WORK SONG

by Ivan Doig
"Morgan, did you say your name is? Funny things, names." The depot agent, an individual so slow I thought I might have to draw a line on the floor to see him move, was gradually commencing to hunt through the baggage room for my trunk, shipped ahead. "Any relation to old J. P., Mister Moneybags himself?"

I sighed as usual over that. His remark could hardly have been farther from the mark. Nonetheless, I couldn’t resist dishing back some of the same:

"Cousins, thrice removed. Can’t you tell by looking?"

The railway man laughed more than was necessary. "That’s about as removed as it gets, I’d say." Poking into one last cluttered corner, he shook his head. "Well, I’ll tell you, Mr. Third Cousin, that trunk of yours took a mind of its own somewhere between there and here. You could put in a claim, if you want."

So much for a storybook Welcome back! to the Treasure State, as Montana liked to call itself. While waiting for some sign of life in the agent, I already had been puzzling over the supposed treasure spot in plain view out the depot window—the dominant rise of land, scarred and heaped and gray as grit, which was referred to in everything that I had read as The Richest Hill on Earth, always grandly capitalized. Had I missed something in the printed version? As far as I could see,
the fabled mining site appeared rightly christened in only one obvious respect. It was a butte, called Butte.

"You definitely have left me in want," I reacted to the agent’s news with honest dismay, equipped with only the battered satchel that accompanied me everywhere. "The bulk of my worldly possessions are in that trunk."

Squinting at me, he tossed aside his agent’s cap and donned a businesslike green visor. "Possessions like that do tend to bulk up when the claim form comes out, I’d say." He slipped the pertinent piece of paper onto the counter in front of me, and I filled it out as expected, generous to myself and not the railroad.

The most precipitous chapter of life always begins before we quite know it is underway. With no belongings to speak of, I gathered what was left of my resolve and stepped outside for my first full look at where I had arrived.

Everything about Butte made a person look twice. My train journey had brought me across the Montana everyone thinks of, mile upon hypnotic mile of rolling prairie with snowcapped peaks in the distance, and here as sudden and surprising as a lost city of legendary times was a metropolis of nowhere: nearly a hundred thousand people atop the earth’s mineral crown, with nothing else around but the Rocky Mountains and the witnessing sky. The immediate neighborhood on the skirt of land out from the depot, as my gaze sorted it out, seemed to hold every manner of building from shanty to mansion, church to chicken coop, chop suey joint to mattress factory, all mixed together from one topsy-turvy block to the next. Butte stood taller as the ground rose. In the city center several blocks on up the slope, lofty buildings hovered here and there waiting for others to catch up, and the streets also took on elevation, climbing the blemished hill until workers’ cottages mingled with mines and dump heaps along the top of the namesake butte. Up there, the long-legged black steel frameworks over the mineshafts populated the skyline like a legion of half-done miniatures of Eiffel’s tower.
So, in some ways Butte appeared to me to be the industrial apotheosis of that Athenian model of a city built upon a hill, and in other aspects the copper mining capital of the world showed no more pattern than a gypsy camp. I have to admit, I felt a catch at the heart at how different the whole thing was from the solitary homesteads and one-room school I had known the last time I tried my luck in this direction. Everything I knew how to part with, I left behind in a prairie teacherage in that prior time. But an urge can spin the points of a compass as strongly as the magnetism of ore, and in spite of all that happened back then, here I was in that western territory at the very edge of the map of imagination once more. While I was busy gazing, a couple of bull-shouldered idlers in the shade of the depot eyed me with too much curiosity; somehow I doubted that they were sizing me up for any family resemblance to J.P. Morgan of Wall Street. With barely a glance their way, I squared my hat and hastened past as though I had an appointment. Which could be construed as the truth of the moment. The Richest Hill on Earth and I--and if my hope was right, its riches--were about to become acquainted.

First things first, though. I set out up the tilted city streets in search of lodging. In the business district ahead, proud brick buildings stood several stories above a forest of poles and electrical wires, another novelty I had not encountered in earlier Montana. But the world of 1919 was not that of a decade before in hardly any other way either; the Great War with its four years of trenches filled with mud and blood had seen to that.

"Red-hot news, mister? Can’t get any newer!" A boy with a newspaper bag as big as he was came darting to my side. I handed him a coin and he scampered off, leaving me with a freshly inked Butte Daily Post. The front page could barely hold all the calamitous items there were to post. ATT’Y GENERAL
WARNS OF DOMESTIC BOLSHEVIKS... BUTTE BREWERY SHUTTERED BY ‘DRY’ LAW... WILSON CAUTIONS AGAINST ‘WINNING THE WAR, LOSING THE PEACE’... BOSTON POLICE THREATEN TO STRIKE... America in that agitated time; not merely a nation, but something like a continental nervous condition.

There was little time left in my day for such thoughts: I needed a place for the night. The airy accommodations I could glimpse in those lofty blocks ahead were beyond the reach of my wallet. I dreaded the sort of fleabag hotel that I would have to resort to without my trunk—even the most suspicious hostelry, in my experience, unblinkingly provided a room if the luggage was prosperous enough.

While I was studying the lay of the city and trying to divine my best approach, a sign in the bow window of a hillside house with a spacious yard caught my eye.

**CUTLETS AND COVERLETS**

**OR IF YOU’RE NOT WELSH:**

**BOARD AND ROOM**

Intrigued, I headed directly to the blue-painted front door.

My knock was answered by a woman a good deal younger than I expected a boarding-house mistress to be. She was compact, in the manner of a dressmaker’s form, shapely but with no excess. A substantial braid the color of flax tugged the upper lines of her pleasant face toward quizzical, as though she were being reined by some hand unseen. Whatever proportion of the world had knocked on this door, she seemed freshly inquisitive about a caller such as myself, well-dressed but not well-heeled. Her violet eyes met mine in mutual appraisal. “Madam,” I began with a lift of my hat, “I feel the need—”

“I’ve heard that one before from half the men in Butte. I’m not a madam,” she said, cool as custard, “and this is not a house of ill repute. For your information, that’s on the next block over.” The door began to shut in my face.
“Let me start again,” I amended rapidly. “With night overtaking me in a city where I don’t know a soul, I feel the need of warm quarters and a solid meal. Your sign appears to offer those.”

“Ah, Griff’s latest masterpiece. It caught your eye, did it.” She peeped around the doorframe to consider the freshly painted words, a lilt coming into her voice. “He’d turn this into Cardiff West if he could. Step on in, please, Mr.--?”

“Morgan. Morris Morgan.”

“Griff will approve, you sound as Welsh as a daffodil.” She extended a slender but work-firmed hand, and I noted the less than gleaming wedding band on her other one. “Grace Faraday, myself.” Appraising the newspaper under my arm and the satchel I was gripping, she paused. “Are those all of your belongings?”

“It’s a long story,” I said, as if that explained everything.

The upstairs room she showed me was neat and clean, with subdued wallpaper. On the bed was a coverlet of an old style with an embroidered dragon rampant; it would be like sleeping under a flag of Camelot. I can be picky, but I liked everything I had met up with under this roof so far.

As I clicked the toggle switch to make sure the overhead electric bulb worked--another innovation unknown in my earlier Montana stay--my landlady-to-be similarly checked me over. “Drummer, are you?”

It took me a moment to recall that the term meant a traveling salesman, one who drums up business. “No, life has given me other rhythms to march to, Mrs. Faraday. My family originally was in the glove trade, until circumstances did that in. I now do books.”

“Poetry?” she asked narrowly.

“Ledgers.”

“Then you’ll appreciate my own bookkeeping, which starts with a week’s rent in advance.”
“Very wise,” I said with composure, although coming up with the sum took nearly every bit I had. Now I really had to hope opportunity of some sort presented itself without delay.

“Welcome to Butte, Mr. Morgan,” Grace Faraday said with a winning smile, complete with dimple, as she pocketed my cash. “Supper’s at dark this time of year.”

The dining table was laid for four when I came down a few minutes early to scout the premises. There was no wax fruit nor fussy display of doilies on the sideboard, a good sign. Instead, under the blaze of the modest but efficient electrical chandelier, a wedding photograph was propped in the spot of honor. Grace Faraday, even more fresh-faced than now, smiled out as capriciously as if the white of her bridal gown were a field of ermine, while beside her in a suit of approximate fit stood a foursquare fellow I took to be the prominently mentioned Griff. He at least had good taste in women and mustaches, as he wore a full-lipped Rudyard Kipling version not unlike my own.

Just then my hostess popped out of the kitchen with a bowl of boiled potatoes and nodded to where I was to sit, saying, “Make yourself to home, the other pair will be right along. Griff had to stoke the furnace and I told him to go wash up or eat in the street--ah, here’s the thundering herd.”

Through the doorway limped two scrawny half-bald figures that made me think I was seeing double. Both wore work overalls that showed no evidence of work, both held out knobby hands for a shake, and both were grinning at me like leprechauns or whatever the Welsh equivalent might be.

The nearer one croaked out: “I’m Griff. Welcome to the best diggings in Butte.”

“Same here,” echoed the other. “I’m Hoop.”
Was it humanly possible? I wondered, doing my best not to glance in the
direction of the wedding photo during the handshake exchange with the wizened
Griff. What manner of marriage could deplete a man from that to this?

With a twinkle, the lady of the house rescued me from my confusion.

"These specimens are Wynford Griffith and Maynard Hooper, when no one is
looking. They’ve been part of the furniture here since my husband passed on and
I’ve had to take in boarders." As the duo took their places like old Vikings at a
feast, she delivered the sufficient benediction: “We all three could be worse, I
suppose.”

“I’ll try to fit in, Mrs. Faraday.”

“Start by saving words and call me Grace, even though this pair of old
Galahads refuses to.”

“Wouldn’t be right, Mrs. Faraday,” Griff or Hoop said.

“Manners is manners,” said Hoop or Griff.

“I go by Morrie,” I dealt myself in, and formalities fell away in favor of
knives and forks. “Didn’t I tell you, Hoop?” Griff said as he sawed at his meat.

“That new sign works like a charm. What part of Wales do your people hail from,
Morrie?”

“Chicago.”

“Before they crossed the pond,” he persisted.

“Griff, I am sorry to say, the exact family origins are lost in the mists of--” I
searched the gazetteer of my mind “--Aberystwyth and Llangollen.”

“The grand old names,” he proclaimed, adding a spatter of unintelligible
syllables that could only have been Welsh. “‘Tis the language of heaven.”

“Why nobody talks it on earth,” Hoop explained.

By then I was on about my third bite of the meat and ready to ask.

“Venison?”

“Ah.” I looked down at the delicate portion. “What a treat to be served cutlets,” I emphasized the plural. “Are there seconds?”

She mulled that. “Tonight there are.” Off she went to the kitchen stove.

While we awaited replenishment, the history of my tablemates came out. Now retired--“at least the tired part”--the pair had been miners, to hear them tell it, practically since the dawn of Butte. Which was to say, since copper became a gleam in the world’s eye. The Hill, as they called it, held the earth’s largest known deposit of the ore that wired everything electrical. Much of this I knew, but there was a tang to hearing them recite it with the names of mines such as Orphan Girl and Moonlight and Badger. The crisscross of their conversation about life deep underground was such that I sometimes had to remind myself which was Griffith and which was Hooper. Although they looked enough alike to be brothers, I figured out that they simply worked together so long in the mineshafts that the stoop of their bodies and other inclinations had made them grow together in resemblance as some old married couples do.

“So, Morrie, you’ve latched on in life as a bookkeeper, Mrs. Faraday says,” Griff was holding forth as Grace appeared with the replenished meat platter, rosettes from the cookstove heat in her attractive cheeks. It was surprising how much more eye-catching she was as the Widow Faraday.

“Except when the books keep me.” Both men bobbed quizzically and Grace sent me a glance. Offhand as my comment was, it admitted to more than I probably should have. With rare exceptions, my stints of employment had been eaten away by the acid of boredom, the drip-by-drip sameness of a job causing my mind to yawn and sneak off elsewhere. One boss said I spent more time in the clouds than the Wright brothers ever dreamt of. I had found, though, that I could work with sums while the remainder of my brain went and did what it wanted. “But yes,” I
came around to Griff’s remark about bookkeeping, “I have a way with numbers, and Butte by all accounts produces plentiful ones. First thing in the morning, I’ll offer my services at the office of the mining company, what is its name—Anaconda?”

Forks dropped to plates.

“You’re one of those,” Grace flamed. Yanking my rent money from her apron pocket, she hurled it to the table, very nearly into the gravy boat. “Leave this house at once, Whoever-You-Are Morgan. I’ll not have under my roof a man who wears the copper collar.”

“The--?”

Hooper and Griffith glowered at me. “Anaconda is the right name for company men,” Griff growled. “They’re snakes.”

“But believe me, I--”

“Lowest form of life,” Hoop averred.

Enough was enough. Teetering back in my chair as far as I dared, I reached to the switch on the wall and shut off the chandelier, plunging the room into blackness and silence. After a few blank moments, I spoke into the void:

“We are all now in the dark. As I was, about this matter of the Anaconda Company. May we now talk in a manner which will shed some light on the situation?”

I put the chandelier back on, to the other three blinking like wakened owls.

Grace’s braid swung as she turned sharply to me. “How on earth, you, can you land into Butte as innocent as a newborn?”

“I have been elsewhere for a number of years,” I said patiently. “I knew nothing of this ogre you call Anaconda. To the contrary, I have only seen ‘The Richest Hill on Earth’ described in the kind of glowing terms the argonauts lavished on the California goldfields in 1849.”
Hooper built up a sputter. "That, that's--"

"Hoop, house rules," Grace warned.

"--baloney. The company hogs the whole works. They've turned this town into rich, poor, and poorer."

Griffith furiously took his turn. "Anaconda men sit around up there in the Hennessy Building on their polished--"

"Griff, the rules," came Grace's warning again.

"--rumps figuring out new ways to rob the working man. They bust the union, and we build a new one. They bust that, and we try again. Accuse us of being Wobblies, and sic their goons on us."

I looked around the table for the definition. "Wobblies?"

"You really have been off the face of the earth, haven't you," Griff resumed crossly. "The Industrial Workers of the World. They're radical, see, and when they hit town, they tried to edge out our miners' union. The Wobs had their good points, but they riled things up to where the company squashed them and us both."

One chapter spilled over another as Hoop and Grace chorused in on Griff's recital of Butte's story. To hear them tell it, Anaconda was a devilish adversary. The company grudgingly paid good wages when unimaginable millions of dollars flowed in from its near-monopoly on copper, and slashed the miners' pay the instant those profits dipped. Across the past ten years The Hill and the city, I was told, had witnessed a cat's-cradle of conflicts among the mineworkers' union, the Wobblies (they were called that, I learned, due to certain members' foreign accents that turned the *dubel-yu* sounds of IWW into *wobble-yu*), and the Wall Street-run company. There had been strikes and lockouts. Riots. Dynamitings. The Anaconda Copper Mining Company bringing in goon squads. A lynching, if I understood right, of a suspected IWW labor organizer. And even that was not the worst of the story.
“Then there was the fire.” Grace’s voice stumbled. “In the Speculator mine two years ago.” She drew a breath. “One hundred sixty-four men were killed. My Arthur”—all the eyes in the room, including mine, darted to the wedding picture—“among them.”

Griffith and Hooper moved uneasily in their chairs. “We was on the earlier shift,” Hoop murmured, “or we’d be pushing up daisies with the rest of them.”

In the pause that followed, I sat there before the jury of their faces.

There is something in me that attracts situations, I know there is. Here I was, faced by three people with whom I had spent only forkfuls of time, asked to make one of those choices in life that can dwarf any other. I had to pick a side, right now, or else hit the chandelier switch again and bolt into the night.

I looked around once more at my expectant tablemates. Mentally asking their pardon for what might be called situational loyalty, I made a show of making up my mind.

“The Anaconda Copper Mining Company,” I declared, “shall not have my services.”

“Now you’re talking!” Griff slapped the table resoundingingly and Hoop nodded. Grace favored me with a dimple of approval.

“But what am I to do?” I turned out my hands, empty as they were. “I need work with decent pay to it. My funds have been delayed in the course of my journey.” If you substituted *trunk* for *funds*, that was perfectly true. Grace’s expression changed for the worse at this news.

Griffith looked the length of the table at Hooper.

“Creeping Pete,” said Hoop. “Needs a cryer.”

“Possible,” said Griff. “Too sober?”

“Not for long.”

“Righto. Got just the thing for you, Morrie.”
The C.R. Peterson Modern Mortuary and Funeral Home admitted just enough daylight through leaded windows to let a few sunbeams wander among the casket display as if shopping from heaven. Otherwise, everything in the building was somber as a dead bouquet, and that included Peterson.

"Hmm." His back turned to me, he was leafing through a black-bound ledger that, in professional interest, I tried to peek at. All I could glimpse past his outthrust elbows were column headings such as PLACE OF DEATH, NEXT OF KIN, and PAYMENT DUE. "Yes, yes, here they are, Griffith and Hooper, the both of them fully paid up on a ‘Miner’s Farewell’ burial contract, our nicest. Candles and all." He clapped the ledger shut and turned around in creaky fashion.

"Sound men, sound judgment. Generally." This last was accompanied by a lidded look that took me in from hat to shoetop.

"I give equal weight to their vouching for you as a possible employer, Mr. Peterson. Your establishment is very, ah, businesslike."

He seemed to brood on that. "Mr. Gorman--"

"Morgan."

"---what would you say recommends you to this line of work?" He swept a hand around the casket display.
You can’t just say, *A strong stomach*. I glanced past him to the darkly furnished room that served as the funeral home’s chapel, with its waiting bier and an antiquated organ that I could almost tell by looking would wail out notes fit for a Viking pyre. A thought struck me. “My funerary experience is not vast,” I admitted, “yet I have been fortunate enough to be an observer at some historically solemn occasions. I happened to witness the funeral procession of Edvard Grieg, to name one.”

“In Oslo?” He straightened up like a stork on the alert.

“There under the Scandinavian sky of heroes, with his own music resounding like the heartbeat of the fjords.”

“What did they lay him away in?” he whispered.

“Rosewood,” came to mind.

“The diamond of woods,” Peterson uttered with reverence. “My golly, that casket must have been something pretty to see.”

“Unforgettable.”

“Hmm.” He moved to his desk at such an unctuous pace that I saw where the nickname “Creeping Pete” came from. Picking up a list there, he read off: “*Dempsey, O’Connor, Harrigan*—and that’s just this week’s deceased. You’re hired.”

We dickered over the wage and, as we both knew we would, met in the middle. There was a further matter: my attire. Displaying a jacket sleeve nearly worn through at the elbow, I told him my tale of the missing trunk as if it was the loss of a royal wardrobe. “Surely if I am to uphold the name of this establishment, I should be better clothed than circumstances have left me, wouldn’t you say?”

Not so much as a *hmm* met that; Peterson apparently took it as a matter of principle that anyone representing the funeral home should be at least as well-
dressed as the corpse. He scrawled something on a pad and handed it to me.

"Take this over to Gruber the tailor. He’ll fix you up."

Tucking the note in my pocket, I turned to go, the vision of a new suit warming me inwardly. "Mr. Morgan," the sepulchral tone stopped me in the doorway. "You have been to Irish wakes before, haven’t you?"

I was intimately acquainted with mourning; how many variations could there be? "Uncountable times."

"You start tonight."

"You’re gainfully employed? That’s not bad for a start." Standing on a chair, Grace took time from featherdusting the chandelier to nod at me in general approval. "Even if it is when things go ‘boo’ in the night."

"I am not naturally nocturnal," I admitted, "but that seems to be when wakes take place."

"Just come in quiet, that’s the rule of the house." She turned back to brushing at the chandelier with a practiced light touch, its crystals tinkling softly. Turbaned with a towel as she attacked these higher parts of the house, she looked exotic there on her perch, except for the familiarity of the violet gaze whenever she glanced around at me. I watched while she went at the chore, unexpectedly held by her stylish housekeeping. I had intended to go straight to my room and pass the time until lunch relaxing with a book, but the moment would not let loose of me. 

"You’ll get to know The Hill," Grace’s words reached me as if across more distance than was between us, "like it or not."

Rousing myself, I began to say I could blame her prime boarders Hoop and Griff if the job didn’t fit, when the floor shook under me, the chandelier crystals rattling as if trying to fly off.

"Jump!" I cried in alarm, my arms out to catch her.
Grace held to where she was, only flashing me a bemused smile. “My, how gallant. It’s not an earthquake, if that’s what you’re thinking. Just dynamite.”

Feeling foolish, I toed the floorboards, which seemed to have settled back into place. “What, they’re mining here? Right under us?”

“Under every bit of Butte. There are miles and miles of tunnels--Arthur used to say it’s like Swiss cheese down there.” Her gaze at me had something like a jeweler’s appraisal to it now. “Morrie? Do you have a minute?”

“Easily.”

She allowed me to help her down from the chair. But as soon as we were settled at the kitchen table, where serious talk is most comfortable, Grace Faraday, landlady, took charge. “There’s something you had better know, if you’re going to be rooming here for a while.” Contemplating me across the oilcloth, she tapped a finger on her cheek as if consulting the dimple. “Besides, you seem the sort who finds out anyway.” She inclined her head to indicate the spacious yard that wrapped around the house, then again to include the room we sat in. “The mining company wants to get its hands on this,” she confided. “Buy the boarding house, that is to say, and tear it down. They send someone around every so often, and I throw hot water at them.”

I nearly swooned. “This house is sitting on a copper fortune?”

“Don’t we all wish.” She clasped her hands in a moment of mock prayer, then crumpled that. “No, it’s quite the opposite,” she sighed. “Anaconda wants to turn this into a glory hole.”

I didn’t even have to plead ignorance. Grace took one look at me and laid the matter out:

“A pit, really, but dug from below. If the ore vein they’re drilling on happens to head for the surface, they follow it on up. When the ore plays out, it’s cheaper for the company to bust through the ground and fence it off than to
maintain an empty shaft.” She made a wry face. “Glory holes aren’t just any old where or we’d fall to China every time we go across town. The luck of the draw decides when and where Anaconda wants one, the company shysters try to tell me. That’s the kind of luck I can do without.” While saying all of this, she ran her hands up and down her arms, shuddering as she did so. “At first it gave me hives, every time the house shook like that. Right away I’d break out as if I’d been rolling in the nettles.” Seeing my reaction, she hurried to say: “Don’t be upset, by now it takes more than a little dynamite to make me itch, and this house isn’t going away if I can help it. The next time one of those copper collar monkeys comes calling—” The towel turban had been slipping toward her worked-up brow throughout this, and now she ripped it off as if it were one more nuisance.

“Grace, let me try to catch up here. Doesn’t the mining company offer you a good price? Good heavens, you have what they want, this property. A classic case of supply and demand if I ever heard one, and—”

“That’s not Anaconda’s way,” she set me straight. “They’ll only pay the going price for a none too new boarding house and that’s next to nothing in these times. No, they’d rather set off their blasting every so often to get on my nerves and make me sell. They don’t know my nerves,” she said staunchly, hives evidently notwithstanding.

My own nerves still were feeling the quivers of the floor a few minutes before. “I am not an expert on cave-ins, but just for the sake of speculation: what if they keep dynamiting and digging until a giant hole in the ground becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, and this house falls in?”

Rather grandly, I thought, Grace shook that off. “The company bigwigs downtown won’t let that happen. They don’t want a lawsuit even Anaconda could lose, do they?”

“Let us hope not. I don’t want to sleep in the bottom of a glory hole.”
"This place will be as dusty as one if I don’t get back to housecleaning," she closed off my concern. Only to give me another gauging look before she got up from the table. "I’ve spilled more to you than I intended to, Morrie. Why do you have that effect? Please, though, don’t pass along any of this to Hoop and Griff, promise? I don’t want them fretting about whether they’re going to have a roof over their old fool heads the rest of their days."

"I shall be a sphinx," I assented.

"I figured you were capable," she said.

The bantam figures of Hooper and Griffith, each talking into one of my ears, took me around town later that day. Downtown Butte, set into the lower slope of the Hill like the till in a cash register, was as busy as the streets could hold. One moment we had to dodge bowler-hatted Rotarians congregating for luncheon fellowship, and step aside for a covey of nuns the next. The bustling business district was only six or seven blocks long, but made up for that size in other ways: amid the shops and stores were saloons (now speakeasies) as big as barns, and every block or so a grandiose hotel or office building stood out, as if bits of Chicago’s State Street or New York’s Fifth Avenue had been crated up and shipped west. Griff and Hoop took turns pointing out local landmarks: the restaurant where Teddy Roosevelt once ate a steak in plain sight, the theatre bar frequented by Charlie Chaplin and other troupers in the prime of vaudeville, and around a corner from other commerce, the red-light district called Venus Alley, said to be the biggest in the West.

What aroused the passion of my tour guides, however, was the most dominant name in Butte. Passing the Daily Post building where the faint whiff of newspaper ink hung in the air, Hoop spat and said, "Anaconda owns that rag." When I remarked on the architectural preference of brick over stone in so many of
the tall office buildings, I was informed the Anaconda Company owned the brickworks. Not to mention—although Hoop and Griff assuredly did—the lumber yard, profiting off the woodframe neighborhoods where the mineworkers lived. Then our stroll brought us to the Hennessy Building, dressier than its neighbors in its terra cotta trim and window mullions—if buildings could be said to be attired as we are, the Hennessy wore cufflinks and a tie pin.

But the pertinent article was escaping my attention, Griff and Hoop had me know, as one or the other profanely attested that this grandest building was where the copper collar was fashioned: the headquarters of the Anaconda Company, up there on the top floor.

My curiosity was tickled. “The copper collar, though—why does just that phrase keep coming to your lips and Grace’s?”

Hoop looked at Griff. “Might as well let it rip,” he said.

“Think so?” said Griff. “Right here?”

“Where better?”

“Righto. Here goes.”

There on the sidewalk, Griff squared himself up, took a stance amid the passersby like Caruso among the opera extras, and began to sing in a croaky baritone to the tune of “The Old Oaken Bucket.”

My old copper collar,
It makes my heart so proud.
When I wear the copper collar,
I fit right with the crowd.

No wedding band
Was ever so grand,
So it is always there to see,
The old copper collar,
That Anaconda fastened on me.

Griff finished on a sardonically sweet note that was very nearly a warble. Up in the top floor of the Hennessy Building, someone in a celluloid collar frowned down and the window was shut with a bang.

"The Butte spiritual," Hoop defined Griff’s performance for me, and onward we went.

It was when the two of them tramped me up the streets to the other butte, the rising ground where those long-legged headframes spraddled atop the dozens of mineshafts and piles of tailings spilled down the hillside like gopher diggings, that the two of them truly came into their element. To me, The Hill seemed otherworldly, half mammoth factory, half fathomless wasteland; to my companions, it was home. Their bent backs straightened, and their gait became more spry. The ear-stinging screech of pulleys as ore loads were pulled up from the depths of earth and elevator cages were let down seemed to reach them as the most melodious of sounds. In accompaniment, Hoop turned suddenly voluble. "We drilled in every corner of this hill, didn’t we, Griff. In the Neversweat and the Glengarry and the Parrot and the Nipper and most of these other mines you see. One of us on the steel and the other on the hammer. We was a flash team, if I do say so myself. We’d make the hole in the rock in nothing flat, then set the dynamite, and blooey! Break loose a wall of ore that’d keep a mucking crew busy half a day.” In all likelihood it was the effect of Hoop’s words, but I thought I felt a tremor in the ground as he spoke. He paused, gazing around at the modern-day mining apparatus. “Now they drill with air.” I took that to mean high-powered compressed air drills, the throb of giant compressors a steady beat within the industrial medley around the mineshafts.
There is hardly any story more deeply engraved in human experience than a search for the Promised Land, a new Jerusalem where life can flourish and dreams run free. What a saga it was, then, that the barren rise of earth the three of us were standing atop had become such a place, to those unafraid to go into its depths. From what Hoop and Griff had told me the night before, I knew that The Hill’s copper diggings in the course of time and union persistence had brought forth wages that workingmen anywhere else could only imagine. Four and a half dollars a day! my informants chorused with pride, at that time probably equaled only by Henry Ford’s assembly line in Detroit. And no man who called himself a miner wanted to bolt fenders onto flivvers for a living. So, dust devils and dump heaps and discolored soil and everything else, the startling land I was gazing at was worshipped by hard-rock miners for its holy wage; in the pits and shafts of the world, the saying was, “Don’t even stop in America, just go to Butte.”

Griff, silent until now, had been watching the loaded ore cars trundle into view one after another at the Neversweat, a colossus of a mine with seven smokestacks rising from its buildings like a row of stark totems. “Got to hand it to Anaconda,” he said grudgingly, “the buggers know how to get the ore out. Looky there, Hoop, they’ve busted up through the south shaft of the ’Sweat.” An obviously fresh fence, its posts unweathered, enclosed a crater so gaping that it looked as if a meteor had struck and blazed on through to the core of the earth. Or at least so deep that anyone who fell in would go to glory, so to speak.

Brows furrowed with sudden thought, my companions exchanged glances. “Morrie,” said Hoop, “you maybe ought to know something—”

“--about the boarding house,” said Griff, and then and there, they chorused the likelihood that in time to come Anaconda would have its greedy eye on Grace’s property.
“Don’t blab that to Mrs. Faraday,” they anxiously cautioned me. “There’s no sense worrying her head off beforehand.”

“I won’t be the bringer of that news,” I pledged.

My tour, to hear my guides tell it, now was about to really begin. For there, amid the gray polar wastes of that Richest Hill, were scattered the pockets of populace that I had glimpsed from the train station.

“Here’s where the work of the world comes from,” Griff pronounced, and Hoop nodded. Between them, they pointed out each neighborhood. Finntown, straggling below the colossal Neversweat. The Italians, it was stressed to me, occupied Meaderville, not be confused with Centerville, where the Cornish congregated. Griff proudly singled out the smallish Welsh area of St. David’s, christened for its church, near our boarding house; beyond that, the Serbians had their several blocks, elsewhere the Scandinavians had theirs, and below at the edge of downtown lay Chinatown, self-explanatory. My head was beginning to spin, and we had not even come to the sprawl of streets dead ahead, the Irish avalanche of small frame houses and overloaded clotheslines that constituted Dublin Gulch and beyond.

Wisely, Hoop hailed a mailman, and in a brogue that justified his assignment to the route, the postal carrier told me with great elaboration how to find the house of that night’s wake.

That job done, Griff proclaimed: “You’re all set, Morrie. The only thing to watch out for tonight is--”

Commotion blasted the last of his words away, so sudden and sharp my eardrums winced. The Hill had turned into a calliope, whistles shrieking at every mineshaft. “Change of shifts!” one or the other of my companions yipped as if school had let out.
Those next minutes will never leave me. Down from the mine mouths into the sloping streets cascaded hundreds of workworn men, turning into thousands as we stood watching. The Hill was black with this exodus. Here, on foot, the neighborhoods sluiced together as the miners trudged past, accented English of several kinds mingling with tongues my ear could not readily identify. It was as if Europe had been lifted by, say, the boot heel of Italy and shaken, every toiler from the hard rock depths tumbling out here. Old habits had followed them across the ocean, husky Finns clustered with other Finns, the Cornishmen not mingling with the Italians, on across the map until each of the nations of Butte came to its own home street.

By now Griff and Hoop were wistfully calling out to fellow Welshmen going by. “Keep fighting for that lost dollar, boys! We’re with you all the way, Jared!” This last, I could tell, was addressed to a lean dark-featured individual at the front of the group, not nearly as far along in years as most of the other miners but plainly a leader. Striding along with a measured tread I identified as military, the younger man grinned through his grime and sent my companions a half wave, half salute.

“What, is there a wage dispute?” I asked in surprise, having heard the hosannas about the riches of The World’s Richest Hill.

“There usually is,” Griff grumped, Hoop nodding, “but this one’s bad. The damn company just told the union it’s lopping a whole dollar off the daily wage, can you imagine?” The calculating part of my brain certainly could; a twenty-two percent cut, a severe reversal of The Hill’s holy standing. “That’s a poke in the eye if there ever was one,” Griff was fulminating further. “Jared there and his council are working on how to turn it around, you can bet.”
“A strike?” I knew from their earlier recital of labor’s struggles that the last time the union leadership called one, the strike had failed when Anaconda’s hired thugs broke the spirit of the mineworkers.

“Nobody said that,” Griff intoned secretively.

The last of the miners filed past, the next shift went deep underground into the catacombs of copper ore, and we three turned back down the hill toward the brick canyons of streets below. By contrast, the neighborhood I would be coming back to tonight looked made of matchboxes. More than ever I felt like a foreign traveler in the Constantinople of the Rockies. One particular question of the many crowding my mind made its way out first.

“Hoop, Griff, help me to understand something. Why does Peterson, as Scandinavian as they come, pattern his business so strongly here to Dublin Gulch? Hiring me to stand in for him at wakes, for instance.”

“Norwegians don’t die enough for him to make a living,” Hoop imparted.

“The Irish, they’re another matter.”
"You're the cryer," simpered the woman, her own eyes red from weeping, who opened the door to me that evening. "I can tell by the cut of your clothes." Truly, I did feel quite distinguished in the olive-brown herringbone worsted suit, vest included, that the tailor had produced. The boardinghouse trio had assured me I looked freshly spit-shined.

"Ma'am," I began, having learned my lesson in Butte manners of address that first time with Grace, "at this sad time, I wish to convey the deepest sympathy for the loss of your husband, on behalf of the--"

"Ma!" she brayed over her shoulder. "It's the funeral home fellow, dressed to the gills, come to pay his respects." She all but swept me into the house and steered me toward a tiny elderly woman, attired in the dignity of black and settled in a wicker armchair beside the open casket. "It's my rogue of a father, Lord save his soul, at rest there in the coffin," my escort instructed into my ear as she led me over. "Ma has been expecting you ever so much. Father
O’Rourke sent word he can’t come tonight, there’s a fellow hurt bad at the Neversweat may be needing last rites. So we’re awful glad to have a cryer to do the soothing."

This had me blinking. If I was expected to stand in for a priest, I hadn’t negotiated wages with Creeping Pete nearly hard enough.

Approaching the shrieveled woman perched there on the wicker, I carefully held my hat over the vicinity of my heart and started my recital over. I had made sure with Peterson: I was not expected to actually cry, but a mournful mien, complete with murmurs and respectful remarks toward the deceased, was the order of the night.

"--and you may be assured I speak for Mr. Peterson in offering fullest condolences, Mrs. Dempsey," I concluded the set piece I had memorized.

The widow gazed up at me in her crinkled way, nodded an inch, and broke into a crescendo of sobs.

"There, there, Ma," the daughter consoled but made no other move, "you just cry it out, that’s the girl." To me, frozen there as if I had set off a burglar alarm, she hissed: "You’ll want to circulate yourself, people will be coming for the next some while."

Shaken by the storm of wailing behind me, I headed for the refuge of the long table where angelfood cakes and and sliced bread and bologna and a plethora of pickles and preserves and a carnival-glass bowl of tame punch sat. There, I figured, the crowd as it gathered would find its way to me. The thought was the deed. In no time a strapping black-haired man of middle years detached himself from a hushed group that I took to be other Dempsey daughters and their uncomfortable husbands. He came at me like a wind around a corner. "Pat Quinlan," he provided, ready with a handshake. "That’s what I like to see, someone with the good sense to wrap himself around the food."
In turn, I told him who I was as he fastened a keen gaze on me. He had the thrust of head I’d noticed in the miners at the change of shift, as if stooping under a mine timber. Facialy, he showed the olive skin and conquistador cheekbones that affirmed the tale of Spanish Armada survivors washing up onto the coast of Ireland and contributing to the population.

“Morgan is your handle, is it,” he seemed to taste my name. “Creeping Pete is maybe getting the knack. Last time he sent a scissorbill called George King. How much more English does it get, I ask you?”

“If he had dispatched King George to the occasion, perhaps.”

“Sharp as a tack, are we. I like that.” With a glint of his own, Quinlan asked: “What brings you to Butte?” His chin came up an inch in the enunciation of that last word, the local habit.

“Reputation,” I began to invoke The Richest Hill on Earth, but he cut in with an all too knowing grin: “Yours or Butte’s? Ah, well, this isn’t the time or place to go into that, is it.” The widow’s wail had settled into a kind of teary drone that still had me flinching, but Quinlan showed no sign it registered on him. Rocking restlessly on his heels, he critically observed the slow traffic of grievers across the room, the men bending a quick knee at the low coffin bench for a muttered Our Father, the women kneeling in earnest to recite Hail Mary. I felt like a heathen, or at least distinctly un-Irish, but my companion at the table clapped me conspiratorially on the shoulder. “Standing around without something that fits the hand, what kind of a wake is this?” Quinlan plucked two glasses from the table. “Here, hold these while I do the needful.” Reaching into a pocket of his suitcoat evidently tailored for such an occasion, he brought out a whiskey bottle and began to pour, back and forth, with a heavy hand.

Hastily I asked, “Didn’t I read that Montana voted itself dry?”

“‘Dry’ doesn’t mean ‘ parched to imbecility,’ you could look it up.”
“Mr. Quinlan—”

“Quin,” he insisted, still pouring.

“Quin, then. I do not normally partake.”

“Nobody else does it normal at a wake either.”

He corked the bottle and it vanished to its nesting place. “Upsy daisy.”

Quinlan drank as generously as he poured, while I took a small mouthful that left a sting all the way down. When my eyes cleared, I inquired into the source of the supposedly forbidden liquor. “Bootleg rye.” He gestured northerly. “What else is Canada for?”

“You were a close friend of the deceased, Quin?” I asked, to give the whiskey time to settle.

“Scarcely knew him. But a miner stands by another miner, to the last six feet of earth.” A moment of brooding came into his dark eyes. Catching me watching this, he resorted to the knowing grin again. “Drink up, Morgan my man,” he set the example. “One swallow is a lonesome bird.” As if remembering his manners, he hoisted his glass in salute toward the casket and its occupant.

“Tim there knew what thirst is, he was healthy enough in that respect.”

“He wore a mighty name,” I mentioned, alluding to Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight boxing champion.

“The name was the all. See for yourself--Tim was a shrimp. Look at him there, add in the bouquets and he’s still a lightweight.”

“Featherweight, I’d say, the 120-pound class.” That drew a look from Quinlan. Just then another man with the tilt of a miner came up to us. Like all the others in the room except me, he was in what must have been his church clothes, a tight-fitting suit no doubt worn for both marrying and burying. “Mike McGlashan, meet Morgan, the new cryer,” Quinlan did the honors with a flourish of his glass. “Join us in commemorating poor old Tim.”
“Never, Quin.” McGlashan wagged his head piously. “I’m on the wagon.”

Quinlan’s expression said he had heard that one before. He produced the bottle again, uncorking it like a magician. “Run that past your smell and tell me if it’s not the scent of heaven.”

“Save me from myself, then,” McGlashan sighed, covering his eyes and holding out a glass.

During this, the fiery rye splashed into my own glass, and on into me, as Quin and McGlashan gabbed and drank. Inevitably they came around to the lost dollar of wage. With morose acceptance, McGlashan said he and the men on his shift in the Orphan Girl were resigned to waiting it out until the price of copper went back up. That was typical foolishness, Quin said; his shift at the Neversweat favored a strike if that’s what it took. The two argued in the manner of old friends going over customary territory while I took advantage of the food on the table. Conversation and alcohol flowed along in that way until another of those cloudy moments descended on Quin. Gesturing toward the Dublin Gulch neighbors trooping from one black-draped member of the Dempsey female clan to the next with long faces brought out for the occasion, he said in a commanding manner: “This is way too sad, you could cut the air in here like crepe.” He reached in another pocket and came out with a small red book. It was about the size of a breviary, but if my eyes and the rye weren’t misleading me, musical bars filled its pages. Yet it had none of the binding of a hymnal and I wondered aloud, “What manner of book is that?”

“What’s it look like, boyo. It’s the Little Red Songbook. Someone slipped it in my lunch bucket the other day, the scoundrels.” Quin wetted a thumb and started turning pages. “They know their music, you have to hand them that.”
McGlashan snickered. "Evans will think you’re a Wob at heart." By then I could glimpse on the crimson cover a drawing of a muscular band of men, sleeves of their workshirts rolled up and arms linked in a chain of solidarity, and the words INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD. The boarding house rondelay about Buttes’s factions of miners returned to me, and I appraised Quin with fresh interest.

“It wouldn’t hurt Jared to look over his shoulder now and then,” he turned aside McGlashan’s remark and kept on thumbing through the little book, “but he’s stubborn even for a Taffy.” I had thought I was the only trace of Welsh amid the wall-to-wall Irish, but now I spotted across the room the soldierly figure whom Hooper and Griffith had called out to on The Hill. “Besides, he’s just here with the union tribute.” As I watched, the youthful but authoritative miner approached the widow, hat off, and bestowed on her an envelope which from the bulge of it contained a goodly amount of cash. “Are you going to stand there slandering me,” Quin was chiding McGlashan now, “or sing? Tim there in the wooden overcoat would appreciate a tune about now, I bet. Ah, here’s a nice one,” he asserted, crimping open the crimson book to it. “Get Pooch Lampkin over here, he has a voice on him. And Micky O’Fallon, while you’re at it.”

I ducked away while the musical troops were organizing themselves, not sure my initial night as cryer should be spent in song. Peering over Quinlan’s shoulder at the small songbook, the impromptu ensemble squared up and let loose:

Oh Lord of all, of fowl and fish,
Of feast of life, of ev’ry dish;
Observe me on my bended legs,
I’m asking You for ham and eggs.
“They’re at it again!” a woman shrieked. “And Father O’Rourke not here to give them what for! Quick, the true music of the faith!” Hastily the opposition vocal force formed up, a number of women in their darkest funereal best and a few older men pinched at the elbow by their wives and conscripted into the choir. Rigid as if they had been called to their feet in church, the bunch of them chorused out:

O’er the sod of God,  
O’er the bogs of peat,  
Everlasting choirs  
Raise a concert sweet!

Undeterred, Quinlan and McGlashan and colleagues soared into their next verse.

And if thou havest custard pies  
I’d like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Across the room the choir of the righteous responded in a roar:

Heathendom shall go down,  
Though it be everywhere!  
God the Father’s kingdom  
Fills heaven and earth and air!

Sweetly as boys, the Quinlan quartet warbled a last verse:

Oh, hear my cry, almighty Host,  
I quite forgot the quail on toast.  
Let your kindly heart be stirred  
And stuff some oysters in that bird.

“Shame!” cried a particularly broad woman in black, charging across the room. “My poor uncle, Heaven forgive him, gone on beyond there in the plush box and you singing one of those Red songs. Pat Quinlan, you banshee. May
God make your tongue fall out.” Over by the door, I saw the young union man cast a rueful look at it all, put his hat on, and slip away from the proceedings.

Quinlan shortled. “Betty, you’d sell tickets to that, wouldn’t you. Come have a glass with us, girl.”

“I’ll girl you, Quin.” Nonetheless a glass appeared in her hand. “A taste, if you insist.”

“Meet Morgan, the cryer,” Quinlan thought to officiate. “He’s new to Butte.”

“Another pilgrim to the Richest Hill on Earth, have we here?” Betty turned her ample face to me. “Join the long line, Morgan my man.” Luckily the bottle made its rounds just then, and while I hid into a gulp from my glass, I noticed that around the room the tone of the wake had lightened into loud conversation and laughter. Centered as I was in the commotion, I apprehensively looked over toward the casket, the item of business I supposedly was here to attend to. The widow seemed to be crying to herself in contentment.

I jumped slightly as Betty fingered the fabric of my lapel. “My, quite the glad rags Creeping Pete’s put you in.” With a critical cock of her head, she studied the rest of me. “You look awful learned to be among miners.”

“One can never get enough of the school of life,” I said with slightly slurred dignity. Tonight was certainly proving that. I had found out that Butte did not sprout shrinking violets.

As if I needed any more proof, Betty batted me on one shoulder and Quinlan on the other. “A man who knows his blarney,” Quin commended. “I like that.” He aimed his glass at me. “Morgan, a man as cultured as you can’t help but have a tune stick to him along the way. Favor us with something, why don’t you.” The entire crowd around the table loudly seconded that.
"I regret to say, from what I’ve heard here tonight I’m not equal to the task."

Betty turned indignant. "You don’t mean to tell us Creeping Pete’s sent a man who can’t sing a lick?"

"Really, I--

"EVERYBODY!" Quinlan let out a shout. "The cryer’s going to do us a number! Step on out, Morgan, and show us your tonsils."

I had no choice and someone gave me a push toward the center of the room besides. The houseful of people suddenly loomed around me like a crowd at a bullring. Even the widow was wiping her eyes and watching me. My glass half full in one hand, I braced back with the other for some support and found I had put it on the foot of the casket. Inches away, the highly polished toes of the shoes of poor departed Dempsey pointed in the air. Swallowing deeply, I stayed propped there against the coffin wood as if this was the natural spot for the representative of the Peterson Modern Mortuary and Funeral Home, and tried desperately to think of any appropriate snatch of music. What issued forth was as much a surprise to me as to the audience.

I cannot sing the old songs now.

It is not that I deem them low.

‘Tis that I can’t remember how

They go.

In the silence that met that, I bowed and retreated behind the casket. After long seconds, someone tittered and that loosed a chuckle in someone else, and then the whole crowd gave a collective belly laugh and people pressed in on me, a dozen at once making conversation and clapping me on the back and testifying what an enjoyable wake this was.
It was during this that I realized I was drunk as a gnat in a vat.

The rest of the evening became one long blur of relatives of the man who lay in state beside me and miners telling stories out of an endless supply and black-clad women wanting to know if they couldn’t fetch me just a bite more of angel cake, while I concentrated on not tipping over into the casket.

At last everyone wore down, and after a groggy round of farewells and a final whip on the back from Quin, I stepped out into the street and began to make my unsteady way out of Dublin Gulch. The chill air of the Butte night collided with the alcohol in me. The stars were out but, I scolded them, too far to be any help to me. All too soon, I had to skirt the Neversweat glory hole. With the single-mindedness of the inebriated, I crept cautiously past, as if the yawning pit, darker than dark, might empty itself upward over me in an eruption of shadow. Luckily, things were marginally less inky after that. Such splotches of illumination as existed shone from mines that were being worked around the clock, and nearer to downtown I met up with occasional streetlights, so that my route as I wove my way toward the boarding house alternated between lit and dim. It fit my condition.

Here is where the mystery begins. I had the eerie sensation that the shadows were following me home from The Hill.

You would think a long walk in shivery weather ought to clear the head of such a phenomenon. The mysterious does not work like that. The more I tottered along, the worse the shivers. Out of the dapple of light and dark behind me, the shadows took shapes as warped as in a bad dream, sometimes huge and foglike, sometimes small and flitting. Like a steady cold breath on the back of the neck, I could feel the darkness changing form. Some small sane part of my mind kept telling me these specters were the distilled and bottled sort, but the corner of my eye was convinced otherwise. A time or two when I suddenly looked back, the
shadows nearly became human, then faded into the other patterns of the night. If anyone was there, they were as uncatchable as cats.

Telling myself woozily this was what came of an evening spent in the company of a casket and its contents, I clattered in to the boarding house and bed.

The morning after, Grace left on the stove a pot of coffee of a stoutness that would have brought the Light Brigade back to life.

Numb above my shoulders, I sat at the kitchen table and worked cup after cup into myself. I had missed breakfast. The household was well into its day, Hooper in the garden hoeing weeds at a stately pace and Griffith going down the hall with a monkey wrench in hand. Catching sight of me, Griff backtracked and stuck his head in the room. "How's the crying game going?"

"I can still smell it on my breath."

"Didn't I tell you so?"

"Unfortunately, not quite." How I wished for that moment back, when he was warning me of the one thing to be watched out for at a Dublin Gulch wake and every whistle went off.

Griff waved away silly concern as he limped off. "You'll get used to the elbow-bending. It beats toadying for Anaconda."

I was debating that with myself when Grace bustled in with her shopping basket, fresh from dickering a bargain meat out of the butcher, no doubt.

"Morning, Morrie," she said pleasantly, "what's left of it."

"Short days and long nights are the career of a cryer, I foresee. The coffee was an act of mercy; thank you. Can I help you with those provisions?"

"You had better sit quiet and let your eyeballs heal, I'd say." Putting groceries away, she looked over her shoulder at me curiously. "I've had the good luck never to go to a wake, what was it like?"
I recounted to her what I could remember of the muddled evening. Mostly, the clink of glasses and the clash of singing voices came to mind. At the mention of Quinlan, she bobbed her head. "Quin was a friend of my Arthur, although they didn’t see eye to eye on union matters."

"Then there was a Dempsey niece, a rather stout woman named Betty--"

"Betty the bootlegger," Grace had no trouble with the identification. "She knows the right people along the border. Prohibition is the making of her."

I sat wordless, more than ever a novice in the ways of Bußte, dumbly considering a mourning occasion fueled with moonlight liquor that redounded to the profit of someone in the family. The C.R. Peterson Modern Mortuary and Funeral Home maybe was in the wrong end of things.

"Morrie?" Grace closed the cupboard and joined me at the table, settling lightly. Her inquisitive look became pronounced. "I’ve had a fair number of boarders, besides the palace guard"—Griff could be heard banging in the basement--"but none of them blew in from nowhere quite like you. What was your last place of address, if I may ask?"

"Oh, that. Down Under, as they say."

"Under what?"

"I refer, Grace, to Australia."

"I was teasing. I’m not surprised you have an ocean or so behind you. You have that look."

"It’s the mustache."

"My Arthur always said his was the brush hiding the picnic," she reported drily. "Women don’t have that disguise."

"Spoken like a high priestess of the plain truth, Rose--I’m sorry; Grace."
Before my embarrassment could pool on the table, Grace gave my slip of the tongue the gentlest of treatment. "Whoever she was, was she as pretty as her name?"

"At least."

"Maybe it was worth some Down Under, then," she left me with, rising and reaching for her apron. "It’s nearly noon, I have a meal to fix or the three of you will have to go in the yard and graze."

Those initial weeks, the job of cryer was an introduction to Butte, definitely, although hardly the one I had sought. Life at the mortuary remained, well, creepy. First of all, there was usually someone dead on the premises, in one room or another. And the wage, while steady enough, was not one of The Hill’s swiftest paths to riches; Creeping Pete’s ledger was always going to be tipped in his favor, not mine.

What disquieted me more than either of those was that question of shadows. Was it a trick of the darkness and the bootleg rye? The occasional night when I managed to slip away from the conviviality of a Dublin Gulch coffin vigil long enough to dump my drink in the kitchen slop bucket, the shadows on the way home perhaps behaved less like lurking black furies; but they never quite vanished. Something quivers in a person at such times, like a tuning fork set off by phantom touch. You look back along a darkened street that is suddenly limitless and whatever is there keeps eyeing you hungrily. Watching over my shoulder as I zigzagged to the boarding house after each wake, I had to wonder whether an old loss was catching up with me. Every footfall, it seemed, brought the thought of my brother and the cold lake waters that took him.

Not all haunting is mere superstition. I’d noticed a certain look in Grace’s eyes whenever Griffith and Hooper got going on the evils of Anaconda and the
Speculator fire and its perished miners; at such moments Arthur Faraday left his matrimonial picture frame and came to her side, I would have wagered.

One of those suppertime, as Griff and Hoop hobbled off to their own pursuits, I spoke up as she somberly cleared away the dishes.

"May I be of help?"

She took so long to answer, I wondered if she considered the question hypothetical. But then she looked over with a flicker of interest and said, "You can dry, if you don't have dropsy."

Following her into the kitchen, I took up a dish towel. "As Marco Polo said, I know my way around china. I did dishes at the Palmer House between school terms."

"It seems there is no end to your talents," Grace said with exaggerated wonder, handing me a dish towel. It had been a long while since I settled in side by side with a woman to such a chore. With her braid tucked back and her sleeves rolled up, she was an aproned vision of efficiency at her dishpan task. Still, I could tell something troubled her. I asked, "Have the glory hole grabbers been giving you a bad time again?"

She shook her head. "No, it's not that. It's our anniversary. Arthur's and mine." Slowly washing a plate, she went on: "Seven years ago today, we were married. I don't know why this year bothers me so much." She looked cross with herself. "I'm sorry, Morrie, I didn't mean to mope."

"Grief sometimes goes by numbers," I suggested gently. "Seven, that's the copper anniversary."

"I might have known you'd have the answer, you schoolbook." She flicked a few drops of dishwasher at me. "I'll simmer down, I promise." By now I was well aware she could also simmer up faster than the law of heat transfer ever predicated, but I was learning to weather that. It seemed worth it for the glimpses
of the woman behind the landlady veneer. When something serious was not on
her mind, she had the best smile, bright and teasing. That came out again now as
she glanced at me and the dimple did sly work. "Let's fish around in you for a
change. Off on a toot again tonight, are you?"

"Grace, it is my job. I seem to recall you being all for it."

"Anyone who runs a boarding house needs to be in favor of whatever a
lodger does to come up with the rent." That canny glance again. "Within
reason."

I smoothed my mustache while I thought that over. I had to admit,
presenting myself at a wake most every night made me feel uncomfortably like
one of those mechanical statuettes of Death that clank out of a guildhall clock
tower at the appointed hour and chase the merrymakers around the cupola. Grace
had a point about the reasonableness of that as a lasting occupation. "Life as cryer
does have its drawbacks," I conceded to her. "A main one is that I wake up each
morning feeling as if my brain were being pickled, gray cell by gray cell."

She prompted: "And while you still have a few to spare?"

"Tomorrow," I said with sudden decision, "I shall find the public library
and consult Polk."

Grace paused in her sudsy grapple with the meat platter, puzzled. "Poke
who?"

"The Polk city directory." I smiled. "The treasure map to where ledgers are
kept."
There is an old story that any Londoners with a madman in the family would drop him off at the library of the British Museum for the day. I was given a searching look as if I might be the Butte version when I presented myself at the desk of the public library that next morning and requested both the R.L. Polk & Co. City Directory and Julius Caesar’s Gallic Wars in the original Latin.

The stout woman I took to be the head librarian--she had eyeglasses enchained around her neck commandingly enough for it--scrutinized me some moments more, then marched off into the maze of shelves while I found a seat at a broad oaken table. Everything was substantial, the brass-banistered stairway up to the mezzanine of books in tall rows, the green-shaded electrical lights hanging down from the high ceiling like watchfobs of the gods. I have always felt at home among books, so when the woman from the desk plopped my requested two in front of me, they seemed like old friends dropping by.

Aware that I should get down to business, I instead drew the Gallic Wars to me first, unable to resist. I had ordered it up by habit, as a test. To me, a repository of books is not a library without that volume in the mother of languages, but merely a storehouse for worn copies of H. Rider Haggard’s jungle thrillers and
the syrupy novels of Mrs. Mary V. Terhune. No, Caesar’s prose that reads like poetry—*Gallia divisa in tres partes*—is essential in a collection of knowledge, a siren call from Roman words to ours. Handling the book fondly as I was, I became aware of its own touch: tanned leather, not the more common calfskin cover put on for show. I examined the binding: sewn rather than glued. On the pages, lovely to finger, the sentences practically rose from the paper in a strong clear Caslon typeface. What I was holding was an exceptionally fine copy, so much better than my own that had gone astray with my missing trunk that I momentarily found myself envious of the Butte Public Library.

Just then a drove of schoolchildren came pattering through, herded toward the downstairs by their shushing teacher, evidently to a story hour. Second-graders, I judged, that unhushable age when whispering is as natural as breathing. I felt a pang as the class passed through like a murmur in church. The distance of ten years evaporated, and I swear, for some moments I was back at the Marias Coulee one-room school, my stairstep eight grades there in front of me as intricate and intriguing as a daily circus. And after school, the mental workout of Latin lessons with the keenest pupil a teacher ever had, Paul Milliron. Sitting there watching this motherly teacher shoo her boys and girls along as they descended the library stairs a whisper at a time, I envied her the job but knew it was too late in the school year for me to even think of such an application. Besides, my credentials were not exactly the standard ones.

Sighing, I patted Caesar and closed him away. Opening the city directory, I began to work my way through the idiom of Polk. There they were as ever, the abbreviated citizens found throughout America, _brklyr, carp, messr, repr_ et cetera. The skills of bricklayers, carpenters, messengers and repairers were not my own. Nor on subsequent pages could I see myself employed in feather dying, felt mattress manufacture, or fish salting. Dutifully I paged on through searching for
where ledgers that fit my talents might be found. Butte, I discerned, had a modest number of banks for a city of its size; a plenitude of funeral homes; an uninspiring variety of mercantile enterprises; and one Gibraltar of assets, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. I can’t deny, it was tantalizing, that financial colossus which surely needed bkprs--bookkeepers--of a certain talent to sluice the riches of The Hill into Anaconda coffers.

Temptation had to vie with distraction, however. Something about the Gallic Wars at my elbow kept diverting me. Even when they are closed, some books do not shut up. Why was this beautifully sewn leather edition, a collector’s item if I had ever seen one, spending its existence on a public shelf in a none too fastidious mining town? Once more I peered at those tiers on the mezzanine, and if I was not severely mistaken, many other handsome volumes sat there beckoning in bindings of royal reds and greens and blues and buffs. Curiosity got the better of me. Up the stairwell I went.

And found myself in a booklover’s paradise.

As though some printerly version of Midas had browsed through the shelves, priceless editions of Flaubert and Keats and Tolstoy and Goethe and Melville and Longfellow and countless other luminaries mingled on the shelves with more standard library holdings. I could not resist running my fingers along the handsomely bound spines and tooled letters of the titles. What on earth was the matron at the desk thinking, in scattering these treasures out in the open? Yet the more I looked, the more I met up with the complete works of authors, surely deliberately collected and displayed. Mystified, I was stroking the rare vellum of a Jane Austen title when a loud voice made me jump.

“You look like a bookworm on a spree.”

I am of medium height, but when I turned around, I was seeing straight into a white cloud of beard. Considerably above that, a snowy cowlick brushed against
furrows of the forehead. In a suit that had gone out of fashion when the last
century did, the man frowning down at me had considerable girth at the waist and
narrowed at the chest and shoulders; like the terrain around us, he sloped.

Caught by surprise, I had no idea what to make of this apparition
confronting me amid the books. That beard was as full as that of Santa Claus, but
there was no twinkle of Christmas nor any other spirit of giving in those glacial
blue eyes.

Keeping my own voice low, I responded: “Butte is rich in its library
holdings, as I assume we both have discovered?”

“Finest collection west of Chicago. Too bad the town doesn’t have the
brains to go with the books,” he drawled at full volume. “Quite a reader, are you?
Who do you like?”

 Appropriately or not, my gaze caught on a lovely marbled copy of Great
Expectations. “Dickens,” I began a whispered confession that could have gone on
through legions of names. “There’s a person who could think up characters.”

“Hah.” My partner in conversation reached farther along in the shelves of
fiction. “I’ll stick with Stevenson, myself.” He fondled along the gilt-titled set of
volumes from boyish adventure to phantasmagoria of shape-shifting souls. “It
takes a Scotchman to know the sides of life.” Abruptly he swung around, towering
over me again, and demanded loudly: “You like Kipling or don’t you?”

Oh, was I tempted to recite: What reader’s relief is in store/When the
Rudyards cease from kipling/And the Haggards ride no more. Instead I put a
thumb up and then down, meanwhile murmuring, “His stories are splendid sleight-
of-hand, the poetry is all thumbs.”

“Not short of opinion, are you.” He fixed a look on me as if he had
shrewdly caught me at something. “Saw you down there pawing at Caesar.
English isn’t good enough for you?”
"Lux ex libris," I tried to put this absolute stranger in his place, "whatever the language on the page."

"If light comes from books," he drawled back, "how come Woodrow Wilson isn't brighter than he is?"

That stopped me. Was I really expected to debate the intellect of the President of the United States within hearing of everyone in the building?

Just then a couple of elderly ladies entered the reading room below, still chattering softly from the street. Frowning so hard the beard seemed to bristle, my companion leaned over the mezzanine railing. "Quiet!" he bellowed.

That legendary pairing, madman and library, seemed to be coming true as I watched. All heads now were turned up toward us, the woman at the desk whipping her eyeglasses on and glowering in our direction. I envisioned arrest for disturbing the literary peace, even if I was barely an accomplice. "Perhaps," I whispered urgently, "we should adjourn to a less public spot, lest the librarian take steps--"

"Ignoramus, I am the librarian." Straightening himself to new white height of cowlick, he frowned fiercely down at me. "Do you genuinely not know who the hell you're talking to?"

"I remember no introduction," I said coolly.

He waved that off. "Samuel Sandison. Come on into my office before you cause any more ruckus, I want to talk to you."

I hesitated before following, but the ravishing books were too much of a lure. Edging through the doorway of his overflowing office at the back of the mezzanine, I made sure that the nameplate on the desk matched what he had told me. Sandison sandwiched himself behind the desk and wordlessly pointed me to a book-stacked chair. I cleared away the pile and gingerly sat. "Mr. Sandison, the
books you have here—" I hardly had the words. "They're works of art in every way."

"They ought to be." He stroked his beard, as if petting a cat. "A good many of them are mine."

"Yours?"

"Hell yes. From the ranch."

"Ah. The ranch. You were a livestock entrepreneur, I take it? Sheep?"

"Cattle." He delivered me a look that made me want to duck. Well, how was I to know? From the train, Montana expanses appeared to me to be as populous with fleeces as the heavens are with clouds.

Sandison leaned across the mess of his desk as though I might be hard of hearing as well as dim of intellect. "You mean you have never heard of the Triple S ranch?"

"I confess I have not, but I have been in town only a short time."

"It's gone now," he growled. "That's why I'm here. It was the biggest spread in the state, everybody and his brother knew the SSS brand."

"Mmm. By 'brand,' do you mean the practice of searing a mark onto the animal?"

"That's what branding is. It's the Latin and Greek of the prairie."

That startled me. "Intriguing. And so SSS would translate to--?"

He laughed harshly. "Saddle up, sit tight, and shut up, my riders called it. Most of them stuck with me anyway." An odd glint came to him. "I had an army of them, you know."

"I regret to say, I am not seer enough myself to know the intricacies of reading burnt cowhide." It fell flat with him. "But I am eager to grasp the principle behind alphabetizing one's cows--"

"It's not alphabetical, fool. Brandabetical."
"--excellent word! The brandabetical concept, then. Do you start with the full lingual entity, in this case 'saddle up, sit tight, and shut up,' and condense from there?"

"Hell no," he let out and immediately after that, "but you're right in a way. SSS stood for Seymour-Stanwood-Sandison. I had to have backers in the ranch operation. Money men." Those last two words he practically spat. Eyeing me as though I were guilty by association, he drawled: "I saw you with your nose stuck in Polk. I suppose you're another refined hobo who heard about The Hill and came here to make a killing."

"A living, I had in mind."

"Hah. You packing around any education worth the description?"

"The Oxford variety."

He looked at me skeptically.

"I bootstrapped my way through."

"Another shoeleather philosopher," he grumbled. "The Wobblies were full of them, they must empty out the bughouse into Butte every so often."

"I see my little joke did not catch on. Actually, I did work my way through an institution of higher learning--the University of Chicago."

He tugged at his beard. "In other words," he said as if it might be my epitaph, "all you know anything about comes from books."

I bridled. "That is hardly a fair assessment of--"

"Never mind. You're hired."

"You are mistaken, I haven't even made up my mind where to-- Here?"

"Here is where the books are, ninny."
“Sam Sandison? He’s meaner than the devil’s half-brother. If you’re gonna be around him, you better watch your sweet--”

“The rules, Griff.”

“--step, is all I was gonna say, Mrs. Faraday.” Griffith speared a potato and passed the dish onward to me, along with a gimlet gaze. “You must have hit him when he was hard up for help, Morrie. He don’t hire just anybody.”

“I was as taken by surprise as the rest of you appear to be.” Announcement of my sudden employment at the library had set my suppermates back in their chairs, for some reason that I could not decipher. “What can you tell me of my new lord and master? None of you were so bashful about the business practices of the Anaconda Company.” The gravy boat came my way, but nothing else of substance from any of the threesome. “For a start, Griff, what exactly is the meaning of ‘meaner than the devil’s half-brother’ in regard to Samuel Sandison?”

“He’s one of the old bucks of the country, tougher than--” cutting strenuously at the piece of meat on his plate, Griff glanced in Grace’s direction and
hedged off "--rawhide. Had a ranch they say you couldn’t see to the end of. I
don’t just know where. You, Hoop?"

Hooper waved vaguely west. "Someplace out there in scatteration."

"Employing, he told me, a veritable army of cowboys--but I would imagine
any livestock enterprise of that size needed a rugged crew and a firm hand?"

"You’re lucky he’s only bossing books around any more," was the only
answer from Griff. Vigorously chewing, he turned toward the head of the table.

"Heck of a meal, Mrs. Faraday."

I sampled the stringy meat and sent an inquiring look. "Not chicken."

Grace shook her head.

"Rabbit, then."

"My, you do know your way around food," she remarked, a compliment or
not I couldn’t tell. It occurred to me how much I was going to miss the tablefuls at
wakes.

Taking leave of the C.R. Peterson Modern Mortuary and Funeral Home
took some doing.

"As I have been trying to say, Mr. Peterson, I am sorry--"

"But you’re the most popular cryer I’ve had in ages." He himself appeared
ready to weep.

"--to have to give notice, but another opportunity has presented itself."

He cast a mournful look at the ledger. "One of our busiest times since St.
Patrick’s Day."

"I am sure an equally qualified cryer will be called forth by the need."

"There’ll always be an opening here for you," he said feelingly, the lids of
the caskets standing at attention behind him.
That was the end of being chased every night by shadows. Yet something lurked from that experience, that sensation of being trailed through life by things less than visible. I tried telling myself Butte after dark simply was feverishly restless, what with the thirst of thousands of miners built up in the hot underground tunnels being assuaged in speakeasies, and desire of another kind busily paying its dues in Venus Alley--practically nightly, Grace turned away some lit-up Lothario seeking a house of the other sort. In that city of thin air and deep disquiets, wasn’t it to be expected that even shadows would have the fidgets? It is surprising how persuasive you can be when talking into your own ear.

So, I set out from the boarding house that first morning with a sense of hope singing in me as always at the start of a new venture. Samuel Sandison had instructed me to present myself at the library before it opened at nine, and I knew he did not mean a minute later. When I approached the rather fanciful gray granite Gothic building on the central street called Broadway--modesty seemed to have no place in Butte--I saw a cluster of people outside the front door and was heartened by this sight of an eager citizenry lined up to get at the literary holdings.

In their midst, however, loomed Sandison, and bringing up the rear was unmistakably the reading-room matron, looking sour. The group proved to be the entire library staff, all the way to janitor. Sandison was counting heads before letting anyone through the arched doorway--the same mode of management, I was to learn, he had used on his cowboys each morning at the horse corral.

He took notice of my presence with a vague gesture. “This is Morgan, everybody. He’ll be puttering around the place from now on.”

I filed in with the rest of the staff, happily conscious of the palatial grandeur, the Tuscan red wainscoting, the dark oaken beams set against the ceiling panels of white and gold, the all-seeing portrait of Shakespeare above the Reading
Room doorway. And beyond, the regal reds and greens and gilts of those books of Sandison's collection, the best of their kind anywhere.

But no sooner were we in the building than he cut me out of the herd, and just as adroitly, the matron of the Reading Room. "Miss Runyon will show you the ropes," Sandison provided with another of those gestures that might mean anything. "Come on up when she's had her fill of you," he dismissed us and mounted the stairs to his office.

Miss Runyon and I considered each other.

"What foolishness has he put you in charge of?" she demanded, as though she had caught me trespassing.

"That seems to be yet to be determined."

"That man." Her voice had a startling deep timbre, as if the words resounded in her second chin. "He runs this place to suit himself. The trustees would never have named him librarian but for those precious books of his."

Clapping her chained eyeglasses onto her formidable nose, she directed: "Come along, you had better know the catalogue system."

Miss Runyon kept me in tow as we circumnavigated the Reading Room, her realm and her orb, her temple and her fortress, she let me know in every manner possible. I took note of the goodly assortment of dictionaries and cyclopedias, and the selection of *au courant* magazines and the newspapers racked on spine sticks, all of it recited to me as if I were a blind man in a museum. One oddity, though, she paid no attention to; conspicuously paid it no heed, if I was not mistaken. It was a display case, glassed over, taking up one corner of the room. My mild inquiry about it brought:

"Pfft, that. The boys' dollhouse."

Naturally that increased my curiosity and I went over to it, Miss Runyon clopping after me. Encased there, with plentiful nose smudges and handprints on
the glass testifying to the popularity of its viewing, sat an entire miniature mine. It
looked so amazingly complete I half expected it to bring up teaspoonfuls of earth
from under the library. Headframe, machine house, elevator shafts, tunnels, tiny
tracks and ore cars, the entirety was a Lilliputian working model. With disdain
Miss Runyon told me the diorama had been built for a court case over a mining
claim and afterward donated to the library. “He--” her eyes swept upward toward
Sandison’s office “--insists it sit here in the way. It’s a nuisance to keep clean.”

“Wonders often are,” I murmured, still taken with the remarkable model of
the workings of The Hill.

“Now then,” Miss Runyon said haughtily, “is that enough of an initiation
into librarianship for you?”

“The most thorough, Miss Runyon, since my introduction to the Reading
Room of the British Museum.”

I seemed to have invoked the Vatican to a Mother Superior. “You, you
have actually been--?”

“Under that great domed ceiling, with its delicate blue and accents of gold,
with every word ever written in English at one’s beck and call,” I dreamily sketched
aloud, “yes, I confess I have. And would you believe, Miss Runyon, the very day
I walked in, my reader’s ticket in my hand, the seat of destiny was vacant.”

“The seat of--?”

“Seat number three, right there in the first great semicircle of desks.” I
leaned confidingly close to her. “Where Karl Marx sat, those years when he was
writing Das Kapital. I will tell you, Miss Runyon, sitting in that seat, I could feel
the collective knowledge, like music under the skin, of all libraries from Alexandria
onward.”

With a last blink at me, Miss Runyon retreated to her desk and duty.
When I went up to Sandison’s office, I found him standing at its cathedral-like window, trying to peek out at the weather through an eyelet of whorled clear glass. “Damned stained glass,” he grumbled, “what do the nitwits think a window is for?” He rotated around to me. His old-fashioned black suit was as mussed as if he had flung it on in the dark, and instead of shoes he wore scuffed cowboy boots that added still more inches to his height. “The downstairs dragon show you every mousehole, did she?”

“Quite an educational tour. What I am wondering, Mr. Sandison--”

“Hold it right there.” He held up a rough hand as he moved to his oversize desk chair and deposited himself in it heavily. “When somebody calls me that, I feel like I’m around a banker or lawyer or some other pickpocket.”

To escape that category, I asked: “Then what form of address am I to use?”

He looked across his desk at me conspiratorially. “I’ll tell you what; call me Sandy. The only other person I let do that is my wife.” He chortled like a boy pleased with a new prank. “It’ll drive that old bat Runyon loco.”

“Sandy, then,” I tried it on for size, none too comfortably. “What I need to know is the scope of my job.”

“I suppose.” Rubbing his beard, he gazed around the cluttered room as if some task for me might be hiding behind one of the piles of books. “Morgan”--there was a dip of doubt in his tone as he spoke it--“how are you at juggling?”

“Three balls in the air at once is a skill that persists from boyhood,” I answered cautiously, “but when it comes to ninepins--”

“No, no--the calendar, oaf, the calendar.” Irritably he pawed around in the pieces of paper that carpeted his desk and finally came up with that item. “People always want to use this damn place, they need a room to hold this meeting or that, you’d think a library was a big beehive. Myself, I don’t see why they can’t just check out a couple of books and go home and read. But no, they bunch up and
want to cram in here and talk the ears off one another half the night.” He squinted as if drawing a bead on the offenders penciled in on various dates. “The Shakespeare Society. The Theosophists. The Ladies’ and Gentlemen’s Literary and Social Circle. The League of Nations Advocates. The Jabberwockians. The Gilbert and Sullivan Libretto Study Group. And that’s hardly the half of them, wanting some damn night of their own to come in here and take up space. They’ve all got to be juggled.”

“I think I can tend to that, Mr.--”

He shot me a warning glance.

“--Sandy.”

There may have been a cunning smile within the beard. The librarian of Butte, for everything that entailed, settled more deeply into his chair. “I figured if you’re a man who knows his books, you can deal with the literary types who come out when the moon is full.” He passed the much scrawled-upon calendar to me. “They’re all yours now, Morgan,” said Samuel Sandison with that intonation I came to know so well.

Looking back, that exchange set a telling pattern. You would think, with two persons in one cloistered office, for he had me clear a work space for myself in a corner, that he might sooner or later call me Morrie. Yet that familiar form of address never passed his lips. Each time and every time, he would either preface or conclude what passed for conversation between us with a drawled Morgan? even when it wasn’t a question. As if it were my first name.

As if he knew.

Morgan Llewellyn. That is my rightful name. Yes, that famous breed of Llewellyn. I know I carry only a minor share of its renown in the world, but reflected glory is still glory of a sort. It was my brother Casper who reigned as
lightweight boxing champion of the world, "Capper" Llewellyn in the inch-high headlines every time he won by another knockout. And I was his "genius" of a manager.

Even yet he causes me to lie awake, when the mind tussles with itself before sleep comes, thinking of how life paired us so peculiarly. Casper was magical, if confidence and prowess count as magic. Even as a boy, he had the cocky outlook that nothing was out of the reach of a good left hook, and my role as older brother often amounted to fishing him out of trouble. Which perhaps made it inevitable, when he was matriculating as a boxer in Chicago's West Side fight clubs and I was graduating from the university, that he insisted I become his manager. He did not possess my brains and I did not have his brawn, he pointed out all too accurately, so we had better join onto one another as if we were Siamese, in his words. Casper could be exasperating, but in the ring he was a thing of beauty, a Parthenon statue of a perfect athlete sprung to life, and I have to say, I felt somewhat wizardly in fashioning his boxing career for him. Carefully I chose opponents who would build his record, alternating his bouts between the easy fighters called cousins and the tougher ones we stropped Casper's skills on. It became only a matter of time until the name Casper Llewellyn would be on the card of a title fight.

Now the other tussle in the mind's nightly shadows. Rose, delightful maddening Rose.

Along the way he and she met, a wink served its purpose, and they fell for each other like the proverbial ton of bricks. Brother-in-law was added to my responsibilities. At first I was wary of Rose as an adventuress--why don't I just say it: a gold-digger--but soon enough saw that she and my brother were a genuine matching of hearts. Pert and attractive, whimsical and ever whistling, she was a sunny addition to the Llewellyn name. Luck seemed to have found us, as Casper's purses for winning grew and grew, and when he became the lightweight champion,
we felt we had truly hit the jackpot. The three of us grew accustomed to high living. Somewhat too high. Rose never saw a satin dress and a saucy hat to go with it that did not appeal to her, while Casper threw money around as if it was going out of style. And I have to admit, money does not stick to me either. That’s why a large supply seemed such a good idea.

It was one of those situations you know you ought not to get into, but do: the pugilistic science, the fight game, the glove trade, boxing in all its guises was uncommonly good to us, yet income did not nearly keep up with outgo. So, it was Casper’s brainstorm to throw the fight with the challenger, Ned Wolger. Rose and I might not have listened to him but for the odds on his side—he was a three-to-one favorite to wallop Wolger. That walloping could simply be postponed, as he put it, until the inevitable rematch. In the meantime, all we had to do was put our money on Wolger, spreading those bets around out of town to not attract suspicion. Rose and I saw to that, and in the last round of the title match Casper, shall we say, resigned from the fight. And we collected hand over fist. Too much so. The Chicago gambling mob turned murderous about the amount it had lost on an apparent sure thing.

That part haunts me to this minute: Lake Michigan, blue as sword steel beside the city, and the gamblers seizing Casper and making an example of him, in the infamous fate called a walk off the dock.

Before they could lay hands on us, Rose and I fled together. Not with the money, alas, which was consigned forever to a biscuit tin wherever Casper had stashed it; he never did trust banks. Left on our own, with the gambling mob ever on our mind if not on our trail, she and I took shelter in Minneapolis where she had been in household service. Minneapolis was still too close to Chicago for comfort. Then a propitious ad we had placed in Montana newspapers brought Rose a job as housekeeper for a widower and his three sons, and like so many seekers of a new
life, we boarded a train for the homestead country of the west. Events took their own willful course after that. We posed as brother and sister, but in the aloneness of prairie lodgings we became man and woman in the flesh, so to speak.

Only for a season, it turned out. I lost her, fair and square, to the widower, Oliver Milliron, a good man and friend. His eldest son, Paul, was astute in other matters besides Latin and it was he who drew from me the pledge to mean it when I gave away Rose at the wedding and to never return to Marias Coulee, and the vicinity of temptation, thereafter. It has not been easily kept. No day since have I not thought of Rose.

"Morrie? Morrie, anyone home between your ears? I asked, how was your day at the library?"

"Sorry, Grace. My thoughts were elsewhere."

"Miles away, I’d say. White meat or dark?" She was majestically carving off slice after slice of turkey, a surprise feast to the other three of us at the supper table. "I hope it’s not as hard on the nerves as standing over a corpse every night. Wakes would give me the willies."

"Oddly enough, the library is somewhat more solemn, in a way. May I ask what the occasion is, with this festive bird?"

"The price is down, always to be celebrated." Dishing out judicious helpings of turkey, she returned to that other topic: "Just what is it you do all day there in Sandison’s stronghold, besides keep the books company?"

An apt question, not easily answered. Day by day, besides my juggling act with the meetings schedule, it had been gruffly suggested to me that I organize the disorganized subscription list of magazines and newspapers, find someone to fix the drinking fountain, deal with Miss Runyon’s complaints about squeaky wheels on book carts passing through her sanctum, respond to a stack of letters from
people with the kinds of questions only a library can answer—in short, I was tasked with anything Sandison did not want to do, which was very nearly everything.

"This, that, and the other," I replied to Grace honestly enough. "If the library can be thought of as the kitchen of knowledge, I seem to be the short-order cook."

Griff and Hoop were saying nothing. She gave them an exasperated look and sat down at her place. Almost immediately, Griff gasped and straightened up sharply. I had the impression Grace's foot may have given his shin a tap. More than a tap. "I was about to say," he rushed the words, "you getting along hunky-dory with Sandison?"

"We are on--" first-name basis did not quite cover the situation "--what might be called familiar terms. I call him Sandy."

"Heard him called a lot, but never that."

This seemed to bring a sense of relief around the table. Hoop came to life. "Might have plenty of library customers pretty soon, Morrie, mornings anyway. There's strike talk. We was at the union meeting last night--"

"I could tell," Grace inserted. "I heard you come in." As I unavoidably had, too.

Griff stiffened again, apparently of his own accord this time. "Refreshments are in order after a business session," he maintained, prim as if the pair of them hadn't reeled in around midnight, bumping the furniture and misjudging the stairs.

"Anyhow," Hoop sped past the spree after the meeting, "there's talk that the union might go out if the snakes won't give on the lost dollar." Even I knew that would be something like a declaration of war.

"And bring in more goons and strikebreakers," Grace underscored that, "like the last several times?"
“Those yellow-bellied buggers got on everybody’s nerves a little too much the last time,” Griff said, wielding a fork as if fending off such invaders. “The other unions didn’t like the way we was treated, they might be next. Evans and his council have made the rounds, they’re not as hot in the head as the last fellows were, and they’ve got all the others ready to side with us. Even the streetcar drivers. Shut down the whole town this time, we could, if the mine strike gets called.”

Grace, I noticed, looked as if strike talk was the kind of thing that gave her hives. Trying to keep up with the nuances of Butte, I asked: “And that if is--?”

“The Wobbles,” said Hoop, “who else?”

“They’d just love to see a strike, goons and scabs and everything,” Griff laid it out for me. “The more blood in the streets, the better they figure it is for them. The Wobs would turn this into Russia if they could.” All at once the crimson cover of the jolly Little Red Songbook made more sense to me.

“They aren’t the only ones who can play it cute, though,” Griff still was wound up, his fork punctuating his words. “Thanks to them, Evans has got Anaconda looking at its hole card in the negotiations about getting the dollar back. It’d rather deal with him than the IWW any day.”

“The meek shall inherit if they are clever enough about it,” I mused aloud.

“That sounds like something that shook out of a library book.”

“I was merely complimenting the union’s strategy at the table, Griff, I am not taking sides on the issue of a strike.”

Grace was. She reached to the turkey platter and plucked up the wishbone. “See this, you pair of busybodies?” Snap, and she brandished the wish-fulfilling piece of the bone at the supposedly retired miners. “There now, I’ve asked that you not get your old fool heads broken on a picket line.”
“Aw, Mrs. Faraday, it maybe won’t come to that,” Griff sounded as if he was trying to convince himself along with her.

Something Hoop had said stuck with me, and I turned to him. “If the men do go on strike, why would any of them frequent the library just mornings?”

“Speakeasies don’t open until noon.”

In mythology Atlas alone has the world on his shoulders, but in real life the globe of concerns rests on each of us at any given time. After that suppertime discussion, what weighed on me when I settled into bed as usual with a lovingly done book from the library--The Education of Henry Adams, in this instance--was the gravity of the times. The immeasurable shadow of the 1914-1918 war still lay over the affairs of nations; Europe’s old jealously held boundaries were being torn up and rewritten, for better or worse, at the Paris peace conference. Russia already had shaken the political firmament by doing away with the Czar and yielding to the new fist of the Bolsheviks. The American habit of throwing a fit to ward off contagion was at high pitch; activists with a leftist tinge were being hounded by government agents, even jailed or deported. Alongside that, the laboring class started at a deep disadvantage whenever it challenged the masters of capital. Strikes were its only effective tool, the way things were, but the powers that be resisted those with force if necessary. It added up to a jittery period of history, did it not? I knew enough of life to understand that every era has a set of afflictions, yet 1919 seemed to be a double dose. The pages in front of me, stylishly written, did little to dispel such heavy thoughts. Henry Adams, descendant of two Presidents and with as much blue blood in his veins as there is in America, confessed at length in his autobiographical Education to a life contradictorily adrift on oceans of ignorance. Adams had not lived to see the turbulent aftermath of the Great War, but even so he
professed little hope of ever finding “a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder.”

I closed the book on that sentence. There was no point in reading about timid natures in Butte.

The education of Morris Morgan had a new chapter waiting the next day. It began in the Reading Room, where I was poring over the subscription list with Smithers, the young librarian on the periodicals desk, to see how we might squeeze more magazines into the budget we had. I felt a tap on the shoulder and turned around to an angular woman dressed in old-fashioned style, gray and gaunt as a duchess in a Goya etching. “You are the person,” she enunciated to me so loudly and clearly that every head in the room snapped up from reading, “in charge of evening groups, I believe? I wish to speak with you.”

I looked hopefully toward the mezzanine, but for once, Sandison was not on hand to roar “Quiet!” at the offender. Peculiar characters are drawn to a library like bees to a flower, so I turned to this one with the most authoritative air I could, and, indicating I was nearly finished with what I was at, murmured, “If you’ll wait in the foyer, ma’am, I’ll be with you in just a minute.”

“Hsst!” The warning hiss from Smithers came a little late. In an ingratiating tone, he was saying: “How are you today, Mrs. Sandison?”

“Ah. Actually, we can finish this later,” I told Smithers, and quickly ushered the visiting personage into the mineralogy section, the nearest room not in use.

Now that we had privacy, Dora Sandison paused to study me, which did not take her long. Even her eyes were gray, and they were the sort that did not miss a trick. She was as tall as her husband, and acted taller. I had vaguely heard the library staff refer to the Sandisons as the grandee and grandora, and could
understand why. "I regret taking you away from your other task," she said, her expression indicating nothing of the sort. "However, the evening group of which I am a member has a most pressing need."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I responded warily, trying to imagine which of the clubs that met in the basement auditorium would attract such a personality. The Theosophists, to unravel the mysteries of the Divinity? The League of Nations supporters, to correct the habits of governments?

She surprised me with a conspiratorial smile. "We require music stands."

"Music--?"

"The Gilbert and Sullivan Libretto Study Group is not provided with music stands, if you can believe that."

"I see." A sense of caution grew in me. "Surely this is the kind of request that your husband has dealt with, up until now?"

"Oh, horsefeathers," she brushed away my concern. "You know how Sandy is about such things."

Now I really did see. I could just about recite what Sandison's response to a request solely on behalf of Gilbert and Sullivan aficionados would have been.

"Don't they have hands? Holding a piece of sheet music in front of their noses shouldn't strain them too much."

"My husband, bless his soul," she went on in a confiding tone, "sometimes carries matters too far. He takes the ridiculous view that answering the needs of a group I coincidentally am a member of would constitute preferential treatment, can you imagine?"

I chuckled nervously. "There is the point, Mrs. Sandison, that no other group has seen the need for such, uhm, equipment."

She snorted, very much like Sandison himself. "That is their failing rather than ours, then," she instructed me with a glint in her eye that wouldn't be argued
with. “We sorely lack such equipment, as you call it, to hold our libretto sheets when the member whose turn it is takes our group though the intricacies of the lyrics of the chosen operetta. For example, ‘Strike the concertina’s melancholy string! Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything! Let the piano’s martial blast rouse the echoes of the past!’.” During this demonstration she waved her arms in my face as vigorously as a semaphore flagger.

She paused and caught her breath. “You can surely understand,” she said as if I’d better, “the presenter needs to be free to gesture, or the spirit of Gilbert and Sullivan is lost.”

Sometimes it is wise to bend before the gale. “I’ll see what can be done about music stands.”

She smiled slyly again. “I’m so glad Sandy put a reasonable person in charge of such matters.”

With that, Dora Sandison departed in as grand a fashion as she had arrived, and I was left with the equipment problem. I searched the building high and low, but the marvelous holdings of the Butte Public Library did not include music stands. Somehow a purchase would have to be made, and I groaned at what was ahead of me, knowing how tight Sandison was with a dollar where anything other than buying a book was involved.

“Sandy? If I could have a minute of your time?” Grumpily he left off reading a rare books catalogue and creaked around in his desk chair to face me. “Spit it out, Morgan.”

“We have a request from an evening group for some freestanding smallish reading racks to hold the sheets of paper they work from, and--

“Hah. You’ve been hearing from the Giblet and Mulligan Society about those damn music stands, haven’t you. My wife is in that group, and I’ve told her the same thing I’ll tell you, the library can’t show favoritism to any one bunch.”
“Naturally not. But those rather modest implements would be of use to other groups as well.”

“What for? Don’t they have--”

“--they do have hands, but there are occasions when they would welcome some kind of device to hold certain items.” I groped for some sort of example. “The Ladies’ and Gentlemen’s Literary and Social Circle, for instance, when they wish to have photo displays to go with their discussion of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson. The mystical castle in Edinburgh.” My fingers conjured that citadel in the air. “The sinister backstreets of London where Jekyll transmogrifies into Hyde.” I turned my hands into claws and made a grotesque face.

Sandison watched my little performance incredulously. “That’s what goes on with that la-de-da bunch? Dry-goods clerks and young women afraid they’ll be old maids sit there and actually follow Stevenson’s stories from scene to scene?”

“Stranger things have happened,” I said, true as far as it went.

He smacked a hand to his desktop, a sound like a shot. “That’s genius for you. What a writer.” I was given the kind of look a cowboy probably received for being late getting to the corral. “Why didn’t you tell me this before, Morgan? Go on over to Simonetti’s music store and buy the things.” He jerked open his bottom drawer, dug into the small strongbox that held petty cash, and handed me some money. I waited for him to jot down the sum or have me sign for it or however he handled a disbursement, but he simply waved me out of his sight and went back to pawing through the list of books he craved.

Out on the street in the freshness of the day and having survived both Sandisons, I sauntered along with snatches of song in me; Gilbert and Sullivan can do that to you. The Montana weather for once was as perfect as could be, sunshine slanting between the tall buildings, checkerboarding the busy street, passersby in their downtown clothes brightening or dimming according to warmth or shade.
The street tableau of shoppers and strollers seemed removed from talk of a strike, even though The Hill and its clashes were never far off. The day was so fine I tried to put such thoughts away and simply enjoy being out on my errand.

Emerging from the music store with my arms full of music stands I felt like an itinerant choirmaster, but Butte apparently saw stranger sights every day and no one paid me much attention. I was passing a haberdashery when my own eye was caught by the window display. An Arrow collar mannequin was admiring itself in a mirror; I could do without the collar, but draped on the mannequin torso was an exemplary suit—blue serge, librarianly. I stopped to admire the cut and material, smiling to myself as I thought of something Casper would say when about to commit an extravagance: "How’s a guy ever going to be rich if he doesn’t practice at it?" Riches were still eluding me—I needed to do something about that at some point—but my library wages were adding up a trifle and that suit beckoned, come payday.

Turning to go, I glimpsed past the mannequin into the mirror and froze in my tracks. In the reflection I could see across the street, half a block down, to where two bulky figures were assiduously studying the plate glass display of a pet store. They were not the type to be in the market for parakeets.

Window men.

I would know the species anywhere, but in Chicago they had been rife enough to be a civic nuisance. Private detectives spying on lovers not married to one another. Pinkerton operatives lurking on some mission. Plainclothes policemen trying to keep an eye on the mob, or mobsters trying to get something on the police. Sometimes it seemed every Chicagoan was trailed by another, half a block behind. And whenever the one in front paused to tie a shoelace or buy a newspaper, the one trailing had to evince sudden interest in the nearest store window. The duo in the mirror—why should I rate two?—still were rapt over pets.
As I committed their sizable outlines to memory, another mental image was jostled: these two together were a near fit to the worst of those shadows that had followed me from wakes. But that was too much imagination. Wasn’t it?

Casually as I could manage, I walked back to the library with the music stands feeling like an armful of lightning rods and a storm on the horizon. When I reached the big front door, I opened it slowly so that I could see behind me in the glass. The window men were gone, naturally.

That evening after supper, I knocked on Griffith’s door.

The shuffle of carpet slippers, then the door flung open and Griff stood there in his long underwear and workpants, like a watchman roused by an out-of-place noise in the night. “What’s up, Morrie?” Down at his side, in his right hand, something sharp glinted. “Need a new notch in your belt?”

For the second time that day, my feet felt planted in quicksand. “I didn’t mean to intrude, I’ll come back another—”

“Naw, step on in.” The pointed instrument cut a circle in the air as he indicated to a table and chair crammed into the far corner of the room. “Fixing Grace’s purse strap for her.” Ushering me in, he went on over and put down the awl he was holding, atop the leatherwork. “Guest gets the chair.” He perched on the edge of his bed, toes of his slippers barely reaching the floor. “What’s on your mind? You look spooked.”

“This will sound silly, but I think I’m being followed around town.”

Griff perused me, his wrinkles wrinkling even more. “Let’s get Hoop in on this.” He banged the heel of his fist on the wall, and shortly Hooper came in, bringing his own chair.
I described to them that morning's experience, and the unlikelihood that the two idlers were pet fanciers. "Keep this to yourselves, please. I don't wish to worry Grace about this."

"Or have her kick you out of here on your can," Hoop said.

"Well put."

Griff hopped off the bed, went to the window and pulled down the blind. "Tell me this," he intoned, turning to me. "When you lit down from the train, was there a couple of bruisers hanging around?"

"Big and bigger," Hoop specified.

"Beefier than ordinary, yes, now that you say so, there was such a pair at the depot."

"That's them," Griff said. "Anaconda's goons. The one big enough to eat soup off the top of your head is Typhoon Tolliver."

I felt as if the seat of my chair just had pinched me.

Hoop was saying, "Gentleman Jim Jeffries flattened him--"

"--in the third round of the title bout, right hook to the jaw," I finished for him. "What on earth is he doing in Butte?"

"Beating people up," Griff had no trouble answering that. "The Anaconda Company don't play pattycake."

"But--" Some questions scare off words. Why was I a candidate for a beating from an ex-heavyweight pug?

Hooper answered that without it being asked. "That bunch in the Hennessy Building sics the goons on any union organizers who come in from the outside." He and Griff looked at me critically.

I shook my head.

"Especially anybody working for the Wobblies," Griff prompted.

I shook my head harder.
“Somebody who’d lay low until the right time,” said Hoop.

“Then stir things up like poking a hornets’ nest,” said Griff.

“Anaconda don’t like that kind of thing,” Hoop added.

Another shake of my head, as much to clear it as anything else. “I am not any kind of an organizer, believe me. I simply came here to get ri-- to find decent work.” Both old men watched me mutely. “The goons, as you call them, are wasting their time on me.”

One or the other of my listeners, like ancients who had heard it all before, spoke up. “You better hope they get tired of it.”

The next day was Sunday, day of rest for the library, but not for the boarding house. Scarcely was I seated for breakfast, wondering where the others were, when Grace forged out of the kitchen all but wrapped in a tie-around apron over a nice dark dress. Along with my plate of sidepork and eggs, she delivered with a flourish:

“I wondered if you might like to go to church.”

“Church.” I hadn’t meant for it to come out quite like that, but it sounded as though I was trying to identify the concept.

Hooper came through the doorway, also dressed in surprising Sunday best and smelling of musky cologne. “What this is, Griff’s filling in with the choir. They’re hard up.”

“Ah. And bringing his own audience, in so far as it can be conscripted?”

“He’ll be in much better voice if he sees us there, he happened to mention,” Grace coaxed with a nice example of a Sunday smile.

“He can stand all that kind of help he can get,” Hoop chipped in.

I put up my hands. “I know when I’m outnumbered.” Obligation takes strange shapes. Back in Casper’s earliest bouts, I had mastered the tactic myself
of papering the house, as it was called, by giving away tickets by the handful if necessary to fill the seats of the arena. If Griffith dreamed of a sellout crowd for his star turn with the choir, I understood intrinsically.

The snug red-brick church with its peaked hat of cupola looked as if it had been smuggled in from a vale in Wales, and no sooner had Grace and I and Hooper slid into seats at the back of the congregation than the creased little minister, peering over half-moon eyeglasses like a veteran counter of crowds, nodded to himself and launched into prayer. In Welsh. Evidently Grace had not anticipated this any more than I had, both of us trying to keep a straight face at not understanding a word of what plainly was going to be an hour of many hundreds of words. Actually, some time into the minister's spate my ear figured out the repeated invoking of "Iesu Grist," and I sat there caught up in the wayward notion of Christ as grist, the mills of faith grinding fine the belief in a clear-eyed savior at that moment across half the world. Sunday certainties, which left only the rest of the week.

The praying rolled on like thunder until the minister reached a final crescendo of syllables that sounded like tragwyddoldeb!

"Eternity!" Hoop translated to the other two of us in a hoarse whisper, and that was definitively that.

"Welcome, all ye, the accustomed and the new faces." The surprise lilt of English from the minister sent Grace and me melting toward each other in relief. Not much taller than his pulpit, the elderly man of faith again peered around the church as if counting the house, this time shook his head instead of nodding, and declared: "A sufficiency will be heard from me soon enough. Let us get on with the singing." With that, the male choir filed up, all in severe black suits and blinding starched white shirts, two dozen strong, Griff at one end, proud as a parrot. Church or not, he sought out the three of us with a broad wink,
welcoming us to the occasion he plainly saw as the Welsh Miners' Choir of Butte, starring Wynford Griffith.

The choir director, burliest of the bunch, stepped from the ranks, gave a steady bass hum, which was picked up by the others in a communal drone that seemed to vibrate the building. Then, as if in one glorious voice the size of an ocean's surf, they swept into hymn after hymn. I sat there enchanted, Grace swaying gently next to me. Music makes me almost willing to believe in heaven.

Then, though, came a chorus I could have done without.

Were I to cherish earthly riches,
they are swift and fleet of wing;
a heart pure and virtuous,
riches and eternal gain will bring.

There is that about the Welsh, they can sing their way under your skin, to the bones of your being. I needed no reminding that riches, in what pursuit I had given them, proved to be elusively swift and winged. Yet why did a Richest Hill on Earth and its supposed opportunities exist, if not to be tapped? Was I really supposed to count my gains in life only afterward in the time of *tragwyddoldeb*? Eternity did not seem much of a payoff if you had to scrimp to get there.

My spell of brooding broke off when the old minister, frail as a leaf after the gusts of the choir, ascended to the pulpit once more.

"'Tis no sense to moulder about, when but one thing is on every mind." He gazed severely over the settled moons of his glasses. "There is talk of a strike in the mines, is there not." The rustle of the congregation answered that.

"I have had my say any number of times before," the ministerial voice sounded weary, "on the stopping of work and the negotiating of wages. The two seem as bound together in this town as the two sides of a coin." Aha! Not even the man of the cloth could set aside the propensity for earthly gain. Perhaps I was
imagining, but his own choir seemed to be looking at him as though he had just
cought up with a main fact of life. "The shepherd does not leave his flock, even
when it may have wool over its eyes," he went on drily. "If the mines do shut
down, the church shall again have a strike committee. We'll again gather food
and clothing for the families left bereft. Depend on that." He paused, drawing on
the silence. "A word of caution, however. If you men do go out"--he looked out
over the stooped miners' shoulders that filled half the church--"or you women
march in their support"--a similar gaze to the upturned faces of the wives--"as you
have been known to do, walk the line of the law very carefully. The times are not
good. The sedition laws that came with the war are not fine-grained as to whether
a person is the Kaiser in disguise or a Bolshevik with a bomb under his coattail or
an honest miner seeking honest pay. Some of you had a taste of that last time,
when I had to go down to the jail and bail you out for the hitherto unknown crime
of 'unlawful assembly.'" Reaching in over his glasses, he pinched the bridge of
his nose as if to shut off that memory. "The church coffer is no longer sufficient
for bail," the words came slowly now, "nor can we keep contributing to legal
defense funds. This time around, it will all be up to your union. You can help its
cause and your own by being mindful of that pernicious statute until wiser heads
can change it. Otherwise, Butte's finest, to call them that"--it was well known
that Butte policemen were Irish and not the Dublin Gulch ore-shoveling type--
"will pick you off like ripe apples. For now," his voice rose, "render therefore
unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's."

I squirmed at that. I perfectly well knew it to be a biblical parable, but it
was not Caesar up there in the Hennessy Building, pulling strings attached to the
police department.

The minister took off his spectacles, folded them, and seemed to shake his
head at himself. "Let us return to the singing."
As we walked out after the service, Grace pursed a look at me as if to see what I thought. "My Arthur used to say there are those who make a scarecrow of the law." I thought it best not to say Arthur had read some Shakespeare along the way. Directly ahead of us, Hoop and Griff were stumping along, sleeve cuffs flying as they dissected the sermon. Watching them, Grace said soberly: "The union is going to have its hands full, isn't it."

There was no knowing how these things come about, but somehow that Sunday spate of Welsh sermonizing and song rinsed away the window men. The way was clear, to and from the library, the next day and the next and those after that, and while I habitually peeked over my shoulder for figures lurking half a block behind, they were notable only for their absence. It was as I indeed hoped, I could tell myself, the goons or their bosses saw me for what I was, a glorified library clerk sauntering meek and mild to church, and were wasting no further time on me.

Which was a lucky thing, because I was falling in love with the Butte Public Library. Walking up to it each fresh morning, its Gothic turret like the drawbridge tower into the castle, I warmed to the treasures within those softly gray granite walls. Sandison standing there at the top of the steps counting us off as if checking his herd came to seem patriarchal rather than highhanded. The staff softened toward me—with the exception of Miss Runyon—as I picked up stray tasks that they wanted to dodge. The nooks and crannies and grandiosities of the old building intrigued me, like an ancient mansion labyrinth leading back to Gutenberg's printing press and the start of everything, and always, always, there were the lovely classic books tucked away here and there for stolen snatches of reading. Down any aisle, Stendhal or Blake or Wharton or Cather or Shakespeare or Homer or any of the Russians waited to share words with me, their classic sentences in richly inked typefaces as if rising from the paper. I suppose the best way to say it is that the
library's book collection, courtesy of that snowtopped figure with Triple S initials, was the kind I would have had myself if I were rich.

In short, work of this sort fit me from head to toe. I could even put up with sharing office space with Sandison, as his chain-lightning moods kept a person alert. The old saying had his name on it: he may have been hard to get along with, but harder to get along without.

The library ran on one principle: Samuel S. Sandison was next to God. Whether above or below, opinions varied. His style of administration was as effective as it was unpredictable. For hours on end he would stay holed up in the office, apparently oblivious to anything happening elsewhere in the building. Then without warning he would barge out of his lair and prowl from floor to floor, wearing the expression of a man who took pleasure in kicking puppies. The result was an amazing library; the staff was on its toes every second, and its offerings were, of course, first-rate. I have to say, the man responsible for all this was not exactly an officemate easy on the nerves. The only mirth Sandison showed was when he spotted a bargain book in some catalogue of rarities and he would let out a "Heh!" and smile beneath his wreath of beard. Mostly, being around him was like having the Grand Inquisitor grading one's homework.

"Goldsmith," he characteristically would snap over his shoulder from where he was enthroned in his desk chair going through another of those book catalogues, and I had mere seconds to figure out whether he meant for me to trot across town to the dealer in fine metals or commence a conversation about the poet of England's peasantry.

Guessing, I recited: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey/Where wealth accumulates, and men decay." Rather daring for his day, wouldn't you say, Sandy?"
"Romantic twaddle about how nice it was to live in huts, I'd call those elegies of his."

"That's too dry a reading of him," I protested. "He had a wicked wit. Who else would have said of Garrick that on stage he was wonderfully simple and natural, it was only when he was off that he was acting?"

That brought a snort. "Doesn't mean old Goldilocks could tell a hoe from a hole in the ground. Robert Louis Stevenson, now, he knew his stuff about how life really is." And with that, Oliver Goldsmith or whomever would be consigned to the vast second rank and remain unbought.

"Morgan?" The dubious drawl that met me this particular day told me I was in for another assignment of the Sandison sort. "You started something with those music stands. Now Miss Runyon claims she can't function unless she has a corkboard on a tripod to pin pictures on for the kids' story hour. Go down there and see what you can rig up."

As I was passing his desk, he looked askance at me over one of the catalogues of rare books that was perpetually open in front of him. "Oxford flannel?"

"Serge." I brushed a bit of lint off the new blue suit. "Like it?"

"You look like an undertaker."

Down the stairs I went, past Miss Runyon's cold eye, to the spacious meeting room all the way in the basement. The basement had originally been intended as an armory, and its thick walls made it a fine auditorium, no sounds escaping to the outside. You could about hear the spirited echoes of the Shakespeareans and the philosophical ones of the Theosophists lingering amid the pale plaster foliage of the scrollwork around the top of the walls. A curtained stage presided across one end of the room, and at the other stood a spacious supply
cabinet. I was rooting around in the cabinet for anything resembling corkboard and a tripod when I heard the entry door swish closed in back of me.

I glanced over my shoulder and there the two of them were, big and bigger.

"Look at him, Ty." The one who was merely big had a pointed face with eyes that bulged like those of an eel, probably from so much time spent planted in front of store windows peering sideways. "In that prissy suit, you'd almost think he's the real item, wouldn't you."

The response from the figure half a head taller than him clip-clopped in at a heavy pace: "If we wasn't smart enough to know he's up to something, yeah."

The lesser goon was alarming enough, but Typhoon Tolliver I knew to be made of muscle, gristle, and menace. In the boxing ring his roundhouse blows stirred a breeze in the first rows of seats--hence his nickname--and had he been quicker in either the feet or the head, he might have become an earlier Jack Dempsey. As it was, his career of pounding and being pounded made him no more than a punching bag that other heavyweights needed to get past on the way to a championship bout. His flattened features and oxlike blink were the kind of thing I had been afraid would happen to Casper, another reason behind cashing in on our fixed fight and the intention to steer the ring career of Capper Llewellyn into early retirement after he regained the title. Trying not to stare at Tolliver and his ponderous bulk, I brushed my hands of my cabinet task and managed to utter:

"The business of the library is conducted upstairs, gentlemen. If you would follow me--"

My break for the door was cut off by Eel Eyes, barring my way with a coarse left hand that justified the Latin 'sinister.' "We like it down here," he said lazily. "Nice and private, we can have a talk." He sized me up with a tilt of his head. "Let's start with what brings a fancy number like you to Butte. You slipped into town real easy, didn't you, no baggage or nothing."
That threw me. “Just because the railroad lost my--”

“You’re pretty slick,” Eel Eyes gave me credit I did not want. “But you can’t pull the wool over Ty and me. We get paid good dough to be on the lookout for wiseguys like you. Some gold-plated talker who just shows up out of nowhere,” his tone was mocking, “if you know the sort. And sure enough, you no sooner hit town and that Red songbook starts doing its stuff at those burying parties, don’t it. Then you latch on at this joint, where all kinds of crackpots come out at night. It all adds up to one thing, don’t you think, chum?”

This was a nightmare. “I can explain every one of those--”

“I bet you can, Fancypants.” He leered at me. “After what happened to the last organizer for that Red pack of Wobblies, you have to come sneaking into town all innocent-like, don’t you. You can maybe fool those stupid miners up on The Hill, but Ty and me got you pegged.”

“One of them outside infiltrators, yeah.” Tolliver’s belated utterance unnerved me a great deal more than anything from the other goon. His conversation came off the top of his head and out his mouth seemingly without passing through his brain. It was as if he had speaking apparatus on the outside of his head, like English plumbing.

“I am a denomination of one,” I protested hotly, “employed by no one but this library, whose gainful work you are keeping me from. Now if you will accompany me upstairs, I can lead you to someone who will set you straight about--”

Typhoon Tolliver took a flatfooted step and planted himself in front of me. “You look like somebody, under that face spinach. Ain’t we met somewhere?”

“Surely I would recall such a mishap.”

“Don’t get smart on us.” He loomed in on me. “You been somewhere I been, I just know it. Chicago, how about?”
Here was where family resemblance was a danger. I looked like my brother, whose face had appeared on boxing posters on every brick wall in that city. Maximum as my mustache was, it amounted to thin disguise if someone concentrated hard enough on the countenance underneath to come up with the name Llewellyn. Goons do business with other goons, and this pair would not waste a minute in transacting me to the Chicago gambling mob. Which meant I was a goner, if Tolliver’s slow mental gears managed to produce the recognition he was working at.

I snapped my fingers. “Aha! The World’s Fair, of course! The African native village and the big-eyed boys that we were.” Wiggling my eyebrows suggestively, I took a chance and leaned right into the meaty face. “The bare-breasted women of the tribe, remember?”

Tolliver blushed furiously. “Every kid in Chi was there looking.”

“We know of two, don’t we, although the passage of the years has dimmed my recollection of you more than yours of me.”

“Yeah, well, sure, what do you expect, a mug like yours--”

“Knock it off, both of you.” The one with those aquarium eyes moved in on me. “Let’s try another angle on what kind of fourflusher you really are. What did you do in the war?”

“I was elsewhere.”

“Like where?”

“Tasmania.”

“Say it in English when you’re talking to us,” Tolliver warned.

“It’s in Australia, stupe,” the other one rasped. “And you weren’t in any rush to come back and enlist, is that it? You look like a quitter if I ever saw one. No wonder this country is full up with pinkoes and--”

“Infiltrators,” Tolliver recited mechanically.