

DAVID AND JONATHAN

tumble summersets and scare the fish away and get tangled in the lines—sometimes come home crying with the hooks in him. Jon used to call him the King. But I called him Parliament. I expect he was both.

Always, on the farm, one went to college to learn and the rest stayed at home to work—if there was more than one son in the family, as there always was. So it was since seventeen hundred and ten—when we first got the farm—so it was with my brother Henry, Evelyn's stepfather and me, and so it had to be with my sons Jonathan and David. Germans like to obey the ways of their ancestors from generation to generation.

It was decided by lot, and begun way back when they used to leave everything to the Lord. Mostly, they'd put a hoe and a Bible on the floor and let us boy-babies crawl for 'em. If we took the hoe we were to be farmers. If we took the Bible we were to be students. The Bible was nice red morocco and gold, and the hoe was kept bright and shiny, and both had