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Ready for FAXING

Double-space

all of chapter 17

pp 237-247

→ 17. Judette - see
note on page 245
before reworking

Another situation ^{had arisen,} arose. ^(very) On the night in April when they first slept in ^{for the first time, they} at ~~Halsdorf~~ ^{at Halsdorf} the house, Klara became pregnant. Until then, the farm, ^{although} purchased in February, ^{was not} had not been occupied by the Hitler family. Klara ^{had} kept the children in Passau because Edmund ^{was} had been ailing and ^{Besides,} it was winter, ^{and} Besides, Alois would not be able to join them permanently until ^{the end of} late in June when he retired, after his retirement. By April, however, Klara decided finally to brave the

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difficulties and ~~undertook the move~~ ^{accompanied her} right after Easter with their Angela,

Adolf, Edmund, and the sum of their possessions. ~~Alois, Jr. was left to stay in~~

~~made even more difficult since she was with the kids, Junior~~
~~about to help her with the luggage. He was going to stay here,~~
~~and board~~ ~~what was his business?~~
~~Passau with a neighbor until the end of his school year.~~ ~~So she embarked by~~

~~her husband~~
 train from Passau early in the day and ~~Alois~~ met them at the station in Linz

with a large wagon and two work horses to carry ~~all~~ their trunks, valises,

packing crates and packages ^{over} for the last thirty miles to Hafeld.

This portion of the trip lasted from noon to dark, but the day had been

warm, and Alois, to everyone's surprise, entertained the children with one

song after another—his voice was rich, and Klara, who had a clear delicate

soprano, would join him when she knew the words. Alois was in a rare

mood. Keeping it to himself, he was proud at his skill with the horses and

wagon. Having done so little of that in decades, he had almost hired a driver,

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but given his oncoming responsibilities as a farmer, felt ~~it~~^{it} incumbent to take on the project himself.

The interior of the house was ~~chill~~, but since the previous owner had,
~~as was local custom~~ and so too
as a parting gift, stocked each fireplace, (the rooms, before long, were warm,
~~and~~ what with some bread and sausage, plus a carefully packed jar of split
pea soup, they had enough to eat and went to bed more happily than not.

Alois would spend ^{his} the next day with them before driving the wagon back to
Linz.

That first night, however, Alois was ready to establish ^{a little} some connubial
investiture of the premises as well, and by the light of the gas lamp in their
bedroom, ^{could see} he ~~thought~~ that Klara looked in fine color, not pale at all, and said
as much only to hear her laugh in true merriment.

"You, too, Uncle," she said. "Your nose is very red from the sun."

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"Ah," he said, "you are still calling me uncle. Soon it's ten years that ^{are} we're married and still, what am I to you? Uncle Alois? Do you mean Old Uncle Alois? That is a disgrace."

"No," she said, "we are all very proud of you. ^{so much} Today, You did it all.

And so well. ^{I think it's} something you never did before."

"Well, I can do ^{a lot of} things you do not know. I am ^{never} ~~not~~ so simple as you

think."

"I ^{do not} ~~never~~ think you are simple," she said, ^{that} ^{une} "I do not think ^{that} ~~that~~

"Yes, you can tell me. What do you think, my little niece?"

It was not often that she was ready to speak to him so directly, but on

^{a most special night after all,}
this night, she said, "I wonder why you never tell me that you love me."

"Maybe," he replied, "it is because you still call me 'uncle' ^u ^u

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To his astonishment, her answer was the nearest she had ever come to speaking in a manner that ^{most certainly} belonged to other kinds of women, ^{not her} "Maybe I call you uncle," she said, "because you are such a big, healthy fellow of an uncle."

He was not about to pass this by. ^{Immediately, the training on the} The Hound was ~~pulling at his~~ leash.

Alois'

His voice was heavy. "How would you know what is the size of a healthy fellow?" he asked.

^{do not} "I ~~don't~~ know. But I ^{am free to} can guess. You are a very big uncle."

That was all it took to make her pregnant. He was excited enough to take her by the side of the bed, both of them standing, half-dressed, and then he took her again in bed. He was full of love—for himself, first, and his prowess—such a fine power at his age—and then he felt some love for her to some degree ^{plus} and then a good deal of love for the farm. It was a beautiful piece of land. He even took pleasure in the thought of coming a little closer

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to ^{his} their children, which is to say, he had an image ^(body) of them working along with

him in the fields, doing what, he hardly ^{could say} knew, he was about ^{to fall} asleep and now

thought of summer bees searching the meadows ^{lk} and was unusually delighted

^{with how much} at the power ^{I had been} ^{for this night} still in his loins. To still have it there, just when he had begun to

wonder.

That night, ^{he} he even held Klara in his arms, which was hardly his habit,

and when he woke up to honor the needs of his bladder, he almost kicked

over the chamber pot ^{In the dark, what} ^{with} what with his unfamiliarity in the dark of a new ^{stumbling} bedroom, ^{on the} ^{he was} ^{she} and Klara looked up giggling and then wrapped her arms around

him as he came back to bed. "I am happy," she said. "I think this will be the

place for us."

"Silence!" he growled. "Don't be a goose! One does not make silly

predictions!" Yes, he could feel the earth of the farm, all those nine acres to

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the rear of their bedroom, and felt just as superstitious as any ~~peasant~~ ^{of the peasants of his} ~~of his~~ childhood. A person should not be as ready as Klara to ^(speak out with) release good feelings to the night air. Not aloud! ^(how empty was it after all?) Who knew what ~~kind of~~ ^{empty} black-hearted spirit might be about, there to listen to you ^(there with its) nothing but evil ears?

In the morning, she could sense ^{his} his impatience to be done with the ^{It was obvious. He wanted to} unpacking so that he could go out and walk his grounds. ^{so, she} She took over the larger part of the immediate tasks while he gave the children a tour of the barn, all three huddled close to him now before the animal immanence of the two horses, the cow, and the prize sow that had been part of the purchase ^{price} money. Those animals were huge and ^{and close to} overpowering to the children in size ^{overpowering them with} and the fetid statement of their odor, ^{least for} All three, Angela, twelve; Adi, now ^(OK) close to six and Edmund, not yet two ^{Edmund hugged Adi.} and a fine toddler, ^{he loved to walk}

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He loved to walk

(with his hand in Adi's hand, yes, enjoyed that almost as much as being carried

on his father's shoulders.

Now, Alois told them

They were to go back to the house now and help their mother, Alois

told them. In the afternoon, he would, he promised, teach them how to milk

not to mention the hen house and the eggs

the cow, feed the pig, and curry the horse, but for now it was their good

mother who needed them.

He wanted to *walk* talk his lands alone. He had more than a few decisions

take. one again
to make. So he studied the condition of the orchard once again. When he

more than a little but
had seen it last, there was snow on the ground and he had been able to

determine no more than that the trunks of the walnut trees looked healthy, and

the bare branches appeared to have integrity, strong, reasonably straight, and

not too many tortured shapes to suggest the aftermath of crazy storms.

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In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place ^{before buying it.} ~~it had been~~

Enough that the price, comparatively, was not very high, and he had wanted a farm,

~~at~~ The house and the view were the best he had found, and he could not

manage to keep ^{spending} ~~losing~~ full days in travel out from Linz, ~~not with~~
his other terminal responsibilities on
the job.

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In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place. It had been enough that the price, comparatively, was not ^{too} very high, and he had wanted ^{no,} it, the house and the view were the best he had found, and he could not manage to keep losing full days in travel out from Linz. ^{This place} It was enough that he ^{after all,} wanted it. In his work, ^{professional} he had had to be good at making quick decisions. You could not examine in complete detail every traveler who might have something wrong about him, no, you made your choices on the spot ^{and} he had been good at that.

^{with his purchase}
All the same, he was not so much at ease ^{as} he had anticipated.

Walking the meadows and the one small hill of his new domain, the land was

^{what two, nine acres,}
less extensive than he remembered, no larger, really, than a good-sized

parade-field, and maybe a little more. On the other hand, it was small enough

to encourage him to do a little more farming than he had anticipated. Three

or four of those acres would make a decent but manageable potato field.

Should he give any?
~~Give another~~ acre to beets?

Could he plant this year? That would be the

question. He could not get going until the end of June, the beginning of July,

but Alois, Jr. would be back here then from Passau, his school year finished,

and, yes, maybe they could take on some late plowing, maybe get some

planting done.

All the while,

~~He had known it in advance,~~ but his true disappointment *came back* festered in

must ~~had to~~ recognize *once again!* *cultivate* that he could not be ready to take in his bees, not

this summer. The brunt of the project would have to wait until the *next* following

A neat that by the bees spring. The ~~bees'~~ season of beautiful effort *lasted* began in April and hardly came to

a half-year—April into September, *had to* and he must be there at the beginning. *OK*

must wait. All

was all right. He would have nine months *now!* to prepare, at least counting from

the time when he would be back again here, permanently, in June, late June,

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and an unexpected and most unpleasant shiver of anticipation came to him at

this
~~he~~ thought. Did he know what he was doing? Such a bad thought! He

forced it back. He had been in control of his feelings since he was ten years

old, and he was not preparing to go soft now.

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Chapter 18

pp 248-255

triple space

Indicate - do Chapter 18
before Chap 17.

18

Much was different by the beginning of July. For one thing, no question, Klara was certainly pregnant. If he counted it all up, ^{on} seven more ^{there} months ^{him} it would be eight kids had come out of her, yes, eight, if you included the three who were gone, and then how many more ^(children) not accounted for with ^{all those} cooks and chambermaids ^(that was what might) of what might be called mixed male parentage, ^{very mixed} yes! ^{had} since when they told him they were pregnant, he agreed that all was possible

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then hadn't they
but they had also been with Hans and Gebhardt and Herman and Wolf, and

those fellows
maybe one of them was just as good a father, nein? With rare exceptions

those women
(like Fanny) they were not in a position to argue—it was enough *that* he gave

them a little money, a gift to keep the midwife happy. Who knew how many

one suspicious bit
boys and girls looking a little like him might be moving around today?

this
All that was different from his own, *here, he* of course. He was face to face

with the other side of his achievement. In the heat of July, in his farm-house

could look at
up on the hill, he saw five faces every meal, all the way from Klara to

Edmund, *and* by January there would be six. He was used to people; he had

lived with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than most people had to

look at every day, but now it was the same faces and, he had to admit it, he

was feeling irritated all too often *and* he was bored. He was not used to

intrusive
facing problems of such little interest.

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The farm was another matter. He ^{could} ~~did~~ take some pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she ^{was} ~~had been~~ eight—what a little city girl, so ready to be spoiled!—now she was a help to him, ^{she} and was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when ^{that lady} ~~it~~ didn't need it, ^{Angela} ~~she~~ was deft at milking and even got Adolf and Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment in the full-gutted sound of the sow when ^{she was} ~~the~~ fed her. ^(Fettig) ~~Fettig~~ She was so large for a pig, ~~and~~ a prize, yes, with a pink rosette tacked above her stall, the prize rosette from ^{last} ~~the~~ summer before they owned the farm. And Klara told Alois that Angela was even good at separating and transporting the manure of the farm ^{before carrying each portion} ~~animals~~ to the separate piles of collection ^{she even succeeded in getting} ~~and~~ even got Adi, who seemed to hate such dirty work, to take up a ^{little} ~~big~~ part of the slack.

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Alois, Jr., ^{came} had ~~come~~ to join them at the beginning of July, ^{it} and was a ^{true} ~~piece of good work~~ ^{piece of good work} good help for a short period. He liked the horses, particularly the younger

one five years old who was good for riding, which Alois, Jr. ^{took to at once} learned in no ~~as if he had been born under standing such~~ ^{as if he had been born under standing such} ~~creatures, also~~ ^{helped Alois} time, but he worked the plow with the dray horse, and they turned up three

acres of ~~the~~ ^{the} pasture for ~~potatoes~~ ^{they}, and used good sprouting potatoes ~~Alois~~ ^{the}, ^{K. Lang}

^{brought and} ~~Senior~~, had ^{a week after} stored in the root cellar in April on their arrival. Alois, Junior,

worked harder for two weeks than his father would have believed, but, ^{this} ~~the~~

first effort spent, it was never ^{again} the same. ~~Out of~~ ^{that} ~~flurry of hard~~ ^{labor} ~~work~~ came

the bad news. By mail. ^{Junior} He had failed to pass over half of his courses in his

~~first~~ year at the Realschule in Passau, and would have to ^{those studies} take ~~most of that~~

~~year~~ over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of stupid ^{teachers} teachers."

~~teachers~~."

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Alois Junior
 Yes, ~~he~~ ^{he} had lived with what he knew the school news would be ~~for all~~ ^{1.1.1.1}

with it for all
 of the first week of his return to Hafeld, and ~~had~~ ^{he} not said a word. Now, ~~his~~

Depression came down on him, *and on his father.*

still so much immediate work to do.
 There was ~~a great deal to do~~, of course. They had tilled ten inches

deep, laid the sprouters in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each

seed piece a foot apart, each furrowed row two and a half feet apart. That

that they had
 was fine; ~~they~~ ^{he} accomplished all that in the first two weeks of July, but the

never stopped
 work continued. Alois had not remembered ~~too~~ ^{all so} well how much labor went

into *into* *he had totally forgotten*
 into weeding and clearing and fertilizing, ~~how many disasters there were to~~ ^{out there}

waiting for you,
 avoid! He encountered white grubs and wire worm, and ~~already~~ ^{some} the earliest *potato*

leaves ~~were~~ being attacked by aphids and flea beetles. It was work, and

Then
 Every day one had to keep up with the weeding. The ~~drainage~~ ^{drainage} became a

irritation to
 chronic problem. One could only dig one's canals a shallow depth or too

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many potato roots could be cut. Some days had to be spent then in carrying

pail after pail of water from the well up the slope to the meadow. On one of

those days, ^{a German} Alois, Jr. had disappeared. He was out riding with the good

horse. Alois put Angela to work in his place, and all day she carried the

water.

He gave his son a remarkable tongue-lashing that night, told him that

he was getting like his crazy mother. A year earlier, Alois would have given

him the kind of beating that leaves a scar on the heart, but the boy was big

enough by now to give Alois pause. That, he had to decide in the days that

He should have strangled him. Now, Junior
followed, was a mistake in his own judgment. Alois, Jr. knew it. Thereafter,
knew his father was not nearly so much every
a little afraid of him. thereafter, Alois

he worked at clipping the edges of any temporary agreement they made on

the morning
came to an

(He could have been any)
the work to be done that day. He was not acting like a farmer's son, but a city

lazy city-boy doing la Gar-Pan-hing

—boy for hire at a job he did not like. Often, before sundown, before the last of

"You don't even have that excuse, Your mother may have been crazy but she was also intelligent. And so stuff are you, but you are a lazy teenage girl in your self."

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~~day after~~
the work was done, he would coax Alois into letting him finish early so he

~~had a lovely~~
could ride the good horse (whom he named Ulan) up over the hill into

twilight.

~~Alois told himself, was that as a father, he~~
The trouble was that Alois had too soft a palate under his hard bite. He

~~yes~~
adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, prey to terrible moods

~~yes~~ like his mother, much too prideful, and now ~~he was~~ in full flight from continuing his

~~Probably~~ education, he would never go back to school, ~~some~~ he swore ~~yet,~~ he was still as

~~whenever~~ charming as Fanni when ~~he~~ he wanted to be, and he moved as well as she ~~did~~ ~~it~~ ~~used to move~~

~~It~~ ~~was~~ a wonder how quickly ~~he~~ ~~set up~~ ~~a~~ ~~communication~~ with Ulan. That was a

horse! A sizable stallion ~~and~~ Alois ~~had~~ ~~hesitated~~ to ride him. It was ~~a~~ long

~~for a heavy man!~~ But way to the ground, Alois Junior could saddle him up with all the eclat of a

prize cadet—the sort who used to promenade on the best streets of Vienna in

the boots that Alois had made for them, yes, all the way back then when he

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had so admired those well-turned-out young men with their handsome ladies.

It all came back to Alois, and the old, never-developed dream of finding an

that dream as well when
elegant and lovely young milliner, ~~so that~~ *(he and she could have a shop with*

that sold only the
(finest hats and boots in all of the capital, a silly dream, but Alois, Jr. was so

and already
much like those young officers, not yet fourteen [CK] but a striking young

man. *Not at all funny-looking like Adolf*
or tiny Edmund

bring himself to
So, Alois could not quite refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask for an early

after all, had to
hour off so that Ulan could be exercised. And how the horse loved him! *Alo!* The

same horse that would paw the floor of his stall when Alois approached, an

evil grin, if ever, to show his ~~big~~ horse teeth, no, the stallion did not like the

father, but like the father, was much taken with the son.

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Double space for
all of

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By July, much)
~~For Alaric much~~ ^{from Alaric.} what with Klara
Much was different ~~by the beginning of July.~~ For one thing, no

^{there would be}
question, Klara was certainly pregnant. If he counted it all up, in seven more

^{a total of who}
months, there would be eight kids had come out of him, yes, eight, if you

^{if he wished, he could add in all the}
included the three who were gone, and, then how many more kinder not

^{good}
accounted for with all these cooks and chambermaids? That was what might

^{called}
be mixed male parentage, very mixed, ~~yes~~ ^{much} ~~yes~~ ^{yes}. Yes, when one of them

^{she was}
pregnant, he had agreed that all was possible ^{He could be the father, but then, tell the truth,} but then, hadn't they also been

with Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann and Wolf? Maybe one of those

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fellows was just as good a father, nein? With rare exceptions (like Fanny)

It knew that they would see that it had to be
those women were not in a position to argue. ~~It was~~ enough that he gave

let us say,
them a little money, a gift to keep the midwife happy. Who knew how many

boys and girls looking one suspicious bit like him might be moving around

today in more than one town on the line between Austria and Germany?
By now that was so far away from his own situation.
All this was different from his own. (Here, he was face to face with the

other side of his achievement. In the heat of July, in his farm-house up on

had to, whether he wanted to or not
the hill, he ~~could~~ look at five faces every meal, all the way from Klara to ~~the~~

ten-year-old, 16 months old and walking, even talking.
Edmund, By January, there would be ~~his~~ *another*. He was used to people; he had

lived with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than most people had to

mugs,
look at every day, but now it was the same faces and, he had to admit it, he

a little
was feeling irritated all too often. He was bored. He was not used to facing

problems of such little intrinsic interest, *as to whether Edmund*
had just come up with another word or was
gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, not words,

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Managing the
~~The~~ farm was another matter. He could take some pleasure in

Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on

her hands ever since she was eight—what a little city girl, so ready to be

to his surprise
 spoiled!—now ~~she~~ *he* was a help ~~to him~~. She was always currying the two

hefty
 horses, and washing down the cow even when that lady didn't need it.

even
 Angela was deft at milking and even got Adolf and Edmund to laugh at the

every time they
 hearty contentment in the full-gutted sound of the sow ~~when she was fed.~~

approached with food, Rosie

~~Rosie~~ was so large for a pig, a prize, yes, with a pink rosette tacked above

an old
 her stall, ~~the~~ prize rosette from last summer before they owned the farm.

when it wasn't all on top of them
 By next summer ~~Angela would be ready to know~~
~~show her in a way to stop prepare her for local~~

And Klara told Alois that Angela was even good at separating the manure of

the farm animals before carrying each portion to ~~the~~ separate piles of *collection.*

Why? Because she thought ^{my father} men ^{would} ^{went} ^{at} ^{that} ^{way} ^{were} ^{and} ^{real} ^{she}
~~collection. She even succeeded in getting Adi, who seemed to hate such~~

Competition.
~~dirty work,~~ to take up a part of the slack. *while he would always*
 throw a tantrum ~~but~~ *on being asked, she would*
 ride it out, *(first)* then he would *he following day his*
 nose up to heaven in horror, but carrying a second *

* stop peil none the less

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For a short period, he acted like
 Alois, Jr., came to join them at the beginning of July. He ~~was~~ a true

piece of good work ~~for a short period~~. He liked the horses, particularly the

Ulan, a stallion, Ulan
 younger one ~~five years old~~ who was good for riding, which Alois, Jr. took to
the saddle
(For the fun of a quick canter, he
 at once as if he had been born understanding such creatures, ~~but he also~~
would go back to screams of excitement from
Angel and Adli. But he was also ready to
 worked the plow with the dray horse, and helped Alois turn up three acres of
Grunbentz

pasture for the potatoes, the sprouting potatoes Klara bought and stored in

the root cellar *her* a week after arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for two

weeks than his father would have believed, but, this first effort spent, it was

never again the same. Upon that flurry of hard labor came ~~the~~ *by mail,* bad news. ~~By~~

~~mail~~. Junior had failed to pass over half of his courses in his year at the

Realschule in Passau, and would have to take those studies over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of ~~stupid~~

teachers, *so stupid we laugh at them."*

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Yes, ^{Alois}~~Alois~~ Junior had lived with what he knew the school news

would be, lived with it for all of the first week of his return to Hafeld, and he

had not said a word. ^{Now} Depression came down on ^{the son and}him, and on his father.

There was ~~still~~ so much immediate work to do. They had tilled ten

inches deep, laid the sprouters in shallow trenches and covered them lightly,

each seed-piece a foot ^{away from the next} apart, each furrowed row two and a half feet apart.

That was ^{not bad} fine that they had accomplished in ~~the first~~ two weeks of July,

^{then they did not} but the work never stopped. ^{Perhaps Alois had forgotten how} Alois had not remembered all so well how

much labor went into weeding, into clearing, into fertilizing. ^{It all began} He had ~~totally~~

^{to come back just} forgotten how many disasters were out there waiting for you. He

encountered white grubs and wire worms and saw the earliest potato leaves

^{nibbled into next to nothing} being attacked by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to ^{return to} ~~keep~~

^{with the weeding} Then, drainage became ^{the} a chronic problem. One could

only dig irrigation canals to a shallow depth ^(no more depth than a few inches) or too many potato roots could

^{all}

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glashed by the shower in hardly any more than
 be out. Some days had to be spent then in carrying pail after pail of water
 (blows)

from the well up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, Alois,
 (Junior)

just
 disappeared. He was out riding with the good horse. Alois put Angela to

that afternoon
 work in his place, and all day she carried the water.

He gave his son a remarkable tongue-lashing that night, told him that
 (memorable)
 very much
 "But no," he added, "you
 he was getting like his crazy mother. You don't even have that excuse.

might out of her head by the end)
 Your mother may have been crazy, but she was also intelligent. And so are
 with one big difference. You are lazy.
 you, but you are lazy. (Mix such stuff in yourself and what is the result? The
 intelligence with that)

Foul laziness!
 worst! (A year earlier, Alois would have given him the kind of beating that
 a good exactly)

the apocalyptic kind that
 leaves a scar on the heart, but the boy was big enough by now, to give Alois
 enough in the eyes to give Alois some pause. So, he
 did not strike him.
 pause. That, he had to decide in the days that followed, was a mistake in his
 grave)

given him one hell of a wallop,
 own judgment. He should have struck him. (Now, Junior knew his father

Maybe his father was
 was not ready, or maybe even a little afraid of him. Thereafter, Alo, Jr.

maneuvering
 worked at trimming the edges of any agreement they came to on the work to

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be done that day. He was not acting like a farmer's son. He could have been

any lazy city boy doing ^{summer} labor ~~for him~~ at a job he did not like. Often, ^{short of} before

sundown, ^{at least an hour} before the last of the day's effort was done, he would coax Alois

into letting him ^{get up on Ulan for a ride} finish early so he could ride the good horse (whom he had

~~already named Ulan~~ up over the hill into twilight.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he had too soft a

palate under ^{thy} his hard bite. He adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive.

Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods like his mother, yes, much too prideful,

and now he was in full flight from ~~continuing his~~ education. Probably he

would never go back to school ^(that's what he swore) yet, he was as charming as Fanni

whenever he wanted to be, and he moved as ^{reminded Alois of how} well ~~as~~ she used to move. It

was a wonder how quickly Alo had ^{gotten on good terms with} set up his communication with Ulan.

That was a horse! ^{whole} A sizable stallion. Alois had even hesitated to ride him.

It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois Junior

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could saddle him up with all the eclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used to

promenade on the best streets of Vienna in the boots that ^{weaving, good apprentice} Alois had made for

~~them~~, yes, all the way back then when he had so admired ^{at} those well-turned-

out young men ~~with their handsome ladies~~. ^{all} It all came back to Alois, and ~~that~~ ^{those young officers promenading with their handsome ladies, while he as a very young man of eighteen had} the old, never-developed dream of finding an elegant and lovely young ^{dwelt in the dream that he would find}

milliner, ^{go that} that dream as well where he and she could have a shop that sold ^{together} where they would sell exceptional boots to be found in

^{CK} only the finest hats and boots in all of the capital, a silly dream, but Alois, Jr. just ^{CK} turning fourteen was already

was so much like those young officers, ^{CK} not yet fourteen ^{CK}, and already a

striking young man. Not at all ^{funny-looking} like Adolf or tiny Edmund.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask

for ^{the last} an early hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And how the

horse loved ^{him} Alo! The same ^{best} horse that would paw the floor of his stall when

Alois approached, an evil grin, if ever, to show ^{those large} his horse teeth, ^{was stating it} no, the

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all most clearly. Ulan
station (did not like the father, but like the father,

son.

and dot ch 14

was much taken with the

252

} double
space

Jerdith

Do ch 14 so far
pp 242-254
in triple space

triple space

Fixed
by DW
1/27/04

19.

(refrain page
when typed.)

One hot evening, Alo went too far, and
it was Klara who was infuriated first. The boy
~~he~~ ^{he} was there at dinner, but Angela was
not. She was back in the barn carrying
~~Ulan~~ after a hot Ulan's hot wet hide
after a gallop back from the woods and
a walk down that was neither long
enough nor slow enough to ~~trust~~
allow the stallion to cool down. Klara
could not believe it. It was one of the
few times in the marriage when she spoke
sharply to her husband, ~~he~~ ^{as if he} was no uncle
now. ~~He was~~ "You let Alo ride the horse
and leave the work to Angela? That is
certainly not right!"

"Angela likes doing that kind of work.
I don't," said Alo, yet

"Well, I ~~don't~~ ^{was} know horses that much?"
said Klara, "but I ~~know~~ ^{know} enough to say
that he who rode horse has a duty to it,

(19)

7094

and the horse ^{has a sense of} ~~knows~~ the difference (293)
even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo,
"nothing. Ten degrees less than yours."

"Silence!" said Alois. "You are still
a ~~whole~~ whelp. You will keep your
mouth shut for the rest of this meal."

"Yes sir."

The boy certainly knew how to work
the edge. He had obeyed him and disabused
him with the same words. "Yes sir" you say
to me. I tell you: Silence. Silence for the
rest of the meal."

Alois stood up and left the table.

"Come back," said Alois, "come back
sit down, and be silent. Not a word."

There was a pause and then he did come
back, but in the pause was the beginning
of a new message. It was as if he
was saying "I am in your hands but later
there will be others."

They finished the meal in silence. ^{the carriage,}
Angela came in, flushed from ~~the heat~~
labor, started to speak, ~~and then~~
and then did not, ~~she went back~~ sat
down, her face still wet with moisture from
the quick wash she had taken with the
deffer, and put her face to the food. Adé
was so excited ~~he did not~~ and lived in the
fear he would wet himself. Klara ate
slowly passing some loaves with her spoon

in the air. She was filled with the (294)
earnest desire to keep speaking, to upbraid
Alois ~~for this~~ Alo, Junior somewhat more,
and yes, upbraid her ^{sure} Alo, as well,
So, silent and motionless, ^{she could hardly hear} it was all unknown
territory to her. As for ~~the~~ ^{her} husband and
her step-son, it was probably true that
they now neither could speak. The rage
that lived in the space between them
was ~~stronger~~ ^{greater} (than) the anger in either.
Edmund, pale, porty-faced, lip-dribbling
Edmund began to cry.

That was the solution. Klara could
pick him up and leave the table, Alois
~~could~~ ^{could} take her walking stick
rise and quit the room. Eugenia and
Adi gathering the plates for washing,
and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the
table, speechless, poised within the
silence as if he were settling in reverence
toward himself gathering the forces
of new intent.

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FAXED

Wed A.M. 10:00

By July, much was different for Alois. What with Klara pregnant, ~~he could expect that in~~ *there would be* ~~there would be in~~ seven more months, a total of eight kids who had come ~~into existence because~~ *OR course,* out of him, ~~yes~~ *exactly* eight, if you include the three who were gone, and ~~and~~ *some of the* if he wished, he could add in all the kinder not accounted for with good cooks and ~~so many cooks and chambermaids who had gone in for~~ chambermaids. ~~That was~~ *That was* what might be called mixed male parentage, very

much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that ~~it~~ *it* was possible. He could be the ~~father~~ *true* father, but then, ~~tell the truth~~ *tell the truth*

hadn't they also been with Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann and Wolf?

~~Maybe one of those fellows was just as good a father, nein?~~ *might be something like that* With rare exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue ~~He~~ *who was the true father. It was* ~~usually~~ *usually* acceptable ~~He~~ knew they would see it had to be enough if he gave them a little money, a

a gift, ~~let us say~~ *could look* to keep the midwife happy. Who knew how many boys and

~~girls looking one suspicious bit like him might be moving around today in~~ *?*

more than one town on the line between Austria and Germany?

~~By now, that was so far away from his own situation~~ *in the Feldhausen* Here, he was face to face with the other side of his achievement. ~~In~~ *Through* the heat of July, in his

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farm-house up on the hill, he had to look ^{down} whether he wanted to or not, at five faces every meal, ~~all the way~~ from Klara to Edmund, sixteen months old and walking, even talking. By January, there would be another. He was used to ^{living} people; he had lived with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than most people had to ^{meet up with} look at every day, but now it was the same mugs and, he had to admit it, he was a little irritated. He was bored. He was not used to facing ^{such questions as} problems of such little intrinsic interest as to whether Edmund had just come up with another word or was gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, not words.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take ~~some~~ pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—~~what~~ a little city girl, ~~so~~ ready to be spoiled!—^{now}, to his surprise, she was a help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need ^{another bath} it. Angela was deft at milking and got Adolf and even Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they approached with food. Rosig was ~~so~~ large for a pig, ^{even pigs} a prize, yes, with a pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from last summer before they owned the farm. By next summer, when it wasn't all ^{all the hard work wasn't} on top of them, ^{and there} ^{might be times} Angela would be ready to prepare ^{wanted} ^{Rosig again} her for local competition. ^{The child was the prize!} And Klara told ^{even} Alois that Angela was ~~even~~ good at separating the manure of the farm

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"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of teachers so stupid we laugh at them."

Yes, Alo had ^{been living} lived with what he knew the school news would ^{bring} be, lived with it for all of ^{these two} the first weeks of his return to Hafeld, and ~~he~~ had not said a word. ~~Now, depression came down on the son and his father.~~ ^{There had been them.}

~~There was so much immediate work to do.~~ They had tilled ten inches ^{into the three acres} deep, ^{had laid the seed potatoes} laid the sprouters in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each of the ^{apart, each row of furrow} sprouters seed piece a foot away from the next, each furrowed row two and a half feet ^{away} apart. ^{But that was only the beginning.} (That was not bad, that they had accomplished in two weeks of July, ^{Had Alois}

~~but then the work did not stop.~~ Perhaps Alois had forgotten how much labor went into weeding, into clearing, into fertilizing? ^{could be} It ~~at~~ began to come back—just how many disasters ~~were~~ out there waiting for you. He encountered

white grubs and wire worms, ~~and~~ saw the earliest potato leaves nibbled into ^{green lace} next to nothing by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to return to

the weeding. Then, drainage became the ^{ongoing} chronic problem. One could dig ^{had to} down ^{dig or too} irrigation canals to no more depth than a few inches or all too many potato ^{could} roots ^{had to be spent in} could be slashed by the shovel. ^{hoe or the shovel.} Flours had to be spent in hardly any more than carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow.

On one of those afternoons, Junior ~~just~~ disappeared. He was out riding with ^{Ulan,}

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for the rest of
the good horse. Alois put Angela to work in his place, and ~~all that afternoon~~
the working days
she carried the water.

He gave his son a memorable tongue-lashing that night, *99 id, "Very"* *your* *"you are" he* *"it's George."*
told him that he was very much like his crazy mother. "But, no," he added, "you don't

You do not *By the end, you*
(even have that excuse. Your mother might have been out of her head, at the
always
end, but she was also intelligent. And so are you, *but* with one big
laziness?
difference. You are lazy. Mix intelligence with that and what is the result?

The worst! Foul laziness!" A year earlier, Alois would have given him a
variety
good beating, exactly the apocalyptic kind that leaves a scar on the heart, but
the boy was big enough *by now*, and just wild enough in the eyes, to give

Alois pause. So, he did not strike him. That, he had to decide in the days
which
that followed, was a grave mistake in *his* judgment. He should have given

him one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior knew his father was not ready, *maybe*

Maybe his father was even a little afraid of him. Thereafter, Alo, Jr. worked
chipping away at *his time at work*
at manicuring the edges of any agreement they came to on work to be done *on*

any *a strange boy from*
that day. He was not acting like a farmer's son. He could have been any ~~boy~~

the city boy doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of

sundown, before the last of the day's effort was done, he would coax Alois
take *the*
into letting him get up on Ulan for a ride over the hill into twilight.

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The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, ^{le was false} he had too soft a ^{all} palate under ^{the truth was that} the hard bite. ^(for me) He adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive.

Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods like his mother, ^{yes} yes, much too prideful, ^{at present} and now he was ^{yet he was} in full flight from education. Probably he would never go

back to school—that's what he swore ^{to never}—yet, he was as charming as Fanni ^{it} whenever he wanted to be, and reminded Alois of how well she used to

move. It was a wonder how quickly Alo had gotten on good terms with ^{the stallion}.

~~Ulan. That was a horse!~~ ^{truly} ~~What a stallion!~~ ^{himself} Alois hesitated to ride him. It was ^{truly} a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois Junior could

saddle him up with all the eclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used to

promenade on the best streets of Vienna wearing the boots that ~~good~~

^(for the cadets in those years) apprentice Alois had made, yes, all the way back then when he had so

admired those well-turned-out young men. It all ^{Memories came back of at} came back to Alois, those

^{those} young officers promenading with their handsome ladies, while he as a very ^{had dreamed}

~~young man of eighteen~~ ^{of finding} had dwelt in the dream that he would find ^{the two of them} an elegant

and lovely young milliner, so that ~~he and she~~ could have a shop where they

would ^{present} sell only the finest hats and most exceptional boots to be found in all

of the capital, a ^{stupid} silly dream, but Alois, Jr., just turning fourteen, [CK] was ^{now his young son was}

^{cadets} already much like those young officers, already a striking young man. ^{Not at all like Adolf}

^{mystical} ^{special temper} all like Adolf or tiny Edmund, ^{fall of 1894}

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So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask
for ^{an} ~~the last~~ hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And ~~how~~ the horse ^{did}
loved him! The same beast that would paw the floor of his stall when Alois
approached, ^{showing his large horse teeth in an evil grin} ~~an evil grin~~, if ever, to show those large horse teeth, ^{no} ~~was~~
^{might just as well have been stating that he} ~~stating it most clearly~~ Ulan did not like the father, but ^{like} ~~like~~ the father, ^{was} ~~was~~
much taken with the son.

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On one warm ^{in August} day time ^{it}
 One hot evening, Alo went too far, and it was Klara who was the first
^{Alo really for}
 to be infuriated ^{first}. The boy was there at dinner, but Angela was not. She was still

^{Alo's}
 back in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after a gallop back from the woods

^{he gave the horse}
 and a walk-down that was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the

^{beast}
~~station~~ to cool down. Klara could not believe it. It was one of the few times

^{then}
 in the marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband as if he was no uncle

^{allowed} ^{for} ^{dirty}
 now. "You let Alo ride the horse and leave the work to Angela? That is

certainly not right."

^{Ulan clowns}
^{wiping}
 "Angela likes doing that kind of work. I don't," said Alo.

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"Well, ^{cl} I may not know horses ^{so} that much," said Klara, "but ^{I know} enough to say that he who rides a horse has ^{his} a duty to it, and ^{sees} the horse has a sense of the difference even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo, "nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" said Alois. "You are still a ^uwhelp. You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal." ^{Not a word.}

"Yessir."

The boy ^{did know} ~~certainly knew~~ how to ^{chip away at} ~~work~~ the edges. He ^{had he just} ~~had~~ obeyed him ^{or} and disobeyed him ^{? "I told you," said Alois, "You will be} ~~with the same word~~ "Yessir, you say to me. I tell you: ^{silent} ~~Silence. Silence~~ for the rest of the meal."

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. Not a word."

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There was a pause, and then he did come back, but in the pause was
~~the beginning of~~ a new message. It was as if he was saying, ^{"Only this"} ~~"This one is~~
["]
 yours, ~~but later there will be others."~~

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from the
 currying, started to speak, and then did not. ~~Instead,~~ ^{She} sat down, her face
 still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her
^{Adi, seated next to her, was now looking}
 face to the food. ~~Adi was excited and lived~~ ^{in the fear} he would wet himself,
~~and~~ ^{often} Klara ate slowly, pausing ~~sometimes~~ ^{often} with her spoon in the air. She was

filled with ^{an} ~~the~~ unruly desire to ~~keep speaking, to~~ ^{upbraid} Alo, Junior, ~~using~~
^{once again}
~~somewhat more~~, and, yes, upbraid her own Alois as well. So, ~~she~~ ^{she} said
^{however} ~~nothing,~~ ^{to interfere with two men in a rage} She could hardly dare. It was ~~an~~ ^{an} unknown territory to her. As for
 the husband and stepson, it was ~~probably~~ true that by now neither could
^{them too}
 speak. The rage that lived in the space between ~~was greater~~ ^{was greater} even than the

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anger in either. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund began to cry.

^{provided a}
That ~~was the~~ solution. Klara could ^{now} pick him up and leave the table,

Alois could rise and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, speechless, poised

^{gravely poised,}
within the silence, as if he were sitting in reverence toward himself,

gathering the funds of new intent.

That night Alois could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early and went to the only tavern in the area, a mile away at Fitchham.

Doublet
 244-249 (Page 250 is blank)
 18 (can be made 251 or 250?)

Returned
 Wed, Jan 28, 11:00.

For Albin. As one example (for example, was most
 for one thing, (Klara, was most definitely

By July, much was different. What with Klara pregnant, he could
 expect that ^{if the baby was born on schedule,} in seven more months, there would be a total of eight kids who
 had come into existence because of him, ^{yes} eight, if you include the three
 who were gone. Of course, if he so desired, he could add in all the kinder not
 exactly accounted for—so many cooks and chambermaids who had ^{gotten into} ~~gone in~~
~~for~~ what might be called mixed male parentage, very much mixed. Yes,
 when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was
 possible. He could be the true father, but then, hadn't ^{she} ~~they~~ also been with
 Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann and Wolf? With rare exceptions (like
 Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue who was the true father.
 It was usually acceptable if he gave them a gift ^(4.85) to keep the midwife happy.

Here in Hafeld, ~~however~~ he was face to face with the other side of his
 achievement. Through the heat of July, in his farm-house up on the hill, he
 had to look at five faces every meal, from Klara down to Edmund, sixteen
 months old and walking, even talking. ^{And by} By January, there would be another.
 He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than

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most people had to meet up with every day, but now it was ^{always} the same mugs, ^{living with} and ~~he had to admit it~~ he was not used to facing such questions as whether ^{for example} Edmund had ^{a new} just come up with another word or was ^{he just} gurgling as usual, blobs ^{real} of sound, not words.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—a little city girl, ready to be spoiled! Now, to his surprise, she was a help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need another bath. ^{Moreover,} Angela was deft at milking and got Adolf and even Edmund to ^{to be heard} laugh at the hearty contentment in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time

they approached with food. Rosig was large for a pig, even a prize pig, ^{happy in} ~~yes~~

^{her smellly old wallow} (with a pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from ^{the} last

summer before they ^{came to} owned the farm. By next summer, when all ^{this} the new

work wasn't ^{weighing} on top of them and there might be ^{a little} time, Angela wanted to ^{only, Alois decided, was a} prepare Rosig again for local competition. The ^{child was the} prize. Klara

even told Alois that Angela was good at separating the manure of the farm animals before carrying each portion to ^{(a different) for} separate piles of collection. Why?

Because she thought, "My father would want it that way. Nice and neat."

She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he

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could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then he would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but carrying a second manure pail nonetheless.

His school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to join them at the beginning of July. For a short period, he behaved like a true ^{angel} piece of good work. He was splendid with the horses, particularly the younger one, Ulan, a stallion five years old. While Alo took to riding ^{the saddle} as if he had been born to the saddle; he was ^{also} ~~always~~ ready for the joy of a quick canter bareback up the hill and down, ^{often} accompanied by full screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. But he also ^{screamed content} ready to work the plow with the dray horse, Graubart, and ^{proved} much help to Alois as they turned up three acres of pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for ^{those} two weeks than his father would have believed, ^{then this splendid} but that ^{soon} flurry of hard labor was ^{soon} cursed by bad news. ^{A came} by letter from Passau. Alo had failed to pass half of his courses during ^{this last semester} a year at the Realschule, ^{such} and would have to take ^{these} studies over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of teachers so stupid we laugh at them."

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Yes, Alo ^{must have} ~~had been~~ living with what he knew the school news would
 bring, ^(living) lived with it for all of these two weeks ^{he} of his return to Hafeld, and had
 not said a word. ^{He had just kept working as hard as he could.} There ~~had been~~ so much work. They had tilled ten inches
 deep into the three acres, had laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and
 covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow
 two and a half feet away from the next. ~~That was not bad.~~ But that was only
 the beginning. ^{Now was remembering all the other} Had Alois forgotten how much labor went into weeding, into
 clearing, into fertilizing? ^{Bad memories} It began to come back, ^{that} just how many disasters
^{might yet} could be out there waiting for you. ^{Chin?} He encountered white grubs and wire
 worms, saw the earliest potato leaves nibbled into green lace by aphids and
 flea beetles. Every day one had to return to the weeding. Then, drainage
 became the ongoing problem. One ^{had} had to dig the irrigation canals to no
 more depth than a few inches, or too many potato roots could be slashed by
 the hoe or the shovel. Hours ^{now} had to be spent in carrying pail after pail of well
 water up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, Junior
 disappeared. He was out riding Ulan. Alois put Angela to work in his
^{steal} place, and for the rest of the working day, she carried the water.
^{That night, he} He gave his son a memorable tongue-lashing ~~that night~~. "You are," he
 said, "very much like your crazy mother. But, no," ^{Except, with you} he added, "it is worse.
 You ^{no} ~~do not~~ have the excuse. By the end, your mother might have been out

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She and hard-working
of her head, but she was always intelligent, ~~And so are you. With one big~~
Unlike her, you / to mix your / such
~~difference. You are lazy. Mix intelligence with and laziness? The worst!~~
If the episode had happened even a
Foul laziness!" ~~A~~ *year* earlier, Alois would have given him a beating,
exactly the apocalyptic variety that leaves a scar on the heart, ~~but~~ *now* the boy was
big, and just wild enough in the eyes to give Alois pause. So, he did not
strike him. That, he had to decide in the days which followed, was a ~~grave~~
mistake. He should have given him one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior knew
his father was not ready, maybe even a little afraid of him. Thereafter, Alo,
Jr. worked at chipping away at the edges of his time at work. He was not
acting like a farmer's son, *more like soap* ~~He could have been any~~ strange boy from the city
doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of sundown, before
the last of the day's effort was done, he would coax Alois into letting him
take Ulan for a ride over the hill into the twilight.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he was false. He
had too soft a palate under all the hard bite. The truth was that he adored
Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods
like his mother, ~~yes~~ much too prideful, and at present he was in full flight
from education, yet he was as charming as Fanni whenever he ~~wanted~~ *chose* to be.
He reminded Alois of how well she used to move. It was a wonder how
quickly Alo had gotten on good terms with the stallion. Alois himself

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hesitated to ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man!
 But Alois Junior could saddle ~~him~~ up with all the eclat of a prize cadet—the
 sort who used to promenade on the best streets of Vienna wearing the boots
 that Alois had made for ~~the~~ cadets in those years, all the way back then when
 he had so admired those well-turned-out young men. Memories came back
 of ~~all~~ those young officers promenading with their handsome ladies, while he,
~~he~~ ^{the apprentice,} had dreamed of finding an elegant and lovely young milliner, ~~so that~~ ^{would} the two
~~of them could~~ ^{they would} have a shop where ~~they would present~~ ^{were for sale,} only the finest hats and
 most exceptional boots to be found in all of the capital, ^{a stupid dream, but}
 now his young son ^{reminded him of} ~~was much like~~ those cadets, ^{such} already a striking young
^{he was not at all like little Adolf} man. Not at all like Adolf, ^{full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of}
 snots.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask
 for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love
 him! The same beast that would paw the floor of his stall when Alois
 approached, showing his large horse teeth in an evil grin, might just as well
 have been stating that he did not like the father, but was much taken with the
 son.

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Note!
p 250 is blank.
Can we make that 250

Fixed by
Dwayne
1/27/04

Title - space

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To be FAXED

took too great a liberty on a more

On one warm evening in August, Alo went too far. (This time was

Klara was ~~the first to be~~ infuriated. Alo was ready for ~~there~~ ^{their} dinner, but

Angela was not. She was still back in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after

~~had taken the least on a~~ ^{provided}
Alo's gallop back from the woods and a walk-down he gave the horse that

~~that~~ was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the ~~beast~~ ^{animal} to cool down.

Klara could not believe it. It was one of the few times in their marriage

After ~~several~~ ^{several} pregnancies, he ~~to her at this moment~~
when she spoke sharply to her husband. He was no uncle now. "You

allowed Alo ~~ride the horse and~~ ^{to} leave the dirty work to Angela? That is

certainly not right."

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"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alo. *"I can do without it."*

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"I may not know horses so much," said Klara, *am still really* "but I know enough to

to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it *afterward.* The horse sees the difference.

Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo, "nothing. Ten degrees

less than zero."

as his wife,
At coming into this late, he had to be twice as strong

"Silence!" said Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of

the meal. Not ^{one} a word *more."*

"Yessir."

(Now Alois had to ask
The boy did know how to chip away at the edges. *Had he just obeyed*
himself whether he had just been obeyed
him or disobeyed *him?* "I told you," said Alois, "You will be silent for the

rest of the meal."

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

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"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. Not a word."

There was a pause, and then he did come back, but in the pause was a new message. It was as if he was saying, "Only this one is yours."

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from the currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. ^{full of excitement and love-making} Adi, sitting next to her, ^{was} now living in the fear that he would wet himself. ^{And Klara? she ate} and Klara ^{ate} slowly, pausing often with her spoon in the air.

She was filled with an unruly desire to upbraid Alo, Junior ~~once~~ again and, ^{then,} ^{it was no small impulse} ~~yes,~~ upbraid her own Alois as well. ^{Then, she} She could hardly dare. To interfere with two men ^{who were both} in a rage was unknown territory to her. ^{As for the husband and stepson,} it was true that by now neither could

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seemed to give in.
speak. The rage that lived in the space between them was too great.

Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund began to cry.

That provided a solution. Klara could now pick him up and leave the table, Alois could rise and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the

plates for washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, speechless,

poised within the silence, gravely poised, as if he ^{had converted the order} were sitting in reverence ^{to be silent into a species of reverence toward himself} that ^{that would he be ready to gather} toward himself, gathering the funds of new intent.

That night, Alois could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early and went to the only tavern in the area, a mile away at

Fischlham.

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By July, much was different for Alois. ^{Klara, as} As one example, ^{without} ~~Klara~~ was most definitely pregnant. In seven more months, if the baby was born ^{on} ~~on~~ ^{incidently} ~~schedule~~, there would be a total of eight kids who had come into existence because of him, eight, if you include the three who ^{now} ~~were~~ gone. Of course, if he so desired, he could add ^{some} ~~in all the~~ kinder not exactly accounted for — ^{quite a} ~~so~~ ^{number of} ~~many~~ (cooks and chambermaids who had ^{conceived with} ~~gotten into~~ what might be called mixed male parentage, very much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was possible. He could be the true father, but then, hadn't she also been with Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann and Wolf? With rare exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue who was the true father. It was usually acceptable if he gave them a gift, ~~yes, to keep the midwife happy~~.

Here in Hafeld, he was face to face with the other side of his achievement. Through the heat of July, in his farm-house up on the hill, he had to look at five faces every meal, from Klara down to Edmund, sixteen months old and walking, even talking. And by January, there would be

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another. He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him, more faces than most people had to meet up with every day, but now it was always the same mugs. He was not used to living with such questions as whether Edmund, for example, had come up with a new word or ~~he was~~ just gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, not real words.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—a little city girl, ready to be spoiled!—~~she was not~~ ^{now,} ^{good} ~~she was~~ ^{now,} to his surprise, ~~she was~~ ^{good} a help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need another bath. Moreover, Angela was deft at milking and got Adolf and even Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment to be heard in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they approached with food. Rosig was large for a pig, even a prize pig, yes, happy in her smelly ~~old~~ ^{red} wallow with a pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from the summer before they came to the farm. By next summer, when all this new work wasn't weighing on top of them and there might be a little time, Angela wanted to prepare Rosig again for local competition. ^{Yes, his own father} The girl, Alois ^{even took the pains to separate} decided, was a prize. ~~Klara even told Alois that~~ ^{dropping} Angela was good at separating ^{an} the manure of the farm animals before ~~carrying~~ ^{dropping} each portion to a different pile for

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~~collection.~~ Why? Because she thought, "My father would want it that way. Nice and neat." She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then he would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but carrying a second manure pail nonetheless.

His school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to join them at the beginning of July. For a short period, ^{he couldn't have been better} ~~he behaved like a true angel of good~~ ^{at work. Right off he} ~~work.~~ He was splendid with the horses, particularly the younger one, Ulan, a ^{scholarship} ~~stallion~~ ^{it was good help} five years old. ~~While Alo took to the saddle,~~ ^{he was ready also for} ~~the joy of a quick canter bareback up the hill and down, accompanied by full~~ ^{Yet to Alois' surprise,} screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. ~~But~~ he also seemed content to work the plow with the dray horse, Graubart, and proved much help ~~to Alois~~ ^{father and son} as ~~they~~ turned up three acres of pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for those two weeks than his father would have believed. Then, this splendid flurry of hard labor was cursed by bad news. A letter came from Passau. Alo had failed to pass half of his courses at the Realschule this last semester, and would have to take such studies over again.

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"I won't go back," he told his father. "That school is full of teachers so stupid we laugh at them."

Yes, Alo must have been living with what he knew the school news would bring, living with it for all of these two weeks, and ~~he~~ had not said a word. ~~He had~~^{He} just kept working as hard as he could. They had tilled ten inches deep into the three acres, ~~had~~^{then} laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow two and a half feet away from the next, but that ~~was~~^{had been} only the beginning. Now, Alois was facing ~~all the other~~^{and more than} labor that went into weeding, into clearing, ^{and} into fertilizing? Bad memories, ~~began to come back~~^{had been forty years old, came}. ~~How~~^{now} many disasters might yet be out there waiting for him? He encountered white grubs and wire worms, saw the earliest potato leaves nibbled into green lace by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to return to the weeding. Then, drainage became the ongoing problem. One had had to dig the irrigation canals to no more depth than a few inches, or too many potato roots ~~would~~ be slashed by the hoe or the shovel. Hours had to be spent now ~~in~~ carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, Junior disappeared. He was out riding Ulan. Alois put Angela to work in his stead, and for the rest of the working day, she carried the water.

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That night, he gave his son a memorable tongue-lashing. "You are," he said, "very much like your crazy mother. Except with you, it is worse. You have no excuse. By the end, your mother might have been out of her head, but she was always intelligent and hard-working. Unlike her, you are lazy. To mix your intelligence with such laziness? The worst! Foul laziness!" If the episode had happened even a year earlier, Alois would have given him a beating, exactly the apocalyptic variety that leaves a scar on the heart, but now the boy was big, and ~~just~~ ^{make} wild enough in the eyes to ~~give~~ Alois pause. So, he did not strike him. ^{which,} ~~That,~~ he had to decide in the days ^{that} ~~which~~ followed, was a mistake. He should have ~~given him~~ ^{let him} one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior knew his father was ~~not ready~~ maybe even a little afraid of him. Thereafter, Alo, Jr. worked at chipping away at the edges of his ^{hours} ~~time~~ at work. He was ~~not~~ ^{no longer} acting like a farmer's son, more like some ~~strange~~ ^{quite a bit} boy from the city doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of sundown, ~~before~~ the last of the day's effort was done, he would coax Alois into letting him take Ulan for a ride over the hill into the twilight.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he was false. He had too soft a palate under all the hard bite. The truth was that he adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods like his mother, much too prideful, and at present ~~he was~~ in full flight from

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^{could be}
education, yet he ~~was~~ ^{as} charming as Fanni when ~~ever~~ he chose to be. He

^{be even felt pride at}
reminded Alois of how well she used to move. It was a wonder how quickly

^{his}
~~that son~~ Alo had gotten on good terms with the stallion. Alois himself hesitated to

ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois

Junior could saddle up with all the eclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used

to promenade on the best streets of Vienna wearing the boots that Alois had

made for cadets in those years, all the way back then when he had so

admired those well-turned-out young men. Memories came back of those

young officers promenading with their handsome ladies, while he, the

^p
apprentice, had dreamed of finding an elegant and lovely young milliner ^{pursuant} The

^{to having}
~~two would~~ have a shop ^{together} where only the finest hats and most exceptional boots

^{would be up}
~~(to be found in all of the capital were~~ for sale, a stupid dream, but now his

young son reminded him of those cadets. Such a striking young man. He

was not at all like Adolf, full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of

snots.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask

for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love

him! The same beast ^{who} ~~that~~ would paw the floor of his stall when Alois

approached, showing his large horse teeth in an ^{unmistakably} evil grin, might just as well

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have been stating that he did not like the father, but was much taken with the son.

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Don't stop
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On one warm evening in August, Alo took ^{another unpleasant} ~~too great~~ liberty ~~once~~.

^{at table} ^{evening supper,} ~~more!~~ This time, Klara was infuriated. Alo was ready for their ~~dinner~~, but

Angela was not. She was ~~still~~ ^{coming back from} back in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after

Alo had taken the beast on a gallop ~~back from~~ ^{then} the woods and provided a

walk-down ^{which} ~~that~~ was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the ~~hard-breathing~~

animal to cool down. Klara could not believe it. It was one of the few times

in their marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband. After six

pregnancies, he was no uncle to her ^{they} ~~at the~~ moment. "You allowed Alo to

leave ^{his} ~~the~~ dirty work to Angela? That is certainly not right."

"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alo. "I can do without it."

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"I may not know horses so much as some people," said Klara, "but I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward. The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo, "nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" said Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word more."

the Fran
Coming into *(this late)*, he had to be twice as strong as his wife. *"Yes, silence."*

"Yessir."

pick little pieces off
The boy did know how to *chip away at* the edges. Now, Alois had to ask himself whether he had just been obeyed or disobeyed? "I told you," said Alois, *are to* "You *will* be silent for the rest of the meal."

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

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"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. Not a word."

There was a pause, ^{back} ~~and~~ then he did come back, ^{yet} ~~but~~ in the pause was a message.

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from ~~the~~ currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. Adi, sitting next to her, full of excitement and foreboding, was now living in the fear that he would wet himself. And Klara? She ate slowly, pausing often with her spoon in the air. She was filled with an unruly desire to upbraid Alo, Junior, again and then—~~it was~~ no small impulse—upbraid her own Alois as well. She said nothing, however. ^{did not} ~~This, she could hardly~~ dare. To interfere with two men who were ^{such} ~~both~~ in a rage, ^{eat each other} was unknown territory to her. It was true that by now neither could speak. The ⁱⁿ ~~space~~

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between them seemed to quiver. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling

Edmund began to cry.

PP 254-258 *table space*

That provided a solution. Klara ^{*was able to*} ~~could now~~ pick him up and leave the

table. Alois ^{*than no so*} ~~could rise~~ and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the

plates for washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, speechless,

poised within ^{*his own*} ~~the~~ silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted the order to

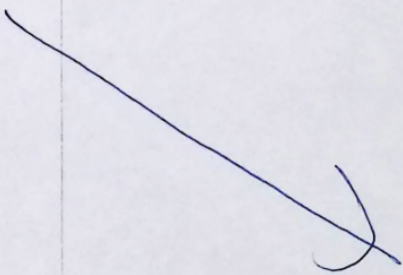
be silent into a species of reverence ^{*addressed*} toward himself ^{*as if that would make*} ~~that would be ready to~~

^{*more ready to*}
(gather the funds of new intent.

That night, Alois could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon,

For the first time since ^{he} had come to Litzfeld, he
he quit work early, and ~~went~~ to the only tavern in the area, a mile away at

Fischlham.



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that would make him more ready to gather the funds of new intent.

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That night, Alois could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon,

he quit work early. For the first time since he had come to Hafeld, he went to

Cylich was a good
the only tavern in the area, a mile away at Fischlham.

He had hesitated whether to go. The company would certainly be
~~less to his taste than the city officials in~~

different from Linz, and he ~~still~~ knew enough about farmers to be able to

expect the nature of his reception

~~figure it out very well for himself.~~ (They would be in a hurry, if they could, to

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laugh at him, ^{Given} if his natural preference ~~was~~ to be able to lord it over people,

he was not looking forward to ~~taking on~~ ^{them in a attitude} the rough edge of the teasing he

~~would receive~~ ^{scan}. He could ~~hear~~ ^{sense} it in advance. "The peasant who tries to act

like a millionaire," they would say behind his back, ^{the opposite — "this} or, as easily, "this rich

fellow who ^{wants to play at being} ~~thinks he can be~~ a peasant."

He had met a few of them in January when he had ^{first visited} looked at the house

~~the~~ ^{he was to buy, and he had}

and asked his neighbors a few questions. They had obviously not trusted

^{future} him, ^{too much, nor were they} They were not about to tell the truth to a stranger who might not even

buy the farm but ^{could repeat} would say enough of what he had heard to get the owner

^{offended} angry at them. So he had only heard good remarks, yes, everything good, the

land good, the few animals, excellent, the prize sow, the walnut orchard, ^{easy}

money once a year.

Alois ^{near to} had not bothered to believe them or disbelieve them. He had

wanted the farm. He had assumed it would not all be as good as it looked,

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and indeed, already that fine big cow who had been giving good milk every day had come down with udder trouble.

He even brought that up at the tavern at Feischlham. He did want to hear a few opinions on the merits of the two competing veterinarians in the district. It was a calculated opening to the farmers who were drinking with him. He had decided to start slow, to be mild, ^{and most} ~~to be~~ modest, nothing could be worse than to be ^{perceived} ~~seen~~ from the outset as a retired fool ^{trying to throw} ~~who threw~~ his weight around. So, he asked questions, he listened with care, he felt a little closer to the truth of what they knew about ^{his} ~~the~~ land.

When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy. It came out in the most indirect manner that he might have been wiser to think of beets.

"I planned to put one acre in like that, but not this first year, I decided.

Too much at once."

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Yes. They nodded. Yes. Farming and work. The oldest marriage of them all.

They were much more slow-spoken people than he had been used to lately, yes, lately, which is to say the last forty-five years. It took half an hour of staring at the unadorned wooden walls of the tavern, ^{while feeling the} ~~and~~ one splinter in his behind ^{a gift of} ~~from~~ the dried-up wood of the ^{tavern} ~~bench~~ he shared, before they would

come forward with a hint or two that the land in which he had planted potatoes would certainly have been better in beets, ^{that was} because last year's crop ^{had been} ~~was~~ wheat, ^{now} ~~and~~ they spoke of a variety of wheat whose genus was unfamiliar

to him, but that was what the previous owner had been planting for the last ^{Those three years made no} three years. ~~Not~~ good ground for potatoes now. They did not say as much;

they just drew on their pipes and drank their beer and looked sad. Worst of

all, he could tell, the sadness was hardly for him, but ^{to} the sad outrage ^{substance} ~~to the~~

^{by the} earth he now owned, a rich man, an interloper trying to be a peasant.

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Even the smell of the tavern was unpleasant to him ~~by now~~. He could not quite locate the odor that mingled with the beer but it was impure—sour milk? Old manure? A compost pile ^{outside the door?} that had gone wrong. What he resented most about this quiet dun-brown ^{wooden} ~~tavern~~ ^{den} was that there was not even a ^{hint} ~~smell~~ of schnapps in the air, no, not even one ^{good} ~~sport~~ or one town drunkard.

The evening proved ~~to be~~ not altogether a loss, however. He learned the names of a couple of apiculturists who lived in Hafeld. ~~He would have~~ ^{so,} veterans who knew bees in his neighborhood, ^{were} and ^{to} console himself further, a full summer moon was out, ~~almost~~ ^a harvest-orange moon, ~~already~~, and the walk was accompanied by the pleasure that beer usually gave him ^{as quickly} ~~directly~~ (as he drank, but ~~had~~ tonight, ^{had been} ~~been~~ merely ^{to dispense} ~~banked~~ in his stomach, its pleasure to ^{his pleasure} ~~be dispensed~~ now at ~~last~~ ^{last} to be able to find himself alone. ^{But with} ~~With~~ the end of summer, ^{also} ~~he~~ had to put up with the disappointment of
 ~~his three acres of potatoes.~~

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18

244-~~244~~-264
double space

By July, ^{life somewhat} much was different for Alois. ^{For example, the wages} (Klara, as one example ^{for an example} was most definitely pregnant. In seven ^{more} months, if the baby was born without incident, there would be a total of eight kids who had come into existence because of him, eight, if you include the three who now were gone. Of course, if he so desired, he could add some kinder not exactly accounted for—quite a number of cooks and chambermaids who had ^{managed to} (conceived) with what might be called mixed male parentage, ^{very} much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was possible. He could be the true father, but then, hadn't she also been with Hans and Gebhardt and Hermann and Wolf? With rare exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue who was the true father. ^{It was} ~~it was~~ ^{that proved} (usually acceptable if he gave them a gift ^{enough to give them} a decent gift. Here in Hafeld, he was face to face with the other side of ^{such} ~~his~~ achievements. Through the heat of July, in his farm-house up on the hill, he had to look at five faces every meal, from Klara down to Edmund, sixteen months old and walking, even ^{trying to} (talking). And by January, there would be

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another. He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him, more *new* faces than most people had to meet up with every day, but now it was always the same mugs. He was not used to *dwelling with* living with such questions as whether Edmund, for example, had come up with a new *phrase* word or just gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, no real words.

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father would want it that way. Nice and neat." She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then he would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but ^{the farm} carrying a second manure pail nonetheless.

His school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to join them at the beginning of July. For a short period, ^{no one could surpass him} he ~~couldn't~~ have been better at work.

Right off, he was splendid with the horses, particularly the younger one, Ulan, a stallion five years old. ^{Alois was almost at a loss at how quickly} While Alo took to the saddle, he was ready ^{to} ~~also~~ for the joy of a quick canter bareback ^{also} up the hill and down,

accompanied by full screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. Yet, ^{four hours in the sun} to ~~to~~ Alois' surprise, he also seemed content to work the plow ^{before too long, they had} (with the dray horse, Graubart, and proved much help as father and son) turned up three acres of ^{hard soil}

pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for ~~these~~ ^{all} two weeks than his father would have believed. Then, ^{all} this splendid flurry of hard labor was cursed by bad news. A letter came from Passau.

Alo had failed ~~to pass~~ ^{those} half of his courses at the Realschule this last semester, and would have to take ~~such~~ ^{those} studies over again.

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Yes, Alo must have been living with what he knew the school news would bring, living with it for all of these two weeks, and ~~he~~ had not said a word, just kept working ~~as hard as he could~~. They had tilled ten inches deep into the three acres, then laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow *less than a yard* two and a half feet away from the next, but that had been only the beginning. *Cave all* Now, Alois was facing the labor that went into weeding, ~~into clearing~~ and into fertilizing? Bad memories, more than forty years old, came back *to Alois*. Disasters might yet be out there waiting for him. He now encountered white grubs and wire worms, saw the earliest potato leaves nibbled into green lace by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to *go back to move* return to the weeding. Then, drainage became the ongoing problem. One *could only* had had to dig the irrigation canals *down* to no more depth than a few inches, or *else* too many potato roots *But then the canals filled with silt* would be slashed by the hoe or the shovel. Hours had to be spent ~~now~~ carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, Junior disappeared. He was out riding Ulan. Alois put Angela to work in his stead, and for the rest of the working day, she carried the water, *but it proved exhausting*.

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You have no excuse. By the end, your mother might have been out of her head, but she was ^{she was} always intelligent and hard-working. Unlike her, you are lazy. To mix your intelligence with such laziness? The worst! Foul laziness!" If the episode had happened even a year earlier, Alois would have given him a beating, exactly the apocalyptic variety that leaves a scar on the heart, but now the boy was big, and wild enough in the eyes to make Alois pause. So, he did not strike him. Which, he ^{came} had to decide in the days that ^{had been} followed, ~~was~~ a mistake. He should have given him one hell of a wallop.

Now, Junior knew his father was maybe ~~even~~ a little afraid of him, ^{even a little, yes,} (Thereafter, Alo, Jr. worked at ^{punching} chipping away at the edges of his hours at work. He was no longer acting like a farmer's son, more like some boy from the city doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of sundown, quite a bit before the last of the day's effort was done, he would coax Alois into letting him take Ulan for a ride over the hill into the twilight.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he was false. He had too soft a palate under all the hard bite. The truth was that he adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods like his mother, much too prideful, and at present in full flight from education, yet he could be as charming as Fanni when he chose to be. He reminded Alois of how well she used to move. He even felt pride at how

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quickly his son had gotten on good terms with the stallion. Alois himself hesitated to ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois Junior could saddle up with all the eclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used to promenade on the best streets of Vienna wearing the boots that Alois had made for cadets in those years, all the way back then when he had so admired those well-turned-out young men. Memories came back of those young officers promenading ^{on the Ringstrasse} with their handsome ladies, while he, the apprentice, had dreamed of ~~finding~~ ^{persuading} an elegant and lovely young milliner ^{whom he} ~~could~~ ^{to} persuade ^{to} ~~having~~ ^{keep} a shop ^{with him} together where only the finest hats and most exceptional boots would be ^{allowed} up for sale, a stupid dream, but now his young son reminded him of those cadets. Such a striking young man. He was not at all like Adolf, full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of snots.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love him! ^{But not Alois!} ~~The same beast who~~ would paw the floor of his stall when Alois approached, showing his large horse teeth in an unmistakably evil grin, ~~he~~ ^{he} might just as well have been stating that he did not like the father, but was much taken with the son.

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On one warm evening in August, Alo took another unpleasant liberty. This time, Klara was infuriated. Alo was at table ready for their evening supper, but Angela was not. She was in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after Alo had taken the ^{charger} ~~beast~~ on a gallop ^{as he came} coming back from the woods and then provided a walk-down which was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the hard-breathing animal to cool ~~down~~. Klara could not believe it. It was one of the few times in their marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband. After six ^{pregnancies} ~~pregnancies~~, he was no ^{longer} ~~uncle~~ to her ^{now not} at this moment. "You allowed Alo to leave ^{such} ~~his dirty~~ work to Angela? That is certainly not right."

"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alo. "I can do without it."

"I may not know horses so much as some people," said Klara, "but I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward. The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo, "nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" said Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word more."

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these severe steps behind Kerby he had
 Coming into the fray *this late, he had to be twice as strong as his wife.*
had to be masterful. "Yes, silence," he repeated, "I call
"Yes, silence," ~~feels~~ for it."

"Yessir."

little of every proposition,
 The boy did know how to pick ~~the~~ pieces off the edges. Now, Alois
 had to ask himself whether he had just been obeyed or disobeyed? "I told
 you," said Alois, "You are to be silent for the rest of the meal."

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. Not a
 word."

and but
 There was a pause, ~~but~~ then he did come back, ~~yet~~ in the pause was a
suggestion of disobedience (to come
~~message.~~

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from
 currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still
 moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to
 the food. Adi, sitting next to her, full of excitement and foreboding, was now
 living in the fear that he would wet himself. And Klara? She ate slowly,
 pausing often with her spoon in the air. She was filled with an unruly desire
 to upbraid Alo, Junior, again and then—no small impulse—upbraid her own
 Alois as well. She said nothing, however. She did not dare. To interfere
 with two men ~~who were~~ *with* in such a rage at each other was unknown territory

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to her. ~~It was true that by now neither could speak~~ The air between them looked ready to quiver. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund began to cry.

That offered a solution. Klara was able to pick him up and leave the table. ^{then} (Alois ~~then~~ rose and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, speechless, poised within his own silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted his father's order to be silent into a species of reverence addressed toward himself.

That night, Alois, Senior, could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early. For the first time since he had come to Hafeld, he went to the only tavern in the area, which was a good mile away at Fischlham.

He had hesitated whether to go. The company would certainly be less to his taste than ^{his good gang of beer cronies} the city officials in Linz, ^{and he knew enough about farmers} ~~and he knew enough about farmers~~ ^{autistic people} ~~to be able to expect~~ the nature of his reception. They would be ^{besides,} ~~in a hurry,~~ ^{ready} if they could, to ^{mock in their own way} ~~laugh at him,~~ ^{his fellow drinkers} ~~Given his natural preference to be able to lord it~~ over people, ^{hear their thoughts} ~~he was not looking forward to the rough edge of their attitude.~~ He could ~~sense it~~ ^{in advance.} "The peasant who tries to act like a

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millionaire," they would say behind his back. Or, as easily, the opposite—

"this rich ^{idiot} fellow who wants to play at being a peasant."

He had met a few of ^(his ~~few~~ much-dispersed neighbors) them in January when he had first visited the

house he was to buy, and he had asked ^{them} his future neighbors a few questions.

They had ^{He knew that in advance as well.} obviously not trusted him too much, nor were they about to tell the

^{they were not about to spell the} truth to a stranger who ^{might} might not even buy the farm but could repeat enough

of what he had heard to get the owner offended at them. So Alois had only

^{the best of} heard good remarks, yes, everything good, the land good, the few animals,

excellent, the prize sow, the walnut orchard—easy money once a year.

Alois had not bothered to believe them [≡] nor to disbelieve them. He had

wanted the farm. He had assumed it would not ~~at~~ be as good as it looked, ^{and,}

^{of course, it couldn't be.} and indeed, already ^{the} that fine big cow who had been giving good milk every

day had come down with udder trouble.

He ^{did bring} even brought that up at the tavern ⁱⁿ at Feischlham. He ^{needed} did want to

hear a few opinions on the merits of the two competing veterinarians in the

district. It was a calculated opening to the farmers who were drinking with

him. He had decided to ^{start slow, to} be mild, and most modest, [≡] nothing

could be worse than to be perceived from the outset as a retired fool trying to

throw his ^{city} weight around. So, he asked questions, ^{and did} he listened with care, ^{he}

^{felt} a little closer to the truth of what they knew about his land.

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When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy. It came out in the most indirect manner that he might have been wiser to think of beets.

"I planned to put one acre in like that, but not this first year, I decided. Too much at once."

Yes. They nodded. Yes. Farming and work. The oldest marriage of them all. *One must never do too much at once if one could help it*

They were much more slow-spoken people than he had been used to lately, *very lately,* which is to say, *very lately,* the last forty-five years. It took *half* an hour of staring at the unadorned wooden walls of the tavern, *all the while one* while feeling the one

fat splinter in his behind, *any one of them,* a gift of the dried-up wood of the tavern bench he *the muffled hint that they* shared, before they would come forward with a hint or two that the land in *might* which he had planted potatoes would *off* certainly have been better *Now* (in beets).

That was because last year's crop had been wheat, *Now* and they spoke of a variety of wheat whose genus was unfamiliar to him, but that was what the previous owner had been planting *these last* for the last three years. *Such repetition (it wouldn't make)* Those three years made no *the soil would be too depleted by the wheat.* good ground for potatoes now. They did not say as much; they just drew on

their pipes and drank their beer and looked sad. Worst of all, he could tell, the sadness was hardly for him, *was given* but *done to* (to the sad outrage suffered by the earth *by him,* he now owned a rich man, an interloper trying to be a peasant.

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Even the smell of the tavern ^{became} was unpleasant to him. He could not ~~quite~~ locate the odor that mingled with the beer but it was impure—sour milk? Old manure? A compost pile outside the door that had gone wrong?

What he resented most about this quiet dun-brown wooden den was that

there was not even a hint of schnapps in the air, no, not even one good ~~spot~~ ^{not even} or one town drunkard.

The evening ^{however} proved not altogether a loss, however. He learned the names of a couple of apiculturists who lived in Hafeld. So, veterans who

knew bees were ^{nearby nearby} in his neighborhood. To console himself further, a ^{he had a} full ^{good walk home. The late} summer moon was out, a harvest-orange moon, and the walk was ^{he finally felt}

^(it's) accompanied by the pleasure ^{quaff} that beer usually gave him as quickly as he could ^{quaff} ^{all those pints} drank, but tonight ^(stored there) had merely been banked in his stomach to dispense his pleasure now, now at last to be able to find himself alone. ^{He had a long} splendid urination ^{by the side of the road.}

But with the end of summer, he also had to put up with the ^{By morning, he was back in the} gathering gloom. He ^{had to live with the} disappointment of his three acres of potatoes. He ^{had} ended with a crop ^{where not} but not

^{of it} much more than half ^{of last night} was salable. His temporary drinking companions, who ^{now} ^{in memory} smelled as dank ^{themselves} as the Fischlham tavern, had been right. He

knew it in the pit of ^{his} stomach whenever he dug up a potato ^{this morning} to take a look.

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~~Worse~~⁷. He had felt a few twinges in that same gut during the last few days

of August and his heart was definitely acting full of high pressure ^{now} whenever

Alois could ~~feel~~ ^{now} feel the way Alo took Ulan for a ride before putting in some last little effort, never enough

to nibbling at the edges of his authority, and that to make a point of dispute, but that nibbling at the edges was guaranteed to

^{Alois!} get his heart to race. Sometimes he even felt as if his heart was so ^{that four-trusted organ}

^{was now so} (he could feel it) overcharged that it was shoving itself right up under his brain. Which is to say that he was having headaches as well. ^{there would be to} Given the work he could expect digging up the potatoes and ^{then} carting

them to the market in Fischlham, he ended up by hiring a day laborer for a

week, a stupid fellow working for his beer at night and not much else, yet, on

balance, ^{the man} he probably served up as much useful labor as Alo with his Ulan.

How was that boy going to end? Would he yet be a criminal, ^{who had run} enlisted out in

^{anyway to} (something like the French Foreign Legion? Evil thoughts, dark thoughts, but

they had their appeal to Alois. When he was young, he would have made a

good soldier of that variety, ready for anything. Or was that nonsense?

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There was something in the boy that was wilder than himself, ^{was that why} ~~which is why~~
^{these days then}
~~they~~ always had to speak to each other as if they were in ballet shoes up on
tiptoe!

The day laborer was stupid, but ^{he was} not so incapable of thinking when it
came to putting ^{a number of} ~~some of these~~ potatoes aside for himself, and Alois could not
^{was}
~~there had been~~ such a theft.
even be certain of that. He had been ill one afternoon and the laborer had ~~had~~
^{to take} ^{for him}
taken the produce to market and returned with something less in the way of
kronen than Alois had estimated. ^{Just a little less. More} ~~That was no claim, finally.~~
^{vibbling at the edges.}
^{Alois}
~~He~~ was sick for more tangible reasons. If you wanted to look at it that

^{miserable}
~~way~~, there had been a tragic end to the pride they had been taking in the prize
^{It got sick and died.}
sow. (Angela was disconsolate. He was amazed at how much and how long
a twelve-year-old girl could cry.

It started with that big, pretty pig being a little sick and then day to
day, it got worse. Angela was so upset that ^{Alois} ~~he~~ broke into his own reservoirs

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of pride and actually turned to his three nearest neighbors for advice. It was then he had to recognize all over again that he had forgotten what 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 an unexpected problem. Even your lifetime friends could disagree with you on the solution. *Of course!* Every farmer, he now learned, had his own idea of how to cure a sick pig. Of course!

The three neighbors to whom he turned in this case ~~for advice~~ offered ~~in turn~~ three different solutions, an emetic, a binder, and a diarrhetic. 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 ever heard of consumption in such a heavy ~~beast?~~ *porcher?*

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Perhaps it was something else. ~~Even~~^{Even} the veterinarian he called in after the ~~scattered~~^{scattered} demise ~~fact~~^{fact} was unsure.

Nothing could have aggravated Alois more. To pay good money after the animal had died! ~~And~~^{And} why? Because he had to know the cause. What an idiocy! He wasn't going to raise any more pigs ~~now~~^{not}, but still he had to

know. And then he found out that the specialist—if you could call him that—was not ~~sure~~^{even} of the cause. It would take, he told Alois, the further expense of lab tests ~~to be certain~~^{in him, or maybe, even Vienna}. Well, ~~the~~^{to} hell with that! Such an

expenditure would ~~now~~^{On top of it all, he} be obscene. ~~He~~^{He} even had to bury the animal whole, ~~he was tempted but he did not dare,~~^{he was tempted but he did not dare,} ~~not even daring~~^{not even daring} to carve away any good part of it for the family ~~to eat~~^{to eat}. Left to

himself, Alois would have looked for some choice cuts—how much did the

hams have to do, after all, with the lungs? But, no, the vet was definite. "Do

not take a chance, Herr Hitler, on any part of this animal."

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"Ach, ach, ach!"

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Yes, that is what he told him, but only after he had been paid! And
there was Angela going on and on with the ^{weeping and the drooping,} ~~weeps, and all the labor of~~ ^{"Ach, ach, ach!"}
~~digging the goddamn hole~~ ^{that trench} for the carcass.

Yes, these were losses to calculate. What kind of profits could he
point to from that mediocre ^{potatoes} ~~crop of potatoes~~? When he added ^{up} the costs of
the seed potatoes, the compost he had bought for the three acres, and then
subtracted the wages of the hired hand, the loss of the sow, and the fee of the
vet as well, how could he claim to have made anything? If he divided the
total that came back from the sale of the potatoes by the hours put in, could
he say that he had earned any more by the day than ^{his} ~~in the~~ first years with the
Finanzwatch? Worse. The real calculation was ^{even less good,} ~~worse~~. (But for occasional
expense of maintainance, he was living here rent-free. No mortgage to worry
about. The house had been bought outright, after all. But if he had ^{such} ~~such~~ ^{mortgage}
payments to make to the bank, could he claim any profit at all? Yes, a token

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profit. The walnuts. They had brought in a little easy money, money ~~right~~
off the ground. For the rest, it had been a lot of work for ^{very} so little. He
couldn't even complain to ^{Klaus} ~~anyone~~ for the shame of it.

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

Alois could talk to himself in such a way but it did not dig the thorn
out of his gut. He couldn't even enjoy his beer any more. One of his

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strengths with younger officers from good families had always been that he, .
at least, having come from peasant stock, knew at least when people were
cheating him. And now he had discovered that the land he had bought was
not as good as it looked. He might have been a peasant once upon a time,

but now he might just as well have been ^{one more} a middle class ^{fool} city fool. What a
To ~~realize~~ have been taken on a deal involving ^(land?) ~~land~~
shame! He felt all the shame a peasant could know after being taken on a
^(lifelong)
← ~~deal involving land.~~ Could he feel any worse if Klara had, by some miracle,

taken up with a farm boy? That was impossible, but then, how had it been

so possible for himself, Alois Hitler, to be gulled on a land deal?

He went into a depression. By October and November, he was ^{settled in} deep in-

gloom. And what in heaven had happened to The Hound? ^{That} was one

^{How could he look at himself} a way
sick puppy these days. ~~He was a man~~ in his late middle age who dangled a

sick pup between his legs. ?

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Klara, seven and a half months pregnant, tried to explain it to him.

~~Now that the~~
~~After~~ The potato crop was in, she told him, ~~the end of summer~~, so much good hard

~~was~~ work finished. It was natural to be unhappy. Women ~~could~~ ^{she could tell him, felt} feel that way

~~had gone~~
after a child was born. So much ~~went~~ into the womb, so much hope and

~~but now~~
effort, ~~and then~~ one was empty again. The baby might be there and

~~had to~~
beautiful, but for a time the woman ~~could~~ feel empty, even awful, ³ for a little

while. It was natural.

She had never waxed so philosophical before, not to him, but he

almost took her head off. "What am I, a woman?" he wanted to ^{shout} ~~scream~~.

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17.

Another situation had arisen. On the very night in April when, for the first time, they slept in the house at Hafeld, Klara became pregnant. Until then, the farm, although purchased in February, was not occupied by the Hitler family. Klara had kept the children in Passau because Edmund was ailing. Besides, it was winter. Alois would not be able to join them permanently until the end of June when he retired. By April, however, Klara decided finally to brave the difficulties and right after Easter, accompanied by Angela, Adolf, Edmund, and the sum of their possessions, she did the move which was made even more difficult since she was without Alois, Jr. to help her with the luggage—he had had to stay behind and board with a neighbor until the end of his school year. Nonetheless, whatever the difficulties, she embarked by train from Passau early in the day and her husband met them at the station in Linz with a large wagon and two work

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horses to carry their trunks, valises, packing crates and packages over the last thirty miles to Hafeld.

This portion of the trip lasted from noon to dark, but the day had been warm, and Alois, to everyone's surprise, entertained the children with one song after another—his voice was rich, and Klara, who had a clear delicate soprano, would join him when she knew the words. Alois was in a rare mood. Keeping it to himself, he was proud at his skill with the horses and wagon. Having done so little of that in decades, he had almost hired a driver, but given his oncoming responsibilities as a farmer, felt it incumbent to take on the project himself.

The previous owner had—as was local custom—stocked each fireplace, and so the rooms, before long, were warm. What with some bread and sausage, plus a carefully packed jar of split pea soup, they had enough to eat and went to bed more happily than not. Alois would spend ^{the} his next day with them before driving ^{his rented} the wagon back to Linz.

That first night, however, Alois was ready to establish a little connubial investiture of the premises as well, ~~and~~ ^{by} the light of the gas lamp in their bedroom, he could see that Klara looked in fine color, not pale at all, and said as much only to hear her laugh in true merriment.

"You, too, Uncle," she said. "Your nose is very red from the sun."

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"Ah," he said, "you are still calling me ~~Uncle~~. Soon, it's ten years that we are married and still, what am I to you? Uncle Alois? Do you mean Old Uncle Alois? That is a disgrace."

"No," she said, "we are all very proud of you. Today, so much. You did it all. And so well. Something you never did before."

"Well, I can do a lot of things you do not know. I am never so simple as you think."

"I do not think you are simple," she said, "no, that I do not think."

"Yes, you can tell me. What do you think, my little ~~Niece~~?"

It was not often that she was ready to speak to him so directly, but on this night, a most special night, after all, she said, "I wonder why you never tell me that you love me."

"Maybe," he replied, "it is because you still call me ~~Uncle~~."

To his astonishment, her answer was the nearest she had ever come to speaking in a manner that most certainly belonged to other kinds of women, not her. "Maybe I call you ~~Uncle~~," she said, "because you are such a big, healthy fellow of an ~~Uncle~~."

He was not about to pass this by. ~~Immediately~~ The Hound was straining on the leash. Alois' voice was heavy. "How would you know what is the size of a healthy fellow?" he asked.

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"I do not know. But I am free to guess. You are a very big ^{uncle}."

That was all it took to make her pregnant. He was excited enough to take her by the side of the bed, both of them standing, half-dressed, and then he took her again in bed. He was full of love—for himself, first, and his prowess—such a fine power at his age—and then he felt some love for her to some degree—plus a good deal of love for the farm. It was a beautiful piece of land. He even took pleasure in the thought of coming a little closer to his children, which is to say, he had an image of kids working along with him in the fields, doing what, he hardly could say, he was about to fall asleep and now thought of summer bees searching the meadows. He was unusually delighted with how much power had been in his loins on this night. To have it all there, just when he had begun to wonder.

He even held Klara in his arms, which was hardly his habit, and when he woke up to honor the ^{alarms} needs of his bladder, he almost kicked over the chamber pot. In the dark, what with his unfamiliarity with a new bedroom, he was stumbling around, and Klara was giggling. Then, she wrapped her arms around him as he came back to bed. "I am happy," she said. "I think this will be the place for us."

"Silence!" he growled. "Don't be a goose! One does not make silly predictions!" Yes, he could feel the earth of the farm, all those nine acres to

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and the front of them,
the rear of their bedroom, (and felt just as superstitious as any of the peasants
of his childhood. A person should not be as ready as Klara to speak out with
good feelings to ~~the~~ empty night air. Not aloud! How empty was it, after
all? Who knew what ~~black~~ spirit might be about, there to listen to you, there
with nothing but its evil ears?

In the morning, she could sense his impatience to be done with the
unpacking. It was obvious. He wanted to go out and walk his grounds. So,
she took over the larger part of the immediate tasks while he gave the
children a tour of the barn, all three huddled close to him now before the
animal immanence of the two horses, the cow, and the prize sow that had
been part of the purchase price. Those animals were huge to the children,
and close to overpowering them with the fetid statement of their odor, all
three, Angela, twelve; Adi, now close to six, and Edmund, not yet ~~two~~ *one-and-a-half* ~~[CK]~~
years old and a fine toddler. Edmund hugged Adi. He loved to walk with his hand in
Adi's hand. ~~Yes, enjoyed that almost as much as being carried on his father's~~
~~shoulders~~

Now, Alois told them to go back to the house and help their mother.
In the afternoon, he would, he promised, teach them how to milk the cow,
feed the pig, and curry the horse, not to mention the hen house and the eggs,
but for now it was their good mother who needed them.

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He wanted to walk his lands alone. He had more than a few decisions to take. So, once again, he studied the condition of the orchard. When he had seen it last, there was more than a little snow on the ground, but he had been able to determine that the trunks of the walnut trees looked healthy, and the bare branches appeared to have integrity, strong, reasonably straight, and not too many tortured shapes to suggest the aftermath of crazy storms, *when the trees were young.*

In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place before buying it. Enough that the price, comparatively, was not too high, and the house and the view were the best he had found. No, he could not manage to keep spending full days in travel out from Linz. This place was enough. In his work, after all, he had had to be good at making quick decisions. You could not examine in complete professional detail every traveler who might have something wrong about him, no, you made your choices on the spot. He had been good at that.

All the same, he was not so much at ease with his purchase as he had anticipated. Walking the meadows and the one small hill of his new domain, the land was less extensive than he remembered, no larger, really, than what it was, nine acres, a good-sized parade-field. On the other hand, it was small enough to encourage him to do a little more farming than he had anticipated. Three or four of those acres would make a decent but

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By July, life became ^{considerably} ~~some~~ different for Alois. Klara, for one example, was most definitely pregnant. In seven months, if the baby was born without incident, there would be a total of eight kids who had come into existence because of him, eight, if you include the three who now were gone. Of course, if he so desired, he could add some kinder not exactly accounted for—quite a number of cooks and chambermaids who had managed to conceive with what might be called mixed male parentage, much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was possible. He could be the true father, but then, hadn't she also been with Hans and ^{Gerhardt} ~~Gebhardt~~ and Hermann and Wolf? With rare exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue who was the true father. It was enough to give them a decent gift.

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manageable potato field. Should he give another acre to beets? Could he plant this year? That would be the question. He could not get going until the end of June, the beginning of July, but Alois, Jr. would be back here then from Passau, his school year finished, and, yes, maybe they could take on some late plowing, maybe get some planting done.

All the while, his true disappointment came back to him. He must recognize—once again—that he could not cultivate his bees, not this summer. The brunt of the project would have to wait until next spring. A ~~real~~ ^{of honey-gathering} season of that beautiful effort by the bees began in April and hardly lasted ~~a half year—April~~ into September. He had to be there at the beginning. He must wait. All right, he would have nine months now to prepare, counting at least from the time when he would be back here again, permanently, in June, late June, and an unexpected and most unpleasant shiver of anticipation came to him at this thought. Did he know what he was doing? Such a bad thought! He forced it back. He had been in control of his feelings since he was ten years old, and he was not preparing to ^(c t) ~~go~~ sell now.

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Here in Hafeld, he was face to face with the other side of such achievements. Through the heat of July, in ^(this) ~~the~~ farm-house up on the hill, he had to look at five faces every meal, from Klara down to Edmund, sixteen months old and walking, even trying to talk. And by January, there would be another. He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him, more new faces than most people had to meet up with every day, but now it was always the same mugs. He was not used to dwelling with such questions as whether Edmund, for example, had come up with a new phrase or was just gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, no real ^{sense of language} ~~words~~.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—a little city girl, ready to be spoiled!-- she was now, to his surprise, ^{decent} ~~good~~ help. She was always currying the two ~~horses~~ ^{that hefty lady} horses, and washing down the ~~cow~~ ^{sow} even when ~~that hefty lady~~ ^{she would} didn't need another bath. Moreover, Angela was deft at milking and got Adolf and even Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment to be heard in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they approached with food. Rosig was large for a pig, large even for a prize pig, ^{and so} ~~yes~~ (happy in that smelly wallow with ^{its} ~~a~~ pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from the summer before they came to the farm. By next summer, when all this new work wouldn't be

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weighing on them, and there might be a little time, Angela wanted to prepare Rosig for local competition again. Yes, his girl, Alois decided, was a prize herself. Angela even took the pains to separate out the manure of the farm animals before carrying each collection to a different pile. Why? Because she declared to Klara, "My father would want it that way. Nice and neat." She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then the boy would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but nonetheless carrying a second manure pail.

His school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to the farm at the beginning of July. For a short period, no one could surpass him at work. Right off, he was splendid with the horses, particularly the younger one, Ulan, a stallion five years old. Alois was proud of how quickly Alo took to the saddle. He was also ready for the joy of a quick canter bareback up the hill and down, accompanied by full screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. Yet, he also seemed content to work the plow for hours in the sun with the dray horse, Graubart. Before too long, they had turned up three acres of hard soil pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for two weeks than his father would have believed. Then, all

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this splendid flurry of hard labor was cursed by bad news. ^{came in a letter} A letter ~~came~~
^{from Alois' school in Passau, (H) 3} from Passau. Alo had failed half of his courses ^{at the Realschule} at the Realschule this last
 semester, and would have to take those studies over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "The teachers are so stupid we
 laugh at them."

Yes, Alo must have been living with what he knew the ^{Realschule} school/news
 would bring, living with it for these two weeks, and had not said a word, just
^{in his father's field} kept working hard. They had tilled ten inches deep into the three acres ^{chosen a}
 stubborn, resistant soil, then laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and
 covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow
 less than a yard away from the next, but that had been only the beginning.
 Now, came the labor that went into weeding, and fertilizing. Bad memories,
 more than forty years old, came back to Alois. Disasters might yet be out
 there waiting for him. He now encountered white grubs and wire worms,
 saw the earliest potato leaves nibbled into green lace by aphids and flea
 beetles. Every day one had to go back for more weeding. Then, drainage
 became the ongoing problem. One could only dig the irrigation canals down
 a few inches, or else too many potato roots would be slashed by the hoe or
 the shovel. ~~But~~ ^{But} then the shallow canals filled with silt. Hours had to be
 spent carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow. On

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one of those afternoons, Junior disappeared. He was out riding Ulan. Alois put Angela to work in his stead, and for the rest of the working day, she carried the water, heavy duty for a girl her size.

That night, Alois gave his son a tongue-lashing. It was memorable to all of the family. "You are," he said, "very much like your crazy mother. Except with you, it is worse. You have no excuse. By the end, your mother ^{was} ~~might have been~~ out of her mind, but at least she had always been hard-working. You are lazy. ^{You} ~~To~~ mix your intelligence with ~~such~~ laziness? ~~The~~ ~~worst!~~ Foul laziness!" If the episode had happened even a year earlier, Alois would have given him a beating, exactly the apocalyptic variety that leaves a scar on the heart, but now the boy was big, and wild enough in the occasional expression of his eyes to make Alois pause. So, he did not strike him. Which, he came to decide in the days that followed, was a mistake. He should have given him one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior might think his father was a little afraid of him, maybe ~~over~~ a little, yes. Thereafter, Alo, Jr. worked at pinching away at the edges of his work, reducing one way or another the total of his hours. He was no longer acting like a farmer's son, more like some boy from the city doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of sundown, even quite a bit before the day's effort was done, he would ask Alois to let him take Ulan for a ride over the hill into the twilight.

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The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he was false. He had too soft a palate under all the hard bite. The truth was that he adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, yes, prey to terrible moods like his mother, much too prideful, and at present in full flight from education, yet he could be as charming as Fanni when he chose to be. He reminded Alois of how well she used to move. He even felt pride at how quickly his son had gotten on good terms with the stallion. Alois himself hesitated to ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois Junior could saddle up with all the éclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used to promenade along the best streets of Vienna wearing the kind of boots that Alois had made for cadets in those years, all the way back then when he had so admired those well-turned-out young men. Memories came ~~back~~ of those young officers strutting on the Ringstrasse with their handsome ladies, while he, the apprentice, had dreamed of finding an elegant and lovely young milliner for himself whom he might persuade to keep a shop with him where only the finest hats and most exceptional boots would be put up for sale, a stupid dream, but now his own Junior reminded him of those cadets. Such a striking young man. He was not at all like Adolf, full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of snots.

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So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love him! But not Alois! The beast would paw the ^{straw} floor of his stall when Alois approached, showing his large horse teeth in an unmistakably evil grin. He might just as well have been stating that he did not like the father, but was much taken with the son.

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On one warm evening in August, Alo took another unpleasant liberty. This time, Klara was infuriated. Alo was at table ready for their evening supper, but Angela was not. She was in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after Alo had put the charger into a gallop on the way back from the woods and then provided a walk-down which was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the hard-breathing animal to cool. Klara could not believe such selfish behavior. It was one of the few times in their marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband. After six pregnancies, he was no uncle to her now, not at this moment. "You allowed Alo to leave such work to Angela? That is certainly not right."

"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alo. "I can do without it."

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"I may not know horses so much as some people," said Klara, "but I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward. The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said Alo, "nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" said Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word more."

Coming into the fray these several steps behind Klara, he had to be masterful. "Yes, silence," he repeated. "I call for it."

"Yessir."

The boy did know how to ^{nibble} pick little pieces off the edges of every proposition. Now, Alois had to ask himself whether he ^{was being} ~~had just been~~ mocked or obeyed? "I told you," said Alois, "You are to be silent for the rest of the meal. Not one word. Not even 'Yessir.'"

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. I repeat, Not one word."

There was a pause, and then ^{Alo} ~~he~~ did come back, but in the pause was a suggestion of what might be yet to come.

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They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. Adi, sitting next to her, full of excitement and foreboding, was now living in the fear that he would wet himself. And Klara? She ate slowly, pausing often with her spoon in the air. She was filled with an unruly desire to upbraid Alo, Junior, again and then—no small impulse—upbraid her own Alois as well. She said nothing, however. She did not dare. To interfere with two men in such a rage with each other was unknown territory to her. The air between them looked ready to quiver. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund, began to cry.

That offered a solution. Klara was able to pick him up and leave the table. Then Alois rose and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and Alo, Junior, continued to sit at the table, poised within his own silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted his father's order into a species of silent reverence addressed altogether toward himself.

That night, Alois, Senior, could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early. For the first time since he had come to Hafeld, he went to the only tavern in the area, a full mile away at Fischlham.

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He had hesitated whether to go. The company would certainly be less to his taste than his ^{folk} ~~gang~~ of beer cronies in Linz. Besides, he knew enough

about farmers to anticipate the nature of his reception. They would be ready,

~~if they could~~, to mock him in their own ^{provincial} ~~developed~~ manner. Given his natural

predilection to lord it over his fellow drinkers, he was not looking forward to ~~what would~~

~~be~~ the sly edge of their attitude. He could hear their thoughts in advance. "The

peasant who tries to act like a millionaire," they would say behind his back.

Or, as easily, ^{exactly} the opposite—"this rich idiot who wants to play at being a peasant."

He had met a few of his much-dispersed neighbors in January when he first visited the house he was to buy, and had asked ~~them~~ a few questions.

They had not trusted him too much. He knew as much in advance. They were not about to offer the truth to a stranger who could pass on buying the farm, yet repeat enough of what gossip he had heard to get the owner offended at them. So Alois only heard the best of remarks, yes, everything good, land good, just a few animals, excellent livestock, the prize sow, your walnut orchard—that, itself, could be easy money once a year.

Alois had not bothered to believe them. Nor to disbelieve them. He had wanted the farm. He had assumed it would not be as good as it looked,

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and, of course, it couldn't be. Already the fine big cow who had been giving good milk every day had come down with udder trouble.

He did bring just that matter up at the tavern in Flischlham. He needed to. He was looking for a few opinions on the respective merits of the two veterinarians in the district, and used ^{it} as a calculated opening to the farmers now drinking with him. He had decided to be mild, and most modest. Nothing could be worse than to be perceived from the outset as a retired fool trying to throw his city weight around. So, he listened ~~with care~~, and ~~did feel a little closer~~ ^{most} to their guarded opinions of what they knew about his land.

When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy. In the most indirect manner, it did come out that he might have been wiser to consider beets.

"I planned to put one acre in like that, but not this first year. Too much at once."

They nodded. Farming and work. Yes. The oldest marriage ~~of them~~ ^{all}. One must never do too much at once if one could help it.

They were ~~much~~ ^{most of the voices he had} more slow-spoken than he ~~had become used to for~~ ^{heard for years} years — yes, the last forty-five years! It took an hour of staring at the unadorned wooden walls of the tavern, ^{fretting} ^{over the} feeling all the while ^{one} spike of a

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splinter in his behind (a gift of the dried-up wood of the tavern bench) before any of them would come forward with the muffled hint that this land on which he had planted potatoes ^{really should have been} might have been better off in beets. That was because last year's crop had been wheat. Now, they spoke of a variety of wheat whose genus was unfamiliar to him, but that was what the previous owner had been planting these last three years. Such repetition was not so likely to make the best ground for potatoes now. Who knew? The soil could have been depleted by the wheat. They did not say ~~quite~~ that much; they just drew on their pipes and drank their beer and looked sad. Worst of all, he could tell, the sadness was hardly for him, no, it was offered to the outrage done to the earth now owned by him, a rich man, an interloper trying to be a peasant.

The smell of the tavern became unpleasant. He could not locate the odor that mingled with the beer, but it was impure—sour milk? Old manure? A compost pile outside the door that had gone wrong? What he resented most about this quiet dun-brown wooden den was that there was not even a hint of schnapps in the air, no, not even one good town drunkard.

The evening, however, proved not altogether a loss. He learned the names of a couple of apiculturists who lived in Hafeld. Veterans who knew bees were nearby. To console himself further, he had ^{g?} good walk home. The

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late summer moon was out, a harvest-orange moon, ^{and} he finally felt ^{on this night} the pleasure beer usually gave him ^{just so} as quickly as he could quaff it, ~~but~~ tonight, ^{however} those pints had merely been banked in his stomach, stored there to dispense his pleasure now, now at last to be able to find himself alone. He had a long splendid urination by the side of the road.

Next morning he was back in his gathering gloom. He had to live with the disappointment of his three acres of potatoes. He had ended with a crop where not much more than half ^{~~of what they dug up~~} looked to be salable. His drinking companions of last night, ^{who in memory now smelled as dank as the Fischlham tavern,} had been right. He knew it in the pit of his stomach, knew it whenever he dug up ^{another} a potato to take a look. He had felt a few twinges in that same gut during the last few days of August and his heart was definitely acting ^{up, yes,} full of high pressure now. Whenever Alo took Ulan for a ride, Alois could feel the boy ^{chipping away} nibbling once again at the edges of his authority, and that was guaranteed to get his own heart to race. Sometimes he even felt as if that long-trusted organ—such a hearty companion—was now ~~so overcharged~~ ~~that he could feel it~~ forcing itself right up under his brain. Which is to say he was having headaches.

Given the work to be done of digging up the potatoes and carting them to the market in Fischlham, he ended by hiring a day laborer for a week, a

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stupid fellow working for his beer at night and not much else, yet, on balance, the man probably served up as much useful labor as Alo with his Ulan. How was that boy going to end? Would he yet be a criminal? Alois could conceive of him having to run away to something like the French Foreign Legion. Dark thoughts, but they had their appeal to Alois. When he was young, he would have made a good soldier of that variety, ready for anything. Or was that nonsense? There was something in the boy that was wilder than himself. Was that why, these days, they always had to speak to each other as if they were in ballet shoes? Up on tiptoe!

The day laborer was stupid, but he was not so incapable of thinking when it came to putting a number of those potatoes aside for himself, and Alois could not even be certain ^{that had been} ~~there was such~~ a theft. ^{Feeling} He had been ^{he had let} ill one afternoon, and the laborer ^{had to} take the produce to market for him, and returned with something less in the way of kronen than Alois had estimated. ^{finger} Just a little less. More ^{finger} nibbling at the edges.

Alois was sick ^{for more tangible reasons} ~~for more tangible reasons~~. There had been a miserable end to the pride Angela had been taking in the prize sow. ^{died.} It ~~got sick and~~ ^{died.} The girl was disconsolate. He was amazed at how much and how long a twelve-year-old female could cry.

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It started with that big, pretty pig being a little ^{ill}sick. Then, day to day, it got worse. Angela was so upset that Alois broke into his own reservoirs of pride and actually turned to his three nearest neighbors for advice. It was then he had to recognize all over again that he had forgotten what he was now remembering too late. One of the laws of his childhood 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 if you had the bad luck to meet an unexpected problem. Even your lifetime friends could disagree with you on the solution. Of course! Every farmer, he now learned, had his own idea of how to cure a sick pig. Of course!

The three neighbors to whom he turned in this case offered three different solutions, an emetic, a binder, and a diarrhetic. All were wrong. The sow stopped breathing and ^{was gone}died. ^{Because it was a pig,} all three men had ^{where else in a pig?} assumed the trouble could only be in the stomach or the bowels. Who had ever heard of consumption in such a heavy porker? Perhaps it was something else. Even the veterinarian he called in after the demise was unsure.

Nothing could have aggravated Alois more. To pay good money after the animal had died! Why? Because he had to know the cause. What an idiocy! He wasn't going to raise any more pigs, not now! but still he had to

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know. And then he found out that the specialist—if you could call him that—was not even sure of the cause. It would take, he told Alois, the further expense of lab tests in Linz, or maybe, even Vienna. Well, to hell with that! Such an expenditure would be obscene. On top of it all, he even had to bury the animal whole. He was tempted, but he did not dare to carve away any good part of it for the family. Left to himself, Alois would have looked for some choice cuts—how much did the hams have to do, after all, with the lungs? But, no, the vet was definite. "Do not take a chance, Herr Hitler, on any part of this animal."

Yes, that is what ~~he~~^{the} told him, but only after he had been paid! And there was Angela going on and on with ~~the~~^{that} weeping, and the ~~droning~~^{drone}, "Ach, ach, ach!" Not to mention the labor of digging ~~that~~^a goddamn trench for the carcass.

Yes, these were losses to calculate. What kind of profits could he point to from ^{his} that mediocre potato crop? When he added the cost of the seed potatoes, the compost he had bought for the three acres, and then subtracted the wages of the hired hand, the loss of the sow, and the fee of the vet as well, how could he claim to have made any respectable sum at all? If he divided the total that came back from the sale of the potatoes by the hours put in, could he say that he had earned any more by the day than in his first years

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with the Finanzwatch? Worse. The real calculation was humiliating. He was living here rent-free. No mortgage payment to worry over. The house had been bought outright, after all. But if he had ^{had} to give money quarterly to the bank, could he ^{have claimed} ~~claim~~ any profit at all? ^{No more than} Yes, a token profit. The walnuts. They had brought in a little easy money, money off the ground. For the rest, it had been a good deal of work for very little. He couldn't even complain to Klara for the shame of it.

He had to reassure himself. It wasn't that he was in real financial trouble. Never yet! His pension alone was six times the income of ^{any} a day laborer like the poor dumb fellow he had hired, who, dumb or not, was also able to ^{cheat} ~~rob~~ away at him, but all right! In the old days, in the best years of his earning power at Passau and Linz, he had been situated in what you could call the well-salaried layers of the middle class. Why, 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.

Alois could talk to himself in such a way but it did not dig the real thorn out of his gut. One of his strengths with the younger officers who came from good families had always been that he, at least, being good peasant stock, ^{could know} ~~knew~~ (at least when people were cheating him. And now he

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had discovered that the land he ~~had~~ bought was not ~~at all~~ as good as it ~~had~~ looked. Once upon a time, he might have been a peasant, ~~but~~ now he might ~~just~~ as well call himself one more middle class fool, ~~to have been~~ fooled on a deal involving land. ~~He~~ ^{Would it} felt all the shame a peasant could know. ~~Could it~~ be any worse if Klara had taken up with a farm boy? That was impossible, but then, how had it been so possible for himself, Alois Hitler, to be gulled on this deal?

He went into a depression. By October and November, he was settled in gloom. The Hound was one sick puppy these days. How was he to look at himself—a man in his late middle age who dangled a sick pup between his legs?

Klara, seven and a half months pregnant, tried to explain it to him. Now that the potato crop was in, so much hard work was finished. It was natural to be unhappy. Women, she could tell him, felt that way after a child was born. So much had gone into the womb, so much hope and effort, but now one was empty again. The baby might be there and beautiful, but for a time the woman had to feel empty, even awful. For a little while. It was natural.

She had never waxed so philosophical before, not to him, but he almost took her head off. "What am I, a woman?" he wanted to shout.

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had so admired those well-turned-out young men with their handsome ladies.

It all came back to Alois, and the old, never-developed dream of finding an

that dream as well where
elegant and lovely young milliner, ~~so that he and she could have a shop with~~

that sold only the

(finest hats and boots in all of the capital, a silly dream, but Alois, Jr. was so

and already
much like those young officers, not yet fourteen [CK] but a striking young

man. *Not at all funny-looking like Adolf*
or tiny Edmund

bring himself to
So, Alois could not quite refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask for an early

after all, had to
hour off so that Ulan *Alo!* could be exercised. And how the horse loved him! The

same horse that would paw the floor of his stall when Alois approached, an

evil grin, if ever, to show his ~~big~~ horse teeth, no, the stallion did not like the

father, but like the father, was much taken with the son.