

HIS WORLD - THE ISLANDERS

CHAPTER 1

*fine and simple
writing
I would like
this*

This is the story of how Harris Young won his kingdom. ^{H.Y.} When he was eighteen, he heard from some of the Tancook fishermen, that his great uncle Uriah, the rick King of Ironbound, wanted a sharesman. Here was his opportunity; for weeks, in fact ever since old Mather Pearl had talked with him, he had wondered how he would get up courage to face the old man and tell him what he knew. In his yellow dory he set out from Tancook one bright morning of early summer. The sea was apparently oil-smooth, but a ground swell always runs among these outer islands and the flood tide was against him. He tugged hard at the splintered spruce oars, that had seen two years' service on the Grand Banks, lifting his elbows at the finish of his stroke in a manner peculiar to the Tancookers. With slack water he gave himself a spell, and drifted idly for a little, a yellow speck on an immense floor of blue. *embodiment, then in the action*

cup

2.91

He looked about him half conscious of his insignificance in the great universe about him, then feeling cold water about his feet, ^{he} reflected that only a half inch of leaky spruce marked him off from the watery world below, where great ^{big waters}

albercore dodged in and out between long streamers of waving kelp.

The Tancooks and Ironbound, now almost equidistant, were dimmed and softened by summer mists. As he ^{sat} there resting his oars half drawn in through the thole pins he looked, (at first glance), like a hundred other young fishermen along the coast. He was barefoot and clad only in a pair of ragged brown trousers and a faded blue buttonless shirt that fell open (at the neck to reveal) a bronzed and hairy chest. His hands that clutched the oar handles were calloused and split and scarred with marks of salt-water boils and burns of running hand-line or halliard. Sly but kind grey eyes shone out through narrow slits overhung with thick eyebrows, a hawk's nose gave his face a touch of fierceness, his head was crowned with a thick brown mop of uncombed hair. He was not unhandsome and when he smiled, the corners of his mouth twitched and drooped.

Though he looked it not, ^{backward} he was a man of destiny - in small things it is true, yet in relation to the universe all things upon this earth are relatively small - and this voyage in his yellow dory a voyage of destiny less spectacular than Jason's but requiring none the less courage and resolution. For Jason had with him forty odd heroes and had but to meet a dragon while Harris was alone and had to meet Uriah. As a matter of fact as he floated idly there and looked up at the pale smoky sky and across the shining turquoise floor, he was conscious of the throb of the great deep below him, and felt himself in the grip of something he could not understand, of some "strange consequence yet hanging in the stars". Why not let Fate decide for him? he thought. He was a Young himself but a poor Young, a gearless homeless Young; how dare he face

Keep it plain
by view of H.Y.
Don't make the
thing abstract

Here you change
to the main, to put
it down. Don't
wonder that it's your
mission for this
thing.

Recall this, whether
H.Y. knows about
Jason's.

Don't keep
to the main
mind.

seemed to hum

Some use
this

Good. Keep
mind & build
up it at once
simply

4
trite

and make demands of the rich King of Ironbound, who had wealth in boats and land, and lofts piled high with herring nets and tubs of trawl? Why not let Fate decide whether he should go on or return. ¶ He was on a line between a clump of lofty spruces on the Apologan Main and Cross Island light. Let Fate decide! He pulled in his oars, let them rest from gunwale to gunwale and for fifteen minutes watched his land-marks. The beginning of the ebb and a faint draft of off-shore wind were setting him towards Ironbound. Fate had decided! Out went the oars and he gave way.

When his stem bumped against the logs of Uriah's launch, he sprang out and drew his dory up a little - he dared not draw her too far without invitation - and made fast the painter to a spike. The ebb was running fast now, and she would be high and dry in half an hour. Heart in his throat, his bare feet took the long strides from log to log, and he reached the door of the great fish-house, just as Uriah, a terrifying figure, waddled out, his yellow oil skins spotted with blood and glistening with sequins of herring scales.

"And what might you be wantin'?" said the old man, the King of Ironbound.

"I want to be your sharesman," answered Harris.

"Us works here on Ironbound."

"I know how to work."

"Knows how to work and brung up on Tancook!"

jeered Uriah. "Us has half a day's work done fore de Tancookers rub de sleep out o' dere eyes, ain't it!"

"I knows how to work," repeated the boy stubbornly.

"Where's yur gear and clothes at?"

You can build up to this a little more.

Recast

imagine more of this scurvy + bring out the terror in the action

right word?

Do these men know each other?

I think I should show the woman shelling. Let the neurology carry the dial. But use your own judgment.

make clear as to what where this takes place + who + what these people are. The dialect seems somewhat like the negro. Don't let any confusion arise in the reader's mind

at C. This is phrase

"I've got all my gear and clothes on me," said Harris grinning down at his buttonless shirt, ragged trousers and bare horny feet, "but I owns you dory: I salvaged her from de sea and beat the man what tried to steal her from me."

See p. 3

Uriah's eyes showed a glint of interest.

"You ain't got no place for to live on dis island; no one won't take in a tramp like you."

"Yes I is."

"How's dat?"

"I owns one tent o' dis island tro my grandfader old Edward Young same as you owns your shares."

The boy stood trembling inwardly and with shaking knees yet looking the old tyrant boldly in the eyes.

"Who's bin stuffin' ye wid dat foolishness?"

probably one

"It ain't no foolishness, it's true. Old Mather Pearl de keeper o' Green Island light and de wisest man in all dese islands tole me las' time he was on Tancook; and says he, if yur great uncle Ury refuse ye, go before lawyer Chesley in Lunenburg and claim yur right. Yes he did."

write

Uriah grunted and glowered. Old Mather Pearl's name was one to be conjured with. He read fat law books and wrote deed, will, and mortgage for the islanders as fair as the grandest lawyer. Moreover the King knew in his heart that the boy was right.

do you need these words?

"What you do wid land?" Uriah had been growing tall timothy and stout cabbages on Harris's piece for ten years free of charge, and was loath to give it up.

"Live on it, farm it same as youse do. Dat house where mudder died's mine too," said Harris grown bolder, and he

pointed to a tumble down cottage which Uriah used as a store-room for lobster pots.

The King looked scornfully at the landless serf; David stood in the presence of Goliath.

find a fresher phrase

David

"I'se got de same rights as Anapest and de Fincks." Like many kingdoms Uriah's was not whole and perfect but troubled by invaders.

"Maybe you is got some rights, maybe you isn't, but you can't be no sharesman wid me."

of top p. 4

"Den I'll squat on my land and live in my house and fish off shore in my dory." Harris had gone over all the possibilities of this conversation many times before.

Should come at opening before he meets U.

"You, wid nare a line or net to git bait."

"I got a line an' I kin pick up squid an' caplin on de beach."

"An' where will ye land yur boat; ye can't use my launch."

"I'll land on de sand beach in Sou-west Cove and haul my dory out."

"One summer storm will make kindlin' wood o' your dory."

"Den I kin land on de Finck's launch. Anapest will let me. Anyhow your sharesman or no, I sticks and stays."

The old Fox saw he was beaten and he liked the fight in the boy: after all he was a Young though a beggarly one.

True

"I wouldn't take you for no sharesman cause ye couldn't hold up yur end wid my boys."

"Give me a month's trial," said Harris. "If I can't ketch fish fur fish and haul net fur net wid George or Harvey

Brings up to them

or Perc, I'll go back to Tancook and ask fur no wages."

"Done," snapped the crafty Uriah who saw a chance of keeping the land and of getting a month's work for nothing.

"You take Phoebe tomorrow, far boat on de launch; she's stood idle since we lost Alan. Haul out yur dory on de launch."

This was the first battle with the old King won and thus the disguised prince set foot upon his own dominion.

Harris turned from the old man, and walked up the pathway to his mother's house (that was well nigh a ruin.) The door-step was broken, the sagging back door hung by one hinge or leather, the kitchen was half full of lobster pots, and as these had been pushed rudely against the walls, plaster and lathing were broken. Big slabs had fallen from the ceiling.

The kitchen stove was yellow with rust, and the pipe entered the chimney at a rakish angle. There was no furniture save a long sofa on which, he remembered, Richard Covey had slept out many a drunken spree, and a hand-made chair the old folk had brought from Blandford. To most people this delapidated house would have been only a source of heartbreak; to Harris who had nothing it was a potential palace. It was his own, his first possession, he should live there (and his grey eyes twinkled and the corners of his mouth drooped as familiar objects awakened some half forgotten childish memory.)

First two rooms must be cleared for kitchen and bedroom. He worked his way around to the dining room door and began lugging lobster pots into parlour and front hallway. A front door and reception room would be superfluous to him for many a day. When kitchen and small room opening off it were freed of pots and trawl tub he descended into the damp

get as this information thru the mind of M.

had

note

see top of page

not good

who were still? name them

avoid the abstract impersonal. See everything as he sees it.

cellar, and there groping among a jungle of broken fishing gear ^{had} found a handle-less shovel and the stub of an old broom. The cellar seemed a treasure house. Smiling fondly at his salvaged possessions, he returned upstairs, and clearing up plaster and dirt with shovel and broom, ^{he} threw the debris out into the yard. From the stove he dug out the matted ashes and found among them a black twisted fork. More property! His eyes gleamed again with pleasure in his possession, but darkened and looked sombre as the fork suggested that he had nothing to eat and no source of supplies. ¶ He ran down to the shore and returned with a great armful of grey drift-wood. Evening was coming, and after his work about his house and his long row from Tancook, he was very hungry. He looked out his window to Anapest's sombre house where a lamp glowed yellow in the kitchen window. There was something friendly and inviting in that blotch of light. Dare he? He must not let Uriah beat him, and he could not live forever by hitching up his belt. There was nothing else for it; he must beg bread of someone; ¶ later he would show them he could repay and earn his keep. ¶ From the tribe of the Fincks who like himself had established a foothold on Ironbound through Anapest's inheritance of a tenth share through old George who had died intestate, he had had no sign of welcome nor even awareness of his existence, though every soul on Ironbound had known of his arrival ten minutes after he had landed. Fincks and Youngs were immemorial enemies: they grunted at one another but seldom spoke, sent their children to spy into rival fish pens and lived in a tense atmosphere of envy and mutual ill-will. Uriah had never forgiven old George for dying without a will, nor Anapest George's for marrying Joshua Finck, nor the Fincks

quod

Drumwater
this is the
very meaning

generally for invading his kingdom, which he felt would have been perfect and complete without them. As Uriah was King of all the Ironbound Youngs so Anapest was empress of the Fincks. She ruled a smaller kingdom but was none the less imperious; no fleet of nets was set nor did any Finck boat set off for the Rock without her permission.

Still Harris felt as he stared at the yellow light that there was more hope of obtaining bread from Anapest than from Uriah. He crossed the fields and knocked humbly at her kitchen door. Anapest, her thick black dress girt in at the waist with a man's belt, was bustling about the stove.

"Come in," she called harshly and Harris's bare feet scraped the rough splinters of the kitchen floor.

"I'm yur nephew Harris Young from Tancook."

Anapest looked the vagrant over, her quick black eye taking ⁱⁿ _A torn shirt, frayed trousers and bare feet. Her heart softened towards him at once; still she guessed he had come to be Uriah's sharesman and his lot was thrown in with the enemy. Willis, Eddie and Pearlous ate greedily at the kitchen table, and did not so much as throw a glance in his direction.

"How's all de folks on Tancook?"

"All right."

"What you doin' here?"

"Uriah's sharesman."

"Ury's sharesman. Ha! a lot ye'll have fur yur summer's work when Perc and Harve have figured expenses."

"Beginnin' I'se take what de gives me; some day I'se 'll take what I wants. I don't expect no mercy but I'm

hungry and I come to ask some bread off ye."

"Sit ye down and fill yur belly, arter all yur my brudder's son if ye is Ury's sharesman."

Harris sat down meekly at the kitchen table for he was even more fearful of Anapest than Uriah. The Finck boys looked up and grunted at him; any stranger was to them a potential enemy and this stranger had allied himself with a hostile clan. Anapest was a grand cook and fed her men well. There was a steaming fish chowder made from a fresh caught haddock mixed with onions, sliced potatoes and fried pork scraps; there were fried herring roes and new potatoes in their rosy jackets showing mealy where the broken skin turned back; there were high piles of thick white bread and steaming mugs of tea. Harris made hay while the sun shone.

foreword
1622

um

Good

Write

Good:
this is phrase

"I'se sorry to beg," he said after the edge was taken off his hunger, "but I'se 'll have to git de scatterin loaf o' bread off ye Aunt Anapest. I'se 'll pay when I gits my first mont's share; I'se got nout but ye'll lose nout tro' me."

"Why don't ye beg yur bread off Ury?" said Willis brutally.

"I can't. He's too hard."

"Den if ye gets no bread ye can't stay on Ironbound," said Pearlous hopefully.

"Yes I kin! I stays, I sticks, if I has to dig up de roots o' de field. I kin live on fish and muscles and an odd checkerback. Man, you'se don't know what I bia used to livin' on. I stays and lives in my madder's house."

"Dey's haunts dere," said Willis, "what'll twitch

Spelling

Bring me earlier

de clothes off ye at nights."

"Haunts or no haunts, I stays. I ain't skeered o' no haunts. Why in Tancook I lived next house to de ghost catcher."

"What, Johnny Publicover!"

"Ay, Johnny Publicover, de same what ketched de fierce Blandford ghost," said Harris between great mouthfulls of bread. He had caught the Fincks' interest for a moment and must make the most of his chance and eat enough to keep him alive for two or three days. Then fortune would throw something in his way and he would have fish at any rate.

"Ye'll have a hard go wid no bread," said Eddie.

"And he won't go wid no bread," shouted Anapest empress of all the Fincks and stamping her foot. "What ye talkin' so fur, ye great lumps, to yur own cousin. Has his house an' land done ye air a good? Isn't Ury gettin' free grass and cabbages off dat land fur dese ten years. Bread ye'll have boy; tree big loaves a week if ye kin live on dat."

"Dat I kin," said Harris rising, "and my thanks to ye, Aunt Anapest. Ye'll find me in de years to come no grudgin' neighbour."

Then tucking one of Anapest's great loaves under his arm he went back to his own house and in the darkness ^{he} built up a fire of drift-wood in the rusty stove and sat down before it to plan and dream. He had neither lantern nor candle, but through the front grate came a fitful glow on the rough floor that made a glimmer of light in the room. The summer fog pushed northward by the in-shore breeze had enveloped the island, and with its damp blanket intensified the darkness

of she stamps, did her stamp at an important spot & in an important way.

Indicate the coming together of the man & the boy in an important way.

an awkward sentence

trite

of a moonless night. The hateful ill-smelling Careys who love such nights squeaked and gibbered around the house, and there was an occasional whirr of night hawks' wings. The grey drift-wood cracked sharp in the stove, and there was some strange rustling among the lobster pots in the hall-way. But though Harris knew very well that the footless nigger of Ironbound was abroad on such nights he sat unmoved ^{at} by the stove, and stirred only to feed the fire with a fresh stick. He was used to loneliness; and fog had no terror for him. Though he knew it not, as he sat there possessionless he had great capital wealth in the fact that nothing to be faced in the future could be worse than what he had endured in the past. Starting from zero the meanest acquired possession would connote a worth out of all proportion to its intrinsic value. *Speak simply, in your own big, unliterary manner.*

He could not recall his father, lost at sea when he was but two years of age. His mother had died of consumption in the bedroom that opened off the diningroom. Certainly her pale ghost would not haunt him! He remembered going often into her room where she had raised a limp hand to stroke his head, and looked at him with pity. Her hand he remembered was so transparent that the bones shone through. ² His step-father had been a bad one. ¹ After his mother had married Richard Covey, Uriah's loud-mouthed sharesmen, they had had nothing but misfortune. Richard Covey was a luckless man; ^H he went fishing on the wrong days; ^W when the nets of others were white with meshed hepping, his had but a scattering fish; ^S sportive albercores slit great rents in his fleets while the fleets of others were untouched; ⁰ the seas rolled his lobster pots into the dogholes a tangled chaos of broken lathe and twisted head-rope. ⁹ Harris thought of

Shakespeare, Trite

*change phrase
this must be a real actual thought to him*

Bad. Keep it. his mean & to the simplicity of the theme

touching

wood

good! this is what I mean

what he had suffered under Richard Covey's rough hand;^S scarcely
a day was he free from welts on his legs and lumps on his head
as big as a whore's egg. At seven he was taken in the boat
and assigned duties beyond his strength. He was useful to the
^Cman, for his sharp young eyes could pick up net or trawl buoys,
white with a stripe of scarlet, far quicker than the rum-bleered
eyes of his step-father. He had learned to endure cold, fog,²
and blows, and to sag on a hand-line to the ^{utmost} maximum of his little
strength. ²It was hard work when the cod ran heavy and he fished
with two hooks, for when he got a pair he could not draw them
over the gunwale, and this brought blows and curses from the man.
When they sailed Richard Covey held the tiller, and ^{who?} he crouched
as far forward in the eyes as he could get, a bit of the spare
jib drawn over his bare legs. How he had blessed the sun when
it shone warm; the sun had always been his best friend. ²He
remembered well that awful grey dawn when he crept out to light
the kitchen fire, his duty since the age of five. Richard Covey
lay sprawling on the sofa his legs twisted in a queer position.
^{H4}He had paid little attention to him at first, but put rustling
paper and kindlings quietly in the stove; he had been beaten
sometimes for waking the man as he laid the fire. Morning light
that sifted through the eastern window fell on Richard Covey's
white face and showed lips that were blue, a mouth half open,
²and eyes half closed that seemed to wink. He had been terrified
¹of the winking eyes: had he made too much noise with the
rustling paper? Then a deeper terror had entered his little
soul; there was no sound of snoring or deep breathing that
Richard Covey usually made. With a courage he himself had

truth

arrived

quod

never understood he had walked over and touched the man's face; it was set and cold. He had rushed into his mother's room shouting exultingly,

"He's dead, mamma, he's dead!"

His mother had roused herself listlessly.

"Go tell Uriah and the boys to carry him away," she whispered, sinking back upon her pillows.

Three weeks later his mother had died. She was to be buried on Tancook as are all the Ironbounders; and hardly knowing what he did he climbed over the side of the whaler on the launch as they lifted in his mother's rough board coffin, more like a great fish box than a coffin. No one said him nay as he clambered aboard, no one spoke a word of pity. The Ironbounders had hated and despised Richard Covey - (he was pariah), no one lent him gear or bait, - and Uriah had never forgiven his mother for marrying the man. As a child he had inherited a share of the hatred.

He could never forget that sail to Tancook: the wind was fair and Uriah winged out the tan-sailed whaler. The rough white coffin lay on the amidship thwarts by the centre-board; in the stern sat Uriah at the tiller with his great son Alan minding the sheets, both red-faced, big nosed - the Jew of the Levys shone out in Alan - both fierce eyed. He had sat in the bow, a pale-faced underfed urchin of eight staring at the coffin or looking across the sea. No word was spoken in that four miles of water journey.

When the shallow grave had been filled in and heaped up in the Tancook cemetery, and the few mourners had filtered away he had been left alone. He had sat there a long time stunned by the fact that his last feeble friend was gone, but he

fine

Good
You are as good
when you are
simple & direct
true

This is an
interesting
point. You should
make it clear
earlier. Then
let this come
with the hours
of association -
allusion to an
underlying fact
already known.

true

was dry-eyed, he could not cry. After a while he had gone down to the Tancook launch to get in the boat. Far out on the southern waters he had seen Uriah's ten-sailed whaler beating her way back to Ironbound. They had left him without a word; he was alone on a strange island among strange people.

After that he had begged a crust from door to door and slept in sail lofts, a piece of an old canvas wrapped about him. In the first winter he would certainly have perished had it not been for the kindness of Jennie Run-over, so named by some local wit because her fat hams oozed over the edge of the seat of any chair, no matter how capacious, in which she sat, as does rising dough over the edge of a pan. She sold liquor, was an unofficial harlot, and kept in her house four stout girls who in September were visited by lustful fishermen home from three months durance on the Grand Banks. Jennie Run-over had picked him up one day as he stood on the beach staring out to Tancook. Her heart must have been touched by the sight of the pale-faced, forsaken, half-starved, homeless mite of a boy.

At any rate she took him to her house and taught him to fetch and carry; he gathered drift-wood, cut kindlings, brought water from the spring, weeded the garden, fed the pigs and slept on a pile of shavings in the cellar. But he had enough to eat; for the first time in his life all he could eat every day. True he was often beaten by Jennie when she was drunk, but she sometimes patted his head when she was sober. For five years he had served Jennie and learned a great deal about drunkenness and lust. As soon as he was big enough he had shipped as "boy" on a banking schooner, and slept well up in the eyes where every night his ear pressed close to the planking he had heard the lap of waves against the stern. Many a night when

?

Word

True

Did he need
washing?

9

much of this boyhood stuff is great.

lanterns hung from the fore-boom and the schooner's waist was a
 walter of great slippery cod, he had stood ready to sharpen
 a knife, fetch a basket of salt, or let go the falls for a homing
 dory. "Whar's dat dam' boy?" the salters used to roar from the
 hold. "Send him down wid water." "Whar's dat dam' boy?"
 a splitter bawled on deck. "I wants my second knife from B
 bunk in de foksls." Up he used to climb from the cool hold
 to dive into the smelly forecastle. He was every man's boy to
 fetch and carry and many a clip he got on the side of the head.
 Still on the whole they were kind to him, especially John Brooks
 the coloured man who looked like a pirate with his great gold
 earrings hanging from his pierced ear lobes. He was high line and
 feared no man, and sometimes when he was steersman he would let
 him do a trick at the wheel and teach him how to hold a star on
 the rigging and keep the schooner on her course without staring
 in the binnacle.

was

W.

Jennie Run-over had taken all his slender wages for
 his winter's board, and he wore cast-off garments given him that
 seemed always too large or too small. For three whole winters
 he had gone without boots. He had spoken truly to Uriah: that
 very day when he landed on Ironbound his complete worldly possessions
 were his shirt, trousers, a frayed cod-line, and the dory he had
 salvaged and fought for. As he sat by the flickering stove he
 felt very rich in his new possession of house and land. They
 could not scare him off by tales of haunts or threats of hard
 work. How lucky old Mather Pearl had come to Tancock and told
 him he owned a house and one tenth of Ironbound. He had faced
 down the old King in the first encounter and he rejoiced and
 wondered at his courage.

watch your compound sentences. Try for more sentence variety

Don't you want to know how he went to the lawyer & what happened as the inter-view?

He chuckled as he sat by his rusty stove and started from his reverie. He must get some rest against tomorrow's work. He walked over to the couch on which Richard Covey had died, and throwing himself down drew a sack over his feet and after the manner of all fishermen, who even on the darkest night fear that the moon may peep out and shine upon them sleeping, wrapped another sack about his head. He had no fear of Richard Covey's haunt; he was used to loneliness in dark corners. In two minutes he was fast asleep.

explain this scene.

why two?

This is a fine chapter - fresh original stuff. Characterize more fully. Wish + Ana best. Of the rest of the story is up to this level. You've got a wonderful thing. -
 Watch your old faults; those I told you about in R. of S. Be simple. Tell the facts. Be imaginative, but forget your bookish stuff. Write as if you had never read anybody. Let it be all your own fist.

CHAPTER II

When Harris woke with a start it was still dark, but he threw off his rough covering and went quickly to the door. Away to the eastward dark mountains of morning clouds lowered, but the off-shore breeze had pushed out the fog bank and the stars twinkled through. As he had never owned watch or clock he had learned to use by night the great bowl of the universe as an approximate time-piece. He cast his eye up into the northern sky and saw the dipper, in relation to the pole star, hanging in the position of V on a clock dial, and knew from his memories of previous nights that it was somewhere between two and three o'clock. There was no time to lose if he meant to show Uriah and the Young boys his worth. He threw a bag about his shoulders, tied it at his neck with a bit of marlin, tore off a thick heel from Anapest's loaf, thrust one half in his pocket for lunch, and gnawing the other half ran for the launch, his bare feet scattering the dew from heavily bent grasses across the path.

Early as he was he was none too early! A squat dark thing moving swiftly from boats to fish-house, he knew was Uriah. Harve and George were not about yet, ~~+~~ Harve the farmer by instinct was always last to get his boat off in the morning. - But Percy had shoved the "Lettie" over on her bilge, and was greasing her keel. Neither spoke to him. Harris went over to the "Phoebe", pushed her over on her side, fumbled in the dark for a stone which he too dipped in the tub of stinking gurry and greased her keel so that she would slip easily down

the ways. Ironbound boats are hauled out high and dry at night, they never lie at a mooring for often the seas run fierce even on the northern and sheltered side of the island.

Uriah waddled out of the gloom of the fish-house with a chip basket full of herrings.

"Dere's yer bait, and dere's an extry line, a box o' hooks and two odd sinkers."

Harris righted the Phoebe, lifted the basket into her and set it down by the centreboard without a word.

"Got nar a pair o' nippers?" queried the old man.

"I don't need no nippers. I'se fished on de Gran' Banks and me hands is tough."

"You best foller Perc; ke knows where de big schools o' fish lays dis season ob de year."

Harris grunted (something) in reply, but he had no mind to follow Perc or any of them; he would lead or nuttin'; he hadn't fished out o' Tancook for nout; he knowed where de fish layed well as Perc. He set his shoulder to the stern of the Phoebe and started her down the ways. First she moved slowly, then gathered way (and as his foot felt the chill of the salt water on the last log, she seemed to be flying. With his left hand grasping the jib stay he gave a mighty spring and rolled in over the port wash-board. Percy whose boat was already afloast listened maliciously hoping that he would hear the great splash betokening that Harris had missed in the darkness the logs at unaccustomed spaces and been dragged off waist deep by the flying Phoebe, as he had seen many a green sharesman dragged off before. But Harris safely aboard grasped a sweep and rushed quickly astern to fend her off the ledge and turn her

drifted at moment

order?

head to the westward; then darting swiftly forward he made halliards and creaking blocks sing and the big brown mainsail rose and bellied to the kiss of the shore wind. Astern he rushed to shove his tiller hard aport, and rattle in the main sheet till his sail was flat. Up came the Phoebe's bow into the wind. Now setting the tiller in a middle notch he darted forward again to hoist his jib and belay the halliard, back astern again to haul in and make fast his jib sheet. All his motions were swift and cat like; his bare feet gripped the wet surface of thwart and wash-board.

When he had time to look about him he noted that the breeze was from the north-west and that he could just clear the dull black mass of West Head by jogging the Phoebe. Percy's boat was a hundred yards ahead of him. He tugged at the rusty pin of his centre-board and let the rusty chain go clanking down; it would slow the Phoebe up a little but keep her from drifting to leeward in this light breeze. Percy made a short tack to the northward to weather the head but Harris held straight on.

"Don't go in dere, de water's shoal," bawled Percy.

But Harris pretended not to hear and held to his course; there would be plenty of time to come about when the iron centre-board bumped and bobbed up. The Phoebe was handy he knew, for from the Tancock boats he had seen her luff up and come about a hundred times before she turned over with Alan, and he knew her points as a jockey knows the strengths and weaknesses of his rival's horses. He cleared West Head just outside the breakers and passed inside the Grampus with Percy's boat, in spite of her tack, still fifty yards ahead. He let main and jib sheet run now and stood away to the south-east. With a

*Across
combining sentences
by Sam. Adams*

Under is 91

see top of page

long handled gaff he winged out his jib, pulled up his centre-board and watched to see if he was creeping up on the Lettie. Percy's boat held her lead. The Phoebe was fast but crank, and Uriah had loaded her with ballast since she drowned Alan: four hundred pounds of beach rocks lay along her Kelson.

"To hell wid ballast, dat makes a boat hard to get up and off de launch; I'll ballast my boat wid fish," thought Harris and stooping he tossed two hundred pounds of beach rocks into the sea. Then the lightened Phoebe began to draw up on the Lettie and as Harris sailed his boat close on the Lettie's quarter to take the quick puffs from her sails he was soon abreast of Percy's boat and little by little drew ahead. Now he was leading the Young boys, first of the Ironbound fleet; George's boat showed dimly outside the Grampus and Harve's trailed far behind. Daylight was coming gradually.

When he was well ahead and well to the southward of Green Island he hauled in his sails flat and stood away again to the westward towards his favourite bank. A landsman who locks daily at the flat and even surface of the sea (and whose acquaintance with the bottom is limited to sandy slightly pitched bathing beaches) thinks of the sea floor as flat and level. Not so it appeared to the mind of Harris who from frequent soundings with a cod line visualized it truly as composed of hills, mountain ranges, deep valleys, sharp canyons, buttes and wide flat plateaus. It was futile he knew to drop your baited line in a valley, for on the tops of the ridges and shallow plateaus lay the cod waiting for schools of herring and squid to drift over. To the landsman who sees nothing but miles upon miles of flat water that looks everywhere the same

avoid this construction, the actions are not silent from now

but

You skip over of your story. Care to give him as this information in some episode of the action?

the location of these banks by the fishermen seems marvellous. But they are marked by alignments by distant islands, by cross bearings and time courses run by the compass.

To his favourite bank in the open sea, south-west from Green Island and south-south-east from Cross Island light, Harris steered the Phoebe who lightened of her ballast heeled over and put her lee wash-board under in the freshening breeze.

Presently he rounded his boat up, let the jib run, dropped the peak of his main-sail but held fast the throat, so that the Phoebe would ride to the wind, and tossed over his grapnel. Over went his double-baited line, with his sinker he sounded bottom, twelve fathom, and he drew up a fathom to keep his hooks clear of the weeds on the sea floor. He began to jig and saw patiently but nothing happened; In half an hour he caught only two small rock cod. His heart sank; he could scarcely face Uriah on his first day with an empty boat. What was the matter? He had always caught fish on this bank before. Presently he ran forward, hove up his killock, hoisted jib and peak again and stood further to the westward towards Matt's Bank.

Again he anchored and tried. This time he was on the fish; ten seconds after his baited hooks reached bottom, a pair of big cod flashed over his gunwale, and were snapped into the fish pen. The fish bit fiercely; as soon as the hooks were down came a tug on the line, then after a few seconds of swift hand over hand pulling, ^{and (for main greats)} great grey forms with twirling white bellies showed dimly in the green depths. He gave himself no rest, but pulled and hauled, baited and rebaited for three hours. Once a strange boat drew up to him and harris with two great cod

hooked, that twisted and tangled his snoods let his line rest on the bottom.

"Air a fish?" hailed the stranger.

Answered
"A scatterin' rock cod," called back Harris lying stoutly. When the boat was well away, he pulled up his fish and repaired his snarled snoods. By nine, when the fish stopped biting, his fish pens were two-thirds full and the Phoebe had but a streak and a half clear.

?
The breeze dropped, and the sun shone warm and clear to dry his shirt and trousers, soaked from the spray of the hand line. He squatted tailor wise on his bit of deck by the jib-stay and though both hands were bleeding from the run of the burning hand line, he felt happier than he had for many a day. On the sea he was a free man and his own master. The corners of his mouth drooped in his quizzical smile as he thought, how Perc and George and Harve would curse, when he came in his first day high line. And high line he certainly would be. He drew out his heel of dampened bread and devoured it (ravenously), washing it down with deep draughts from the Phoebe's water jug, that Uriah had stuck in the bows. Uriah was mean and greedy but he knew how to fit out a sharesman, thought Harris, and he kept his boats tight.

plurals?

As he ate and looked about him at the sun-lit water and enjoyed the sway of the boat that rocked him as if he were cradled - little cradling had he had as a child - he saw a great swirl, and a dozen splashes dead astern to the southward. Then black backs flashed on the surface.

"Playin' pollock," said Harris to himself. He knew what to do for them. He stuffed the last crust into his mouth, seized his line, cut off the great leaden sinker and wrapping both hooks in guts torn from a fat herring, let his line trail

astern near the surface. Snap, and he was fast to two pollock! Over and over again he repeated the operation till he dared not lay another fish aboard the Phoebe, clear only by half a streak from the gunwale. He tried his pump till she sucked clear. It was a pity to leave those tens of thousands of playing pollock; if a Tancooker came near he would hail him. However, no boat neared him.

Arrang. this was absolutely

In the offing far to the eastward he could see the black specks of Percy's, Harve's, and George's boats bunched near the Rock. It would be a long hard beat home; the little breeze that remained, puffy and variable, still hung in the nor-west. Far out on the sea rested a thick stratum of fog bank through which a three-master loomed with spars unearthly high. He rested patiently awaiting a breeze, knowing that the wind often hauled at noon-time. Before twelve came a draft from the southwest; luck favoured him that day. He let out his mainsail to catch the quartering breeze and rested happy at the tiller. Then the other Ironbound boats made sail and stood in. By their speed he judged them light; they would be home long before him.

The south-west breeze had caught the fog bank half an hour before it touched the sails of the Phoebe, and the fog travelled faster than the boats. Presently the sun sickened, the islands dimmed to a dull grey, and black specks that meant boats were blotted out. Harris took a course on Ironbound before the fog shut out the island, and kept his ears alert for the sound of breakers. The deep-laden Phoebe moved sullenly, his jib flirting from side to side of the stay with a vixenish snap. Now had Harris had a draught of rum, or even pipe and tobacco, he would have been comforted, for stoutest heart is lonely on a

fog-shrouded sea.

Saw

In two hours time he heard the smash of surf, and standing close in and staring eagerly, made out the black form of sou-west gutter rock. He steered west now, hugging the dim black of the cliffy shore and again dared to round West Head inside the Grampus lest he should lose touch with the shore. Then he jibbed and hauled flat and stood for the launch letting out a great hallo. Uriah was at the launch with the oxen, and as his prow took the logs, hooked the wire cable into his stern ring.

"Go easy," yelled Harris, "she's deep."

"I'se hauled out boats while you was yet suckin'," retorted Uriah, starting his Oxen with a mighty "Gee Bright".

"How much do ye hail?" queried Uriah as the boat reached the top of the launch.

"Six quintal," answered Harris proudly. Harve came out and stared in his fish pens.

"Scale fish," said he contemptuously handling the pollock.

"No dey's not scale fish," said Harris. "Dere's a few scatterin' pollocks on top, underneat's all big cod."

7
1

Uriah said ^{nothing} naught to Harris; silence and absence of complaint were ever his loudest praise, but he had a word to say to Percy, George, and Harve in a corner of the fish-house. Harris hailed more that day than the three brothers put together. In all his years on Ironbound, he never had a better day's fishing nor a greater triumph.

- - - - -

When Harris had been fishing a fortnight off Ironbound, the dog fish came and drove in the boats from the Rock

and adjacent banks. It was no good trying for cod when dog fish were about - even Uriah admitted that - they did nothing but tear and tangle lines. Still the boats went out each morning in the hope that the fisherman's pest had vanished; a few trials and they were in early. Harris had hoped for a few afternoons of leisure but that was not part of Uriah's plan who put him to work tanning nets.

About noon on one such day, Percy the great sly one, went to Cow Pasture Hill on the west end to stake out his young bull. When he came to the cliff's edge, and looked down from the height into the green water, he saw that Sheer Net Cove was swarming with herring. They lay by tens of millions on the yellow sand of the cove's bottom. That could not long be kept a secret and he knew that the Fincks had their nets and seines laid in their seine boat, whereas the seine of the Youngs was in the upper loft. If the Youngs started to get out the herring seine, the Fincks would see them, launch first, and get round the fish. He thought for a moment ruffling up his black hair, then ran through the thick spruces on the back of the island, and bending low to escape observation, dashed across bar and sand beach and made his way into the thick woods on the eastern end. Then he came running down the road from the eastern end bellowing, "The herrin', the herrin' are in on the shore in millions."

What a hurry and scramble there was then! Uriah puffed to the loft and tore down the herring seine, down the stairs stamped Harvey with an armful of ropes, grapnels and net buoys; Percy followed with two baskets of sinker rocks; Mather Pearl ran to and fro shouting and waving his arms as he

gathered up equipment with Noble Melville following sullenly in his wake: Harris greased bottoms of seine boats and dories. Do what they could, the Finck boats were off first, and the Fincks deceived by Percy's ruse pulled madly for the eastern end. Only when they were well out of hearing Percy said:

"Quick now, de herrin's in de Sheer Net Cove, and we kin git dere first."

Harvey who excelled in net fishing led the fleet of Young boats around the western end of the island. One man tugged viciously at the oars, and another sat straddling the bows, peering down into the green water, not over three fathom deep, for the edge of the herring school. Young Mather Pearl the most powerful oarsman, pulled the boat in which Harve was the watcher; Harris pulled the second boat with Noble Melville in the bows, and George the weakest oarsman trailed behind with Percy straddling his bows.

"Here are herrin'! Here are herrin'!" Percy and Melville began to shout from the rear boats.

"Not enough yet," bawled Harve from the leading boat. Over the yellow sands the green backed herring raced in schools so thick and opaque that the sea floor was hidden.

"Shoot here, shoot here," yelled Percy in his anxiety to beat the Fincks. "Lot's o' herrin' here, ain't it!"

"Not yet, not yet!" shouted Harvey.

When the boats came to the mouth of the rocky sheer net cove, Harve raised his hand as a signal to shoot. He took his boat close to the breakers, cast over the end of the seine, tying on rock sinkers with a swift and adroit hand as he paid it out, while Mather Pearl the great blonde sharesman, strained

described him earlier

at the oars and tugged the heavy seine boat, heavier now with the drag of the seine, westward to sea. Then at a signal from Harve's hand he made a sharp turn northward to the right, another signal, another sharp turn to the eastward and millions of herring were penned in the cove. The ends of the seine were brought together and tied; now it floated in a great corked circle, the vibrant water within it crowded with herrings, a tumult of blues and greens. At the first rush of the imprisoned fish against the outer twine, the seaward corks went under.

"Quick Harris, quick man, git on de buoys," bawled Harvey, "or de fish will git ober de top."

The seaward head ropes were dragged up on the prows of boats to hold up the seine, till the great white fir-wood buoys could be tied on, and Percy and George ran out moorings and grapnels to north, west and south, to hold the seine against the rush of the tide.

Still in spite of the great fir-wood net buoys, the seaward head ropes dipped under, for the seine twine was now white with great meshed herring; the smaller fry darted through the meshes and to sea again.

"Quick now Harris wid de nets," bawled Harvey. Harris was everyone's slave; everyone called orders to the newest and lowest sharesman. He did not care for this herring fishing where there was little chance for individual action: his great moments were when he was alone on the sea in the Phoebe. As long as the herring were in, he knew the Phoebe would lie dry on the launch.

Over the head-ropes and inside the seine, went dories, and seine boats, and the inside of the seine was circled with a fleet of nets that were drawn into a smaller circle. Mather

write

Pearl, blue eyed viking, hurled in the jigglor, a great stone tied with a rope to pieces of white wood. This he flounced up and down to scare more fish into meshes of net or seine. Noble Melville, the gaunt black-bearded silent sharesman, and Harris darted their spruce oars to the bottom and when they bobbed from the surface like the sword Excalibur, caught them neatly by the handles to drive them down again among the (frightened) fish. Once Noble Melville drove his into deep water and when the oar handle did not reappear in the usual rhythmic time, he peeped over the gunwale to see if his oar blade had caught in a cleft of the rock bottom. Whereupon the oar handle shot out, caught him between the eyes and knocked him flat and half stunned into the bottom of the boat. There was a yell of laughter in which Harris joined. That was a first rate Ironbound joke to be recounted for many a day. Noble Melville rose mopping the blood from his nose, and glared savagely at Harris with his narrow (sinister) eyes. He would show the new sharesman if he could laugh at him, even if he were Uriah's grand nephew.

"Herrin'! Herrin'!" they screamed at one another as if they had never seen a fish before.

"We got two hundred barrels, ain't it?"

"We got five hundred barrels."

"Chuck in dat jigglor."

"Souse her up and down."

"De herrin's not bin in on de shore like dis fur twenty year."

Harris caught the spirit and like the rest became a wild fisherman, intoxicated with the great catch of herring,

bead
beam out
avoid any
implication of
cruelty. You
will have all
hands of readers.

shouting, gesticulating, taking his turn with the heavy gigler, driving down the oars. Presently the Finck boats hove up alongside; the Fincks had taken no fish and eyed the Youngs resentfully though they had not got to the bottom of Percy's ruse.

The inner net, heavy with fat gleaming herring meshed from both sides was hauled now, each end in a separate boat. Harris and Noble Melville in their boat dragged in head rope and foot, and shook the fish into the boat's bottom a half bushel at a time, or tore out those that stuck fast in the twine, with a rending of gills and sometimes the loss of a head. When they strode² from bow to stern now, they waded knee deep in herring. Lower and lower sank seine boat and dories, till only single streaks were clear. When the net is ^{lured} picked, it is again circled within the seine. Outside giant albercore in pursuit of the herring splashed and swirled the waves into foam.

"Bring in de spare boats," bawled Harvey and in they floated over the head ropes.

The little cove in which the Youngs shouted and toiled (unmindful of the beauty about them), was closed to the eastward and partly to the northward and southward, by sheer cliffs of slaty black and iron red rocks, seamed and fish-boned with cracks from some pre-historic fire. The slanting afternoon sun filled these rocks with light and cast deep shadows in the clefts. Above the cliffs, ran in a fine curve, a narrow margin of green turf, crowned with masses of stunted, wind-blown spruces crowding like horses in a gale, tails to the sea wind. The cliff-fallen boulders at the foot, were clad with raw-sienna rock weed, and among these the green sea washed with

Simpler
phrase

a bang and a roar, lashing itself even on this comparatively calm day, into a fury of foam and creamy lather.

In this setting tolled the Viking Youngs and their sharesmen, great shouldered, red faced, clad in yellow oil-pants, shouting, gesticulating, pulling on head ropes, hurling the giggler, darting oars, balancing on thwarts or gunwale (with all the grace of athletes), tearing out shining fish tangled in brown meshes, wild with greed and excitement though they had done this hundreds of times before. Beneath the yellow dories that are down close to the gunwales, the sea patched in green and black, is vibrant with backs of frightened herring racing madly about nets and seine in their effort to escape. Men wade to their knees in fish and work drives them on like a passion.

20 yrs?
p. 28

missed out

Again they hauled the fleet of nets and picked them. The sun is low over Flat Island now, and the boats will carry no more. Reluctantly Harve gave the order to set a fleet of nets about the remnant of the school, and to take up the moorings of the great seine, that they dared not leave over night so close to the shore.

Home they rowed in the twilight, deep-laden seine boat and dories dragging wearily. Urish was waiting at the launch with his oxen to draw out the boats. From him came no word of praise.

"You got to be quick now boys," he cried. "It's Saturday and I neber works on de Lord's Day, me nor my fader before me." And to Harris, "Git a snack and be back quick, dese herrin' got to be dressed by midnight. Quick now, we don't want no loafers on Ironbound." This after he had fished on the Rock before day-break and pulled at a great seine through

a long afternoon.

Repetition

Harris with back and shoulders aching, rushed off to his house, and tore ravenously at a crust of bread and a piece of salt fish. He would show the old man if he was a loafer; in five minutes he was back at the fish-house just as Percy was coming down the road. Uriah was waiting for him, Uriah the King who neither ate nor slept, while fish was on the floor.

"You boys is awful slow. Why in de ole days, me and my brudder George stood on yon beach and gibbed eighty barrels of mackerel, and never stirred from dere from tree one afternoon till sun-down nex' day. Men could work in dem days. Here you Harris, look alive, run dat spare dory down de launch and fill her wid water while I fetches de cattle."

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counter
The beginning

Chapter Three

Repetition

Lanterns hung from the thick brown beams made spots of yellow light, ^{and in ? that} but dimly illuminated the dusty corners of the great fish house, R which Uriah's father, George Young, had built from the wreckage of vessels lost on the Ironbound rocks. In the South-west corner was the salt-bier holding hundreds of bushels of wetted yellow salt taken from the hankers in September; Along the southern side stood row upon row of puncheons packed full of pickled cod, mackerel, and herring, the mackerel and herring to be packed in smaller barrels and carried to the main from time to time, and the cod to be laid on rocks and flakes when the September sun came with heat enough to bake the fish without burning them. On top of the puncheons were piled nets, hand-barrows, trawl buoys, decoys, and lobster pots in a welter of confusion. About the beams and in niches of wall or studding were tucked, hung, or stuck articles of use--cotton gloves, nippers, a coil of cod line, finger stalls and spare splitting knives. In the east end of the room was the big flat salting table runned with a strip of wood and piled high with yellow salt and gleaming split herring. In the middle of the floor made of planks of beech and maple, salvaged from a wrecked ship, still showing the trunnel holes and soaked with brine and ^{fish} blood of seventy years, were big tubs, half puncheons, some filled with sea water for washing the fish, some to catch torn-out milt and roe and some to receive the herring guts, these last to be carried out and spread upon the new-mown timothy land. Fish scales gleamed everywhere, and caught and reflected the light on floor, tub and yellow oil-skin empurpled with blotches of blood.

W
not good
use one
word for
all things

Beneath a swaying lantern in mid-floor, where he could watch and command all sat Uriah, his swift keen knife ripping open the bellies

of herrings, his horny thumb unprotected against sharp bones by glove or stall, tearing out entrails or roe to be thrown into the appropriate tub.

"Dese ain't de fish dat was here in April; dese is he fish mostly dey's full o' milt." He kept up a conversation to make the boys forget their weariness and to drive them on to work.

"My body is good but my legs is gone," said he in apology for sitting on a box. "But I kin still split fish wid ere a man ^o Me and my brudder George stood on yon beach and split eighty barrels o' mackerel from tree one afternoon 'till sun down nex' day, and never stirred nor eat 'cept when de women folks stuck a piece o' bread in our mouf. Dere ain't no men kin work so now days, ain't it!"

"Men's jus' as good now days fader, but times is changed," growled Harve from the salting table.

"Jash as good, is it?" jeered the old man, "And here's dis crew wonderin' if dey kin gib fifty barrels o' herrin' 'fore midnight."

Uriah, the King, a man of seventy, had a short grizzled beard and always wore a battered straw hat above his squat figure clad in yellow oilskins and rubber boots. His right eye drooped and the right corner of his mouth twitched upward slightly, suggesting that some day he had or would suffer from a stroke of paralysis. He was rich, avaricious and had a passion for work; he slept little, was tireless, and drove every one before him. He ripped open fish with lightning darts of his swift knife and tore out guts with remorseless hand.

"Jus' as good is it! Jus' as good is it! I'd a liked to seen you boys keep yore 'ead up when me and my brudder George was young men," he jeered.

"Ain't it George?" yelled Uriah for George was deaf.

7. 2nd

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31

Garner

Trute

"Ay, so it be Ury," answered old George though he had heard never a word of the preceding conversation.

cl n. 4

George, the old dotard worn out with seventy years of incessant labor, sat in a dim corner gibbing feebly. His head bobbed to and fro as he split, a perpetual fond smile was on his face (and saliva drouled from the corner of his mouth.) Only the shadow of a man, worn out with labour and still working for the habit of work remained.

Percy, Uriah's son, and Noble Melville, the gaunt black sharesman, emerged from the darkness lugging a barrow piled up with herrings and dumped them with a smack on the soaked floor to add to the great slithering pile already there.

w

"More work for de women and old men," said Percy gaily. Uriah snorted and began, "When me and my brudder George----"

3

But Percy waited not to hear; he was always in a hurry; he never walked, he ran. He was avaricious and loved money like his father, and was already the slave of labor. He hustled Noble Milville out into the darkness again to fetch water from the drawn up dory for the washing tubs. Percy was a huge fellow with broad shoulders, and slim hips and legs; he had a hawk nose, brick red face and piercing blue eyes. He was clad like the others in yellow oil skins, long boots and sou'-wester. His nostrils were well-cut up on the side and his face had somehow a strange Turkish or oriental caste. Uriah had married a Levy from Little Tancook and the Levys time out o' mind baptists, had once been German Jews, though none knew what had converted them unless it was the weariness of the sea. Percy was a money maker, a shrewd bargainer, who peddled cabbages and mackerel through the streets of Lunenburg when there was no sale on the wharves; he kept the wooden box into which the Youngs put their common earnings to be divided at the end of each two months with

Sept. 13

good much acrimony and distrust. He darted to and fro in the spotty light, sousing the split herrings in the washing tub, transferring them to the second tub or scooping them out in a great dip net to carry them and *good* smack them down on Harvey's salting table. While he kept up a line of foolish chatter his thoughts ran thus:

"Fifty barrels at six dollars a barrel is three hundred dollars and a fifth part of that will be mine, and I'll put it in the bank with the rest. Thirty dollars more for me, and some day next autumn I'll go to the bank in Lunenburg and get the cash-man to count it all over for me and tell me again it's all there. What fun it must be to work in a bank and handle beautiful money all day long!"

It was a Saturday night and Uriah knew in his heart that they could not gib the fifty barrels of herring before midnight.

"Me and my brudder George nor my fader before us never worked on de Lord's day" he said to spur them on.

"Did we, George?" he yelled.

"Dat's a fac', dat's a fac'" babbled the old dotard. *Phrases. ep 3*

fine Uriah's thoughts however were as follows: "Three hundred dollars for this lot; what a pity tomorrow's Sunday! If the least sea gets up the herring will go off in deep water and we'll have to use sunk nets. My boys are tough, they don't need any day of rest and they can't shoot the seine till broad day-light on Monday for you can't see a herring on the bottom till two hours after sun-up. The Lord should give me a big jewel in my crown for laying this crew off tomorrow. Three hundred dollars gone!" and he groaned inwardly.

Uriah's wife, the Levy from little Tancook, sat in a darkened corner gibbing silently. She was a big woman with a placid face, who had endured many hardships with fortitude. She had borne fourteen children

X
The idea is here but
not the phrasing

*Dreams
sounded
right.*

to Uriah, but eight of them had died at birth for when the fish came plentifully she worked every night in the fish house or toiled in potato and cabbage patches even when her time was approaching. Everyone must work on Uriah's island from long before sun-rise to dark. She listened not at all to the babble of conversation; she had heard it all before in a hundred variations and understood Uriah's drift. She sat thinking of the time when she was a little girl, of her grandfather's long gray beard and of a great black book with curious printing he used to read in. She thought too of the time when she had first seen Uriah as her father's boat passed close to his in the ships channel between Big and Little Tan-cook and how he came soon after to court her on Sundays. She had been proud to be courted by the best fisherman on the whole coast; then Uriah was young and daring and a wonder in a boat, now he never ventured on the sea.

I wondered what happened to him. Get him into the

Near her were two of her daughters, Annie and Mable, girls still in their teens drafted into this forced labor. The herring must not spoil or go soft though men and women wore themselves out. They chattered and giggled to themselves and cast eyes at Harris, the new ragged sharesman, who working like a trojan, sat with downcast glance listening to all and saying never a word. His shoulders ached, his hands bled from deep cracks for all the week before he had fished with squid bait, but he squatted on his heels near the herring pile working furiously and disdaining a seat as if he were a man of iron.

proprietor of the island + keep him there. You're no fish steamer,

Fanny, the potato girl, and Mather Pearl, the blonde Viking, kept up a continual banter. Mather was obscene in his remarks when he was sure Uriah and his wife were not listening. Fanny slept in the loft with the sharesmen since there was no other place to sleep, and Mather was often the companion of her bed. In fact Fanny refused none of the great sharesmen, though Mather was her favourite, her only proviso being that they

just a damn fisherman.

washed themselves and put on a clean shirt before coming to her. Fanny was pretty, of moderate height and stoutly built; she had yellow hair, blue eyes and a kindly placid face. As she threw back to Mather Pearl some chat none too proper, her white teeth flashed in a pleasant smile. Harris looked shyly at her with wonder. As yet he knew nothing of women except Jennie Run-over and the trollops she had kept in her house on Tan-cook. He kept on glancing at Fanny out of the corners of his slitty eyes and found pleasure in her beauty. Mable caught his side-long glances and nudged Annie and giggled.

Fanny was certainly a fine creature but her morals were those of the birds. She came from Tan-cook to hoe Uriah's cabbages and potatoes since the men had no time to work about gardens. Moreover, gardening was distinctly woman's work. All day long she hoed in the field and gave a hand at night in the fish house as did all the island women when a run of fish came. She trudged home from the fields in the late afternoon, hoe over her shoulder, whistling blithely. Before supper she always went to the beach, stripped and washed herself--little cared she if the men peeked--and put on a clean skirt and a fresh dress of blue and white in tiny cheques. Her dresses, scrupulously washed and ironed, were kept in her father's sea chest in the loft by her bed. In the midst of all the dirt, stench and disorder, she had an instinct, well nigh a passion for tidiness. In another setting she could have borne herself with the greatest lady in the land. She was great hearted and could not bear to refuse a strong fisherman half crazed with lonely passion. When the women talked to her and said: "A little of that's all right may be when you're young but if you keeps on you'll never git a man," she used to reply, "We was made for the good of men and men is going to have me." If Uriah and his wife, she thought, cared so much for morals why had they put her and Leah Levy to sleep in the loft with the sharesmen?

Interesting. How would
 admit as this so far. Why not handle up to it?

You've got something here, but sympathy and reward it. Please it
 you've got something with the facts

X

Sure enough, she never got a man, but she bore three daughters that grew into stout lasses, knowing no more than Fanny who were their fathers Mather used to say in after years, "I tink de pretty one wid de yaller hair mus' be mine, but de dark ugly one favours Noble Milville." Fanny saved her pennies and looked after herself and when she was too old to work, bought a little white cottage in Lunenberg. When she was very old and felt herself at the point of death she sent for her three daughters but they refused to come. They had all married and were ashamed of their mother. One morning the neighbors found her dead in her clean valanced bed, smiling bravely, even in death, upon the world.

fine

But that is going far ahead of the story, for Fanny who bickered with Mather Pearl that night in the fish house was only a wild gay girl of eighteen. She wore, like the others, oil-skins spattered with herring blood and a sou-wester to protect her yellow hair.

The stench, a strange mixture of odors from garry tubs, ancient fish heads, lobster shells, wetted salt and gore-drenched floor almost intolerable to a stranger, was hardly noticed by these (tough) Ironbounders. Smells, noxious or pleasant, are like everything else, relative--there is a fine from a delicate perfume to an ugly stench--and matters of habit and custom. As a matter of fact, the crafty old King Uriah was thinking, as his knife flashed in and out and his facile thumb gouged the bellies of herrings:

"De ren's comin' due dis quarter on my house in Lunenberg. Dat'll make more money, go in the bank. What's dat fool woman mean by wantin' a back-house off de kitchen? She mus' be crazy! Does she want to stink up de whole place. Dey don't need no back house any how. Why can't dey go on de beach like us?"

not so much thinking. Had these things come out in the scene + last of the action, the week.

Harve at the salting table, a great shouldered giant like Percy,

Should say so. It's my guess story telling. Same like + make her in the story. Tell us her head at the end.

X

These points of explanation should come earlier. Otherwise they hold up your story & require re-adjustment on the part of the reader. Get your explanatory points over with + then get into the full passion + power of your story.

kept seizing a split herring in each hand and pushing them together through the salt pile 'till their bellies were crammed with salt. Then he laid the fish in piles and when the piles grew greater packed them in a puncheon.

("Quick Harris boy, more salt," he cried wishing to show his authority

"Quick now, look alive; we ain't got all night." Harve was the oldest of the Young boys, but Percy was the natural leader, a driver, the joy of his father, though for some strange reason Uriah loved George, the youngest boy best of all.)

Harris at Harve's call stuck his knife in a strip of studding, darted for the salt bin and emerged in a moment with a bushel basket heaped with salt which he carried swiftly across the room and dumped on the salting table. Then he was back at his place in a flash, splitting, splitting, flashing his knife in and out, gouging out entrails with his thumb and fingers, his back and shoulders well nigh numb with fatigue. No one gibbed more herring than Harris that night. He would work 'till he dropped dead, he resolved before an Ironbound Young should see he was tired.

No.

Keep to one period of action. Don't break your interest by slipping from one center to another.

Uriah did not like Harve for a number of reasons. In the first place Harve had never married while Percy and George had buxom wives both present splitting fish, who had born them several children. Moreover, Harve argued with the King and worse than that he had lost money for him. Ten years earlier Harve had had one grand adventure; he had gone west with the harvesters. Uriah perhaps resented the fact that Harve or anyone else should dare to leave his kingdom of Ironbound, should even dare to prefer any other place to his kingdom more than the loss of his money. In the west, some crafty real estate man had shown the grasping Harve how to treble his money quickly. He-was-net-a. It was such a sure thing that Harvey had written to Uriah to send him a thousand dollars meaning to pay the old man well and keep a snug commission for himself. Then land went

Good

Keep to one period of action. Don't break your interest by slipping from one center to another.

flat, Harve lost everything and in a year or two straggled home by hard stages. Before his departure he had kept the money box, but on his return he had found Percy ensconced as banker. In his heart he feared and hated the sea and dreaded rough foggy mornings near the Rock; he was a farmer by instinct, happiest when he drove his slow yoke of oxen afield to bring in the hay or to haul a load of sea-dung from the beaches. In spite of Uriah's jibes, his boat was always the last off the launch of a morning, and the first in if a wind got up or a fog shut out the islands. He could read and write and knew more of the outside world than any man on Ironbound. By nature, however, he was envious and argumentative, and in recent years had developed through reading the Old Testament a curious anti-religious tendency that angered Uriah, whose heart was set on acquiring all the money he could on earth, and insuring a crown of glory for the future. As a matter of fact, as Harve stood under the yellow glow of his swinging lantern, his hands flying to and fro as he pushed salt into the bellies of herrings, he was thinking:

*Ym's Church in's ...
 Religion. Do you mean that
 in rebellion? Or was he ...
 ...*

*Again. Your story is standing still. Have these things
 come out in conflict.*

"If I had e'er a wife and kids, I wouldn't have dat Ole Testament round de house. It's full o' tales o' concubines and kept women and old whorin' stories. Why, if e'er a child o' mine brung home a book, wid stories like dat in it, I'd burn de book and whip de child."

Strangely enough, Uriah, as if conscious of Harve's thought, stood off on a theological tack. He often got the boys stirred up over a religious discussion towards eleven of a heavy evening.

"Ain't Egypt to de eastward o' de Promised Land, Harve?"

"Dat it is, fader, from de maps in de books," replied Harve, wondering what his father was driving at. Harve did not know

that Uriah's wife had been reading to him the night before of the captivity of the Children of Israel.

"I tought so."

"Why you tought so, fader?"

"Cause I does," said Uriah, wishing to prolong the mystery. As a matter of fact he was very proud of having thought out this particular bit of exegesis. "Cause I does from meditating on de captivity o' de Children o' Israel."

"And what might ye o' bin tinkin' and what's it got to do wid Egypt bein' to de eastward o' de Promised Land?"

"Well, don't de good Book say de Children o' Israel went down into Egypt, and don't we say go down to de eastward to Halifax, and up to de westward to Lunenburg."

"Dat up an' down don't mean nuttin'," muttered Harve.

"It do, it do," shrilled Uriah.

"De folks on de Tancocks, dey says up to de eastward and down to de westward. Don't dey, Mather?"

Mather deep in an undertoned amorous conversation with Fanny and unaware of the general drift of the argument, bellowed in his booming voice,

"Us Tancookers says down to de bottom o' de sea."

Then he laughed his great laugh to think how cleverly he had avoided partisanship, for he liked neither Uriah nor Harve and went on with his story to Fanny which related one of his adventures at Jennie Run-over's.

"De Tancookers is wrong about eberyting," shouted Uriah. "Dey don't know how to work. Why me and my brudder George when we was young men. . . ." and then suddenly recalling that the argument was theological and his pet down east theory, "Us here on Ironbound

says down to de eastard, just like de good book says."

"Dat up and down 's child's talk," retorted Harve stubbornly.

Noble Melville the gaunt iron-gray sharesman, stood erect, split his fish viciously and looked about him with scorn and hatred. His heart was black with hate that night. He hated Mather with his horse laugh and great booming voice because he was monopolizing Fanny, and because he was Fanny's favourite. Too seldom he himself got Fanny's favours. He hated Uriah who drove him desperately to work, Percy his father's second, and Harve who grumbled at the salting table. He despised the women because they made him a matter of jest. He hated Harris Young the new sharesman because he was Uriah's grand nephew, and because in the boat that day he had dared to laugh when the car bobbed out and caught him between the eyes. "I'll take it out on that young bugger," he thought viciously. Both his eyes were blackened, his nose swollen to twice its normal size and his evil temper was not sweetened by the fact that May nudged Mabel and giggled whenever she glanced his way.

Harris in obedience to a swift flung order, stepped out into the darkness to fetch buckets of water from drawn-up dory to replenish Percy's washing tubs. Noble Melville slipped out after him, barged against him in the darkness and upset him and his buckets over a tub of old gurry. Harris groaned as the edge of the tub caught him in the ribs but by the time he had picked himself up and found a stick, Noble Melville was back at his splitting table gibbing herring, with a gleam of sardonic pleasure in his sinister eyes. Harris dared not start a fight in the fish house, so he filled his buckets with water, carried them in and emptied them in te washing tubs with never a word. But he thought: "I'll bide my time, Noble Melville. You'll pay for that push. I can't lick you

You're depicting the emotion of the story here. What's wrong with it? Can't you intensify more of the story.

X

yet but wait till I git feed up and set."

A few mornings later when Noble Melville pushed off his boat in the dark and tried to hoist his sail, the halliards kept slipping through his hands and when day broke, he found they had been greased from end to end with the rottenest of fish gurry, as his nostrils had made him suspect on the first encounter. (But it was not until a year and a half later that Harris met his mortal foe one twilight at the head of the launch and engaged in deadly combat to pay off a long score of cumulative insults. Had the ubiquitous Uriah not caught sight of them as they rolled in a death grapple under the logs of the launch, he would have been short a sharesman on Ironbound and that probably a gaunt and black one.)

Snip, snip went the flashing knives, splash fell the flung entrails into the tubs, the swaying lanterns flickered wearily, eyes drooped and backs sagged. It was midnight though no one dared look at watch or clock and still huge piles of herring gleamed on the floor. Even now some were soft and had to be flung aside. Uriah would not work on the Lord's day, if anyone told him the Lord's day was come. There must be no talk of time.

"Speak us a piece, Mather, speak us one ye made yer own self," cried Percy.

This was long before Mather had made the ballad on Percy in which he referred to him as mud-rat Percy; that was the outcome of a quarrel not yet born. Mather was a great teller of tales and reciter, his favourite piece being "Jockey Joe" and he was as well a famous maker of ballads. Nothing loath he began now in his great voice to recite one he had made against Israel Slaughenwhite at the instigation of his cousin Dennis Pearl who had been publicly insulted by Israel. Mather boasted that this ballad had become so popular

*Anticipation of your
But this is not
in part 11
Along:
The right place
your by design. It
means the little*

with the Tancookers that it had driven Israel off the island.

"Oh Lord above! poor Israel cried,
 As he humbly knelt at Sophia's side,
 Oh Lord! look down and hear my prayers,
 And cut off Gabe and all his heirs;
 And save the land old Jake has given
 To Tim and me and Liza Jim.
 Again he prayed to His Majesty,
 Oh, keep me safe on life's rough sea,
 And Keep my loving Sophie pure,
 And guard her from the tempter's lure.
 But the ballie rot and a pocky tw-t
 Was the only answer Israel got.
 Again he prayed, he prayed in vain,
 He prayed like one who prays for rain,
 He prayed and prayed till his knees was sore,
 He prayed till he vowed he'd pray no more.
 He vowed that he no more would pray,
 Till Gabe and Jake was took away,
 And the land give back to him and Jim,
 And a deed of the house to Liza Jim.
 And then he'd pray with all his might,
 To the Lord who doeth all things right.
 But until his heavenly prayer was heard,
 In prayer no more, he'd utter a word."

*Can you get the roughest most archaic
 form of this ballad? It sounds as if
 it had been re-worked. Keep it in
 character with the rough cruise man
 who composed it.*

*seems literary
 write it out*

Uriah shook his head gravely at the obscene parts but enjoyed the slander just the same.

"It's a gif', it's a gif'," said the old King, his open left eye twinkling. "Now Mather boy, if ye could only fish as

Jim

good as ye kin make verses, ye'd be a great sharesman."

Mather laughed his great laugh. "I keep's my end up. I don't try to pull and haul my heart out like dat new Harris boy, I enjoy's life, I does," and he winked amorously at Fanny.

Harris listened to the ballad open mouthed, He knew all about the Slaughenwhites and their fight with Dennis Pearl and had heard the ballad chanted by the fishermen, but it became a new thing in the mouth of the maker. It was astonishing to him that anyone should have such learning and be able to string words together so that they bobbed in time like the corks on nets head rope in a gentle sea. Young Mather got his brains and gift from his father Old Mather Pearl, philosopher, wise man and keeper of the light.

"Young Mather'll be a mighty man and a wise one, too," thought Harris. "I'se'll stick close to him." He remembered now that the folks on Tancook said of old Mather, "He's nigh crazy but wise, he sits out on de cliffs and talks to de sea and de moonlight." Wise man, yes he was! to him he owed his foot-hold on Ironbound.

It was long after midnight: no one spoke of time. Percy and Noble Melville still lugged in barrows of herring and dumped them in slithering piles. Uriah told the story of the "Footless Nigger" that haunted the field below Ironbound light and of the unseen force that had three times pushed him off the path into the tall timothy and when these tales failed to hold their interest, tried to involve them in an argument about the advantages of Ironbound as compared with the Main. But no one responded, even the blonde Viking, Mather Pearl, flagged. Percy still ran from salt bin to washing tubs but he was silent as he ran.

Then in the midst of all this weariness and disorder of work without end, when the flickering lanterns cast but a wearied

Good

why?

Have him tell it.

Let's have the real thing. Their conversation would be interesting.

tie it up with in story.

light on the ~~oil-skin~~ oilskin-clad blood-bespattered figures bent with fatigue and glittered feebly on knives that flashed in and out and on the hateful piles of fish that never seemed to diminish, in the midst of all the dirt and confusion and stench, with an accompaniment of the north-east night wind that hummed about the eaves and the rhythmic mutter of the surf that alone was tireless, Fanny the potato girl, despised and rejected by the women of Ironbound, Fanny who slept in the loft with the sharesmen and who had the morals of the birds, lifted up her voice and sang in a sweet clear treble:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
 And by faith we can see it afar;
 For the Father waits over the way
 To prepare us a dwelling place there."

One by one the tired islanders joined in:

"In the sweet," said Fanny.

"In the sweet," boomed Mather Pearl's great bass.

"Bye and bye," rang alto and soprano.

"Bye and bye," answered bass and tenor.

"We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

All were in accord now and forgetting their weariness, except Noble Melville who scowled darkly about and Harvey who thought, "I don't want to meet on no beautiful shore". Like John on the Isle of Patmos (he sighed for a place where there should be no sea.

Harris was too shy to sing at first though he knew both tune and words of the ancient hymn but bending his head to escape observation he made the words with his lips and swayed his head in time with the others. But when Fanny came to:

"To our bountiful Father above,
 We will render a tribute of praise
 For the glorious gift of His love
 And the blessings that hallow our days."

Harris with an eye upon May and Mabel who might laugh at him, joined in

*but was
 SW. P. 6*

X

o.k. but was out in action

more boldly. As he sang he felt rested and refreshed. Through to the end they carried the hymn and then repeated it over and over.

Sometime after two, Uriah threw down his splitting knife. "Put de res' in pickle. It mus' be gettin' on fur midnight; me, nor my fader before me, ne'er worked on de Lord's day and I won't begin now. Put de res' in pickle and all hands to bed, says I."

Off they all staggered except Harris who was ordered to remain and help the tireless Percy scoop heaps of unsplit herring into pickle tubs. That last labour over he too dragged weary staggering legs along the pathway to his house where he threw himself on the kitchen couch and pulled sacking over head and feet. For a moment as he lay there, he regretted that he had left Tancock, a place of poverty but comparative ease, for this hell of driving work; in the next moment he was in a sleep like death.

Rise to this.

You've got some good material here. But the story stands still. I've indicated in my notes on the various pages just how you might get more action, plot into your narrative. After you've got your forces aligned one another, let them go to it. And don't lose the interest of your central character. Keep him central & at the points where the opposite forces meet. Let him act. Let him have trouble & try to get out of it. Let him be up against something. As it is, he's just working hard physically. You don't feel he'll be ruined if he quits.

CHAPTER FOUR

The level sun streaming through the eastern window shone on his face, and the strange warmth woke him with a sudden start. He was on his feet in a second; it was broad day-light; his heart was in his boots, the Young boats were long since near the Rock. Then he remembered that it was Sunday and sat down with a smile and a sigh of relief. "Tank de Lord fur Sundays," he muttered. Then he stirred himself and built up the fire to make himself some tea, but when Anapest saw his smoke she came to her kitchen door and called: "Come over, come over Harris." She was the mortal enemy of Uriah and all his tribe but a friend to the lonely boy.

"You'll be needin' some real food arter a day and night like dat," and she sat him down to a great island of oatmeal porridge in a sea of rich creamy milk. Anapest knew that Uriah was trying to break with labour this boy who of necessity fed himself badly and she ^{was} moved to supply Harris with good food once in a while not only because of the goodness of her heart but because she wished to circumvent the old tyrant.

The Finck boys who had had no catch of herring, lounged sullenly about the kitchen in their clean underclothes.

"How come Perc Young come down from de eastern end yesterday?" queried Willis Finck. "He were stakin' out his bull I guess," answered Harris. "An' de bull's staked on Cow Pasture hill; I seed him dere last evenin'. How come he runned from de eastern end wid de news o' herrin'?"

"I don't keep no count ef o' Percy's movements,"

Keep
Point of view
uniform in
one of the
of story.

it has not
So appeared.
Here is a kind
of conflict

Repetition

trite

said Harris, squirming uneasily. He made up his mind the Fincks would not pump him.

"It's God dam queer, dat is," said Eddie.

Still Percy's ruse had not penetrated their thick heads though Harris felt they were periously near and resolved to eat all he could before the Fincks put him out. He made havoc with a high piled plate of thick brown toast and washed down Anapest's fresh scrambled eggs with three mugs of hot coffee. X

He rose from the table a new man and with a humble, "Tank you, Aunt Anapest, you'se de only frien' I got, " went out quickly before the Finck boys quizzed him further. He re-crossed the fields, entered his own house, lay down again and slept intermittently till four in the afternoon, when he yawned, stretched, yawned again and then sat up really rested and re-freshed with the wonderful resilience of youth.

He stripped, washed himself in his tin basin and wished for clean Sunday clothes such as other men put on. He had none and had to take it out in wishing. Some day, he resolved, he would acquire everything the others had and a great deal besides. He was in good heart after his long sleep and Anapest's food and felt he could endure any task Uriah might put upon him.

He pulled on ragged trousers and frayed shirt and strolled out in the warm afternoon air to walk around the back of the island. He crossed the low bar, climbed the cliff and on the cliff's edge lay down on the thick matting of crowberry through which spikes of cranberries pushed their pink petals. From this (vantage) point he could look southward to the (infinite) rim of the sea and survey the (whole) panorama of broad bay scattered islands and the dim headlands of the mainland. Though the ground swell

Keeps to his mind.

repetition
smashed in at the cliff's foot the sea was comparatively calm and he saw that the herrings were still in the coves for in the deeper water he marked the swirl and splash of albercore that had followed the fish in. That meant that tomorrow would be another day of toil; well let it come, at any rate they would do no line fishing but shoot the seine soon after sunrise and get through most of their gibbing by late afternoon or early evening.

From his rocky height he looked in leisurely fashion over the rich kingdom of Ironbound where from land loaded with sea dung and fish entrails hay, potatoes, strawberries and vegetables of all kinds grew in profusion. The island, oblong or rather elliptic in shape, was but a mile long and perhaps a half mile wide in its widest part and consisted of two rounded spruce-clad knolls at eastern and western ends with a cleft between them. In the northern end of this cleft or rather broad shallow valley stood the fish-houses and dwellings of Youngs and Fincks. Throughout the valley from sea to sea were high fields of Timothy and rich garden plots of growing potatoes and cabbages. Two of the hills on the western end were cleared and turned into hayfields and named respectively Crook's Hill and Wieson's Hill after two old pioneers who had broken their hearts in the clearing and gone back to the main-land bent old men defeated by cold, hardship and the savage sea. In rough weather when winter seas broke on the southern bar spray and blown spume flew clear across the valley, at its narrowest point only a quarter of a mile from southern to northern sea. Always the sea snarled and gnawed at the bar.

"Someday," thought Harris, as he lay on the cliff's brink, "she'll wash through and den dere'll be two little islands

W?
in place of o' one, and someday maybe she'll wash de whole ting away and de chart'll be marked, tree fadom, dangerous fer fur mariners." Dimly he grappled for a moment with nature's fierce and contemporary desire to create and destroy.

Far off to the eastward he could see the dark looming cliffs of Aspatogen part of the main, to the north the masses of Big and Little Tancook - Big Tancook shaped like a half-submerged whale - and the blue ship channel between them on which the afternoon sun glittered. By straining his eyes he could even catch through the gap of Tancook a dim flitting glimpse of Quaker Island light. To the westward were stretched out for him Big and Little Duck, Flat Island, the Raggeds and very dimly Cross Island, marked by its pillar of white light-house. To the southward was the flat sea, the only speck upon it Green Island where old Mather Pearl lived alone and kept the light. It was the last outpost, and like Ironbound was a mass of upheaved, twisted rock over which was spread a thin matting of turf and grass.

Stony
Harris wondered as he lay there, what had made all these islands - there were some three hundred of them scattered about the bay - and why and how they had been made. Certainly they were not perfectly made for fishermen since in the sea between them were many treacherous shoals; even on this calm day the Bull snorted to the eastward, the Grampus showed a bone in its teeth, and the Rock sent up from time to time a curtain of white spray. Only last September Ed Swim and Morehouse Young had run their boat over the Grampus in a fog, swamped her and lost their lives. He had heard of the omnipotent God who created the world and punished those who disobeyed his laws. Why had he not made the

world a perfect, happy place he wondered. For it was not perfect and he could not get the idea out of his head that dreaded shoals had once been smiling islands and that these sunny islands around him would one day be ugly reefs cutting the top off the breakers.

He was vaguely conscious of a force beating beneath him, perhaps the rhythmic impulse of the sea at the cliff's foot and of the unending restlessness of the sea. It seemed to him that God and the Devil were in a gigantic struggle, the one building up islands and continents for men to live on, the other personified by the sea, growling, roaring, gnawing to tear down what God had made. He had heard the old men tell how much the sea had encroached on the islands in their life-times. Yes, the Devil was in the sea destroying islands and mainland. Sometimes he seemed calm or asleep on a sunny, windless day, but you had to watch him, for he sprang at you treacherously out of a fog bank, or in a dead calm sent a sudden roller against you to swamp your boat low down with fish. And the Devil seemed stronger than God! How could that be? He must ask old Mather Pearl.

Were the islands made, he wondered, when the sea washed away soft parts of the main or had they popped up suddenly from the sea floor expelled by some earth force. Certainly all the twisted cliffs around him that now stood slanting and on end looked as if they had been laid down once in flat layers. If the rocks had popped up from the sea floor, how had trees and flowers and grass got on the islands. Perhaps the sea wind had blown some fine sand dust into a rock crevice and into this a sea bird had by accident dropped a seed, or perhaps a high wind had blown seeds from the main. He had often seen thistle down twirling its light parachute far out at sea. Then a plant had grown

its light parachute far out at sea. Then a plant had grown and spread its seeds and rotted and more plants had grown and fine sand had tangled in their roots. But what a long time it would take to make even as much soil as there was on Ironbound! Ages and ages!

Jennie Run-over when maudlin with drink had sometimes talked to him of God the great lover of men. Why he wondered, if men were His children and he truly loved them had he made things so rough and hard. Why had He made sharks, dog-fish and albercore that played havoc with the nets and in one night sometimes destroyed more than a man could earn in a month? Why didn't he stop that treacherous Devil in the sea, that sent stout boats to the bottom and ~~fee~~ forever ate up the land He had made? On Tancook more than half the women were widows and the little children ran half wild, half clad and half fed. Why was Uriah so hard, and why did the Ironbound Youngs kill themselves with labour to get money when they had plenty already? He knew why he wanted money; to repair and paint his house, to get himself some clothes and gear, to buy himself a fast, stout boat, every timber his very own - Ezra Goudy the best builder in all the islands, should make her - to buy some day a fiddle and learn ~~tey~~ play jigs on it like Cutter Westhaver, and above all to escape slavery. For he realized that he had always been a slave and that he was still a slave driven to and fro at every man's beck and call. Wait till he got some money! Perhaps he could build his own launch and fish from his own fish-house.

So he lay on the matting of soft crowberry and dreamed and rested, thanking the good God for the Sabbath till the sun's disk touched the rim of the Aspotogan cliffs, and twilight came softly and the light on Green Island began to wink. Old Mather Pearl had trimmed and lit his lamp and it repeated over and over,

five seconds flash, five seconds occult, five seconds flash, five seconds occult, twenty-one seconds flash, nineteen seconds occult, saying to mariners on the high seas: "I am Green Island light, I warn you from the Rock, the Grampus and the Bull; keep well to the eastward of me if you want to make Chester by the inside passage, or well to the westward of me if you want the ship's channel between the Tancooks to Mahone Bay; after you leave me you will pick up the fixed lights on Ironbound and Quaker that will guide you to safety."

It seemed to Harris that the light was marking off time; a complete revolution meant a minute. There another minute gone, and how am I changed or how am I better off than I was a minute ago. I am one minute nearer to being dead and I am still Uriah's sharesman. Time never stood still but flowed by him like the tide through sou-west gutter. Only the tide ebbed and flowed while time had always flowed in one direction from somewhere and must always flow into a limitless future. It was like space, bigger than the sea stretching out in all directions without limits. Could the world be round he thought the coloured man on the banker who taught him to steer had told him so. How could water stick to a round ball and why didn't it drop off the under side? Certainly it looked flat enough though when he thought a while, he remembered that on very clear days he had seen the upper spars of vessels that were still hull down. Yes, there must be some curve even to the surface of the sea. When the stars peeped out Harris lay on his back and looked on them. He had lived so much alone that he had learned to look and wonder. He marvelled at their multitude as the night grew darker and saw that some twinkled and some shone copper red. Stars were useful things to steer

a vessel by, you could hold one star on the rigging and keep her on her course and how could fishermen get on without the north star and the dipper. God must have stuck them in the sky, but surely there wasn't any need for so many stars to light the earth, especially those sprinkled like sifted flour across the middle belt of the heavens.

Day birds that had wheeled round his height - he knew them all from the great gannet to the flitting checker-back - now settled on rock or wave and their places were taken by Carey and night hawk, island birds of the darkness. After a while he stirred, stretched himself and started homeward rested, refreshed and braced for the morrow's work. He knew that he could do any labour the great Youngs could do and accomplish any labour Uriah put upon him.

- - - - -

The herring stayed on the shore for three weeks. Never had the Ironbounders made such a catch; every puncheon in the fish-house was full and Uriah insisted on filling as well two old whalers and a dory that when soaked up for a day in the sea were still ^{tight} high enough to hold pickle. In the last ten days of the herring's stay, the old King ruled that the hay must be got. Uriah cut fifty tons in the rich valley and upland fields that he loaded down in autumn with fish heads, entrails and rolled kelp. Every morning of those last ten days Percy, George, young Mather and Harris soon after daybreak shot the seine and encircled a school of herring, while Harve and Noble Melville drove ringing scythes into the tall over-ripe timothy already becoming a little woody in the stem. By noon when the fishermen were in with deep laden boats the farmers had made

You've kept pretty closely to the story as I see writing. Any only criticism is that your story is slow moving.

work enough for them. The women turned the hay and raked it up in windrows and the men gibbed fish till four in the afternoon and then rushed to the fields to haul in five or six great loads of hay cut the day before. There was little time for the fog bank usually rolled in before seven. Everything was done in a rush; everyone drove and hustled everyone else. In a rush the hay was pitched on the carts, in a rush it was pitched off and stowed in the mows. Uriah, the general, was everywhere. Hay must go in, come sunshine or fog though it steamed and heated in the mows for it was within the range of possibility that a summer month might go by on Ironbound without a drying sun. Old Mather Pearl used to say that he had seen Uriah making hay in his oil-skins. One terrible afternoon after a heavy catch of herring they hauled in seven loads on the creaking wains and stowed them in the old man's barn. After a hasty snack of supper that night men and women were back in the fish-house gibbing furiously in the swaying light of the dim lanterns.

Harris almost broken with toil prayed to the Lord who sent the Sabbath and gave the guiding stars that the herring fishing might stop so that he might again take the Phoebe and be his own master at line fishing. When the hay was almost garnered, his prayer was answered; a summer storm came with big rollers and the herring were driven off into deep water. Even the giant sons of Uriah heaved sighs of relief though Uriah himself grumbled at their lack of industry though every puncheon, dory and spare boat was piled high with salted fish for he could not bear the thought of letting anything escape him. Had all the fish in the sea been laid on the floor of his fish-house he would have been still unsatisfied but would have set about praying

Can't you rise to this? Assurances to the Lord, the longing for the liberation - relief.

the Lord to create more so that his sons might catch them.

A flowing chapter
altho the story was not new.
There is a compelling sincerity about your
work that is greatly impressive.

You must try to make more of these hints
of narrative (I've pointed to one or two).
Let your back ground be incidental.
You must be much of description,
meditation, reflection; whereas,

most of your readers will want to
know more about the people, &
decide by more about "what
happens next."

Chapter Five.

When Harris was twenty-four and had been six years on Ironbound, he was still Uriah's sharesman. Things had changed but little. Age could not wither Uriah who was as active and driving as ever. True, his beys- legs had weakened a little each year and bowed a little further outward at the knees but when he sat on his box to slit open herring or mackerel his hands flew as fast as ever. Every night as the sun touched the western horizon he trudged, come sunshine, fog or snow to light the fixed light on the cliffs of Ironbound and he was never happier than when he sat down to mend net or seine torn and tangled by dog-fish or albercore. He kept all the gear in repair for the boys. He was too old to go fishing. "De boat ~~ta~~ rutches my legs too much," he used to say. Every year his bank account had grown and as he moved through the live long day from one labour to another he derived enormous pleasure from meditating upon and gloating over his wealth. The tenant in Lunenburg had given him endless trouble but at last to quiet her clacking tongue and stop her endless letters, he had allowed her a toilet off the kitchen though he lectured daily in the fish-house on how such an arrangement was bound to stink up the food.

Percy still ran from barrow to barrow and ~~aided~~ and abetted his father in hustling the sharesmen, and Harve still grumbled and grunted anti-clerical argument at the salting table. Fanny the potato girl, as pretty as ever still whistled blithely over his cabbages and potatoes, still raised the hymns in the fish-house of a heavy evening and still served the needs of the great sharesmen in the loft. Even Harris had plucked up courage to invite her to walk with him on the

A big break in the narrative. Shows how time taken are numerous. 190 m.

John Wrench. You ought to fill out the outline of this character from the very beginning. (rounds) makes him a whole man from the outset.

Why hasn't she appeared with something of her story. Introduced all your characters in a room as you can.

X

back of the island where they reclined on the crowberry vines and in the shelter of a thick screen of spruces watched old Mather Pearl's light blink out the hours.

Old George was dead at last but he had nodded his foolish head and gibbed in the fish-house on the very day of his death. They had laid the white bearded old man across the thwarts of Uriah's big whaler where he looked like a Viking and carried him off to Tancook to be buried. Noble Melville too, the gaunt black sharesman, Harris's enemy, was gone. Uriah had sent him to the Sand Cove to fetch a dory load of rock-weed and kelp which the islanders called sea-dung. Having met with reproof from the old King for the smallness of a previous load he forked on two or three forkfuls too much on this last load he was to carry. A sea swamped him as he rounded West Head; his dory turned over and threw him into the sea. He could not swim as is the case with most of the islanders. but clawed with numbed fingers at the smooth bottom of the upturned dory till the icy water chilled him to the bone. He was lying stretched out on the sea floor and curious fish were sniffing at him and peering into his staring eyes long before the boats that set out from the launch could reach him. His body never came up.

Young Mather was as jocose, as noisy and as full of talk as ever. He was merely biding his time with Uriah on Ironbound till he could inherit Green Island light from old Mather. He had become Harris's inseparable friend and had taught the boy all the wickedness he knew. Mather an epicurean by nature, believed in wine and women today, sermons and soda water the day after; his wine being the black rum smuggled in by Saint Pierre runners, his women any stout fisher lasses he could pick up on islands or main. "Boy," he

why didnt you let us see him die?

explain earlier

this too. why dont you make this part of the action?

action. not retrosheet very bad

used to say to Harris as they fished near one another on the banks, "I'm savin' up my money and in October, I'm goin' on de Main to have two weeks of sinful pleasure." As he was courageous, strong (as a lion), generous with his friends and daringly rude to his enemies, a famous wit and story teller, a great lover and drinker, he was welcome everywhere. X

Though it was true that Harris was still a sharesman he had advanced for all that. Percy had paid him a monthly share though it was not his monthly share as Harris right well knew. He owned a boat, a stout fast clipper equipped with a gasoline engine. Uriah had at first derided the engine, things that^u him and his brother George had never had but gradually all the Young boys had come to them, and now at the head of the launch was a ~~stie~~- stationary engine with drum and wire cable for hauling out the boats. The oxen had been superseded for that function though they still dragged the plough, sagged in the great loads of hay, dragged the tubs of gurry to the fields and hauled the wood in winter. Harris had a Sunday suit, four changes of woolen underwear, over-alls, rubber boots, oil-skins, sou-westerns, cotton gloves and nippers. His house he had painted, re-shingled and repaired throughout; even the upstairs rooms were finished and plastered. He owned four fleets of herring nets now and a half dozen tubs of trawl, a long barrelled duck gun - he was the best shot on the island with Mather a close second - and last of all he had paid Selmer Strim^u the cunning workman of Hermann's Island, twenty-five dollars to make him a fiddle. The bottom of maple was made of a piece of hand-hewn beam that great grandfather Strim put into his barn somewhere about 1760 soon after the old folks

This should have been the climax of a chapter

had come from Lunenburg across the seas, the top was of old well-seasoned, wide-grained spruce, the tail piece and string board a cunningly inlaid strip of sword fish spike, while the scroll was carved in the shape of a leaping pollock. Harris loved to handle it and to stroke the curves of the smooth, satiny wood; already he had learned to play a few tunes on it. His fiddle was his companion to him many an evening and to it he whispered all his dreams and secrets.

They should have built up their friendship sooner.

He went everywhere with the giant young Mather who though ten years older than he, was a dashing and youthful companion. They pushed their boats off the launch at the same moment and fished on the same bank; sometimes Mather was late of a morning and if Harris urged on by Uriah's taunts and jibes, was obliged to push off first, he jugged his boat and waited for Mather to the southward of the Grampus. At lunch time on the bank they lashed their boats together and laughed and talked as they ate ~~theirs~~ their bread and cakes. In this piece of comradeship however, they were often interrupted for Harris was such a lucky fisherman and had established such a reputation for (uncanny) knowledge of the whereabouts of cod, that he had become the fish pilot for the fleet, and when the flash of fish was seen over his gunwale in far-off boats, Youngs and Fincks, aye and fishermen from the other islands circled his selected bank.

In late October of each year after the last school of mackerel had gone south, the cod dried, and the herring barrelled and sold, Uriah in accordance with the fisherman's custom had perforce to grant Harris and Mather a fortnight's holiday. This they always spent with the Boutilliers, distant cousins of Mather's, at Mill Cove on Saint Margaret's Bay.

Boutilier himself a huge man was a great lover of dancing, fighting and drinking and a fit companion for the sanguine Mather and his disciple. Nearly every night they drove long distances to some country hall where a dance was in progress, kissed the pretty girls in dark corners, got very drunk and fought with the local bucks.

with X

name + character

good

At one such dance where red-faced fishermen twirled about their broad-hipped partners, Harris flown with insolence and wine, insisted on taking the violin from the local fiddler, and playing Tancoock jigs and some strange airs he had learned from the sea on Ironbound. He swayed the dancers first to one mood and then another and won such applause that the established fiddler challenged him to fight on the grass outside. A couple of lanterns were fetched and out flocked men and women to see the contest. Harris fared none too well and carried home two blackened eyes for the fiddler was nearly sober and he half drunk; the fishermen stopped the fight after a few rounds lest the artists should hurt their hands and thus make an end of the dancing. To each eat heartily at leisure, to be drunk and go to a dance every night, to have numerous fist fights, to lie in bed late of a morning seemed to Mather and Harris the substance of an ideal fortnight after the fever of work on Ironbound. Here on the Main with the Boutiliers there was no hypocrisy of virtuous pretence, no one thought much about money or strove for stars in some vague, far-off crown.

When they laboured on the island Mather and Harris always spent ~~Sabbath~~ Sundays together. Sometimes they explored the Raggeds to pick up some lobsters or scallops out of season, sometimes they took boat, visited the Tancoocks and hung about Jennie Run-over's place. Jennie (the buxom one,) was just as

(strong and hearty) as when she had picked up on the beach the gaffer Harris staring with homesick eyes towards Ironbound. There they picked up all the local news and gossip of the islands, for Jennie's place was a kind of clearing house for such stuff, and met the Tancook girls who liked to slake their thirst on Jennie's foaming black beer.

by whom story?

Harris is abrupt & disquieting. Why do you not show him going to pieces because of the very prosperity he has failed to win.

Harris already had two bastards, on Big Tancook and was paying serious court to Leah Levy, old Mather Nathan Levy's daughter. With the reputation of being the best fisherman in the Bay he was an acceptable suitor for any man's daughter. Old Nathan Levy was reputed to have eight thousand dollars in the bank, owned two hundred acres on Little Tancook and was hence a rich man. Most of his money and land would go to Leah, the youngest his favourite as his boys were all married and established. Harris figured that he might marry Leah as a means of pulling himself up in the world. She was comely with dark hair and oval olive coloured face. She attracted him more than the other girls because she refused his advances while he thought she would not disapprove an offer of marriage. However something unexpected happened that upset all of Harris's calculations.

May Young, Uriah's daughter a young woman in her twenties, began to cast eyes upon Harris and to follow him about. For years he had seen her in field and fish-house but she had never attracted him because she had Percy's big nose and aggressive jaw. She was red-faced, strong and healthy and could take one end of a loaded fish-barrow from boat to fish house when a man was missing or pitch on hay over the high racks as fast as anyone on the island. Whenever he went in the fish-house or loft she was at his heels; once she followed him into the salt bin and rubbed against him like a playful kitten

The wily Mather, skilled in the ways of women, observed all this and one day said to Harris: "Dat May's stuck on you, boy; don't miss a chance like dat." So Harris walked with May in the woods of summer nights. She wanted him badly for a husband but in lieu of that she must have him for a lover. Harris was not in the least in love with her; he preferred Leah Levy's dark face and soft voice. May was affectionate in a rough way and a great worker, she would make a useful partner for a fisherman. Moreover, Harris was rather sick of the sharesman's loft where he had slept for the last two years, first because of his desire to be always near young Mather and second because he was sure to be called then by Uriah and get his boat off among the first. Once he had overslept himself in his own house. Lately there had been bed-bugs in the loft, though to the credit of Uriah's wife and the girls they did not last long after their discovery, and Frank Richardson the new sharesman befouled the air with his obscene boises. He was very proud of being able to loot something that was almost a tune. Yes, Harris was pretty sick of the sharesman's loft and half wanted a wife to complete the house he had painted and repaired. Still he had no intent of marrying May. He had not thought of marrying anyone just now; he meant to keep himself free for a few more years, save some money and indulge in his annual riot with Mather and Jack Boutilier in Mill Cove.

It was one night in early September when they were beginning to lay the split cod to dry on the ledgy rocks of Sou-west Cove that Uriah said to Harris, "Come wid, I wants to talk wid you." And led him to the middle of the timothy field now rank with second growth on Crooks Hill. There Uriah

Story. Don't
use abrupt.
Give us scenes

turned on him fiercely:

"What you mean knockin' up my gal?"

"I didn't know as how she was."

"Well she is and what does you mean."

Harris said nothing,

"You'se come sneakin' out to dis island what me and my fader made, and now you goes and knocks up May. What does you mean?"

"I don't mean nuttin': I didn't go for to do it: it's only nateral."

"Nateral is it! Well you got to marry her now and here's one o' Nat Levy's boys bin a wantin' her dis two year, him what owns a fish stand an' forty acres o' good ground on Little Tancook."

"Let Izzy Levy have her den."

"What foolishness you talk, he won't marry her now," screamed Uriah.

"I spose not; I spose he wouldn't like to have a woman carryin' anoder man's baby."

"You spose right. You got dat tro yer tick head, has ye. Now lissen to me, boy, you's got to marry her."

"I don't want to marry no one. I'se'll pay fur de doctor and de keep o' de kid."

"We don't have no bastard in de Young family. De Fincks is full o' bastards but dere ain't none from my gals," screamed Uriah in a voice that might be heard over half the island. "You got to marry her."

"I'se not makin' money 'nuff yet to keep a wife on."

"Ye'd make more if ye worked harder."

*wouldn't the
old man be on
the verge of
murdering
him?*

*The name may
be literally correct,
but it sounds untrue.
Better change it.*

*This is a dialogue that might be shared
with readers. You might convey the
same information in narrator's style.
The speech somewhat.*

Then a wonderful idea flashed through Harris's brain.

"I tell's you what," said he. "I'se tired o' bein' a sharesman. I bin sharesman now fur six year and I'se ketched more fish than air Perc or George or Harve. I'se got to git on in de worl' same as you and yer fader did afore ye. I'se a Young an' de same blood as you. If ye takes me into de firm on an even divvy I'se'll marry May."

"What!" screamed Uriah, purple with rage at the arrogance of Harris.

"Ye heard what I said."

"You come here a beggar an' now ye wants in my firm what me and my fader made. You certainly got de gall."

"Take ot or leave it," said Harris. "Take me in de firm if ye wants me to marry May or raise a young bastard."

"Den I leaves it," shouted Uriah, "and ye kin get off dis island. Ye can't stay sharesman wid me."

"Maybe I won't stay sharesman wid you but I won't git off dis island. May-be Maybe ye don't know Anapest sold me a strip o'water front foreninst her fish house. Dere I'se 'll build me my own launch and fish-house, an' hire my own sharesmen in time to come. Dere's many an able lad on de Tancooks ready and willin' to fish wid me as ye right well knows."

Uriah gasped and his empurpled face swelled as if he were going to suffer an apoplectic stroke. Why could this beggar once a landless waif always defy him? He had got the best of everyone else and imposed his will on them. He hated Harris with a deep, bitter hatred as he stood there and would have given half his wealth to destroy him. He had tried all his wiles; he had tried to break him when a boy by heavy and

change

change

X

This line could be interminably delectable

*Word
Build on
this*

unwonted labour; he had even hired his boy George to toll beach rocks along his hallway at night and to play ghost round his house at midnight in the hope of scaring him away. All to no avail, and even a money loss, for George on his last ghosting expedition had got three buck shot in the calf of his leg that necessitated a secret visit to the doctor in Chester and an expenditure of ten dollars. (Somehow that jealously guarded secret got out in after years and little Ralph, the boy May was to bear, used to taunt George's children with, "My daddy's a bad man to play ghost wid.") Why did this boy dare to defy him, King of Ironbound, and what could he do? Nathan Levy would never let his boy Izzy marry May now. He saw he could do nothing but give way and make the best of a sorry bargain.

"I'll tink it ober," said Uriah sayagely.

"You tink it ober. I don't wish May no harm; she's a good girl but she ain't de woman fur me. You tink it ober, if ye wants May married, you takes me into de firm on an even divvy."

"I'll tell ye what I'll do right now," said Uriah.

"Let's hear ye den."

"I'se 'll take ye into de firm on de line fish an' herrin' but ye'll go sharesman on de mackerel."

"Why on de mackerel?"

"Cause ye ain't got no mackerel gear."

"I'se 'll tink it ober."

"No, ye says right now. Dere ain't no time fur delays. If ~~ye~~ you'se goin' to marry May, it's got to be right off. Den we kin spread de word 'twere a seven monts child."

Harris thought for a dubious moment, chewing a straw of timothy.

Further

no no. these after stories are very bad.

"All right, I'se 'll take yer lay; an equal divvy on herrin' an' line fish an' sharesman on de mackerel. How about lobsters, old man?"

"Sharesman on lobsters, too."

"No," said Harris, "lobsters "lobsterin' hard, heavy an' dangerous work. I won't go dat lay; I wants my own lobsters."

"Den keep yur own lobsters what ye ketches in yur own traps what ye make wid yur own hands. What kind of a man is you anyhow; first ye knocks up my gal an' den instead o' bein' sorry an' repentant, ye drives a hard bargain over it. Ain't ye ashamed? (Ain't ye in de wrong all round?)"

"I'se a man what stands up fur my rights an' tears away what I kin git from people like ye in de world. Didn't ye try fur to keep me off dis island and part o' it mine by right."

"De island's mine by right and would a' bin too if you and Anapest hadn't come sneakin' back on it. Me and my fader made dis island what it is, didn't we?"

"An' my grandfader he made it, too."

"Well, it's no good arguin' wid a tick head like you. Is it a bargain, does ye marry May?"

"I does if I gets a divvy on all but de mackerel."

"It's a bargain," said Uriah.

The old man and the young man stood there in the twilight for a moment looking straight into each other's eyes each busied with his own thoughts. A bargain was a bargain both knew, and though there was no written agreement, for neither could read or write, the contract was sure and binding. Uriah full of wiles, cunning and double dealing before a bargain, would stick to anything he had directly affirmed. His life amid hardship and danger had made that part of the moral code

essential. Nothing could be accomplished unless men kept their word and his morals were purely matters of utility. In the boy, Uriah caught a glimpse of the hard battles and conquests of his own youth and felt with a twinge of regret that Harris was a better man than any of his boys. The old man's heart was in a fury because he had been beaten but he concealed his rage. Harris turned over in his mind in that short moment what he would get out of the bargain. Percy the keeper of the money box would of course cheat him but at any rate he would get twice as much as he had received as sharesman. May had some learning, she could read, write and figure and could make a useful check on Percy by keeping account of the catch from day to day.

Just build in this

That bargain that Harris drove with old Uriah in the timothy field on Crooks Hill was the ground of a cruel jest made many years after when Percy was tired and irritated after a heavy day in the fish-house. On that occasion Harris carrying a bushel of salt bumped against Percy at the washing tub and spilled a handful of salt down his rubber boot. Percy turned on him with a snarl: "What you do dat fur, ye clumsy Tancooker. You don't belong here nohow. You f--d your way into de family." Where upon Harris struck him in the face with a flung haddock and knocked him over his wash tubs.

For this bargain he had to endure for many years the hateful glance and spiteful words of George, Harvey and Percy. They stuck together though they squabbled together each month over the division of the money. They tried to make Harris feel that though he was a partner he was inferior and an outsider. This attitude drew Harris and Mather closer together for Mather gloried in his friend's good fortune.

This should be the climax of a chapter.

finish

Uriah fetched Mr. Snow the Baptist minister from Tancook and Harris and May were married in Uriah's big kitchen. They stood in front of the cooking stove with a background behind them of shining pots and pans on the wall. Harris did not feel right in his heart and mumbled the responses but May was radiantly happy for she had won the man of her heart. None of the Young brothers were present but their wives and children egged on by curiosity were ranged around the walls on the kitchen chairs. It was a rather gloomy ceremony. Uriah to uphold the honour of the Young family and to conceal the fact that it was a forced marriage tried to assume a gay and playful attitude and told several stories of how he had courted his wife on Little Tancook. Even the supper and hot rum punch did not thaw the hearts of George's and Percy's wives who glowered reproachfully at bride and bridegroom. They had heard nothing but wrath and invective over this affair from their husbands and they faithfully reflected their attitude. Soon after ten the wedding party broke up and Harris took home to his house the woman he did not love to be his partner for life.

But Harris soon found that he had made no bad bargain. Ironbound women study how to be of use to their husbands. They work, for there is no one to hire to do the work that somehow is naturally expected of them and which seems right and proper to themselves. They rear their children, tend to their houses, milk cows, feed chickens, hoe the gardens, help with the hay and when necessary give a hand in the fish-house. It is no uncommon sight to see a couple of babies sleeping in an old sail on top of the fish puncheons as the mothers split fish. But in addition to this work they are always watching from the windows. As they go from duty to duty they peer from kitchen

*Embroidery in
action
and just
inform*

window, from front room window, from upstairs window for the boats. Trust them, they know every boat, every patch upon the brown sails, the peculiar chug of every engine, the curve of each stem, the sheer, the strip of colour beneath the gunwale. They watch for the return of their particular lord and master. Far off they see his boat coming from the Rock and know from its depth whether he has had a good catch or not. If his boat is light and fish pens ~~are~~ empty he may be angry and discontented. As in all conditions of life where men daily face death and danger the women occupy a secondary position and subordinate themselves to the men. They watch for the boats so that the potatoes may be boiled and the stew steaming hot, the biscuits baked, dry socks and boots laid out, at the exact moment when the boat's prow takes the first log on the launch.

Harris enjoyed life with May and grew fonder of her every day; for the first time he lived in comparative comfort. It was great to get in from the boats and find a steaming hot dinner waiting for you, to have a clean decent lunch of cakes and white bread done up in a tine to take on the banks, to have fresh clean sheets on the bed, to find clean underclothes warming by the kitchen fire of a Sunday morning, to have socks mended, sea-boots warmed and dried and all skins hung on their proper pegs in the kitchen. "Yes," he thought, "I've made none so bad a bargain after all." He was proud of being in the firm now and could bear with lightness of heart the ugly jibes and black looks of Percy and Harve.

- - - - -

One night about a month after Harris's wedding Mather came running to his house shouting in his excitement. The light

was unlit on Green Island. Harris stepped out on the door-stoop, no speck of light to sea-ward twinkled through the gloom. Old Mather must be sick. [Harris and young Mather ran a boat off the launch and pushed out through darkness and a heavy sea. Nothing marked the rock cleft made for the landing stage but a spot of blackness on a circle of breaking white and that they could only discern when close in. They made the launch and shipped a sea over the stern but clambered up the launch in safety. When they entered the light-house they found the old man dead upon the kitchen floor, a half emptied rum jug beside him. His dog cowered behind the stove.

He was buried on Big Tancock, and young Mather was drunk at the funeral, for sober, he could not bear to see the old man he loved and feared laid under ground. There was many a damp eye among the fisher folk. To whom would they turn now for deeds, wills, mortgages and advice against the tricks of the Lunenburg lawyers. "Old Mather will be missed in the islands," they said to one another. "Young Mather is a bold, strong man but he lacks the wisdom of his father."

Young Mather who had waited many years to succeed his father as keeper of the light was given the post. At first he was very lonely on Green Island hearing nought day after day but the pound of surf and the scream of herring gulls and Careys. He besought his friend Harris to come and spend his November holiday or a part of his holiday with him in the light. This Harris agreed to do; first a week with the Boutiliers in Mill Cove, then a week with young Mather on Green Island. Young Mather in expectation of the visit laid in three five gallon kegs of rum from a Miqueton runner and shot and froze a score

of heavy sea ducks. The supply boat made her last call for the autumn and left coal, oil, bags of flour, tea, coffee, salt beef, a hundred necessities and even some luxuries, among them two great buckets of red and white candies. He was well stocked up with provisions and he counted the days till Harris could come to him.

For there was something queer about Green Island that he couldn't deny. The engineer who had dug the foundations for the light had reported to the islanders that things were not as they should be. Sometimes when young Mather stepped out of the light-house door, of an evening to take a stroll on the cliffs, a faint, distant voice seemed to call, "Hullo there, hullo," and often below the cliffs' edge he heard a clatter of oars and the banging of a shattered boat. He had no fear of the old man's haunt and as he was by nature stout hearted he sang lustily to himself and busied himself all day long and half through the night with a hundred chores.

The bareness of the place oppressed him. Truly Green Island was an odd, uncanny place. There was not a single tree or bush or shrub. Harris claimed that trees once grew there, for at low water on the spring tides he had seen the gnarled stumps and roots of pines and maples preserved through the centuries by the sea water and perhaps half turned to stone. ^{on the southern or ocean end} The--He- The only buildings were the tall stiff white light-house stayed with wire cables to support the crystal head, a tiny barn, an oil and fuel shed and an outhouse weighed down with slabs of rock to prevent winter winds hurling it over the cliff; on the northern or landward end a single building at the head of the launch where the engineers had blasted a cleft in the cliff.

The island itself is but some six hundred yards long and perhaps three hundred broad; nothing but a slatty cliff protruding from the sea's surface over which is laid a mat of turf and grass, in some places not more than six inches deep.

On the seaward side at the light's foot a great stone block, a natural pier defies the sea. No ship ever wharfed up to that pier, for in the calmest days of summer a ground swell breaks there, and in winter mountainous seas sweep over it without rest. Above this natural pier is a long plateau inclined at an angle of about twenty degrees to the sea's surface. The winter seas have broken off big coffin-shaped blocks from the natural pier, aqueous rock in strata twisted and turned on edge by some convulsion of nature, lifted them, and hurled them bodily upon the sloping surface of the plateau. There they lie scattered at odd angles like giant sarcophagi. It is like the stone yard of slaves who had orders for coffins for a hundred Pharoahs or like some place where whip-goaded workmen had knocked off for the noon hour in the midst of building a pyramid. Among these grim shapes old Mather Pearl used to come half fuddled with liquor to talk of immortality to the sea and the moonlight, and watch the mist wraiths take strange shapes on the face of the waters. Many a night he saw old Proteus rise from a breaking sea and wind his wreathed horn.

On the southern, landward and more sheltered side of the island the government engineers had blasted out a narrow cleft in the rock for a landing place, made a log launch within it and at its head built a low boat house into which a boat could be dragged with a hand capstan. It was always difficult to land or push off a boat that must first be turned prow seaward on any day of the year, and positively dangerous on most days.

Don't just describe or guess unless you have information in your notes - fundamentally how the story.

bad
XX

X

X

X

Old Mather Pearl had never left his launch when the Rock was breaking but young Mather did not hold to that rule. Almost daily in that early autumn he crossed the four miles of water between Green Island and Ironbound for after lonely nights on that ghostly place the chatter of Uriah's fish-house was music in his ears. He disliked Uriah and his big nosed sons but they were some company and bad company is better than none for a lonely man. Most of all he missed Harris and Fanny the potato girl with her low voice and clear ringing laugh. He must get himself a wife, he thought; it was too bad that he couldn't bring himself to take Fanny.

Mather had two sources of annoyance on Green Island that sorely tried his nerves. First the audacious herring gulls that nested by thousands among the rocks of the western shore, and drove off the island all plover, curlew, checker backs, and even big ravens and gannets. Only the swallows that nested in the eaves of his barn eluded them by the swiftness of wing, and the Careys that burrowed in the ground. All day long the gulls shrieked, screamed and squabbled among themselves and swooped and circled close to his head as he worked or strod along the turfy path from light to boat house. Sometimes they planed high in the air and let their droppings fall scornfully upon him. They sought to drive him from the island as they drove off gannet and plover. The island belonged to them; he was an interloper.

Secondly there were the Careys. When the gulls ceased their clamour at sun-down the Careys came out to squeak and gibber like wandering ghosts. They burrowed by thousands in the ground to escape the mackerel gulls and had so polluted the soil with their nasty smell of fish oil and rotten fish liver that

it was futile to drill a well on the island. They defiled the water and as a consequence he had to be dependant for his water supply on rain water that drained from the roof of the light into a cement tank in the cellar. Long before he had become keeper of the light he had learned to hate them and as a fisherman had knocked them down by the score as they trailed his boat on the banks to pick up a bit of fish gurry on rough foggy days. Of all the outer islands Green Island was their chosen home and all the fishermen of the bay knew that when the Careys stopped trailing them on a foggy day they were well inside Green Island. Mather learned to hate mackerel gulls and Careys more every day and roundly cursed them. It was always on dingy wet nights when the Careys were out in force squeaking and gibbering that he heard that husky voice cry from the darkness, "Ahoy there, ahoy."

In fact Mather could hardly have endured the first two months on Green Island if he had not known that Harris was coming to stay with him in November. From the time of his boyhood he had hoped he'd inherit the light, it meant food, shelter and eighty dollars a month, now that he had it he found Green Island a prison. He worked hard all day long to tire himself out and at night began to read the books in his father's library. He found an odd assortment there:

- Prayers for the Departed
- Bible Temperance, Edwin C. Walker
- Crimes of Preachers in the United States and
Canada - Truth Seeker Company
- The Devil Does He Exist, and What Does He Do?

Father Delaporte

*Don't take into
for in a few, &
generally the others*

Marriage and Funeral Rites - A. A. Ayres
Crimes against Criminals - R.G. Ingersoll
Will the Coming Man Worship God? B.F. Underwood
Byron - in two volumes
Milton
Tennyson
Shakespeare
Cobett's Rural Rides
Homer's Iliad - Lovell Library
Des Brisany's History of Lunenburg County
Norrie's Epitome of Navigation
Pickwick Papers
The Book of Common Prayer

The old man had been an agnostic and loved to confute some feeble preacher who from time to time visited him on his remote island. Young Mather had not the courage to tackle the fat law books that stood on a shelf apart.

At last came the longed-for day when Mather set out in his boat to fetch Harris from Ironbound. May made no objection to his going; it was not for women to have holidays, only men on Ironbound who daily tore themselves with fierce toil earned a period of rest. It was a bright cold day of early November with a smooth sea when Mather's boat the two cronies in the stern steered for the cleft in the rock and bumped against the launch. They hauled the boat out yelling a gay chanty as they strained against the capstan bars. Then Mather prized up a plank of his boat house floor with the tyne of a fish fork and lifted out a five gallon cask of rum. That was his hiding place. There was really no need for a hiding place since there was no one on the

island to find anything but himself and he could always mark the approach of a stranger an hour before his arrival. But Mather was really only a great over-grown boy and hiding the rum and pretending he was watched and spied upon by men on the cutter part of a game he played with himself. They each had a long drink and then walked over the turfy pathway together arm in arm, Mather with the keg of rum upon his shoulder. The herring gulls swooped down as if to pick out their eyes and Mather cried, "Git out, ye God damn miscreants," and Harris laughed and began to recount his recent adventures with the Boutilliers in Mill Cove.

They laughed and talked roaring at each other with great voices through three long days and nights; by day mending nets or tinkering with Mather's boat, by night they sat in the light tower and drank long glasses of hot rum and lemon juice.

On the fourth night a gale blew up from the southwest, increasing every hour (in fury,) Young Mather trimmed and lit his lamp in the grey lowering twilight and was not a little worried by a crack in one of the big outside panes through which a trickle of beaten rain kept oozing. When he had made everything right he went below into the third story room, the light itself occupied the fourth. In this third story room where Mather and Harris spent their evenings were a couple of chairs, two cot beds, a stove and a desk littered with government reports for Mather to fill out. Harris had brought up a steaming kettle of hot water from the kitchen that sent out (great) puffs of steam from its place on top of the upstairs stove, the rum keg stood broached in one corner, on the table was a bowl of white sugar and a plate of sliced lemons that Harris had thoughtfully brought from the mainland. They were all set

*Officer a bad brook
in interest in the
chapter up to this
point.*

for a happy evening.

Everything rattled and jingled in (the furious blasts) of the gale, the light tower tugged at the seaward wire cables as if it would uproot them from the rock, the sea smashed with a sullen roar against the natural pier and yelled like spiteful demons as it scattered its spray among Pharoah's coffins, a night bird blinded by the glare blundered against the glass and with a shrill squak of terror fell with a thud to the kitchen roof below, Careys who loved the storm were out in force.

"A rare night for ghosts," said young Mather as he took a deep draft of hot rum and planted himself for the night's work.

"Ay," said Harris, "I lays de Footless Nigger is flittin' dis night on Ironbound."

"Dere's somethin' queer on dis island, too," said Mather, "dough I don't understand rightly why cause de Blandford folks tuk it away."

"How's dat?" asked Harris.

"You mind Johnny Publicover de ghost catcher on Tancook?"

"I mind him well, cause I lived nigh him when I was a gaffer."

"Well, you'se heard how nigh de Blandford ghost was to ruinin' Blandford. He had all de women and children skert and de men too, and dey was dat skert dey was goin' to give up dere fish stands and move to oder parts o' de main or maybe some o' de islands. Why dat ghost use to roll beach rocks down de front hallway when de men folks was away, and nought but women and children huddled round de kitchen stove, and snatch gals away from dere fellers on dark roads, an' he were

X that audacious he use to whang on de back o' de church at evening meetin'. One night he got dat bold he reach in tro de back winder, wid a brown skinny arm, and put a glass o' rum on de side o' de pulpit, when de minister was a preachin' a sermon on temperance. Warn't dat audacious?"

X "It were," replied Harris, taking a deep swig to keep time with Mather, the break in the narrative being made for no rhetorical effect but for the purpose of taking a great draught of hot rum, holding it in the mouth a moment and then letting the warm soul kindling liquor trickle slowly down the gullet.

X "He were a holy terror, audacious haunt were dat Blandford ghos'," continued Mather, "but dat last ac' o' his got de preacher's back up, an he called a meetin' o' all de men in de school house. Fore dis, de minister he'd bin warn't- tryin' to quiet de people an' tellin' dem dere warn't no sich ting as ghos's. At de meetin', Hezekiah Slaughenwhite, he'd de great man in dem parts, cause he were de high line fisherman on all de coast in de days o' his youth, he stud up and says right off: "Folks, de only ting fur to do is to send fur Johnny Publicover de ghos' ketcher on Tancook."

"Den de preacher, he yells, 'No, Johnny Publicover's half a witch hisself.' And dere he was right for him and his wife had de power o' makin' harness and yokes break all to pieces on de oxen plowin' in de fields, if dey had a spite on ye."

"Ay," said Harris, "Dey worked dat on Nat Young's boys."

"An' dey could make barnacles grow all over a boat's bottom so you could git ne'er a way on her. So de preacher he yells, 'No, let's exercise him by prayer an' de power o' de Lord.'

Den Israel Slaughenwhite says, 'Us don't want to exercise no ghost, us wants to git rid o' him; he's gettin' exercise enough trailing round de Blandford roads and fields.'

"Den de preacher, he began to explain what this here exercisin' really meant, but ~~just~~ jus' at dat very moment dat audacious ghos' goes whang, whang, whang wid a big timber agin de back o' de school-house. He dam nigh bust in de back end, dat time. Dat settled dat, de preacher was finished and Israel got de vote all round to send fur de ghost ketcher."

Here Mather paused as if his throat were dry and Harris made haste to prepare two more glasses; the round ~~yei~~ of yellow lemon floated seductively on top of the steaming amber liquor.

"So Israel's boys Mathew and John, was sent nex(nex' day to fetch Johnny off Tancook. You knows 'em?"

"Ay," said Harris, "I knows 'em both."

"Towards evenin' dey landed back on Blandford and what do ye tink Johnny brung fur to ketch dat ghos'? A net wid a handle and iron ring like what we use ~~fer~~ fur scoopin' herrin' out o' a tub, his long barrell'd duck gun, a halibut gaff tied fast to tree fadoms eight strand Maniller rope, an' a big canvas bag wid a draw string. He had all dis gear harnessed ober his shoulders, and de gaff rope lashed round his waist. You know how wizened and small and scrawny and black Johnny is? Well, standing on de beach wid does great hulkin' Blandforders, dey's extry big men, air a one o' Israel's boys goes ^{under} ober two hundred, I guess Johnny cut some comical figure-figger. But he had de heart and de guts, he warn't skeered o' no ghos' an' dey was.

" 'Whar's dis here ghost at,' Johnny yelled at dem. 'Fotch me to him and I'll capture him same as I did de wild

savage ghos' on Rafuse Island.'

" 'Us don't know what he's at now,' said Israel."

" 'How kin I ketch him when ye don't know what he's at? Whar did he haunt at last?'

" 'At de meetin' in de school-house las' night.'

" 'Den has anoder meetin' dere tonight an' if he haunts, I'll ketch yur ghost,' said Johnny."

"Sure enough dey holds anoder meetin' in de school-house dat night wid Johnny ambushed in a big cleft o' split granite. Dey gits de preacher to preach dat night cause de ghost delights to aggravate him an' hush man, when de preacher gits goin' on how de Lord fed de Children o' Israel on Manna, de ghos' fetches de back o' de school-house whang, whang. Den de Blandforders was some skeert an' nigh held dere breaths till dey heard de bang o' Johnny's duck gun. Den dey heard some squakin' an' yellin' and runnin' tro de bushes an' bimeby dey heard Johnny screechin' way down in de tick woods. Nair a one o' dem big Blandforders ventured out to help him, dey was dat skeered stiff. When dey heard Johnny's voice hollerin' and hallowin' jus' outside de school-house door, dey follered old Israel out. Johnny had sometin' in de bag all right, dey could see it movin' in de lantern light.

" 'Dere's yur haunt,' said Johnny and he guv de bag a kick an' de ting flopped an' fluttered an' squeaked. 'Dat were a feeble haunt. I kotch dem worsen nor dat.'

" 'How you ketch him, Johnny?' asked Israel."

" 'Did ye no hear my gun go? I winged him wid dat shot, den I chased him tro de bushes, wanged de net down ober his head, gaffed him in de white o' de belly wid my halibut gaff an' stuffed him in dis here bag, and dat's dat.'"

"What you spose he had in dat bag now?" interrupted Harris.

"I'm ngt supposin', I knows cause de old man tole me, an' you'll allow he warn't no fool. He had dat very audacious Blandford ghost.

"My God, de sou-west is snortin' tonight. Ye'll have to go down and git some more hot water. I can't tell yarns widout wettin' my whistle."

Down the stairs went Harris to the kitchen peering into dark corners for haunts. He was glad he had left a lantern in the kitchen. He filled the kettle and returned upstairs where they replenished the glasses and drank deep again.

"She's sure makin' de old light sing."

"Ay, that she is. Let's see where was I. Oh yes, some o' dose big Blandforders wanted to mash dat ghos' in de bag wid beach rocks.

"'No,' says Johnny, 'Ye can't mash dis kind. You got to land him on a lonely and uninhabited island. Dis kind can't cross water.'

"Now what do you spose (dat bugger) Johnny done. He charged dem Blandforders five dollars fur sketchin' o' dat dere haunt."

"A power o' money fur one night's work."

"Now he says to dem, says he, 'I won't budge wid him off Blandford till ye pays me five dollars more. I contracted,' says he, 'fur to ketch yur ghos', not fur to transport him about de high seas. An' I kin lose haunts just as good as I kin ketch dem.' "

"A sharp one is Johnny."

"Dat he is."

*Your main action up.
The story is very interestingly written. It hooks.*

"So dey clubs togedder an' riz de extry five an' de nes' mornin' Israel's boys dey rowed him off wid de haunt still flutterin' and squakin' in de bag. An' where do you spose de landed dat ghost?"

"Where?"

("Dat bugger") Johnny landed him right here on Green Island. Dat were fore de light were built an' dere warn't no human habitations."

"An' is dat ghost roamin' dis island now? Mather, what fur did ye take dis light?"

"Hush man, till I tells you de res'. Dat ghos' were on dis island fur many many years, yes till after de light was built. When de ole man cum to live here, he often see dat haunt roamin' round here, but de ghos' paid him no heed cause he knowed he couldn't skeer old Mather Pearl. But I heard de ole man say, dat many a night, he seed dat ghost in de moonlight stretched out flat on de coffin stones, amoanin' like all possessed and grievin' fur his ancient home in Blandford.

"Well one fine Sunday afternoon cum some lads from Blandford to visit de old man an' to ask him somethin' about air a deed or will. Along wid dem dey brung a jug o' overproof rum, and dem and de old man drunk dat strong rum de livelong afternoon. Dey got drunk all right and leffed and hollered an' fought an' had a good time. Den along towards sun-down, de Blandford fellers allowed as how dey'd better make off fur de main. Down dey went to dere boat, de old man follerin' an' singin' along de path. Ye mind how he used to sing and use mighty big soundin' words when he was right drunk?"

"I minds well."

Some Ital.
"Dey launches dere boat in a calm sea but jus' as de las' man climbs aboard, somethin', somethin' stepped into dat boat dat put her right down to de gunwales. 'Twere de Blandford ghos' leavin' Green Island de old man said and travellin' to his ancient home on de main. Dem Blandforders got out dere oars, an' rowed like crazy nens, wid de water lappin' dere gunwales all de way, and when dey cum to de Blandford beach, de ghos' stepped out and de boat ris a foot out o' de water."

good

"Didn't yur old man see dat haunt no more on dis island?"

"No more he did, but dere's some oder queer small haunts stickin' around."

X
It was late now, long after midnight and Harris and Mather each took a long night cap preparatory to turning in. The wind had steadily increased in violence; beams and furniture creaked mysteriously within, without the cables supporting the light sang like strings of a demon's harp. Mather lurched to the ladder and climbed it unsteadily to see if the light were burning true. When his empurpled face and staring blue eyes reappeared, he said:

start:
"Dat crack in de pane's worse, we better stand anchor watch."

"All right," answered Harris.

"You do de first hour trick, an' I'll de de second. Look man, I'se de quickest man in Nova Scotia to undress," and he slipped his braces off his shoulders, let his trousers fall in a huddled mass on the floor, turned in all standing, puffed out at his pipe as he always did before sleeping, then laid it down and in a minute was snoring.

Harris amused himself by looking at one of old Mather

Pearl's picture books. It was full of pictures of devils being forked on to burning coals, and hideous men standing up to their necks in frozen ponds. Suddenly a terrible uproar arose in the light tower overhead over his head. A terrible rending and banging was followed by a crash as if someone had dumped a ton of glass down the stairs.

"Up Mather, up, de light's all smashed to Hell," shouted Harris.

Mather hopped out of bed and ran up the ladder in his shirt tail, Harris close at his heels. The light was burning calm and bright; everything was in order and nothing smashed.

"What's de matter wid you, Harris? Is dat rum goin' to yur head? Can't ye carry yur liquor no more?"

"Hush man, dere certainly were one awful crash and bang up dere."

Mather turned in again, but scarcely had he settled himself in bed, when again came the roar and crash of broken glass. Up sprang the blonde giant again to run up the ladder and find the light burning calm and clear.

Mather came below and pulled on his pants:

"No sleep fur us tonight, lad, one o' dem minor haunts is workin' on us."

So they sat together and drank rum till grey showed in the east and paid no heed to the demons that ramped and crashed above them. Towards dawn their eyes sagged wearily and Mather made an obscene address to a black and yellow dog that he said lived in the dark hollow under his desk and only came out in the rise of the moon.

When Harris's holiday was over, Mather took him back to Ironbound and returned to a dreaded winter of loneliness on

Green Island. He planned to ask Fanny the potato girl to come and cook for him but she was on Tancook.

Harris found his house clean and neat and an uncomplaining wife awaiting him. He set about cutting a great heap of firewood and when he had finished that, mended his nets and made lobster pots. To get the swamp spruce for the bows of these he had to go to the Blandford main. In addition to all these things, and to show May how smart he was and how he meant to get on, he set about raising a "building". For every well equipped fisherman must have a building, a place really his own where no women folk intrude. Downstairs there was to be a wood shed and on the upper floor reached by a ladder, a place equipped with a stove where a man could mend nets or make lobster pots in the long winter months. It would be a store-room, for tools, decoys, trawl-tubs, buoys, ropes and all the things that really belong to a man. No woman would enter that "building" unless she wanted to fetch an armful of wood, any more than an Ironbound man would demean himself by entering a wooden back-house. The conventions of the island were tight on those two points.

While Harris laboured at his "building", May within the house smiled to herself and sewed clothes for the baby she expected.

(over)

A long chapter, you transition from the preceding chapter is abrupt. If you must begin all your later chapters cover the time some how with a new tale, with people who you've met in the story. You're beginning at least by so much. The latter really are chapters. You do not use the words of complications that it contains. The whole means nothing to the story. You must use the words of a reader.

CHAPTER VI.

In late March May died in giving birth to little Ralph. It was strange that such a strong, rugged girl should die in going through what seemed to everyone on Ironbound a simple act of nature. There was rough blowey weather during the week that she lay sick moaning feebly and Harris could not have fetched a doctor from the main no matter how he had tried. Anapest the most skilled midwife on the island tended, for the sake of Harris, a child of Uriah's for the first time, but her skill and experience were of no avail.

complication

188
say to this
house.

Anapest took the baby to her house and reared it and Harris crossed the fields thrice daily to look at his offspring. He did not go back to sleep in the sharesman's loft now that Mather was gone but slept in his own house alone. 188

On a Sunday morning of early June two and a half months after they had carried May's body across the water to the Tancook cemetery, Harris standing at the head of the launch saw a strange boat in the offing in the eastern passage between Tancook and Blandford. She was headed for Ironbound and stood straight in until her stem bumped the logs of Uriah's launch. Harris ran down to give the strangers a hand up with their boat. She hailed from Chester on the main and besides the boatman, carried seven strangers, three women and three men. Each carried by a handle a flat wooden box and a square of white canvas tacked on strips of wood. Strangers were rare on Ironbound; children came to stand with Harris to stare at them frankly and men and women peeped beneath window blinds that were always drawn low. The whole island was in a ferment, of silent curiosity.

The strangers got out of the boat and greeted Harris. Of the three men one, whom his companions addressed as "Pop", was stern faced and grey haired. "Might o' bin a preacher," was Harris's mental comment. He was obviously the leader of the party. Another was small and slight. The third was tall and strongly built with a broad freckled face on which rested a perpetual grin of derision at the world in general. He interested Harris because he reminded him of ~~se~~ a seal or some creature that had popped up suddenly from the sea.

Of the women one was dark, cold, tall and statuesque. She followed "Pop" with her eyes wherever he went. The second, fat, dowdy and middle aged, wore white shoes and turned out her toes at an excessive angle as she walked. She kept scowling at the men as if to say: "A fine place to bring women." "Die old girl's peeved about somethin'," thought Harris. But the third, a slim, brown eyed, red cheeked girl in a yellow dress, took Harris's eye. She was like the flame he had seen running through the dried grass of the pasture field. He could not keep his eye off her and he was (mighty) glad that he had put on his clean undershirt before coming to the launch.

She flowed along as she walked, her feet scarcely touching the ground. She was full of health and vitality and yet Harris was sure that that slim thing could not lift one end of a fish barrow. He was used to broad-hipped, deep-chested, big-legged women, this girl's legs that he had seen to the knees as she hopped over the gunwale were as slim and shapely as one of Nathan Westhaver's ash or oar handles. She was like the angel of Paradise in Mather's book; she was a creature from a world he had never dreamed of (and he stared as frankly as had the astonished Elisabethans at brown savages brought to London.) (It was Miranda landing to a disinherited Ferdinand.)

"Do you mind if we prowl around here?" asked the freckled one with his broadest grin.

"Go where ye likes, only don't stomp down Uriah's young timothy."

The party straggled up the path towards the light, the fat woman in the tight white shoes limping wretchedly in the rear.

"What are dey?" asked Harris of the boatman.

"Painters."

"Painters! Dey ain't nuttin' to paint on dis island, dough de old fish-house could stand a coat. Dat were last painted when Uriah were a boy."

"Dey paints scenery on dem canvases they're carryin'."

"What fur?"

"To make picters. You'se seen picters, ain't it?"

"Ay, I'se seeds picters down at Boutilliers. I'se Is dem de kind o' fellers makes dem?"

Later in the morning Harris moved by an irresistible curiosity, walked to the back of the island beyond the light to see what those painters were doing. They had taken up various stands and set their easels upon the shelvy slaty rock above Lynch's Hole. They worked in silence. Harris wandered from one to another looking with astonishment at what they were doing and wondering how they kept all their messy colours from running together. He stood last of all behind the girl in the yellow dress who reminded him of a flame. She was painting the red cliff, the swirling sea below, and above a line of scrubby wind-blown spruces against a blue sky with rolling wind clouds. Harris stared open-mouthed.

"Well, how do you like it?" she asked in a merry ringing voice.

"I like's it fine, but dem rocks at de base ain't right. I'se stood on dem in de winter and picked up ducks and ye ain't put no rocks dere."

"I never make them right. We shift rocks and trees and houses anywhere to make a peiture picture."

"Den ye don't paint true?" said Harris.

It was a new idea to him that the artist begins where nature leaves off.

"Do you think I've got the feel of the sea?" went on the girl without looking up. "You ought to know the sea. How should I paint it?"

"Paint her cruel and fierce."

"Cruel and fierce! Is^s that the way you think about the sea. I thought it was your friend. Don't you get all your living out of it?"

"We does, but she's cruel and fierce just de same."

Harris's eyes flickered between the picture and the girl with the merry voice. Was there a world of such people somewhere? It must be a world far grander than Mill Cove, a world he knew nothing about and he felt a vague pain of regret in his heart.

"The devil's in de sea," he went on, to conceal his real thoughts and to prolong the conversation so that he might hear the ringing voice again that seemed to vibrate like the second string on his fiddle. "You got to watch him day and night."

"What does he do?"

"He leaps at you on a calm day out o' a big roller when you- yur boat's low wid fish."

"Do you fish way out on the ocean every day?" she asked adding swift daring strokes as she talked.

"Air a day, come rain , come wind."

"I'd like to paint a boat on a rainy gray lonely sea and the devil leaping out of a big roller."

"May be nice to paint but none so nice to see."

"There, that's about as far as I can go to-day," said the girl, squinting a critical eye and wiping her brushes. "You like it, do you?"

"I likes it fine, dough de cliff's all wrong."

"Perhaps you'd like to buy it," she added roguishly.

"That I would," said Harris boldly to her great surprise. He would have bought anything the wondrous creature made. "How much might you be askin' fur it, now?" This amused the girl immensely and she brimmed over with laughter.

"Charles," she called to the freckled-faced man who that very moment was grinning derisively at the picture he had made, "come over here quick, I've got a buyer for my sketch before the paint-drys. paints dry."

Charles left his canvas and lurched over to the pair, stepping with some discomfort on the sharp edges of upturned slate. He nodded to Harris.

"Don't let her kid you, Ferdinand, her stuff's no good. If you want a good picture of this stern and rock-bound coast, take one signed C.A. or tackle Pop over there, him with the gray beard. He's a serious guy with a sweet disposition and he puts his soul, whatever that is, into his work."

"I'd like to buy dis picture jas' de same," said Harris stubbornly, annoyed at the freckle-face's interference.

"You're for it, Organ. You can go home with a bundle of dried cod-fish over each shoulder. Sorry we won't be able to ride with you in the same car."

That stung Harris and he retorted truculently: "We don't pay wid no quintals o' cod-fish. Dere's money on dis isle. I bet now de old man could buy out de lot o' you."

"Well said, Ferdinand, we're a lot of poor fish."

"My name ain't Ferdinand, it's Harris Young. What's yours?"

"Charles Amiguet at your service, well known in metropolitan circles, and the big amazon is Dorothy Ward of ancient family; she's going to marry "Pop" Boss. He's the serious guy with the shock of gray hair who makes a fierce face like Julius Caesar when he paints. The little runt in the hand-me-down suit is my buddy John McPherson and the broken down lady in the white shoes is Mrs. _____ . What the devil is that woman's name, Organ? I never can remember it."

"Mrs. Schoengold."

"That's it, Mrs. Schoengold, beautiful gold. And the talented young painter whose work you propose to buy is Miss Phyllis Organ, champion heart-breaker of the Atlantic States and Middle West. There's the lot of us in a nut shell."

"Whar do ye all hail from?"

"New York city and thereabouts."

"Ye come far. Ain't dere no pruttier places nor dis to paint nigher home?"

"Nothing quite like this in the world I should say. This is a place for a man. I'd like to come here for a month and paint by myself. Come on Organ, let's call it a day. Look at the raw sienna old white-shoes is slopping on. Awful mush, it makes me sick of paint. Never mind if "Pop" does scowl; we've worked hard for two hours. Let's go up on the cliff top for air. Come along Mr. Harris Young and bring your dog. I like dogs."

My to this point, none of the story above the painter people interests me. I feel it false and alien to your story. It's not indigenous to your soil. Or seems to be an intrusion

They walked in single file to the cliff's brink overlooking Lynch's Hole where the sea wallowed in a cavern one hundred feet below them. They sat down on the crisp grass and asked Harris questions about the island. To their surprise he knew a name for every tree, plant and bird that was strange to them.

Harris's great dog began digging industriously in the turfy bank. He was a gift of Ralph Boutilier and Harris was very fond of him for he was his only companion since May's death.

"What kind of a dog's that?" asked Charles.

"We calls dem de Ironbound breed; dere haf Newfoundland and haf mastiff."

"What do you use them for?"

idea
"Fer duckin' in de winter. Dem's de only kind will hold a duck in dere mouf, when dey gits dere forefeet on de ledge in a breakin' sea."

"What do you mean?"

"Dat's de test of a dog. Lots o' dogs will go fetch a duck but only a dog wid a stout heart will hold him fast when de sea washes him on a rock."

"What's he up to now?"

"Diggin' out a Carey."

Presently the dog, at the end of a burst of furious digging, drew out a fluttering blue black bird, a little larger than a robin, and holding it down with its paws, began to crunch it up feathers and all. The girl gave a shriek and covering up her ears turned away her eyes.

"What's a Carey?"

"Dat's a Carey he's eatin'."

"Mother Carey's chicken, a stormy petrol?"

"I spose so, us calls dem Careys, and dere an infernal pest. Dey poisons de ground." And then Harris told him the predicament Mather found himself in because of these hateful birds. Charles wanted to know all about Mather and where he lived.

"Dere," he said, pointing to the green patch far out at sea, "Dere he lives alone an' de whole dam island's full o' ghosts."

Charles and the girl became more and more interested. "Cette homme-ci comprit quelque chose," he said to her. Then he returned to the subject of the mysterious Careys that burrow deep in the ground.

"Do the dogs eat many of them?"

"Dey nigh lives on dem, on dem an' caplin. Dey comes back here, digs out a mess and makes a meal."

"What a horrible place," cried the girl.

"Not so bad as cities, my dear Organ. There we devour women and children in sweat shops and pretend to be kind."

"You does!" said Harris. He was burning to get some knowledge of the place they lived in but he knew not ~~het-te-~~ how to begin, and before he could formulate a question, Charles asked him something about Ironbound.

"We're not cannibals exactly but the city devours them just-~~eh~~ the same," said Charles in answer to Harris's exclamation.

"Well," said Harris after they had talked a long time. "It's nigh my dinner time. I must be gettin' back to see my baby fed."

"You're married are you?" queried the girl.

In very much afraid you've got two genders mixed. So far in really worried by these outlanders.

"I were. My wife died in March when de kid come."

"Hard luck old man," said Charles but the girl was silent.

Harris walked back through the wood pondering in his simple mind on these strange people and on all he had heard. The girl in the yellow dress had been kind and sympathetic; the freckled-faced man Charles had tried to make fun of him at first but he felt he had held his own with him. He liked Charles and wished he could talk to him again and learn something about the people in the world.

Harris was at the launch and helped the boatman push off. Charles came up to him and said: "I'd like to come here by myself or with John and stay two months. Do you suppose anyone on the island would take me to board?"

"Ye're welcome to a room in my house," said Harris grandly. He was glad in that moment he had fought old Uriah and won his birthright. "I'd be glad o' yer company." Harris liked the impudent daring of Charles Amiguet. He felt he'd be a good comrade to have by his side in a tight corner. The girl who was like a flame stood by Charles's side and the lonely Harris let his eyes rest longingly on her for a moment. The girl caught the glance and was moved by a sudden impulse.

"You want to buy my picture," she said with merry twinkling eyes.

"Yes," said Harris, "I'll buy it."

"Then here it is for nothing. You keep it for me and if I ever want it, I'll come for it or send Charles after it,--I'll come-fer-it it," and she thrust the picture into Harris's hands.

"What!" stammered Harris overcome.

"Yes, you take it. Be careful, don't smear it against your trousers. It's wet. ~~It'll~~ It'll dry in two days. Yes, it's yours. I like you. Good-bye."

Story

They were off and Harris stood with the picture in his hand, bewildered, half sick at heart, as he watched their boat make through the gap between the Tancooks. He walked back to his room slowly, feeling as if he had passed through a great adventure. Once when he had clung with numbed fingers to the bottom of an upturned dory he had felt in the moment before he was picked up that he had seen through the shell of things. Now it seemed that the walls of his world had been pushed back for a moment; a light had shone through a dim window. Pictures, music, cities, people who did not work. What did it all mean?

When he got back to the house, he stood the picture against ~~on~~ the kitchen wall, and looked carefully at the red rock cliff, the breaking sea, the stunted spruces and cloudy sky. Why had she picked out that rough place to paint? He looked at it a long time and whenever he passed through the kitchen he must perforce stop and gaze. In his building he made a neat frame of poplar wood, for Harris was handy with tools, and carved on it shapes of boats, anchors and flights of ducks, that seemed to him went with a picture of cliff and sea. He nailed it carefully to his kitchen wall. For a time he thought of putting it up in his building but decided on the kitchen for there he would see it most often. It was his most precious possession; in it he had a little of the soul of the girl in the yellow dress, the girl who was like a flame running through dried grass.

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But your story is greatly weakened by them.

In some, but I feel all of this sort of place, in your story. The book ought to be about Ironbound & its people. I don't like a class with outsiders like these, they should be in the story at the start. They come in too late. Some of them surprise.

In early September of that same year two important things happened on Ironbound that effected Harris's life. Charles Amiguet came back with a great box of books, his fiddle and a heap of painting gear and was established in Harris's house. Harris gave Charles the big south room upstairs that looked straight out to Green Island and the open sea. Charles made himself at home. The table in his room was no good. He hated little tables. He threw it out and made himself a table of a big weather door. "A fellow must have elbow room in this world before he can do anything," he explained to Harris. On this big table he spread out his books, his fiddle and music and blocks of wood that he intended to whittle into boat models. Charles was a good cook and took over the kitchen. Harris heartily sick of his own cooking was delighted. "I haven't got much money, I'll pay three dollars a week and make myself useful." Harris demurred; it was he thought too much money but Charles laughed and insisted. They became fast friends and talked many a furious evening in the kitchen for Charles was a socialist, a communist, almost an anarchist and Harris could not for the life of him make out half that Charles was talking about. On one of his visits to Mill Cove, Harris had acquired a concertina and on this Charles was a skilled performer. He knew the songs of many lands for he had been born in Switzerland, educated in both Germany and France and had spent five years in New York as a designer for Tiffanys. He hated capitalists as he dubbed all employers and swore that he would work for them no more than he had to. His policy was to earn some money and then to eke it out in free living in some remote place. Ironbound was more to his taste than any

place he had found in the world. Here he felt fettered by no man. Before leaving New York he had made and sold a model of a full-rigged ship and so he was in funds to carry him over a few months of idleness.

The other event of importance was the advent of Polly Dauphiny, who arrived a fortnight before Charles to teach the children on Ironbound. The world was advancing in spite of all that Uriah could do; even on remote Ironbound, the third generation of Youngs and Fincks felt that their children should learn to read and write. Uriah opposed this policy bitterly - had the old Youngs who made Ironbound been readers and writers? - and many a bitter debate he waged with Harvey in the fish-house. For the first time in history Youngs and Fincks cooperated in something. Together they built a tiny one room school-house with skill (and expedition) as these islanders did everything. But it was built as well with hatred, suspicion and (mutual) recrimination and became but a new source of quarrel between the rival families. Uriah dictated a policy to his clan and Anapest to hers and the underlings fought it out between them for the two giant leaders never designed to meet in actual debate. In spite of all the Youngs could do, Willis Finck was elected secretary and collected and held the school money. His wife imported from the main could read, write and keep simple books and those facts were deciding points in Willis's favour.

Polly Dauphiny found the neat little school-house equipped with chairs for the children, blackboards and an old map of the world. When she raised the lid of the new desk she found that Willis had thoughtfully bought a regulation strap for beating the pupils.

Your nephew your uncle & interest from Hq & Cd.

This is better. As ordered to the stop

We should have seen these two better!

good why not build this up?

