

No one called. We were not allowed to play with the children. Farm people are naturally friendly, but after a few half-hearted attempts to become acquainted in the stores, or at church or prayer meetings, the family gave up and accepted the fact that they were as isolated as if in quarantine.

At the end of the year when the license expired, Mr. B. couldn't take himself and his family home to the farm fast enough.

"Gosh," he said, "you couldn't get me back into that business for any money."

The saloon business had not proved profitable. He was a wiser and a poorer man.

The conservatives sighed with relief.

The community settled back into its old-fashioned ways and if there was any more drinking, we didn't know it.

Looking back in retrospect, I realized that even with the opportunities furnished by the saloon, I still had never seen a drunken man.

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A few years later after living in Ontonagon for a time, I was visiting my mother in the old home. A young man from a farm in the country had come to town to work in the drug store. My mother was providing him with room and board, there being no other place for him to go. At the table one day, I was relating some of my experiences in the northern lumber community and spoke of having to step over a large man, completely drunk, prone on the porch, blocking my front door, and of seeing several every day in equally comatose condition on sidewalks or in ditches along the roads back to the lumber camp.