

(2)

my father,

I loved my father - always deep in my subconscious I have referred judgement, back to him, what he would have thought, or done. This was ~~not based on his own preferences~~ He loved me - and felt a deep responsibility for me - He was born several months after the ^{sudden} death of my two elder sisters - he ~~was~~ ^{felt what} the effect of this would have on my mother, that he would be my only moral guide. He ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~with her only~~ ^{became} that to the best of his ability. He came from hard old stock with very little left ~~in the~~ of vitality and mental energy but he managed to raise a little for me. We ~~walked down town in the~~ ^{Summer} to have our shoes shined me in my ~~beds~~ sailor suit and father in his always beautifully cut clothes and he told me the few things I ever learned about life until a few years later from

(3)

a catholic priest, Monsignor Fay
what he knew he had learned from
his ~~father~~ + mother + grandmother the
latter ~~a~~ ^{letter} ~~letter~~ to me — "If you or
grandmother Scott heard that she
would turn over in her grave"
What he told me were simple
things, like:

"Once when I went in a room as
a young man. I was confused
and went up to the oldest woman
there and introduced myself and
afterwards the people of that town always
thought I had good manners". He did
that from a good heart that
came from his mother Clara
— he was much too sure of
what he was, much too sure of the
deep pride of the two proud women who brought
him up to doubt for a moment that ^{his} ^{upborn}
instincts were ~~right~~ — and it was
a horror to find the
"natural gesture" expressed
with eyes & dislocation in

and we bought ^{the} Sunday papers

(4)

his three posts book

We walked down town in Buffalo on Sunday mornings & my white ducks were stiff ^{with} starching & he was very proud walking with his ^{hand} little boy ~~long~~ after ~~was~~ a ~~was~~. We had our shoes shined and he lit his cigar. When I was a little older I did not understand at all why men that I knew were vulgar and not gentlemen made him stand up or give the better chair on our ~~re~~ ~~ard~~. But I know now. There was new young peasant stock coming up every ten years & he was ~~part~~ of the ~~last~~ generation of the colonies ~~and~~ the revolution.

Once he hit me. I called him a liar - I was about thirteen & I ~~think~~ ~~and~~ said if he called me a liar he was a liar. He hit me - he had spanked me before & always with good reason but this time there was all feeling ^{wf} & were both deeply

on which we violently agreed.

sorry for years I think though we didn't say anything to each other. Later we used to have awful rows on the political subjects but we never came to the point of personal animosity about them but if things came to fever heat the one most affected quitted the arena, left the room.

~~I don't see how all this could possibly hurt anyone but~~

I ran away when I was seven on the fourth of July — I spent the day with a friend in a pear orchard & the police were informed that I was missing and on my return my father thrashed me according to the custom of the times — on the bottom and then let me come out and watch the night fireworks for the baby.

with my pants still down +
my behind smarting - knowing
in my heart that he was absolutely
right. Afterwards, ~~perhaps~~ ~~up~~
~~a~~ ~~contaminated~~ ~~wood~~ seeing in
his face his ~~own~~ regret that
it had to happen I asked him
to tell me a story. I knew what
it would be - he had only a few
the story of the Spy, the one about the Man
Hung by his Thumbs, the one
about Early's March.

Do you want to hear
them. I'm so tired of them
all that I can't make them
interesting. But what they are because
won't ask father to repeat +
repeat : repeat.