

**THE
DRUMMER
OF THE
ELEVENTH
NORTH
DEVONSHIRE
FUSILLIERS**

GUY DAVENPORT

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by GUY DAVENPORT

North Point Press

San Francisco 1990

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

“A Gingham Dress” is reprinted with the kind permission of the *Santa Monica Review*, “Badger” with the kind permission of *Conjunctions*. A shorter version of “Colin Maillard” was published in *Granta*. My few readers will recognize that “*Wo es war, soll ich werden*” completes a trilogy begun with *Apples and Pears* (North Point Press, 1984) and *The Jules Verne Steam Balloon* (North Point Press, 1987). Freud’s phrase, in which Jacques Lacan heard pre-Socratic eloquence, comes from his *Neue Vorlesungen* (lecture 31) and is a bone of contention among interpreters and translators. “Colin Maillard” exfoliates from a photograph by Bernard Faucon; “Juno of the Veii” derives from Plutarch’s *Life of Camillus*. Tom White’s execution is history; all the rest I have imagined.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
CATALOGING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA
Davenport, Guy.

The drummer of the Eleventh North Devonshire
Fusiliers / by Guy Davenport.

p. cm.

ISBN 0-86547-447-8

I. Title.

PS3554.A86D78 1990

813'.54—dc20

90-36968

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THE DRUMMER OF THE

ELEVENTH NORTH

DEVONSHIRE FUSILIERS

COLIN MAILLARD

Down the slope of the knoll by the river six boys herded a seventh. Their school, partly brick turrets, partly modern slabs of rectilinear glass, was far behind them, inserted into a line of cedars across the horizon. There were puffs of white clouds in the bright blue sky. Down on the river a farmer was burning off a field. Further up the slope a woman in long skirts was collecting butterflies in a net. Her straw gardening hat was kept in place by a red scarf tied under her chin.

Every attempt of the seventh, smaller boy to break and run for it was thwarted by blocking shoulders and quick footwork.

Up from the meadow where six Holsteins grazed stood a post that had once held a salt lick, or been part of a gate, or of some structure the rest of which had long since been carried away. Wind and rain had made it smooth and gray.

Aage, Bo, Martin, and Peder wore white kneepants and blue sweat-shirts. Ib was in American jeans, and Bent wore short pants, like the little boy Tristan.

—Stand, Aage said to Tristan, still and easy. I'll do the rest.

—Martin and Peder, Bo said, are going to fight.

—Not till after, Martin said.

—And not here, Peder said. Back of the hill, and in our underpants, so's not to get blood on our clothes.

—Crazy, Ib said.

Tristan stood, worried and submissive, while Aage unbuttoned his blouse and took it off with a flourish.

—Hang it on the post, he instructed Martin.

Aage worked Tristan's undershirt up. His voice was calm and menac-

ing. A few more unfastenings and pulls, and Tristan stood mother-naked, cheeks and ears the color of a radish.

—Here in the sack, Peder said.

He shook out a dress, blue with white dots, a frilled hem, and a pink ribbon through the lace at the collar.

—Sexy, Bent said.

—Looks more like a nightgown, said Bo.

—You're going to make me wear a dress? Tristan asked.

—We told you not to talk, Aage said. Stick your arms through the sleeves.

—It's only a game, Martin said. Isn't it, Ib? Ib doesn't tell lies.

—Not only a game, Ib said, but a game with the rules backward. You're It, we decided last night, and instead of you having the blindfold, we are the blindfoldeds.

—Except for the haircut, he looks like a girl.

—What for? Tristan asked.

—The more you talk, Aage said, the worse it's going to be for you, squirt.

—Pigeon to the Master, Bo said, and you'll wish you were dead.

—This is the drill, Bent said. We're blindfolded, you're not. If you were to get clean away, slim chance, you can't go back, not in a dress.

—What happens when you catch me?

—We told you not to talk.

Aage looked at Bo, merry with a secret, and Bo flipped his fingers against his blue sweatshirt. Bent zipped down the fly of his short pants and crossed his eyes. Ib guffawed. Martin glared at Peder, Peder at Martin.

A skipper on flixweed opened its wings twice before darting off, with a dip, zigzag and fluttery.

—*Sylvestris Poda*, Tristan said. I don't care. Give me the sniffles, this dress.

Aage bound Bo's eyes with a scout kerchief, Bent Ib, and on around until they were all blindfolded, except Tristan, who stood miserable and confused in his dress. Bo's white quiff stuck up like a grebe's tail from the scarf belting his eyes, and they all moved like windup toys.

In every direction there were green and brown fields, and a silver sliver of sea to the west.

—You're there, somewhere, Aage said. If you talk, or holler, we'll know where you are, and get you.

They began to mill, with stiff arms and open hands.

—It's me, you've got, smuggler, Bo said. Feel for a dress.

—There was an owl, a Great Gray, *Strix nebulosa*, on a limb, Bent said, on the fir.

Tristan ducked Ib's flailing grope.

—Outside my window.

—We could all be frigging each other, Peder said, in brotherly bliss.

Nipped under Aage's reach, changing course like a rabbit.

—Not Peder and Martin: they're going to fight.

—Same thing, Bo said.

It was not bright to think of green graph paper and algebra when who knew what was about to happen to him, but Tristan did.

—Everybody stand still. Blind people can feel what's around them.

Or of the yellow willow by the river and the heron that stood on one leg downstream from it.

—Wind.

—Arms out.

—Turn slow, all of us in close.

—We could hold hands, in a circle, and move in.

—If he's inside.

—He's inside. Aren't you, Tristan?

Silence.

He could see. They couldn't. No reason why they should ever catch him.

—The owl was looking in at our window.

—Which blinded him.

Thing was, to make no noise and to account for every direction at once. Stay on your toes, stay down, keep turning.

—Who groped my crotch? Martin asked.

—Peder, probably, Bo said.

Bent, squirming away from Ib, made a wide opening in the circle, through which Tristan nipped, and walked backward, on his toes. Then he turned and ran as fast as he could. From the dip on the other side of the

knoll he could see the woman with her butterfly net, the farmer burning off his field. The shine had gone off the sea. He minded being barefoot more than the dress. The dress was like a dream, and no fault of his, but to have let his shoes be taken away from him was lack of character.

—Bullies, he said out loud. And unfair.

But he'd fooled them, there was that. And he would never know what they would have done to him if they'd caught him.

—Don't think like that! he said, stomping his foot.

If he made a big circle, he could get back to the school without being caught, provided it was a good while before they realized he'd given them the slip.

If he were in Iceland, or on Fyn, there would be ponies he could commandeer and ride. If he were on the other side of the school, there would be a road, with cars. It would be grand if a helicopter choppered down, with police or soldiers, to rescue him, deliver him in glory to the school, having kindly given him a flight jacket to wear over this miserable dress. And the woman netting butterflies was too far inside the long way around he had to circle. If his luck held, he could be a long way ahead of them before the pack was on his heels.

He kept to the sides of knolls. His breathing was wet and sharp, as when you're taking a cold.

Heather and bracken and gorse and knotgrass, and all as fast in rubble as a cat's tail in a cat. All people with socks and sneakers were rich, didn't they know? And pants. And did his balls feel good because he was free? If he was: they might be tearing after him, with longer legs, and with shoes, and here he was crying, like a baby.

Where you are is how you feel. Back there, dipping under their trawling arms, pivoting on his heel, ducking and dashing, there was no time: everything happened at once. And then time turned on again.

He didn't dare look back. For one thing, every direction now looked the same. For another, he didn't want to know if they were behind him in a pack, or worse, fanning out, to come at him on all sides.

A stitch in your ribs goes away, he knew, if you keep running, and there was second wind, good old second wind. And luck, there was luck.

Had the sky ever been emptier or everywhere so far away?

Luck, he felt in his bones, had a warrant for his safe passage over these scrub meadows. The wood's edge would be just beyond the next rise, or the next. Then he could go along the wood, even disappear into it, if need be. There was a longish stretch of open fields after that, before the next wood, but that one had paths in it, and through it he could get back to the school.

But he had to go around hills, not over them, where they could see him.

What was all this about, anyway? Playing Colin Maillard with the rules reversed, and him in a dress? Aage he'd suspect anything of, always ready for a jape as he was, especially if it was a way of sucking up to Bo. Bent was a mean little rat to be in on this. How did Ib get mixed up in it?

His nose stung inside, and the back of his mouth.

He'd cut the underside of two toes, the little one on his left foot, the long one beside the big toe on his right. His knees hurt. His shins hurt.

He stumbled and fell sprawling.

I will not cry, he heard himself saying. I will fucking not fucking cry.

When he got up, he couldn't believe that the use of his left ankle was not his anymore. The pain would go away. Luck wouldn't do something like this to him. It absolutely wouldn't. He needed all the luck he could get.

Worse, he heard voices.

The voices made him angry. It was wonderfully easy now not to blubber, not to even think of defeat. He was going to get away. A whonky ankle wasn't going to stop him.

The voices were to his left. They weren't a hue and cry. They were mingled in with each other. Ib's he recognized, and Aage's. He heard *all this crap about a fair fight and we won't stop you*.

He forgot that his ankle wouldn't work, and fell again. Where *were* they?

On the other side of the knoll to his left. He remembered: Martin and Peder were to fight. He hated fights. They were more senseless, even, than making him wear a dress to play *blindebuk* backward.

The whole stupid world was crazy. Plus it didn't seem to notice.

He gave up hopping, and crawled toward the top of the knoll. There

was a big rock he could lie flat behind, and look. Their minds, at least, weren't on him anymore. There was sweet relief in that. And they wouldn't pick on him when he had a hurt ankle.

Aage and Bo were with Martin, who was stripped down to his undershorts. Peder was undressing, throwing his clothes to Ib and Bent. He had smaller undershorts than Martin, blue with a white waistband. They'd left on their socks and sneakers, as the ground in the hollow where they were was as rocky and scrubby as the fields he'd run so fast over.

The late afternoon was filling the hollow with shadow. Aage was whispering in Martin's ear. Bo sat, Martin's clothes in his lap.

Peder walked over and stood nose to nose with Martin, talking very low between clenched teeth. His hands tightened into fists. Martin was breathing fast, his chest jumping as if he'd run farther and harder than Tristan.

But they hadn't run at all. He saw that he'd apparently been making a steady turn to the left, when all the while he thought he was running in a straight line. The post where they'd played Colin Maillard was the next knoll over. Talk about unlucky.

He was scared. He hated what he was seeing, and didn't want to see. Martin and Peder almost touching, breathing into each other's mouths, looking into each other's eyes as if trying to look into each other's heads. Aage stood eerily still, waiting, with a strange expression on his face. Bo's knees were quivering. Ib had his hands on his hips, legs wide apart. Bent was licking his lips.

Peder hit first, a jab into Martin's midriff that sounded like a melon splitting and doubled Martin over. Before he could straighten up, Peder kicked him in the chest, a fierce football punt of a kick that made him fall backward.

Tristan closed his eyes and pushed his face against the ground. He heard grunts, ugly words, scuffling.

Aage, Bo, Ib, and Bent were saying nothing at all.

When he dared a look, Peder was on top of Martin, pummeling his face with both fists, which were bloody. Martin's legs were flailing against the ground.

Tristan was halfway down the slope, running with a dipping limp, before he realized that he had moved at all.

—Make him quit! he was shouting.

Bo looked up at him in surprise. Aage grinned.

—Keep back, he said. A fight's a fight.

With a porpoise heave and flop, Martin twisted from under Peder, jabbed his knee into his crotch, and pulled free. Peder's face was white with pain, his mouth making the shape of a scream. Martin was bleeding from the nose in spurts, and he was sobbing in convulsions, his shoulders jolting. He wiped the blood from his mouth, and fell on Peder with both fists hammering on his terrified face.

Tristan locked his arms around Martin's waist and pulled.

—Help me get him off, you assholes! he shouted. You fucking stupid shits!

—Stay out of this, Aage shouted. It's none of your fucking business.

—Where'd he come from, anyway? Ib asked.

By tightening his armlock and pushing as hard as he could, Tristan rolled Martin off Peder, who got up with a paralytic jerk, gagging. Backing away on knees and elbows, he retched and puked.

Bo said quietly:

—I think they've fought enough.

—Me too, Bent said.

—Oh shit, Aage said. They haven't even begun. Shove Tristan baby there toward the school with a foot against his ass, so's we'll have boys only again, and let's get on with it.

—I think they've fought enough, Aage, Bo repeated. Something's wrong with Martin. There's too much blood.

—How can we get them to the infirmary, Bent asked with a scared voice, without all of us getting it in the neck?

—Cripes! Ib said. Peder's conked out.

—Fainted.

—Knocked out.

—Shake him.

—Get the puke out of his mouth.

—Let the bastard die, Martin said, spitting blood. Turn me loose, Tristan.

Bo and Ib lifted Peder by the shoulders, trying to get him to sit up.

—Don't like the way his head lolls, Bo said.

—He's coming around. Look at his eyes.

—They'll never get cleaned up and get back to school looking as if they haven't had a fight. It's a fucking war, here.

—Who says the fight's over? Aage asked.

—Oh shut up, you stinking sadist, Tristan said. You're mental, you know that?

Aage, pretending speechlessness, covered his mouth with both hands.

—Peder! Bo hollered. Are you all right?

—Look, Ib said, we've got Peder unconscious and maybe bleeding to death, huh, and we're acting like morons. Let's do something.

—Do what?

—Carry him to the infirmary, for starters.

—Let him die, Martin said.

—Wipe some of the blood off with Tristan's dress, Bo said. Take it off. Go get your clothes, on the post next hill over.

—Can't, Tristan said. Turned my ankle running from you pigs, and can't go that far.

—I'll get them, Bent said.

—So off with the dress. Let's rip it in two, half for Martin, half for Peder.

—Peder's opening his eyes.

—The whole point of the fight, Aage said, was for somebody to win it. You can't have a fight without a winner and a loser.

—Stuff it, Ib said.

—And fuck it, Martin said. I've had it. If Peder has too. He, by God, looks it.

—No way, Ib said, we can keep this from Master. Looks like a train hit both of you.

Tristan stood naked as an eft, on one leg. Ib kept spitting on the wad he'd made of the halved dress, wiping blood off Martin.

Peder waved Bo away, who was trying to do the same for him.

Peder gave him the finger, scrambled up, and pitched forward, to vomit again.

—What, Tristan asked, was the fight about, anyway?

—You don't want to know, Ib said. Can you walk on that leg?

—Sure, Tristan said, I think so.

—All we need right now, Bent said, is for somebody to come along to see two of us looking like a slaughterhouse and one naked cripple. Master would eat pills for the next two days.

—Turn anybody's stomach, Tristan said. Turns mine. Fighting's stupid, you know?

—If anybody asked your opinion, Aage said.

—Why did you make me play blindman's bluff in a dress? Look, I'm not afraid of any of you, huh? And I'm not taking any more bullying, OK?

—Would you fucking listen? Aage said.

Bo mopped Martin. Ib and Bent helped Peder up, whose knees were trembling.

—I'm all right, Peder said, his voice thick. Just let me alone a bit.

He pulled off his briefs to wipe his face. He felt his testicles with cautious fingers.

—Still there.

—Bo, Peder said, feel my balls and see if you think anything's wrong. One word out of anybody, and you get it in the mouth, I fucking promise.

—The rules were no rules, Aage said, so you can't bitch about kneed balls.

—Since when were you God? Tristan asked.

—Nobody's whining, Aage, Peder said. You get a knee in your balls and see if you don't puke.

—Let Martin feel, Bo said. He did it, and that's where it started, and you've got to make up. That's what a fight's for, yes?

—Up on the hill, Bent said, when I fetched Tristan's clothes, which you might put on after I went to the trouble, good deed and all, you know, the woman murdering butterflies seemed to be drifting this way. She's the one who glares at us on the way to the candy store.

—How did whichwhat start with Peder's balls? Tristan asked. All my

—Do we let Tristan in? Bo asked. We've made him bust his ankle, and he did give us the slip.

—Ib and Bo and me, we vote yes, Bent said. Martin? Peder?

—He's too little, Martin said. Or is he?

—Feel my balls, Martin, Peder said. See if they're OK. I'm not mad anymore.

—Let me, Aage said. I'll give you a straight answer.

—No, Peder said. Martin. And there's a damned tooth loose.

—It was you that wanted to fight, Martin said.

—So let's have your opinion as to whether I'm ever going to be a father.

—What's *in*? Tristan asked. I have two toes about to come off, if anybody's interested, to go with my bum ankle.

—There's a poor imitation of a creek on the far side of the wood, you know, Ib said. We can get the blood off Martin and Peder.

—But not the bruises, fat lips, and shiners.

—My balls are going to look like a black grapefruit. What do you think, Martin?

—If you come OK, next time you jack off, then they aren't busted, right? Let's see the tooth.

—What am I in? Tristan asked.

—What's your vote, Aage?

Aage shrugged and quiddled his fingers.

—I'm already outvoted. I steal the dress, I solve Peder and Martin's problem, I invent inside-out Colin Maillard, and all at once I'm a clown.

—Life's like that, Peder said.

—Look, Bo said, it's getting cold out here. Let's head out, the shortest way back, and to every question we answer absofuckinglutely nothing. Stare right over the top of the head of anybody asking any question. OK?

All nodded, including Tristan.

They cast long, rippling shadows on the brown meadows, Bo carrying Tristan piggyback, Aage with his hands in his pockets, Martin and Peder each with an arm around the other's shoulders, Ib and Bent skipping along behind.

JUNO OF THE VEII

Terra-cotta she was, and her hands were on her breasts, offering milk. Her big kindly eyes were painted white, with blue pupils. Long braided hair gilded, robe polychrome, Tuscan yellow stripes alternating with Sicilian green, silver sandals on her feet. Her expression was the way your mother looked at you in fun, playing that trick of love to cajole you into doing something you'd rather not.

She was the Juno of the Veii, and she was to be taken from her country-fied temple to Rome.

Camillus had asked for pure youths to carry her on a litter, and the adjutant without a blink about-faced, looking wildly for a warrant officer. You rise in the ranks by obeying Camillus while the command is in the air between his beard and your ears.

—Clean, the adjutant said, scrubbed.

—Young, the sergeant said, means that they won't have had time to sin with any volume. Say recruits who aren't up to their eyes in debt, fresh of face, preferably with their milk teeth, calf's eyes, good stock, and washen hair.

—Take them to the flamen, the adjutant said, who'll get them into white tunics and clarify their minds for going into the *fanum* to bring the figure out, proper.

The first charge had been at dawn, and horrible. No trumpets.

—Use their roosters, the corporal said.

No guidons, no battle lines. Go in like creeping rats.

—Six *gregarii*, the sergeant said. We'll choose the best four. Wash them within an inch of their lives, dress their hair as if for a wedding.

We were all in a muck sweat from the siege. Some of us had burrowed under the wall, many of us were bloody, several had broken arms. The Falsicans had put up a fight, but with Camillus that has never got anybody anywhere.

The surrender was before noon.

— You are now Romans, Camillus said. Your enemies are our enemies.

There was fear in every face, and confusion. We tried to cheer them up with a parade around the walls.

Sistrum sistrum tympany horn.

And then Camillus had gone into their temple, being very religious, very correct. Meanwhile, we had the local wives filling tubs of water in the square. The sergeant kept lining up handsome privates with the straightest noses he could find, the broadest shoulders, trimmest waists, most soldierly legs. The priest was at them asking if they were virgins, if they were pious, what household gods they were devoted to, if they were distinguished enough to have participated in the cleansing of the trumpets on the Field of Mars, if they'd ever hunted without propitiating Diana afterward, if there was any incest, blasphemy, or habitual bad luck among them, and so on.

Though none admitted to virginity, the priest was not born yesterday, and came up with six tall striplings who washed in the tubs in the street, surrounded by a ring of staring children, pigs, and dogs. There were comments from the locals, which we understood by tone of voice alone. The priest went from tub to tub, casting spells on the water. The quartermaster brought a jug of oil and a jar of talcum.

— Do goats count?

— You mean sisters, don't you?

— What about with the sergeant?

— Boys, boys, the priest said. You are going to bear a *sacrum*. Suppress these scandalous, worldly *ioca*, out of reverence for Juno. Behind your ears, between your toes, under your foreskins. Scrub on those rusty knees.

We could see that the sergeant wanted to say *they have been in a battle, Your Grace*, but was restraining himself with his hands behind his back, keeping his dignity.

They dried with towels, oiled themselves, with jests saltier than in the

tubs, strigiled down while being blessed by the priest, and repeated, with one degree of accuracy or another, a strange old prayer.

Camillus himself held inspection.

— Name, soldier?

— Lucius, sir.

— Are there impurities of mind or deed which would render you unclean for transporting the Mater of the Veii?

— No, sir.

— You realize the seriousness of your duty?

— Yes, sir.

— Name, soldier?

— Marcus, sir.

Same question, same answer, down the line. Burrus, the red down on whose cheeks made him look like a fox, and Caius, with rusty knees, were nominated supernumeraries.

Two rows of drummers lined the path to the temple, keeping back profane noises and such spirits of the air and the dead as might botch our enterprise.

Camillus, his way strewn with barley, went into the temple first.

No thunder sounded, only the tumbling warning of the drums.

The detail came behind him, looking more like altar boys than soldiers.

We heard later that he spoke in the old Latin, identifying himself as a child by adoption and favor of Mater Matuta, guardian of farmers and soldiers at dawn.

— I come worshipfully to beg your permission to take you to Rome, where you will have a house of honor among our great gods. I have clean young men of pure morals to carry you on their shoulders.

It was Marcus who was surest what then happened.

Roman generals do not bend for god or man. So Camillus stood at attention until she gave her sign.

Some of the detail said that the statue nodded, and spoke in darkest Etruscan, full of whistles and clicks, and this is what Camillus reported to the conscript fathers.

But Marcus said that she smiled.

A GINGHAM DRESS

These butter peas are a dime the quart. Fifteen for the runners and a nickel the okra. Lattimer here picked the dewberries. He's a caution, ain't he? Going on nine and still won't wear nothing but a dress and bonnet. Says he's a girl, don't you, Lattimer? He's as cute as one. Everybody says that.

Say what, Leon? That's what I was telling Mrs. Fant. He'll grow out of it.

We'll be sure to bring watermelons when they're in. It's been so dry. Good for the corn but keeps the melons back. Our cantaloupes, I always say, are sweet as sugar. We stand good to have some next time down. The mushmelon, the honeydew, and the ice-box: we raise all three.

What, Lattimer? Of course Mrs. Fant has a ice-box. He likes to know what things people have in their houses. He was saying on the way down that he wished he could see ever bird in ever cage all over town.

We heard tell it was in the paper about the church up to Sandy Springs. Leon says it puts us on the map. Nothing to do with us. We go Baptist. These are the Pentecostals, church right at the turn off to Toccoa. The way I understand it is that their preacher went on vacation, to Florida, and he ast this Rev. Holroyd, from Seneca, to take his flock while he was away, you see. Well, first thing he saw was neckties on the men. And he said the Holy Bible is against any necktie. You ever hear such a thing? But they taken them off.

What, Leon? Leon says he thinks he'll join their church.

Our preacher, speaking of wearing and not wearing, don't know no better but what Lattimer is a girl. He comes to us on the Sunday only, from over to Piney Grove. Of course, you are, dear heart, if you say you are. On the Wednesday we get a lady preacher. Comes over from Saluda, regular

as clockwork, and does a beautiful service. Sings, plays the piano, reads from Scripture just like a man. She knows that Lattimer is a boy. Knew it right off. She said first time she set eyes on him, *That's a boy in a dress.*

Leon says *Anybody would.* But this Mrs. Dillingham, Rev. Dillingham I ought to say, says she don't see why not. She says as long as he's not lewd, she sees no harm.

Anyway, here's Rev. Hunnicutt back from Florida and the first thing they ast him is do Christians wear neckties. What they wrote in the paper was that about half the church wanted Rev. Holroyd to stay on, as knowing Scripture better than Rev. Hunnicutt, and the other half was content with Hunnicutt, who says there's not a word in the Bible about any necktie.

It is funny, ain't it, Lattimer? He listens to every word you say, and remembers it. And sings along with the radio. He has a lovely voice, if I do say so. The Gospel Hour's his favorite. Holds his doll up and makes like it's singing, too. He helps in the kitchen, you know, as kindly as a daughter, and can wring a chicken's neck good as I can. Wants his hair long, but Leon draws the line there. So he's a girl with boy's hair.

You'll not regret them butter peas. They cook up best with salt pork, I always say. Let's see now, would you want some of Lattimer's dewberries, a pint?

This Roosevelt is something else, ain't he? They say he's a Jew. And his wife sits down and eats with niggers. I never seen the beat.

You'd think the boys would tease, but they don't. He's that dear. One of the MacAlister boys, Harper, calls him his sweetheart.

A thing I don't hold with is one person telling another how to lead their life, like with the neckties and the two preachers. They say the half the flock that holds with Holroyd are going to build another church right across the highway.

What, Leon? Of course we're mountain people. He says mountain people have always lived the way they want to. Leon *will* sit in the car and talk to the dashboard while I'm selling produce.

Lattimer, now, wants a gingham dress he saw in the window of Lesser's uptown. Why, I said, all I need is a yard and a half of gingham off the bolt at Woolworth's, some rickrack for the collar, a card of buttons, and I can