. Not having been out of the house for two days, what with our neighbors across the street, I was in bad need of ~~exercise~~ ^{daytime} and watching television wasn't the answer. I sort of felt maybe Dan, the stupid old dinosaur, had smashed himself all over Oop and he wasn't ~~going~~ to be mayor after all, or anything else.

Well, if I ever felt sorry for Dan and ~~thought~~ he was justified in hating Oop, that night took care of any pangs of conscience I'd been feeling.

so the TV stations could get there
At exactly the right hour in the afternoon, and soon after
the governor's statement hit the streets, Dan had called
a press conference. Only it wasn't at GHQ since the governor
had cleared him out of there in the morning and reclaimed the
State Patrol for the Democrats.

Dan came on the screen and ~~XXXXXX~~ read a statement. ~~AND~~
~~XXXX~~ He had, as of this morning, officially called off the
campaign. The reason for the premature end was that Oop
was now known to be out of Washington State. It had been
known for some time that a substantial organization was at
work supplying Oop and planning to spirit him away. Undercover
agents had been watching known or suspected members of this
organization and had thwarted numerous attempts to supply Oop
and to evacuate him from the Cascades. Including, of course,
the previously revealed ~~XXX~~ incident of the cache captured
intact in the Guye-Snoqualmie saddle. Furthermore, on
Monday a helicopter not registered to be in the area was
intercepted at White Pass and shot down. Investigation had
disclosed certain matters in the background of the ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
gentleman from Boise, Idaho, that made it ~~■~~ appear probable
he was not, as previously believed, a cropduster. As it
happened, this was not the only unregistered helicopter that
had been observed. Though the details could not at present

be revealed, for obvious reasons, a helicopter had been observed at a certain sector moving into another sector. The commander at the second sector acknowledged the report from the first sector, but did not, or says he did not, see the helicopter. The volunteers manning the second sector were now being investigated. For, and here was the bomb, Oop had been definitely identified, Thursday morning, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ in the North Beach ~~XXXXXX~~ district of San Francisco. Apparently, indeed, having arrived so recently that he had not as yet had an opportunity to cut off his beard.

By, there was a statement if ever I heard one. The boys and I were rolling around the floor and Nelly was cackling and howling and the girls were dancing around like crazy.

The clincher was when the reporters tried to get details out ~~xxx~~ of Dan and he stated he would be unable to turn over his files since they were now in the possession of the FBI.

Old Dinny the ~~XXXXX~~ Dinosaur, he never seemed to know exactly what was going on ~~xxx~~ in the old days when we played Fox and Hounds. But some of it rubbed off on him.

Just as they had him ~~xxxxx~~ pinned to the wall and were about to cut him to ribbons old Dinny escaped into thin air. I had to hand it to him, it was a dodge worthy of a Fox. Oop had been definitely identified in just about every state of the union, dozens of times, but while Oop was worth

something to Dan he wouldn't let him out of the Cascades. Now that Oop was a political liability, and because of Oop Dan had caused dozens of deaths and spent probably a few million dollars, Dan just gave him away free and clear.

It was very good business, because now California had to sweat out Oop. And if anybody was tempted to say Dan should have caught Oop while he had him, and Dan shouldn't have killed so many people, why, there was always the Organization. Maybe Dan didn't beat the Organization, but my gosh, the whole United States hasn't been able to do that, though we're still working on it.

Especially Dan. He darn near beat the Organization. And you can trust him to keep on trying. Meanwhile he sure can organize a Campaign. A man who can run a Campaign like that can run a city or a state or anything. Maybe at the time the troops in the Campaign thought it was a little silly ~~but~~ and badly organized but afterwards, as veterans, they were proud to have been a part of it, and to have served under Dan. If it hadn't been for treachery Dan and his troops would have exterminated Oop.

We were all ~~weak~~ with laughter and hardly had the strength to watch the cowboy programs that came on after the news.

FOUR -- Nineteen

It's fun to run, and fun to laugh but I don't know, after a good hard run when I escape, and after laughing too much, I ~~beginxxxxxxx~~ suddenly feel sad. Maybe while I'm still running, and know I've escaped, or still laughing, suddenly I almost bust out crying.

After the Extermination Campaign was over and our friends across the street disappeared and I went back to my drawing board at Boeing and there wasn't any news at all about Oop and no ~~xxxxxxx~~ Dan on the screen and the climbing season was about over, then I began to realize Chief was dead. The Chief is dead, and Moon.

So Kayo the Fox had a good run, a tremendous run. Oop was the old Oop, and running good. And my little Foxes were proving themselves clever.

And here comes winter, and the mountains will be all clogged up with snow. There are still things to do on weekends like skiing and making winter ascents/ but I don't look forward to them with any particular enthusiasm. Also next summer will be just another summer. (4) Last summer, gosh it was only such a short time ago, we had the Chief coming home, it was going to be the best summer in years. Now, well, every time

I look at the mail I get sort of a twinge. Not that we had many letters from the Chief, but they didn't come on any particular schedule so that any time I came home at night there might be a ~~xxx~~ letter from Chief. I guess I didn't realize how much they meant until now. ~~Until July~~ Every day of my life for the last twenty years there has always been the chance of a letter from Chief. Until July. And now there ~~will~~ won't ever be another letter. I just can't ~~get~~ get used to the idea.

The days down at Boeing really drag by. It was bad enough when we were building great big airplanes. I never liked big airplanes. ~~Some of them~~ Even in World War II the fighters looked too big to me. Now they look so tiny. Watching ~~some~~ late movies on TV sometimes there is one of the old World War I airplane pictures. Those were airplanes. Those are the ones I wanted to fly. I could never get excited about ~~working~~ working month after month on the metal stresses at one particular point on a wing of a monster jet airplane. When we switched to missiles it all became drudgery. The kids get almost as excited about the space programs as they do about cowboys but the whole thought of space bores me. The kids are proud that I'm working on missiles. Whenever I mention Richthofen they think I'm talking about a missile scientist.

I flew one
of these,
with Mom

I guess I'm getting old. I look at Nelly and she hasn't changed a bit that I can tell. I go out in the hills and I run everybody into the ground. But I don't give a darn about outer space. I must be getting old. All I want to do is be an Original Rover out making first ascents in the Cascades, or ~~fixing~~ mystifying Richtofen and his Flying Circus in my Spad or my _____.

FOUR -- Twenty

I came home one night and there was a strange woman in our living room. She was so strange I waited for Nelly to introduce me. The two of them were sitting so close obviously she was no stranger to Nelly. I hung there a minute and then went ice-cold all over. It was Oola. It wasn't Anne, it was Oola. So I tried to give her a big hello but failed. Not that it mattered because this was Oola, ^{though} ~~but~~ not really.

She sat there and seemed quiet and under good control. But she had lost so much weight, that was the thing. She looked just like the beautiful girl who broke the world's record for the broad jump at Mrs. Nelly's recital, and was raved about by the New York critics. But I didn't expect her to jump up and touch the ceiling. Where she used to seem to perch on the edge of a chair ^{ready to leap across the room} now she seemed to be trembling on the edge of the chair about to collapse on the floor. Then too in the old days when you were talking at her and her eyes focussed someplace a million miles past your head you had the feeling she was looking at something terrifically exciting. Now her eyes focussed in that old way and made me think she was staring right into the bottom furnaces of Hell.

But I didn't get much chance to talk to her because she

She was 17
forever -
now she was
35 and would
be forever, but
the change was
so much all
at once

left a few minutes after I got home. She didn't walk out, she flew out, but wobbling. Nelly filled me in. Oola had been home for two weeks and been quiet enough so that Dan had let the private nurse go a few days ago. About Dan ^{Three} III, well Oola hadn't seen him since July. When Oola got home Dan had already shipped him to a boarding school in the East. It was the best thing for Dan ^{Three} III, of course. Nelly had a feeling that Oola had a feeling she would never see Dan III again.

FOUR -- Twenty-one

Two things went ~~x~~ wrong. One was that everything was so easy before. Even the Extermination Campaign had been so easy to outwit. Now all the ~~x~~ excitement was over and the pressure was off. So I was overconfident. There wasn't going to be any fun, this wasn't a Fox dodging Hounds, this was just a porter hauling supplies.

The other thing that took the edge off was the generally sad state of affairs, no more Chief and Oola ~~xxx~~ the way she was and the missiles and ~~xxx~~ winter coming and just everything. 6 Originally I'd planned to use the ~~xxxxxxx~~ same trick as Labor Day, the Wagon and Red Beetle confusion. But there was nobody watching the Neighborhood, that was certain. And what with the Governor having the State Patrol under his command again it seemed silly to go out of my way to play secret agent. Oop would be out of food in a few days and so I'd have to haul in supplies but it seemed ~~xx~~ to be nothing more exciting than taking groceries to the woman down the street who has a broken leg and can't get to the supermarket.

I did leave the house ~~x~~ Friday night, as planned. And after a long boring drive parked the car in the campground below

Newhalem. Frankly I wasn't looking forward to the exercise. There ~~wasn't~~ wasn't anything to key me up. The thought of hacking up the brush of Ladder Creek seemed ~~just~~ just too much. So I threw my pack back in the Beetle and drove up the road to Diablo Dam. With everything back to normal, why kill myself? I walked across the top of the dam and began plugging up the Thunder Creek Trail. So where was I going? Well, instead of spending the night and most of the next ~~morning~~ day grappling brush to the ridge, and then going over the Colonial Glacier to the Neve Glacier and dropping off the ~~the~~ south side of Snowfield to the rendezvous I'd take it easy. I'd use the trail as much as I could and then go up the spur north of MaAllister Creek to the rendezvous. This would probably save me a few hours of struggling.

I hadn't seen a single soul ~~who~~ who gave me the slightest notice ~~for hours~~. Actually ~~wasn't~~ from the Neighborhood all the way there wasn't any sign that anybody was watching me. I was feeling lazy. And it was just early Saturday. So I sacked out in the brush by the trail for several hours.

In the morning I started walking again, and was about to leave the trail and whack up the hill when I walked into a dozen or so guys sitting ~~xxxxxxx~~ by the trail. It took me by surprise, and I wasn't tensed up. Instead of running

I stopped.

So there I was with my face hanging out and this huge pack on my back and an ax in my hand. And these guys didn't have ~~guns~~^{rifles}, they didn't have fishing poles, they didn't have empty-faced looks, they didn't even seem surprised to see me. Trying to figure them out then, the only image that came to me was a Young Republican Club. I mean, they looked dedicated, but not to fish or deer or anything. ~~Not~~ Not peaks, for sure. They weren't looking at peaks. Just at me.

So one chap, who could easily be a law professor at the University, he asked me who I was and where I was going. But not like it was a cross examination. In an easy sort of way, but persistent, he wanted to know all about me. Well, I ~~was~~ answered everything, and told some true things and a lot of false things. After all, they didn't have guns.

But the questioning was expert. And it came so fast and from so many sides I didn't have a chance to plan a story. I contradicted myself. I gave several names, ~~names~~ and nicknames, that weren't mine, but obviously were close to mine. I said I was on a trip by myself, but then someone asked about the ax and I sort of implied I was climbing a mountain and someone asked if I was doing it alone and I denied that and said I was hoping to meet some friends. Well, it was such a fiasco

finally I just broke through and said I was late and had to make miles. Nobody had guns. They let me go.

But they followed me.

Right on my darn heels.

Not a word, not a threat, but they were right behind me. I put on speed and opened up some distance but the thing was, I had never been on this particular route before. I'd be on the point of dodging up into the brush and then see a cliff so I stayed on the trail.

The main thing was I ~~was~~^{got} rattled. That's how they chased me clear ~~by~~~~the~~ across MacAllister Creek. Now I couldn't possibly hit the rendezvous. That valley is such a horror it simply can't be done ~~with~~ on a weekend.

I shouldn't have let them chase me across the creek. I should have dropped off the trail before the creek.

I dropped off the trail in a bundle ^{and beyond the creek} and the troops went by. Two of them went by. I waited for more but ~~there~~~~was~~ there ^{was} no more. When I hobbled down the trail with ~~my~~ my sprained ankle I found the ~~rest~~^{others}. They came out to console with me for my injury. They wanted to help me but at every offer my ankle got better.

The thing was, ~~there~~ on my way down the trail I saw about

40 people I didn't see on the way up!

forty people. Anyplace that looked like a spot for dodging up the hill there were people. Not with guns, just solid citizen types. They were out in the open, now.

I had other things in mind. There was the alternate rendezvous. ~~But~~ Maybe I could have gotten to the alternate. But it was this feeling of being herded home. Every time I got up the energy to dodge there was somebody saying ~~hello~~ hello and asking about the fishing.

They herded me all the way to the Beetle. And when I hit the sack Saturday night or Sunday morning, whatever it was, Nelly was shocked to see me.

I'm still shocked.

I've been thinking about it all week and I just don't see how it happened. But I do know I was taking things easy. Somewhere along the way I relaxed too far.

It's humiliating. I escaped when the whole United States Army Forces and the most of the policemen in the nation were chasing me. And now there is this weird group of Hounds that don't howl and don't bark and don't pant, but wherever I went they were there.

Things like this don't just happen. That darn old dinosaur. Foxes have their runs and then they go to sleep. These darn dinosaurs keep plodding.

FOUR -- Twenty-two

I've simply had to harden my mind.

Oop is out there, and he's going to be hungry soon. I've kept him alive almost three months, me Kayo, and there has to be some reason for me to change my mind about Oop.

Oop was at the rendezvous last weekend. I'm sure he was. How must he feel now, me not meeting him?

Dan is a real case. Somebody should study him. Anybody who wants to study Dan, I have a lot of information that ought to be considered. If we get out of this with a whole skin I'm sure going down to Democratic Headquarters and give them the full ~~x~~ scoop on Dan.

So this is dirty stuff, ~~x~~ what I say about Dan?

How dirty can you get?

Here I am, a solid Boeing Engineer, and twice I've been called to the Throne, or close ~~six~~ to it. This time, two days ago, the Vice*President didn't ask me anything, he told me. If I don't shape up and cooperate, well, there's always the out-chute....

This guy is willing to see my children starving, to see my mortgage foreclosed. He doesn't really care.

FOUR- Twenty-Three

When I opened the door and saw Dan I didn't give a darn. The way he swung his eyes around he didn't ~~bigxx~~ give a darn. Oola was gone, he came to our house and there was no Oola.

He didn't come in. He hulked there on the step and once he saw Oola wasn't around he started yelling.

When you're used to a guy as a silent hulk it's shocking to hear him yell.

When he has been a ~~x~~ fairly good friend for dozens of years it's a bit startling to see him as a total enemy.

This dinosaur, this Dan, he stood there and all he did was promise to get me fired from Boeing, to see I would never get another job as an engineer anyplace in the Free World, to see that if I ever stirred out of the house again I would either be shot down as a treasonmonger or captured someplace in the hills and sent into a dungeon for life plus a thousand years.

Dan went. He ain't been back.

The kids aren't saying a word. They're just waiting to see.

Nelly, she keeps pointing at our kids. Then she points at Oop. She thinks our kids are worth more than Oop, if ~~x~~ it

~~x~~

comes to a choice.

I have to agree with her. But I don't think the choice is between my kids and Oop. It's between Oop and Dan. Or maybe it's between me and Dan.

I just don't know. Here Dan promises to kill me and all the people I love. Nelly wants us to go on, Foxy. But there is Oop, and soon he'll be hungry.

Is Oop worth all this trouble? Is Oop worth risking my family?

Well, I'm darned if I know. The only reason Nelly is letting me go tomorrow without complaint is that she understands I have been his only source of life to date. I can not leave him there, waiting.

Darn it, Oop has to go before a judge and jury sometime. Unless he's going to be a criminal/ the rest of his life.

I'm going to have to haul food to Oop. But also I am going to have to talk to Oop. He should know what's going on. He has a son. He has Oola. If he isn't satisfied with him this ~~xxx~~ then there is something wrong with ~~xxx~~ but I just don't believe it.

Anyway, this has to be the last time.

~~October 22~~ or 50 ~~at~~
~~stand~~

43

NOVEMBER, 1961

November 1, evening

FIVE -- One

This can't be happening. Sometimes I wake up at night ~~from a bad dream~~ and for a second feel relieved and thankful that ~~it~~ was only a dream. Then I realize it isn't a dream, it's actually happening, and it hits me such a jolt I practically choke. During the daytime I get used to it and everything that's happened in the last month seems normal. But when it gets dark ~~xxxxxxx~~ I begin feeling so depressed I'm about to die. It takes hours to get to sleep and then I dream all night long, and waking up from the dreams is awful. In the morning I feel more hopeful, and begin making plans and think everything will work out. But then night comes again.

How on earth did I get into such a fix?

Everything was going along so well last July. Then the Chief was killed. ~~But~~ If only the Chief were alive he could straighten out this mess. I'd just go to the Chief and he'd take care of it. But there's nobody to help me anymore. I'm on my own.

Going over it in my mind I can see the mistakes I made. I should have faced it there on ^{Salami} ~~Sahale~~ Arm, and made Oop turn himself in right then. I could have handled it, I could have got the other Rovers to help me calm down Danny

Start rations?
Mud. permission for
Journey - or found some -
50 on last haul
enough food for 1
man for 2 months
running about when
veg. leaves

and if Oop had faced the rap then he'd have gotten off on insanity even if ~~they~~ they had been able to bring him to trial, which is doubtful.

All I've done since then is make one mistake after another. At the time I didn't think I was making mistakes. It was so much fun and I was getting away with every trick in the book. That was why I kept on, I realize now. It was so much fun. I told myself there wasn't anything else I could do, I had to save Oop. But during all that time I hardly saw Oop, except for a few minutes at each rendezvous. I didn't even think about Oop very much, I guess. All I thought about was winning the game, beating the Hounds.

Even then it might have worked out if I hadn't gotten careless. It was darn silly of me to get caught on Thunder Creek. I should have known that even if Dan had ~~gotten~~ squeezed all the votes out of Oop he still had a lot more powerful ~~reasons~~ reasons for hunting him down.

I didn't think I was careless after that. And so far as the run itself was concerned it was a good clever job. It was before the run I was careless, but good grief how was I to know that Dan would be capable of anything? I thought there were limits even for him. And then that stupid kick. Why, why did I have to do that? Why couldn't I have kept my head?

Oola - looked 16 until
she was 35. ~~35~~
Probably will look 35 until
she's 60.
But the shock of the change -

FIVE -- Two

I was keyed up for the run/~~xxxxxxx~~ I was good and tense, not slack and lazy like on Thunder Creek. But I wasn't keyed up the way I'd been during the Extermination Campaign, and on the Backos Creek and Fremont Glacier runs. That is I wasn't bubbling over with laughter. Because this was the last one. I'd promised Nelly that and I was going to have to tell Oop. What Oop would do then had to be his business. Which was depressing. But also the fun was over. Well, actually it had been over ever since the Extermination Campaign anyway. But now it was over forever.

Another thing that bothered me was Oola. The day before I left she called me at work and said she had to see me, alone. I took the afternoon off, supposedly for a toothache I developed after she called and met her downtown in a dark restaurant.

It was so dark I couldn't see her face clearly. At first I thought maybe she was drunk but though she had a drink in front of her when I came in she didn't touch it and when I picked up her tab she had only one drink on it.

I ordered a beer and sat there making conversation about the kids and waiting for her to say something but she just sat there in the dark and now and then giggled for no reason

or tapped her fingers on the table in a way that showed she wasn't hearing a word I said. Those long fingers hadn't changed. And they weren't really tapping/ on the table, they weren't making a sound. They were dancing.

It made me nervous and my beer was gone before I knew ^{ordered} it so I ~~xxx~~ another one and took a healthy slug and finally got up the courage to ask if ~~xxxxxxx~~ she had been home from wherever she'd gone, did Dan know where she was.

That was the first thing I said that she heard. The way she laughed would have brought the bartender on the run if he'd heard it. It was a ~~x~~ wild laugh, but silent. My eyes were getting used to the dark by then so I could see the way her face was working, and how her whole body was shuddering, and how her long fingers dug into her hair. I felt just awful. She didn't shout, she whispered, good omd Dinny the ~~D~~inosaur! Big, dependable Dinny! She said some other things that shocked me, I'd never heard a woman talk that way ~~xxxxxx~~ except in Texas. I didn't want to hear all this stuff. Not from Oola. It made me feel almost as bad as if Nelly talked this way, which never could happen in a million years. Of course I've always known Oola was different. Ever since the pumpernickel. But when you don't want to ~~xxxx~~ remember something ~~xxx~~ ^{it's} fairly easy to forget.

I did figure out from what she said that she had not

Always used to take pumpernickel
I've never taken pumpernickel in mountains since then. Switched to Russian rye. Don't like it as well because loaves are round but eat stand pumpernickel

been home and Dan didn't know where she was. But before I could find out anything else she had a sort of quiet crying jag and suddenly her face was buried in my chest and she was holding onto me so tight I could feel every sob up and down ~~Myx~~ my whole body. Fortunately there wasn't anybody in this corner of the lounge because it was terribly embarrassing. Also it made me nervous, ~~shex~~ because suddenly I remembered how Oola looked me right in the eye that time at Mrs. Kelly's recital and for a few hours I had a crazy idea about her and me. Naturally I'd tell Nelly about all this but what bothered me was I couldn't tell her everything. It was all so very odd, being sort of half-crooked in a dark bar in the afternoon instead of at the drawing board at Beijing. Sitting there with my arms around her like that, it was an awful experience, I couldn't tell Nelly, not everything.

But what really shook me was that suddenly I realized she wasn't sobbing anymore, she was laughing. Then she drew away from me a little and started saying over and over again, Foxy little Kayo, Kayo the Fox! Then she said something like, you are the Foxiest Fox Kayo but there are other foxes! Everybody is either a Fox or a Hound but there's a little Fox in ~~Exx~~ everybody!

It ended in a hurry. I was sitting there stunned trying

and
but
I've only
embraced 2 women
in my life and
this was the
2nd woman here
and
different from Nelly,
interesting actually

to decide whether to call the wagon or order another beer or what when she was on her feet with her hands on my shoulders, those long fingers digging into my bones and her ^{nose} ~~face~~ about three inches from mine and she whispered, run Kayo! This time you run, run, run, and ~~xxx~~ don't get caught! And give him this, Kayo! Give him this!

She was out of the bar before I ~~xxxx~~ could do a thing or say a word. I watched her ~~xxxx~~ fly through the shadows and then I noticed the package she'd left on the table. It wasn't awfully big or heavy, it ~~xxxx~~ looked like a shoe box wrapped in heavy paper and all carefully tied together. It was maybe a little too heavy for a pair of shoes.

I don't suppose it would have changed anything if I'd opened the package. Oola hadn't said not to. But some things I don't like to know about. I didn't open the package because of the pumpnickel. *And the night at Mrs. Kelly's.*

The reason I drove around awhile before going home was to think over how much to tell Nelly. But then I drove to ~~k~~ get the beer off my breath because finally I realized I couldn't tell her a thing. She'd worry if she knew. If she knew a single bit of it she'd kill herself worrying while I was gone.

Frankly it bothered me, Oola ^{knowing} ~~assuming~~ so much. Oola knew ~~wherexixmaxxing~~ and if she knew it could only be from Dan.

*Then she kissed me.
And can't tell what
I kissed her back.
It was a crazy thing.*

Not that I was particularly shocked but it gave me a creepy feeling. I didn't know how Dan had tracked me to Thunder Creek. But I knew that this last run was not going to be any cinch. Dan knew I would be out on the weekend and I wasn't ~~not~~ dodging a Committee and the Army and deerslayers and Boy Scouts. I didn't know what I was dodging.

If I had known I never would have run. I'd have just abdicated as the Foxiest Fox. It hurt my pride to be outwitted by a stupid Dinosaur but if I had known I would have written off my pride and let Dan go strutting ~~in~~ through the world.

FIVE -- Three

Actually it was a terrific run, a masterpiece. And there wasn't any real reason to feel Dan had caught me on Thunder Creek. At the time I thought I was overplanning but the possibility of missing a rendezvous and missing the first alternate had been taken into account. I knew Oop would have had a busy weekend and been disappointed that I missed both the first and second chances. I knew he'd be on short rations, but ~~nothing~~ serious ~~there~~. Also I knew he'd be waiting for me the next weekend.

When I gave Oop the plan there on the side of Indian Head I didn't know how the Extermination Campaign was going to fizzle out. For all I knew the pressure ~~was~~ would keep up indefinitely. So instead of keeping Oop in country close to Seattle I decided to put him northwest of the Skagit River-Ross ^{Like} ~~Dam~~ line. For one thing with winter coming in there would be plenty of days when he could travel the high open ridges and glaciers in such splendid weather a Hound couldn't see him from ten feet away and there wouldn't be any helicopters in the air. For another he would have the border close by.

The Canadians simply weren't interested in the Extermination Campaign for some reason. They not only wouldn't cooperate with Dan's Committee but ~~any~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~guns~~ wouldn't let any of his Hounds over the border with their guns.

So if things got too hot in the States I could always dodge Oop over the border/ to cool off. I knew it would be very difficult to supply Oop once he was over the Skagit. It's farther from Seattle and there are so few roads into the area ~~that~~ they could all be watched rather easily. And once over the Skagit it might be hard to get him back.

It was a last resort. But if I wasn't either at Point One or Two, he was to get over the Skagit somehow during the next week, and meet me at the second set of alternates.

There was one thing about my plan I had to change. I didn't know how Dan tailed me out of the Neighborhood, and out of Seattle. But I had to assume he had figured out the way I shuffled the Red Beetle and the Wagon. I had to assume that ~~every~~ someone was still watching our house and everything that went on. That was a chilling sensation, ~~thinking~~ wondering which of our neighbors was a Hound. Once in the hills the old tricks would work. I knew they were perfect. But getting into the hills ~~had~~ to be revolutionary.

It was really very easy. Expensive, but easy. And it was absolutely foolproof. All week Nelly was worrying while I was thinking but when I told her the plan she relaxed. It was the last run, and it was so safe she didn't have to worry a bit anymore. When I went to work Friday morning we kissed a bit longer than usual, and quite a bit more

intensely but she was laughing when she said, go, Kayo! Run, Fox, run!

Whoever was watching me as I left the house and drove to the Boeing Parking Lot and walked to the plant couldn't have ~~seen~~ seen anything particularly interesting. I was wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase and a lunchbox ~~and~~ just like ~~always~~ always, just as I had the whole week. Anybody who was watching me would have expected that in any event I would start the run that night and watching me this day was just routine.

Whoever it was in Boeing that was watching me couldn't possibly have seen anything out of the ordinary. Even if it was one of the engineers in my room, which is probable. Because the ~~gear~~ gear I'd been hauling to work all week wasn't much. A boot in the lunchbox, ~~socks~~ socks in the briefcase, that was a day's load. Another boot the next day, ~~trousers~~ trousers. A wool shirt, a parka. And so forth.

It wasn't as if I stuffed all this gear in my desk, either. None of it went in my desk. There are a lot of corridors and closets and so forth. Also ~~there~~ there was a whole set of lockers that had been assigned to our group a year or so ago on a certain project that required a lot of storage.

When the project ended I forgot to turn in the keys and

nobody remembered the lockers. Not even me until I was looking for a place to store gear. There was all sorts of junk in the lockers we'd all forgotten. A whole set of luggage, for instance, that we'd requisitioned one time when we thought we were going to fly to Washington to present testimony to Congress, scale models and graphs and blueprints and that sort of testimony.

The way I dodged out was pure office routine, what any of us do when we want an afternoon off. Nelly called me just before lunch, and on her end of the ~~x~~ conversation she was telling me not to forget the hamburger and the buns and the case of beer, and how we had to make the ^{2:00} ~~xxxx~~ ferry if we were going to get into camp tonight. The only reason for all this nonsense of course was the chance my telephone was tapped. On my end of the conversation I made all sorts of talk about what does the doctor say, it's not a mortal wound, thank heaven for that, but she's asking for her Daddy, well I'll be there right away.

So anybody in the office hearing me talk thought one of my girls had been hurt, and anybody tapping my phone thought I was ~~skipping~~ skipping out for a long weekend. When this information got to Dan he'd have another interpretation but by then it wouldn't do him any good.

They don't give them to you -
you just gradually accumulate them.
First you steal the privileges. Then
years go by without anybody noticing.
And by then it's part of the job.

One nice thing about seniority ~~xxx~~ in a huge company, you get privileges. Like our office having a car assigned it, and me being one of the dozen guys who had a key. Also when you have seniority you know all the routes that the here today gone tomorrow people don't know.

I'd made my reservation on a public phone during a visit to the bathroom ~~xx~~ so when I got on the plane I felt utterly free. It was impossible for anyone to follow me through the corridors and see me pick up the suitcase and dodge on into the private lot and drive the office car to the airport and check my ~~xxx~~ suitcase and hop into the plane. There would be heck to pay when the office car turned up missing but I'd cover somehow. Since this was the last run I could ~~x~~ cover a lot of things.

The cost bothered me, renting the car at the airport in Bellingham, but it had to be done. Driving up the Mount Baker Highway I felt sort of weird, wearing a suit, already tensing up for the run. It was strange knowing I was free. Dan could not possibly follow these dodges. If I had been on his side during all this, I couldn't have followed these dodges. Not without such a mess of spies they couldn't help making waves that any plain ordinary Fox would notice, much less Kayo.

But I wasn't about to be overconfident after the Thunder Creek fiasco. Instead of driving the car to the end of the

Being on
a plane!

Three grocery
stores

~~xxxxxxx~~^{di}

road I ditched it on a tiny slash of a bulldozer track. The car was not more than a hundred feet from the highway but nobody could see it from the highway, or even guess that a car could get up the ~~x~~ track. Actually ~~x~~ a car can't get up that track without damage. I'm not sure the car can get back to the highway but it doesn't matter much now.

The only thing that bothered me about the run was the lack of an ax. I felt sort of naked without an ax. I cut myself an alpenstock in the middle of the night and now I'm getting used to it but the grip is so different it took time.

But even getting used to the alpenstock didn't slow me down much. I busted up the brush, walking with my feet and chest, and ~~xxxxx~~ was well up the hill toward ~~xxxxx~~ Hannegan Pass, or Hooligan Pass as we used to call it in Rover days, when I decided I might as well catch a few winks.

It's really funny that the reason I felt so relaxed was that it was raining pretty hard. When you're all tensed up for a climb and it begins to rain you feel awful, you can't sleep at all because you listen to the rain hoping it will stop. But when the rain kept getting harder and steadier I knew it was a good storm, and that made everything so simple. I was wet, but ~~xxx~~ nobody ever died from getting

wet. I rolled into the brush and pulled a sheet of plastic over me and sacked out. The water in my clothes would warm up as I slept and the plastic would keep out the cold water from the sky. The storm made everything so simple I was delighted the way the rain kept going, no threat of clear weather tomorrow, it was a lovely night's sleep.

FIVE -- Four

It looked like the end of the world Saturday morning. I was delighted. The trees were swaying and groaning and ~~HERE~~ here and there I heard snaps and pops and crashes that meant blowdowns. The clouds were blowing so hard they didn't stay up above the trees, they blew right through the forest. By godly, this was a storm. The way the rain was splattering on my plastic and flooding down through the needles they would be out manning the dikes tonight. There'd be mudslides and gully-washers and blowdowns on the highways. It was a tremendous day for a Fox.

But after Thunder Creek I wasn't going to take any chances. I wanted the odds a million to one for me, not just a paltry thousand to one.

I dodged up the slopes to Hooligan, and down into the headwaters of Chuckleback Creek, fairly close to the trail all the time, but never on it/ for more than a few feet at a time, and then only when the cliffs above and below the trail forced me, and then only after thoroughly studying the doubtful passage to be sure nobody was waiting.

It wasn't a hard day. But I hadn't had much exercise since the Extermination Campaign so it seemed harder than it was. Once I got over Chuckleback and started up Breezy Ridge I was tempted to look for the Breezy Ridge Trail.

I knew there wasn't much of it left, but the slog ~~up~~ up the forest really pooped me. I got darn sick of mossy cliffs and vertical swamps infested with devil's club and cedar trees. But I wasn't taking any chances.

The reason I'd picked this spot was ~~x~~ ~~x~~ that none of us had ever been there. Not Dan or Oop or me, anyway. Moon and Chief had been there. But what made it stick out in my mind was Moon telling me about it, and that was when nobody ~~else~~ was around, except Nelly. So even though I'd never been ~~there~~ there I knew the country well enough so I could find the spot, and I could describe it so that Oop could find it.

What made it stick out in Moon's mind was the water. That was a darn dry summer, and Moon and Chief were about dehydrated into mummies after racing out Breezy Ridge from Perfectly Pass. There they were, tumbling down off the parched grass of the high country, in the twilight, when they heard a drip-drip-~~drop~~. When you're thirsty you can find any drip-~~drop~~-~~drop~~. They found it, and they sopped up so much of the drip-drip-drip and the moss they had stomachs like balloons. That's what Moon said.

So I wasn't particularly thirsty myself, what with the rain and the clouds, but staggering those last few feet up the hill, just about completely shot, it seemed to me the

sun was enormous and my tongue was swollen and my throat was clogged up. Which was rather amusing since the sun had been down an hour or so and I hadn't seen it for a couple of days and I was absolutely soaked. The thing was, every step of the route seemed like home, like a place I'd spent a lot of time in a long time ago. Which, of course, I did, me and Nelly, listening to Moon.

There was the streak of silver forest, there was the talus slope, there was the cedar cliff. And there was the wall of green. The wall that was a drip-drip-drip when Moon and Chief were there though now it was a roar. But October of 1961 is not August of 1938. I've been out in the hills many years. It was easy to translate the drip-drip-drip of 1938 to the rear of 1961. I knew Oop would make the translation too.

I came up the last few feet of cedar branches almost on my knees, but there was the shelf under a cliff of cedars where Moon and Chief slept three hours after slaking their thirst and before rat-racing back to shovel gravel on the highway Monday morning.

I was pooped. Mainly because I tried to make speed up those last ~~steepest~~ slopes. It was a place I ~~had~~ knew. I hadn't been there before but I knew it well, it was a homey place. Then ~~there~~ there was all the worry about whether Oop could

actually find it. We had been pretty hysterical, there on the side of Indian Head, and I gave him a lot of plans. After my missing the two spots the week before maybe he forgot the rest. Or decided he was on his own.

So when I saw him there on the ledge I just about went out of my mind. I scrambled up on my hands and knees and even tried a small caper or two, and bragged about Kayo escaping the Hounds, and without an ax, mind you, with a hand-tooled alpenstock!

The thing was, Oop wasn't laughing. He was just sitting there.

And there was still some light, and when I began worrying about the fact he was so quiet I took a second look.

It wasn't Oop.

It was Dan.

And he had a rifle, it was a rifle, and it was pointed at my guts. And he wasn't fooling around. Dan killed people there in Italy. He looked people right in the face and shot them dead.

Now he was looking me right in the face and pointing a rifle at my guts.

FIVE -- Five

He didn't shoot. He said, relax, Kayo, sit down and relax. It's your last run, so relax.

My head was in a whirl, this just couldn't be.

Dan lowered the gun and said, the last run of Kayo the Fox. And he got caught. The old dinosaur caught him.

I said, so I'm out for a hike in the woods, what's all the warfare about? If you want to chat why not drop by the house?

He said, I did drop by the house, Kayo.

Suddenly all the blood rushed to my head and I turned red hot all over and then ice cold/ and I don't know what I might have done. But Dan raised the gun and said, hold it boy! She's all right. I didn't lay a hand on your little Nell. She simply came to her senses. She listened to a few simple facts and came to her senses. Just as you are going to come to your senses. Aren't you?

I was trembling all over, and it was all I could do not to jump him, and I yelled, I'll bet ~~you~~ she's all right! No, you wouldn't touch ~~x~~ her! You wouldn't have to! All you did was stand up with all your darn six feet six inches and scare the heck out of her! No you wouldn't hurt her! She's probably still in hysterics!

Keep the voice down, he said. No, ^{i. said} (Nelly understands. It took awhile but she understands. Once she understood the only way she could save your life was by telling your little scheme, she was reasonable. I gave your little Nell my solemn oath, Foxy Kayo, that I would not ^{hurt} harm you. So settle down. There's nothing you can do now anyway. Just sit back and keep your mouth shut and when Oop arrives the whole thing will be over and ^{you and I} ~~we~~ can ~~all~~ walk home together.

I didn't calm down. I was still hot and cold. But there wasn't much I could do but swallow a few bullets and that wouldn't help anybody. So I pretended to be completely discouraged, and sagged against a tree, and waited.

Dan couldn't resist gloating. He rubbed my nose in it. No helicopters flying in such weather? Did I think he had forgotten how to walk? How could he find the spot? Had I forgotten Dinny was a Rover too? Furthermore, did I think his only allies were policemen and fishermen? I might be interested to know the names of the six Clubbers who were concealed, even now, between us and the meadow county on top of Breezy Ridge. What Dan didn't remember or know about the Chuckleback country these Clubbers knew. Hearing their names, guys I'd climbed with though they were never close friends, that gave me a twinge.

And how had the old Dinosaur outrun the Fox? When I did not arrive home Friday night Dan was at our house within an hour, and an hour later was flying north with his Hounds. There was no car parked on the Ruth^{ers} Creek Road, which gave Dan the clue that I was traveling extra miles. ~~They~~ While I was snoozing in the trees below Hooligan they were marching on the trail over the Pass/ and down the Chuckleback. But Dan congratulated me. Despite their using the trail all the way ~~and~~ they still ~~had~~ beat me to the rendezvous by only a few hours. And I, of course, was loaded with a month's food, whereas Dan and his Hounds had only rifles and ammunition, since they weren't expecting a long trip.

Dan was enjoying himself pretty much and a person would think listening to him he was about the happiest guy in the world.

But I made some crack, ~~about~~ so you're just going to shoot him down, eh Dinny?

He forgot his own rule ~~is~~ about no shouting.

~~Yyye~~

For God's sake, Kayo, do you think we're dealing with a human being? You know him, you know what's he's done! All the people he's wrecked! Oop is a wrecker, Kayo! Can't you see? His folks, Chief, and -- everyone! Oop is a wrecker, Kayo, and he'll wreck you! He'll wreck Nelly!

I said, it seems to me you're the one that scared Nelly into a fit. You're the one who's trying to get my job and ruin my family and me. I don't defend everything Oop's done, he's been sick, I know that, but he's not the one that's going around pointing guns ~~xxxx~~ at my guts.

It was completely dark and I couldn't see his face but the way his voice was breaking up scared me.

The way he was howling and bellowing I was surprised some of the Clubbers didn't come down to check up. But the wind was going through the trees with a racket and the waterfall was noisy.

It was all about Oola. Suddenly while listening to him I realized he was calling her Oola. And all along he had been calling me Kayo, and been talking about Oop. All the forbidden names.

I couldn't stay mad. In spite of everything. All the television and politics. This was old lunker Dinny and there was no getting away from it. What did Dinny ever do but save Oop's life in the Mountain Troops and try to take care of Oola after Oop flipped? I knew ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ about the wedding and the honeymoon but I didn't realize until then all that had gone on. There never had been any honeymoon ever. No more kids, no nothing. Also Oola had spent a lot more time in

resthomes than Nelly and I ever knew. Poor old Dinny, ten years watching Oola waiting for her to flip, and her doing so regularly, ten years with Oop never out of sight. Especially after Dan III began to look ~~xxx~~ almost exactly like grade school pictures that Danny still had in family albums.

I couldn't stay mad at Dinny. He quieted down after awhile and we sat there in the rain without saying a word. But I wasn't mad at Oop either. Oop had been through troubles too. I ~~xxx~~ felt sorry for both of them, and couldn't ~~x~~ hate either one, but there I was waiting for Oop. Dan had told his Clubber Hounds to let Oop pass by. Dan wanted to do his own killing.

It was all too much for me. I remembered old lunker Dinny boosting Oop on the first ascent of the North Wall of Matterhorn. Now the old lunker was sitting in the dark, quiet, waiting to kill Oop.

And Moon was killed in the war and Chief was killed by falling rocks at the Cussword reunion. Buck Rogers smashed all over a rock in the Silver Skis twenty years ago and a lot of Rovers have been killed since. And the Original Rovers, Oola off someplace, crazy. Nelly home in hysterics. Dan sitting with a gun to kill Oop. And Kayo the Fox, caught, sitting in the dark, in the rain/.

Oola - she was -
well, I have to
say it -
damn it all!
Oola was a
bitch!
bitch!

↑
Kayo using
bad language here
could be
powerful
indication of his
feelings

FIVE -- Six

The storm was settling down to a steady hard rain by morning. Oop hadn't shown. Maybe he'd spotted the Clubbers and spooked. Or maybe he'd had an accident, in which case he would be as good as dead. A lone man in the mountains can be killed rather easily. A broken leg will do it. Crevasses in glaciers. Loose rock on a cliff. Swift rivers. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ I ~~wasn't~~ didn't want Oop to be dead but I couldn't help thinking how much it would simplify matters. For Dinny and Oop both.

Not to mention me.

Because this was all my fault. Everything was my fault. If I hadn't organized the Reunion the Chief would still be alive. If I had thought straight on Sahale Arm there never would have been all this fuss. It was my fault that Oop was walking into a trap, if he was still alive. And that Dinny was going to murder Oop in cold blood. The Clubbers didn't know, that's certain, but Dinny was going to murder Oop. Not for killing the Chief. That was only the last straw.

The night dimmed into a grey morning. The wind faded out and there was just a hard steady rain and mist ^{drifting through} ~~in~~ the forest.

I was feeling stiff and groggy, and no wonder. I'd slept only a few hours Friday night, soaking wet. A hard haul

Saturday and a long night with no real sleep, just crouched under a tree, soaking wet, cold. But at least Oop hadn't shown. And he'd realize when he waited it out at the ~~XXXXXX~~ alternate that I wasn't coming anymore because for some reason I couldn't.

I was beginning to think how good a piece of cheese would taste, or a candy bar, and was about to suggest to Dinny that we have breakfast. He hadn't stirred for an hour and ~~for~~ under the cedar branches I couldn't tell whether~~e~~ he was asleep or what.

Then he practically yelled, very well, Kayo, where is he?

I was so start~~ed~~ I didn't say a word. He walked out of ~~the~~ cover of his cedar and the gun was in his hands. I sc~~rambled~~ to my feet and still didn't say any~~thing~~ because his face was ~~mad~~.^{insane}

He jammed the barrel~~y~~ in my chest hard and pushed me back, and said, don't play games foxy, you're caught! He isn't here so where is he? Where is he supposed to meet you if for some reason he can't meet you here?

I tried to pretend I didn't know what he meant, but he just jammed the barrel in my chest and pushed me harder. ~~Hex~~ When I was at the edge of the ledge^{buttress} and about to topple over the cliff I stepped sideways and he let me but he kept the

pressure on my chest. We went circling around the ^{butress} ~~ledge~~ several times, and he kept asking me, and pushing me and there wasn't any time to tell him how much I sympathized with his troubles, I couldn't reason with him or anything, I ~~‡~~ could only backpeddle around in a circle and ~~then~~ his face got redder and redder. I think he started out just trying to bully me but one thing about a bully is when a little guy doesn't knuckle under the bully often goes out of his mind.

Not that I was in particular rational shape myself but I would have figured out something. I was about to stumble and fall down, just to break the pattern of circling around the ledge, which in itself had a sort of hypnotic quality. Then flat on my back maybe I could get in a few words.

~~But~~

Dan was so intent on me he didn't notice but I did. Just a small rattle above, a rock knocked loose and hitting a couple others/ before stopping.

Then I saw him several hundred feet up the slope, plunging down. The waterfall being so close he didn't hear us, and the weather being so bad he wasn't expecially cautious, and though I could see out, our screen of cedar branches kept him from looking in, and on top of that he was undoubtedly hungry. In about another half minute he'd be on the butress and in another half minute he'd ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ be ripped to shreds by rifle slugs.

All night I was with him and sympathizing. He was getting madder at me.

Whatever I did was going to be a disaster.

All I wanted to do was make the smallest possible disaster.

I hadn't done it since New Jersey. ~~ixgxxxx~~ But it worked so well then I had often ~~ix~~ remembered the moment over the years. Nearly thirty years, but it worked, I still remembered how. But I didn't have time to pick a place. All I wanted to do was ~~gixthex~~ put Dan down for a minute, get the gun away from him, then hand over the pack to Oop and in about ten seconds tell him this was the end, I couldn't come again. He'd understand. Dan would still be ~~writing~~ writhing around, he wouldn't hear, and I could always say the pack had got kicked over the cliff and was down there in the brush a couple hundred feet below.

So I suddenly put on a small burst of speed and got just the right distance away and delivered my old New Jersey groin kick. It worked beautifully. Dan collapsed at the waist/ and sat~~d~~ down.

But he didn't sit down on the buttress. He sat down on air. Just as he went over the edge there was an explosion. The bullet went straight up in the air I guess. Dan went straight down.

It's impossible. I couldn't have heard him bounce, not with the waterfall. That was my imagination, ~~thinkingx~~ feeling

the buttress shake. ~~xxxx~~ Dinny was big, but not that big. I looked over the edge. It was only about two hundred feet down and there were a couple of ledges. Funny, there was a ledge twenty feet down, and the rifle was on that ledge. But not Dinny. He wasn't on the next ledge, fifty feet further down. He was ^{someplace} down there in the slide alder and devils club and mossy boulders and vine maple.

Without Oop I don't know what would have happened. He remembered my plan even when I couldn't. Somehow we got clean away. We traveled. We covered the miles. Not that we ran hard but we kept moving. The storm passed and another came right in behind it so we traveled in the day, on the ridges, on the glaciers, and slept at night. What with all the wind and fog and snow and rain it was easy to sleep at night the first week.

A whole week and I didn't even think about Dinny and I didn't think about where I was going or about Nelly. Oop woke me in the morning and we traveled and then we camped and I sacked out.

Oop was the old Oop, the old Rover. He took good care of me. We didn't have much chance to talk. When we did it was very unreal. Out in the middle of a glacier, clouds blasting us, nothing but white clouds and white snow, we shouted at each other. Jokes I guess. But in camp I slept mostly.

It was after we got here and the weather cleared up that I began remembering and thinking and noticing. Because we've been here a week and the weather has been great. There haven't been any helicopters and only the normal number of airplanes, none of them flying low and looking. Nobody is looking for us, I guess. So there's been no point to dodging. Might as

well sit here in camp. I suppose we could have climbed Redoubt and Bear and Glacier and Mox Peaks this week. But who cares? This is one of my favorite camps. There have only been a dozen people who have ever camped by this lake. And most of them I know, most of them were Rovers.

FIVE -- Eight

Oop didn't change all at once. Actually I guess he never changed at all.

Because the second night we were here I finally had to talk. And I talked about how I hadn't meant to kill Dinny. But Oop didn't seem concerned at all. He was cool as heck. He said, so Dinny the Dinosaur is extinct. The Chief is extinct. Most of us are extinct. That's life, Kayo, everybody becomes extinct.

He was so cool about it. He was so sane. And I was the crazy one. I asked him right out, Oop, did you kill the Chief?

He chuckled, and then was quiet a few seconds, and said, Kayo, does it matter? If I killed the Chief, what difference would it make? To me, to you, to the Chief? Don't you know, you foolish little Fox, that Chief came home to die? Or rather, Chief was dead before he came home? And old Dinny, he came up to Breezy Ridge to die because he was already dead. Who kills anybody, Kayo? Did the Japs kill Moon? Or did President Roosevelt? Or was it Thomas Jefferson or Jesus Christ? Did I kill the Chief? Did you kill Dinny? What does it matter, Kayo? Everybody is killed by somebody sooner or later. Everything dies.

Well, this sort of talk is fine, I suppose. Chief used to talk this way. Chief and Oop would get all wound up and Moon and Nelly and I would go hiking in the woods by Matterhorn. It's not that I'm stupid, it's just that I don't care about this guff. Priests always bored me. Talking about religion has always seemed to me a waste of time.

For me, anyway. Sure, I respected Chief for all his high ideals. But what came of them? Even before Cussword Pass he was sounding pretty sad in his letters.

I don't know how I got involved in this mess. It isn't that I've felt inferior. I've always been a little guy but there is nobody who can figure out wild country like I can, or run as fast and clever. I may be small but I'm not stupid. The thing is, ever since New Jersey the big guys have gone ~~there~~ their way and I've gone mine. The big guys like to beat up people and worry about God and ~~mix~~ and politics and the fate of mankind and all that ~~crap~~^{junk}. All I've ever wanted to do was fool the big guys. Escape their traps and make them look like clowns. Just get away and be myself. Not alone, though. When I grew up it became important that Nelly and the kids should escape too.

Darn it all, none of this stuff really concerns me and Nelly and the kids. Sure we felt bad about the Chief but

actually his Foundation and his State Department, it was no business of ours. Dinny was none of our business. I didn't care if he was mayor or governor or anything else. Oop and his God can both go ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{heck} hell as far as I'm concerned.

I feel bad about Ooia but I feel bad about Buck Rogers too. But the ballet and the Silver Skis have nothing to do with me and Nelly and the kids.

I wasn't bothering anybody. I was minding my own business. We had a ~~XXXXXXXX~~ home and a family and mountains. These big guys with their politics and God had no right to bring me into it. It's not fair that just because I'm loyal to the old Rover Days I should get into a mess like this.

FIVE -- Nine

I think about the kids. I remember their faces and their laughs and their special little tricks.

But I always end up thinking about Nelly. Wondering how she is. Of course our folks will be helping out as far as they can. But Nelly always has needed somebody else. Moon, and then Moon and me, and then just me, and maybe some help from Chief, and then just plain me and nobody else.

Nelly is so darn beautiful. And I don't think anybody knows it but me. Around her folks she's always their daughter. Around the kids she's their mother. Moon knew how beautiful she was, and Chief. Oola knows, but in a different way. Nelly is all mine, and it's only with me she shows how beautiful she is. When she walks down a city street she doesn't stop traffic, that's not what I mean. It's not the kind of beauty that parades along in ~~front~~ a bathing suit ~~and~~ and high heels and gets crowned Miss America.

There are all these little things. The way she walks. ~~Never~~ ^{Nothing like} that graceful Oola-type walk. ~~Nelly~~ If you've known her as long as I have you can see how she's never really certain where her feet will go. There was a time when she was taller than me but now she makes me feel like a giant. The way she has of keeping out of the way of things, off in

spell
out

a corner. She seems even smaller than she is. And the way she keeps out of conversations, and has such a small voice/ when she has to talk. And her voice hasn't changed since grade school, it's a little girl's voice. The way she blushes, and shrinks. X People just don't talk to Nelly in public and anybody who likes her cleans up their language.

I guess just about everybody thinks Nelly is a plain nothing/, ~~XXXXXX~~ no personality or braind or anything.

Our kids could tell people a few things.

But nobody knows Nelly except me. How when we're alone in a family group she just chatters away a mile a minute in that little girl voice.

I've heard wisecracks here and there, wondering where our kids came from, Nelly being such a blusher when off-color stories are told. But Nelly, well, Nelly is a beautiful woman. Nelly loves me, she loves me the same way I love her.

This is our secret. We couldn't possibly talk about our love the way other people do_x about theirs.

Nelly isn't nothing. Nelly is something. But Nelly is a Fox, just like me. We don't make a lot of noise in the world and we don't care what the Big Guys are up to if they'll leave us alone. The important thing is not to be noticed by the Big Guys.

Nelly and me, we made it. We escaped. Then somehow the

Big Guys, the Chiefs, the Oops, the Oolas, the Dinnys, they got us tangled into their mess.

I think about Nelly and sometimes wake up hearing her chattering away in my ear. But it's a long way back to Nelly. I simply can't understand how I got this far away from Nelly.

FIVE -- Ten

Every night this whole bloody week Oop has been more philosophical. I sit by the fire and look into the flames and don't say anything. But he gets restless. He wants to talk. And the more he talks the worse he gets.

Maybe I don't talk, but I think.

Oop, he looked good and sane, at Backos, Indian Head, Fremont, and all the way from Breezy to here.

Oop is sane enough when he's alone. People drive him ~~xxxx~~ crazy.

It's the only answer, because he was sane enough when he ~~xxxx~~ dragged me north last week. But one week and he's the same guy that wrecked the wedding and went psycho in the Army and practically killed his folks and all that. And it isn't as if I've been talking to him much. The last few days I've given up even answering his questions. I just listen to his speeches. But I'm a human being, and looking at me he goes crazy.

Of course he can't make me mad. There's nothing he can say that matters. He's just about used up his vocabulary of names for me, like midget and dwarf and comical little guy and worthless over-aged shrunken Rover and so forth.

He capers around the fire and calls me names and I don't even hear him.

He talks about Chief. He's confessed to murdering the Chief. About seventeen times, and each time he murdered the Chief a different way. So it's all a joke with him. But I don't laugh or get mad.

It was night before last that we had our last talk. He was quiet ~~f~~ and I had things on my mind. I told ~~the~~ Oop that since we were going to be out of food soon obviously something had to be done. I told him I thought we ought to walk out to civilization and give ourselves up.

Well, what he said was true. He gave a speech about Chief, it lasted maybe half an hour, all the things the Chief had done, and then asked whether he, Oop, Chief-killer, should give himself up? Then he went on in a long speech about Dinny, next mayor ~~f~~ of Seattle and future governor and asked whether me, Kayo, Dinny-killer, should give himself up?

Oop is right. ~~I~~ I ~~guess~~ guess. There's evidence all over the place. If there was such a thing as a court of law then there isn't enough evidence to convict either of us. But we didn't kill just any old drunken bum we met on the street. We killed the Chief and Dinny. Maybe if we had a couple million dollars we would have a chance.

FIVE -- Eleven

With winter coming on and a storm obviously headed in I didn't see why Oop should keep getting happier and happier. Until last night.

Halloween
I'd handed over the package and not asked any questions. Not once. But last night Oop had to give me the answers.

We were sitting by the fire after supper and suddenly he said, well, Kayo, the food is about gone, right?

Said I, yes, we have to do something.

Oop said, well, I am going to do something.

It was a dramatic gesture, he didn't have to put on the act. But he pulled out the shoe-box, pretending he hadn't even looked ~~xxx~~ inside it before. He untied the knots and pulled off the paper and opened ~~x~~ the box and cried, what do we have here?

He reached in and pulled out something and when he saw I didn't know what it was he brought it right close to the fire. It was a gun.

He reached into the box and said, ^{aha!} ~~xxxx xxx~~ bullets!

Then he brought out a stack of paper and ruffled it in my face, and said, money, Kayo, coin of the realm!

Then he dangled in my face a silvery thing. He held it long enough. It was a car key.

He held up a sheet of paper and pretended to swoon over it, and he kissed it and made some obscene gestures.

This was all in the package from Oola. She ~~xxxx~~ told me to run, ~~xxxxxx~~ run, run, Fox! *Then she kissed me*

So Oop told me to take care of myself, ~~xxxx~~ because he couldn't take care of me. In some town not more than three days walk from here, maybe in ~~the~~ ^{mother} Okanogan, maybe in the ~~Shagit~~, there is an automobile in a ~~xxxx~~ garage. The wife who left it in the garage has a husband, a miner, who will be in to pick up the car.

In the car is a ~~xxx~~ set of civilized clothing.

The car, the money.

~~So there is~~ another thing. A certain address on Manhattan. Oola is there right now. Waiting.

And if anything should go wrong there is the gun.

When Oola gave me the package in the bar, and clung to me, the gun was there to kill Dinny. Or me, if necessary. Or anybody else. *She said, Run Fox!*

The last time I saw Oop, just before he left this morning, I gave him my opinion. I told him that this didn't seem a fair return. I could have turned him over to Dan up there on Sahale Arm.

Oop came up close to me. He was quiet. He had the gun shoved in his belt. So I listened. He said, Kayo, I didn't ask you for help. I didn't asky you to save me. I didn't ask you to kill Dinny. Maybe, Kayo, I wanted to die. Did you ever think of that? Maybe up there on Sahale I wanted Dinny to kill me.

Then Oop stood up and looked me in the face and said, run, Kayo!

If he hadn't had the gun I'd have killed him, the way he said it.

FIVE -- Twelve

It's been perfect weather this whole week. Bitter cold at night. With just my sheet of plastic to wrap up in I've had to sleep by the fire and keep stoking it regularly. Oop took the tarp with him so it'll be even colder tonight.

Every night the ice edges out farther from shore and it doesn't melt back during the day. The sun is warm but stand in a shadow and you know it's November. As soon as the sun goes down behind Bear Mountain, which is not much past noon, the temperature drops below freezing here. Actually the direct sun only hits here a couple hours but walk up the slopes ~~xxx~~ of Redoubt and there is sunshine. ~~After shivering~~ After shivering all night the sun feels great, and the way it sparkles in the frost is very pretty. Most of the snow from last week has melted away, there are still ~~xxx~~ patches in the meadows, frozen hard. The frosts are heavy though and the meadows are so white in the morning they look like they've been covered with snow during the night. Most places the frost doesn't even melt away during the day. The color is pretty well gone from the meadows. The leaves have dropped from the blueberries, most of them. The grass is past it's prime. The snow last week pretty

well flattened it down and now it's brown, hardly any bright yellow left.

The sky has been just the deepest, brightest blue this whole week, not the slightest trace of a cloud until today. A few streaks of cirrus came over Bear Mountain at noon and by sunset the sky was beginning to thicken up a little off that way. It's not as cold tonight, either. It'll be snowing by morning. These winter storms come in fast. It'll be a long hard blow. They'll be skiing at Chinook Pass next weekend. Of course, the snow may be all gone by the weekend after that. One storm doesn't make a hard winter.

Not that it makes any difference. I can stretch the food I've got for several days and go hungry several more if I have to. But without a sleeping bag or a tarp I can't do it here. Tomorrow morning I'll have to go on the ~~skin~~ dodge. Not from Hounds. No, sir! Kayo the Fox escaped all the Hounds! Tomorrow morning I have to dodge on out of here. I'll be dodging Old Man Winter, you bet! There'll be two feet of snow here within two days, and maybe it will all melt from Chinnok Pass but it won't melt from here. Not until about the middle of next July. After all, practically any direction I toss a stone I can hit patches of snow from last winter, and the winter before that. Walk up the hill

a ways and I can find snow that was dumped here in the old Rover Days, snow that Chief and Moon kicked through. Though that snow will be some distance down the glacier by now.

So tomorrow the Fox goes on the dudge.

The first thing to do is get out of the high country. Down Bear Creek, or maybe Indian Creek. Or I could bust ~~max~~ down Redoubt Creek. There's still a shelter at Perry Creek. I haven't heard whether the Indian Creek Shelter is still standing. Sometimes you can scrounge food at a shelter, stuff some fishermen dumped. Or even an old blanket or something.

The next thing I can do is start beating around the country scaring up food caches. I can use the trails from now on, that's for sure. There are places I ~~know~~ know of, emergency caches in ~~XXXX~~ patrol cabins, and so forth. Probably I could even get my hands on a sleeping bag sometime in the next few weeks. And a tarp and a pair of snowshoes and maybe ~~an~~ a sweater and extra socks. Come right down to it, there's no reason I shouldn't walk out of the hills and dodge back. It would be a cinch to hit a general store in Rockport, for instance. I could even go south. Stock up in Rockport and then walk the roads at night. I could go down the mountains, to Darrington, to Monte Cristo, over the ridge into Skykomish drainage, and ramble any one of sixteen ways to Snoqualmie.

At this point give up Rover Names? Or might them?

There's plenty of time, ~~ixxx~~ and by walking backroads at night and dodging a little, I could sneak home to the Neighborhood, and be home for Christmas.

And then ~~dodge~~ back into the hills.

Sure, I can ~~dodge~~ back into the hills. If it was just me I could ~~dodge~~ around all my life.

What would I find, there in the Neighborhood, by Christmas? What's going on now? Everybody's doing their best, our folks, the boys. The boys will be taking charge. But Nelly, I know it's crazy, but she's always seemed so frail, I keep thinking that if I'm not around, she might just/, well, I can't think that.

Oop is probably right. There's no point in giving myself up. There'd be some Young Republican Prosecuting Attorney scrambling to take over Dinny's place. The ~~Demxx~~ Democrats wouldn't dare help me because I helped Oop who killed the Chief.

But I don't know Dinny is dead, that's what ~~xxxx~~ bothers me. But he must be dead. It would be a miracle. Of course nobody saw it but Oop. Oop saw it was self defense. I can forget that. Oop will be boozing it up in Manhattan a week from now, he and Oola. They'll probably be saying, good old Kayo, he solved everything for us, now we don't have to worry about Dinny! They can even have their son if they want

him, which I doubt. Dan III will probably spend his time in boarding schools and maybe visit with his ^{so-called} grandparents now and then, if they can stand the sight of him, and that's pretty doubtful.

The Clubbers up there on Breezy Ridge, they'll swear ~~they~~ ~~never~~ nobody could possibly have been there except me. They won't want to admit ^{could have} Oop slipped by them. Actually they don't know he did. They'll all swear I was the only one who could have been there. By now they've found the Boeing car at the airport, and I've been identified by the stewardess and by the people at the car-rental agency and they've found the car loaded with my fingerprints.

What if I told the truth, the exact truth? ~~It might get~~ The exact truth is that I was accessory after a fact at least, I guess, or whatever they call it. Or manslaughter maybe. Maybe if I had a million dollars I could get off. The thing is, I'd go on trial not only for killing Dinny but for Killing the Chief. Maybe if we had a whole lot of friends it would help but aside from the Musketeers and a few other Clubbers we don't have any friends. The Clubbers I know, and the Old Rovers that are left, they don't amount to anything. Not when it comes to people like Dinny and Chief. Big guys.

The only thing is to go to Canada. Canada is ~~only~~ about three miles away. I can skip over the border down the Chilliwack and get a job and then sometime have Nelly and the kids join me. Canada isn't so involved in all this Dinny and Chief business. They need engineers in Canada.

Sure, I stumble out of the brush with ~~XXXXXX~~ a beard and no identification and no money and get a job/ as an engineer. There's an extradition treaty/ anyway and besides I don't speak the language. They'd ask me where I worked before and I hardly know the ~~xxx~~ names of any Canadian cities much less companies.

I can figure it out. Canada is about the only thing left. If I ever want my family with me again.

That's the first thing. I've got to find out. Even if they have a tap on the phone I can call. I can get to Marblemount. No~~p~~, they have that family-style telephone company ^{The operator would listen in and call the deputies.} up the Skagit Valley. I'd better hike on out to the ~~xxx~~ lowlands. I can call collect and find out.

What if , well I don't care, if Nelly isn't all right I'll give myself up. I've got to see her. It's been two weeks and we haven't been apart that long since Texas. She's got to be all right.

I can't wait till morning. Anyway I wouldn't be able to

sleep once the snow starts. Waiting till morning so I can start running.

Darn the world! It's not fair. The big guys and all their big ideas. I don't give a darn about them. I never bothered them. I kept out of their way. They're a bunch of bullies, all of them.

Nelly knows Dan got off one shot. She's known it for ~~two~~ weeks.

I've got to get to a phone.

I'll be at the Chuckleback by morning. I'll be over Hooligan Pass tomorrow afternoon. I'm going to take a chance on Glacier. There's a public phone in the grocery store and maybe I can pick a time when the clerk is busy. Glacier is probably still hot. But I can be there by tomorrow afternoon and maybe I can dodge in and out and if anybody sees me I can run up and over Mount Baker. Nobody could chase me in this storm that's coming.

I've got to know. Even if it means taking chances. It'll be a long, hard run but one thing that helps is I have nothing to carry except a sheet of plastic and an old rucksack and a couple pounds of cheese and chocolate.

Sacking out all week here, I've got nerves to run on. I can run on nerves ~~long~~ a long time after I'm out of energy. Anyway I hate this place. I don't ever want to

come here again.

It's dark down there, just a big black hole. But that's because of the fire. Once I get away from the fire it won't be so dark, running with my chest and my feet~~x~~ and my ears.

At least when I'm running I won't think all the time about what's happened the last two weeks. One thing about a good hard run is you can forget everything but the run.

So here it goes, here goes Kayo the Fox ~~xxxx~~ on a long hard run, and just about the most important, no it's not just about, it is the most important run ever. Darn it all, Run Fox ~~xxxx~~ Run!