50000 words in 12 chapters = 4800 a chapter - about 17 pages

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This is the ~~story~~ of six ~~children~~ young people whom fate brought together from three quarters of the globe, and of the ~~interweaving~~ play of ~~their~~ lives ~~which started just~~ another of those delicate weavings so lovely, so miraculous, so fragile, so unvalued by the crude-minded not able to ~~see~~ detail, so precious to the one who loves life.

It is going to be a good old-fashioned tale with a moral but I'll put the moral in right now and you can skip it if you wish but probably you will not [illegible] because ~~then~~, while the young persons [illegible] distaste for the ~~[illegible]~~ disciplinary side it can [illegible] gotten over at once and there will be no sense of having it hanging over us. [illegible]

The moral is that while no one in this year of 1928 dares to be cock-sure about anything anyone may be hen-sure of the fact that you can count many more minutes to the hours and hours to the day of the lad & lass who are interested, vibrant & absorbed in living than in the hours ~~[illegible]~~ minutes of the day [illegible] of the one with no [illegible] in [illegible] is the ~~meaning~~ of [illegible] on reality! Day dreaming [illegible] But it is to us that we have to be what we are and carry on as vivid + interested creatures play our parts - ~~only~~ in the mental + physical costumes with which our race provided us. the [illegible] - natural + social. Watch this worked out and you'll know something more about life than you did before this book came by.

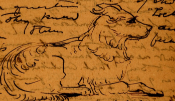
It is also ~~the story~~ of a place which for a little time at least ~~had its day~~ as a melting-pot for genius - alas that genius could not come from it unallowed!

"What a trumpet-cry we have here" said Uncle ~~Alexander~~ Hugo, taking a large bundle from the pretty aunt ~~[illegible]~~ Adelaide, who like himself was no real relative of the new baby's, but both as best friends respectively of father and mother ~~was~~ are ~~also~~ staying (through this ~~exciting~~ summer at ~~the Warren and a~~ ~~[illegible] spontaneous remark~~ the Lochaw ~~estate~~.) And that started something. Ever afterward the infant was known to widening circles as "the Trumpeter", in spite of several dignified ancestral names officially attached to him by his family such as Archibald Montrose Moray etc. etc. He really did have five first names, and his father had three and his mother four and amongst them they did not nearly exhaust the family stock. Which is to say that Archibald Beattie Montrose Moray Hailes Morian was of an ancient Scotch family tenacious of clan connections + descended from that old Monboddo who thought that Ourang-Outangs would be possibly taught to speak in time and about whom Dr. Johnson said "I should have thought it not possible to find a Monboddo; yet he exists."

Lochaw was not, as you might easily suppose in Scotland, but in America itself though within its couple of hundred acres it had as many named and [illegible] already historic spots as if it had descended to them all one of the "policies" of their ancestors. For a bit of land to a family like the Morians was not a mere stopping place but a home to be handed down to the taken-for-granted-to-come children of the name.

How would you ever really know if you wanted to be in a place

Jules Rumbold's gone over to Moran when it quite known "The Maples", so he bought it and renamed it "Lochow" while he was playing the organ very beautifully one evening in the New York studio of the newly married Morans, the day after they had seen the farm in a pouring rain and decided solemnly that it was meant for them and the son who was to come and sons of sons. And this though they had but $100 in cash in their possession and he was a sculptor ~~and she was~~ a painter and neither was of the kind ~~that would~~ ever be able to make much money! Both had the quick imagination; the power of conviction where it was a question of choosing anything and they knew "Lochow" Stone and was meant for them because could be theirs it was theirs from the moment the real estate man had driven them under the overarching trees of the long farm lane that led to the old — and to an American Real Estate man — ruinous house ~~that was~~ perched on the highest and most central spot of the demesne beside the now empty mill-pond in the deep ravine below. They had passed the great glacial boulder later to receive its name of "~~the rock and~~ Rathmullyon" and it had given them a quickest feeling ~~other~~ than the desire for mere possession. A rock from the ice-age moved from who could ever know where?



4 A stream that had cut its way down
through sixty feet depth of stone strata; trees 3 ft
in diameter rooting at various levels in ~~the~~ rock
seams - How could anyone own such things?
Something called a deed right passed from the human
now here to someone else & the mere rights to
be here at will without let or hindrance
from anyone else could be realized - but owning
great rock maple or a glacial boulder
that weighed 500 tons, or a tumbling waterfall
or the humming-birds nest in the tree by
the velvet house! It was a way of saying
something with a meaning dependent on how
much one understood about anything in that
world, outside the Real Estate Man's ken. default his salesman phrase
He was speaking: "If you've got the artistic temperament
you'll buy this place." They had told him they were artists
and also that they sought about an acre of back
woods that could be bought for $100. He took them
down to ~~the old~~ overflow dam now open where a wooden pen-
stock put there in the 18th Century was rather beyond
power to hold water in the mill pond. The ancient
saw-mill and cyder-press were equally far gone but
still astonishing in their massiveness. [illegible] in
hundreds plunged about the quiet wheel. A beautiful
snake rushed into the stream and disappeared.
Scarlet tanagers flew excitedly about. A hermit thrush
sputtered more and more flatly of its nest nestling beside a cedar.
A blue heron rose awkwardly majestically from a pool below the mill
race where a yellowish ooze from a cavern at one side
[illegible] ochre in the layer below the sandstone sides of
the ravine. The farm had been without occupants
for three years & this last generation of the Seven who h
ed it in succession had been a feckless cro

let everything built by their forbears go to ruin while they sought easier work in the village a few miles away. There were excuses for them. Conditions of fifty years had changed all demands. None wanted their sawn logs or their shingles or their cider or even their hand-made sleighs and wagons in any parts near enough to them for road to reach them — for they ranged over but a small territory with their slow old plough-horses & oxen. Schooling had been hard to get. They were of the unfortunate generation each locality sees in turn, which comes between the grandparents who still know the ancient love of soil and woodland and the children whom science will aid in restoration of these exhausted heritages ~~to the~~ supplying them with the more formed requirements for the new day.

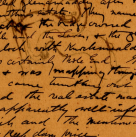
All places ~~seem~~ on the earth seem at times to weary of the men who inhabit them and to turn them out for ~~such~~ a variety of reasons sufficiently numerous to make ~~materials~~ for all the stories still to be written, but this is the story of beginnings and not of endings.

The ~~Morrisons~~ - Giles and Ursula his wife had wished in their cluttered New York studio for rocks and trees and tumbling-water noises instead of elevator and taxi-cab noises. They were overcome by the majesty of these things in their particular combination in this hidden corner of a county so near to the tallest buildings in the world that on a clear day, the real estate agent told them, they could see the Metropolitan tower from the range above the entrance to this farm he meant to sell them. Giles looked pained at this.

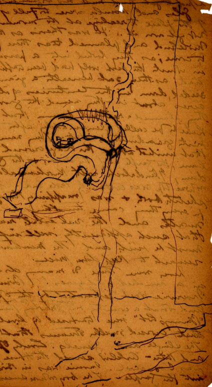
The real estate man prided himself on his skill in selling. He belonged to the Rotary club of his village. He didn't prove that to artists with \$100 of their own — a \$10000 place isn't much more expensive than a \$1000 place, but he

rice considerably above what the owners a
hoped to get and met no argument.

Giles and Ursula were too full of the future possibilities of the place to realize at the moment that they did not yet own it. It was theirs as they stood on Mole End and planned it as there for their children to come; as they looked into a passage amongst rocks in which the last wolf had been trapped by dogs long dead; as they sat beneath a giant pine that had seeded down in the centuries of its life all the acres about it — they named the grove Ydalir — yew valley — at once. They planned a restored dam that would hold the lake to be called Glenamaddy after one in Ursula's first grandmother's estate. They named the two streams that united above the bridge crossed by the entrance lane, the Gurgle and the Laver, & the glen below the dam, Glendalough with Knockmealdown for the cliff whose top was certainly Mole End. Giles had out a sketch book & was mapping things at once. Names for everything came tumbling out of both their mouths and the real estate man felt sure that such apparently well-informed people must be rich and The mentioned $100 a mere remark to keep down price.



Never were there so many dramatic settings in a hundred odd acres! Birnie Wood and Inverurie Wood + Auchry Wood separated by the open fields — Sundrum and what a country boy, grandson of the House, showing them the paths called "Benny's Lot" were traversed by lovely wood roads that crossed smaller streams that instantly became The Dingle and Glenelg. Lovely springs were here and there — Arklow served the House, below Knockmealdown was Cloonacool. Inverurie was in Birnie wood & flowed into the Gurgle. The boy whose ancestors had been



Ou house was frightene mere made who stared for strange sounds. He whistled them skunk holes whenever he could and showed them in tall hickories of the Great Horned Owls, and a cut stone "at a corner" with a date on it, the meaning of which none knew, and "line-trees" that had been bent down as saplings and had grown for a hundred years in the shape of a Ford car crank key. He showed them very large eels in the swimming hole below the largest falls at the head of what had been and was to be again the pond.

Seeing their enthusiasm for the situation, the real estate man dreaded showing them the old house built in 1769 and with its doors falling in, its window-panes out, its roof leaking. He had a new surprise. What they saw in clapboards falling off were the marks of generations of bees who had collected pulp for paper nests by ardent scratchings, & the shapes of the windows were more impressive to these mad folk than their condition. Great blackberry canes obstructed the way through the sheltering doors and rats scurried away in the gloom, but here were chimney places six feet wide and high & deep with the ancient fire irons made in the forge down the hill. The doors themselves swung on old hinges of like age & manufacture — what matter that they kept out very little weather!

Necessities of life did not interest the young Norraces as much as requirements for the full use of eye and ear and all the faculties. They wished to live not to be comfortable.

And so they returned to New York and talked it over all night spent mostly in recalling the excitements of contours and colours and bird notes and possibilities, with as little as possible] shuddering at memory of that mere [illegible] is the bark of the Spi

of madness of ~~that~~ that, they owned Lochow far as recorded deeds mean owning, within months, for if you want anything passionately enough you will get it if it is yours.

It was of course Ursula who accomplished it. Giles played gorgeously on the organ to inspire her with powers to organize ways and means, and went on naming remembered spots and elabora his map and illuminating it. This map qu made not owning Lochow an impossibility. There it was, beautifully drawn and almost miraculous correct as it was afterwards proven. Giles' sculptor sense had registered every one of its amazingly varied features, from the long meadow that followed the lane on the right as you entered for a thousand feet or so and got called "Drawn" of ~~the End of the Otherworld~~ to the four acre long field in further corner of the L shape which became Borrisleigh with its neighboring pair of similar fields always thereafter known as Ballisadare & Ballinasloe from names Giles had heard Ursula's Irish grandmother mention.

The absence of place names and even what would seem to be absolute necessity, road names, in American country places had bothered these transplanted people greatly. "How can you ever tell a story about a place that has never been named? How can you describe a locality or attach a meaning?" Lochow was so overrun with names as it was with weeds.

Ursula, very pale, unable to eat, hastily, for fear courage would disappear with time to consider, went to her richest old friend and told of the discovery, the desire, the despair, the hopes, the possibilities, seen through the eyes of two people already acknowledged [illegible] a Real Estate … onds "first mortgage" but had not m ~~Sum~~ no larger than a third of the cost. Then things known as Second Mortgages. The very old lady, to whom the amount of money meant more than the salary of one of her seventy ~~said~~ she would speak to her husband that see if she had that much free and could ma it. She managed it. Secretaries arrived wi and Mortgages appeared for signatures and th were in the bank. Ursula felt a need to f out within herself the whole battle of whether or n it is ever right to get into debt on nothing certa year. She was full of undigested economic that moment fashionable in the school in wh she taught art, but she thought Giles' work would compensate to the world and to the rich friend for anything. Her faith in him at this was boundless. He needed quick and Locke would give him that.

They went up to the village wherein the real estate man had his office, & met the whole family of owners in solemn best clothes and ~~their~~ ~~very~~ [illegible] friend, to [illegible] that all was regular and there were hand[illegible] over to them parcels of old deeds and quit-claims — some on parchment with seals of the King's governor & the marks of the owners and the clerk's attestation that force was not used on the wives — such an array of deeds and quit-claims had two centuries assembled! Behind was their & there was a life to be lived there beginning to-day. The previous owners hired the village hack and went for a drive to celebrate the acquisition of what was to them an incredibly large sum of money.

All that summer Ursula worked as if her body were that of a Tyrolean peasant, but her mind was aflame with adventure and her breathlessness was as much due to an almost too long succession of exciting discoveries as to the discomfort that is part o the price exacted over, what seems afterwa short time, for the incomparable treasure tha on an unusually beautiful day in November.

Ursula learned to cook in heavy iron pots sw on the crane. Wonderful concoctions described to h visitors or remembered from wanderings in Eastern Eu Roumanian and Italian Stews, Mexican things that c be done on a large black pan. Enormous apple pud with layers of pastry of the sodden kind dear to the British heart. Strawberry short-cakes of the [illegible] ~~little berries~~ so numerous in Lochow's neglected field Giles had a vegetable garden going soon with all the excit kinds of melons and Chinese cabbages and salad herbs and queer tomatoes and out-of-the-ordinary kind of thing He only consented to plant potatoes when it turned out it was a problem to get them to grow free from spots and a gambling proposition with potato bugs in armies as opponents. Giles was eternally entranced by the excitement of the garden that summer. The plain common sense pamphl from the Government agricultural Bureau superseded his Whitman an Celtic and Saga readings. He found soil composition and treatment, the war against blights and insect pests, the action of weather on growth, as thrilling as developing an organ fugue. Sculpture for the time was laid aside and the life in the open absorbed him wholly. He would sit beside a hill of cucumbers seedlings coming out of the ground and come to know each individual plant with the same sense of enlarging his acquaintance with life that a new friend would bring. A drooping plantlet would arouse his sympathy as thoroughly as a miserable human being. In the late summer when it began for the ~~matter~~ battle of musk-melons to be a race with frost he was ~~more~~ often with the dainty things than elsewhere. Fortunately for the whole adventure two good orders had come in about the time of the closing of the deed of sale and there were prospects for next winter that would make the purchase of Lochow seem a more reasonable thing than it had to some anxious people. As they say The Morrows were "private-minded", and everyone who knew them their financial circumstances, but through compl of poverty for they were incapable of feeling po completely unable to dwell on any negative thin such as empty purses, absence of butter or sugar potatoes from the larder, but because all events There were equal incidents in the life of good days. They were in such minds at this time as the Arab in the Great War who said "All war is good, but this war is Heaven". Cold weather was good because you had to work hard to keep warm. Wet weather was good because the vegetables needed it, and it made the fire in the great hearth in the kitchen an extra delight. Hot weather was good because you could wear light clothes and slipping out of them plunge into the pool beneath the falls that were the "Wurra Gurra", name reminiscent of Ursula's early reading of "Never too late to mend".

So everyone knew whenever the Morrows had a cheque or a new job that would bring one in the future. With the democracy of such un-conceited people as they were, they knew every sort of person, and Zoolow soon became a Mecca for the bored rich friends, the improvident radical friends who were willing to share other people's goods, the very dear and choice affinities of whom they had more than most through the richness of their sympathies.

By the time Archibald the Bumper was old enough to look out of his home made hickory four-poster enclosed in wire so that he could sleep his sleeping hours under trees untouched by snake or insect while mother wove and father modelled, the world he looked from contained besides trees and birds and distant cows several human beings, who were to be much with him in his growing years.

Most interesting of all was a dark, very small thin eager