

TEXT: 11/13 BASKERVILLE  
X24

EXTRACT: 10/11 X24 BASKERVILLE - 1 LINE# ABOVE + BELOW

SONGS: : 10/11 X24 BASKERVILLE ITAL (unless otherwise indicated,  
Center longest line & align left.

FOLIOS: 11/13 BASKERVILLE ITALIC LIVING FIGURES, IN ITALIC  
PARENTHESES SPACED 6 PTS AWAY FROM FIGURES, VMS  
INDENTED 6 PTS. AS OUTSIDE, 12 PTS BELOW TEXT.

No. RUNNING HEADS

PARA INDENTS: 18 PTS.

FIGURES: MODERN

SPACING: FRENCH

90/6

Chapter opening  
new right-hand  
page

DONT USE SWASH INITIALS.

align top of cap with top of ascenders.

call 94

align bottom of cap with  
body of type

ORNAMENT # 1624 (12PT)  
FLUSH LEFT

6 pt #

Chapter One

14/20 CASTON BOLD ITALIC  
6pt away from (above +  
below)

Mrs. McBee rose early to prepare herself for the  
visit to the doctor. It had been sixteen years since  
she had seen a doctor of any kind, and she didn't  
mind admitting she was nervous.

rule  
956

11/13  
X24

Bask.

18pt The alarm sounded at six o'clock and instead of  
lying in bed for a while she got up immediately. First  
she took an unaccustomed morning bath, soaking for  
half an hour in the sudsy water and rehearsing again  
what she would say to Dr. Wilson, just how she would  
record the odd symptoms.

Pick up  
from  
sample

Text begins  
page 1

1 1/2 px

Reset  
This  
paragraph

After the bath she generously powdered herself with the lilac talcum her sister-in-law<sup>Ethyl</sup> had given her two Christmases ago. She ~~remembered Ethyl had given it to her because~~ she ~~had thought at~~ <sup>remembered thinking at</sup> (the time it wasn't much of a gift, considering she had given ~~her~~ Ethyl that piece of sandwich glass for which she had never received so much as a thank you.

11/13  
x24  
Booker

Usually any thought of her sister-in-law was un-pleasant at best. But, surprisingly, now, she began to hum a little tune. "We must smell sweet<sup>2</sup>--- We must smell sweet," she sang as she patted herself with the over<sup>P</sup>size puff.

Then she was tired, enervated. She sat on the edge of the bed, her heart fluttering inside her like the wings of a small bird. She thought of telephoning the doctor and calling the whole thing off. Doctors weren't like they used to be. They were society now. Too good to make a simple house call.

1 1/2 px

By seven-thirty, however, she was at the breakfast table, dressed in her new dark blue suit with the fake red geranium placed just so. She felt like a warm, pulsating tea cookie.

Booker  
x24  
Sample

Yes, she was nervous.

11|13 "At my age, you know, I guess you can just look for anything," she said to her son John Bedford, who was sitting across from her, coffee cup in hand staring fixedly at the wall with his puffed eyes. "I hope it isn't gall bladder. Last night I was lying in bed and something just came to me, said 'gall bladder' U."

John Bedford said nothing and his eyes, hound-dark and sad beneath his balding hairline, gazed out toward the window as if even that was a movement he would have avoided could he have.

Mrs. McBee took note of the fact that John Bedford was gaining weight. It was more obvious in profile, cheeks and jowls. She hoped he hadn't inherited anything from her brother-in-law. Forrest McBee weighed two hundred and sixty pounds when he died. He had eaten himself to death. ~~But that was rare in a McBee. Most of them were thin.~~

"Sadie Parkham has it, gall bladder, and she can't eat cabbage or black-eyed peas, turnip greens or any<sup>f</sup> thing<sup>l</sup>--and here I'd been thinking all these years greens<sup>M</sup> would cure you of anything. Funny world. Funny world."

She buttered a half piece of partially burned toast.

"Don't you think so?"

$\frac{1}{2}$  px | "Uh," said John Bedford.

"They say they don't eat them at all in the North.

11/13

Did you ever eat them in New York?"

"Eat what?" he said in his slow drawl and frowned as if he were in pain.

"Greens. Turnip greens."

"No."

Mrs. McBee gave a little laugh. "I guess they thought you were just some sort of little Georgia hick up there, didn't they?"

"I don't know what they thought."

"You sound kind of irritable, dear."

John Bedford continued to gaze out the window with an expression so empty Mrs. McBee was sure he wasn't listening.

"I think it's nice to be cheerful in the morning<sup>1</sup>—<sub>M</sub> even if you do have to go to a doctor."

$\frac{1}{2}$  px | "Go right ahead," he mumbled.

"Dear me, dear me. Aren't we touchy?"

John Bedford glowered at her.

11|13  
 "You are going to fix yourself up a bit, aren't you? We don't have much time. The nurse said 'first come, first serve,' and I don't want to sit there all day."

Mrs. McBee wanted to ask him to wear a tie and a coat. She didn't know why he had got so careless about his dress since he had come home, just sitting around all day in his shirt sleeves, sometimes with that bit of skin showing over the beltline. As intelligent and smart as he was, it did look as if he could take some care. How in the world did he ever expect to get himself a decent wife? But there was time enough, she guessed. He was only thirty-two.

"Still a rollicking youth," she said happily, and John Bedford gazed at her questioningly with his heavily lidded eyes.

"Ah, me," Mrs. McBee sighed.

"We're just going to the doctor, for Christsakes," said John Bedford.

"Now, don't dear."

"Don't what?"

"Don't speak of our Lord that way, not in the morning."

1 1/2 PX

John Bedford dragged his open palm down the side of his face. Certainly he would shave before they went. She didn't want to walk into the doctor's office with somebody looking like that.

11/13

"I just think it's nice to look as neat as possible when you go out," she said. "I even try to look as nice as I can around the house. You never know who might just wander in."

"Nobody. That's who."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. McBee rising from the table and taking the dishes back to the kitchen. "You can't say anything to some people nowadays. You can't say anything. Well, well, well."

"What time do you have to be there?" drawled John Bedford, still sitting at the table.

"Just as soon as the door opens. I don't mind admitting I'm a bit  $\frac{2}{M}$ "

"The doctor won't be there. He won't be in his office before ten."

1 1/2 PX

"But all those other people will be ahead of us."

"Well, I've got more to do than sit around in a doctor's office all day."

Mrs. McBee started to ask just what. "It won't

be long. I just want to ask him a few questions. That's all."

<sup>1 1/2</sup> px ] "A few questions. From you?" There was a slight moan.

11/13  
X24  
Booksville

The moan was the final insult. "You don't have to take me," Mrs. McBee could hear her own voice, weak, even shy. "I guess I could get a ride in with Mr. Flemming." She didn't want to ride with Mr. Flemming. Mr. Flemming also lived out from town, <sup>His property joined theirs</sup> just down the road, and he drove to his government job in a pick-up truck.

HERE

But Mr. Flemming

"I said I'd take you. Didn't I?"

"But you sound so unpleasant about it. I don't want you to do it unless you can go in the right spirit."

"What do you want me to do? Dance a jig?"

"You can be awfully unthinking sometimes, son.

Just a simple little request and <sup>2</sup> ~~m~~."

"I said I'd take you. ~~But~~ <sup>just</sup> I don't see why we have to get there at dawn."

<sup>1 1/2</sup> px ] "Just a simple little <sup>2</sup> ~~M~~" All at once Mrs. McBee thought she was going to weep. She hadn't shed a tear in twenty years. But now, standing in the cold kitchen all dressed up with the dirty plate in her hand, she believed she was going to break down and sob like a baby.

Here she was, nothing but a widow with one lazy son, a daughter who was too busy to write her, and she was getting old and sick trying to turn every stone to make a proper, dignified living.

11/13

"I could tell you right now what's wrong with you," said John Bedford from the breakfast room.

Mrs. McBee said nothing.

"I told you last night."

"What?" managed Mrs. McBee.

"Psychosomatic. Anybody who's got as much energy as you've got, there couldn't possibly be anything wrong. It's all in the mind."

A fine one to talk, thought Mrs. McBee. She gulped back the tears.

"In the mind," said John Bedford with finality as he scraped back his chair. He shut the breakfast room door with more force than necessary.

"There's nothing wrong with my mind," muttered Mrs. McBee to the empty kitchen. And then the possibility that there might be struck her. John Bedford knew all about such things, though if you asked her he certainly didn't practice what he preached. Always complaining. Still, he knew about things. Psycho-<sup>S</sup>this

11/13  
 and psycho-that. It was his whole talk since he had  
 come home. But there had never been anything like that  
 in the family. Nothing mental. "On either side."

"What I have is real." Suddenly she wondered if she  
 were going to die. She pictured herself in the four=  
 poster bed upstairs, ~~passing~~<sup>dying</sup>, and John Bedford standing  
 by with his hound's eyes saying he was sorry, sorry,  
 sorry he had been so wrong. And she would go home gently  
 as a lamb.

The thought was so beautiful the rush of tears  
 came with full force, and she stood for what seemed a  
 long time picturing her death, fighting the tears, fight-  
 ing the heaviness in her chest.

She was so upset she believed she would have to call  
 the doctor. "I just don't have a way to get there," she  
 would say pathetically. Then she would march right up  
 to John Bedford and say: "I am not going. I hope that  
 pleases you. It's all in my mind."

But she had to go, and the thought brought the weak-  
 ness to her legs. "Ah, Lord." She gazed hollowly at ~~the~~  
 dripping faucet at the sink. It still had not been  
 mended. "Maybe I should just go on and die--an old work-  
 horse just run out."

With the ~~left hand~~ <sup>left</sup> she idly ran her hand across the material of her skirt, and the touch, the very newness of it, its softness, brought her back again, bringing back the old strength like a healing. She was feeling sorry for herself, simpering like an old fool. She didn't know when she had done such a thing.

11/13

1 1/2 px "Why, Letitia Graham McBee," she said aloud to the cold kitchen. "Now, you just get hold of yourself. Get up some gumption here now. There isn't anything in the world that can defeat Letitia Graham McBee." She put the ~~dish~~ <sup>plate</sup> down with authority and marched into the breakfast room to gather up the rest of the dishes.

"Yes, now. Remember you're a Graham! Just remember that."

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