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unplaced material 1/12/04

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~~XXXXXX~~
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~~He had to recognize. He had forgotten too much that he was now~~

remembering too late. One of the laws of his childhood that he had received

from Johann Nepomuk before he was even ten years old was that when it

came to farming, there were no laws you could count on when you ^{happened to meet} met an

unexpected problem. Even ^{could} your lifetime friends would disagree with you on

the solution. Every farmer ^{he now learned,} had his own idea of how to cure a sick pig. ^{Of course!}

~~Now, the prize sow he had bought with the farm was sick, and the~~

^{in this case}
~~three~~ three neighbors to whom he turned for advice offered in turn three different

solutions, an emetic, a binder, and a diarrhetic ~~and all~~ were wrong. The

sow stopped breathing and died. Because it was a pig, all three men had

assumed the trouble could only be in the stomach or the bowels. Who had

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[Handwritten signature]

ever heard of consumption in such a heavy beast? Perhaps it was something

else. Even the veterinarian he called in after the fact was unsure.

[Handwritten signature: 2LB]

Nothing could have aggravated Alois more. To pay good money after

the animal had died *And why? Because what an idiot!* because he had to know the cause even if he would raise

He wasn't going to raise any more pigs more, but still he found the pigs. And then he found no more pigs, and then found out that the specialist— if you could call him

that—was not sure of the cause, and it would take the further expense of lab

to be certain. *(He told Alois)* Well, the hell with that! Such an tests, no the expenditure now seemed obscene. He had to bury the animal

He even had to bury the animal whole, not even daring to eat away any good part of it for the family to eat.

Left to himself, Alois would have looked for some good parts. ^{chopped cuts} ^{how many} But did the hams have to do, after all, with the lungs? But no, the ~~rest~~ ^{rest} was definite. Do not touch a clause, there with, on any part of the animal. ⁴ Yes, that is what he ~~told~~ ^{told} him; but only after he had been paid. And there was Angela going on and on to the weeps, and all the labor of ~~Angela~~ ^{Angela} digging the goddamn hole ~~for~~ ^{for} the carcass,

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Yes, there were ~~losses~~ to ~~calculate~~ (264)
calculate. What kind of profits could
he point to from that medium crop
of potatoes? When he added up the
costs of the seed potatoes, the compost
he had bought for the three years, and
the ~~substantial~~ wages of the hired
hand, the loss of the row, the fee of
the vet, well, how ~~could~~ he ~~claim~~
claim to have made anything?
If he divided the total that came back
from the sale of the potatoes, ~~and~~
by the hours put in, could he say that
he had earned any more by that day
than in his first years with the ~~financial~~
financial watch. Worse, the real
calculation was worse. But for one avoid
expense of ~~maintenance~~ maintenance,
he was living here rent-free. He
mortgaged to ~~conquer~~ about the house
had been bought outright after all. But
if ~~he~~ he had real prospects to
make to the bank, could he claim
any profit ~~at all~~? Yes, a
lot of profit. The realists, they had
brought in a little extra money, money
right off the ground. For the rent, it had

been a lot of work for so little, he couldn't even complain to anyone for the slowness of it.

He had to reassure himself, it wasn't that he was in real financial trouble. Certainly not yet. His pension alone was six times the income of a day laborer, like the poor dumb fellow Ted had hired, who, dumb or not, was able to nibble away at him, but all right! In the old days, at in the best years of his earning power at Persson and Kling, he had been ~~situated~~ situated in what you could call the well-salaried layers of the middle-class. Today he had made more than any principal in an elementary school, not bad when you consider that he, more respected economically speaking than the principal, had never even finished elementary school himself.

Also, come to think of himself in real away he had not made the most out of his job. He couldn't be complaining his best was over. One of his strengths with young officers from good families had always been, but he, at least, having

Came from peasant stock knew (266) at least when people were cheating time. And now he had discovered that the land he had bought was not as good as it looked. It might ~~have~~ have been a peasant once upon a time, but now he might just as well have been a middle class city folk. What shame! He felt all the ~~same~~ shame of a peasant could know after being taken on a deal involving land. He would be feeling worse if Klara had been some miracle taken up with a fairy boy? That was impossible, but ^{had it been} then how ~~would~~ ^{was it} possible for himself, Alaid Hether, to be going on a land deal?

He went into a depression. By October and November, he was deep in gloom. And what in heaven's name happened to the Hether? That was one such puppy then deep in ^{he was a} ~~habit of~~ ^{habit of} man in his late middle age who dangled a stick pup between his legs - ^{and a half}

Klara, seven months pregnant tried to explain it to him. The police

crop warin, she told him, the work
of summer ~~so much~~ ^{hard} good ~~work~~ ^{work} (247)
was finished. It was natural to be
reluctant. Women could feel that
very often a child was born, so much went
into the womb so much hope and effort
and then one was empty again. The baby
might be there and beautiful, but for
time the woman ~~could~~ could feel
empty, even awful for a little while
it was natural.

She had never warped so
philosophical before, not to him, but
he almost took her head off. "What
and, a woman?" he wanted to
scream.