

walked up Kellogg to Main Street, then over to the Public Square, and when I came to Broad Street I turned up it. Not because the proposed factory site was on Broad; it's way out near the city limits, a dozen blocks or more, and I wasn't planning to walk that. Besides I'd been all over the site that day and I couldn't have seen anything in the dark anyway. But Broad was as good a street as any other to walk along." Marsh brought out matches, prepared to strike one, then sat staring at the tabletop instead. "At that, I walked a lot farther than I meant to. Pleasant street." He struck his match and looked up at me for comment, sucking the flame onto the cigar end.

"It's beautiful," I said, nodding. "All those streets—Broad, Cherry, Prairie, Kellogg, Seminary, and all the others—are beautiful," and I was remembering the day my father, mother, sister, and I got off the train from Chicago at the Q depot. We rode through Galesburg then, in a taxi, to the house my father had bought on Broad Street. The driver took us up Seminary first, from the depot, then along Kellogg, Prairie, and Cherry—a few blocks on each street—before turning onto Broad. I was six and as we rode something in me was responding to the town around us, and I began falling in love with Galesburg even before we reached our house. It happened completely, love at first sight, just north of Main Street when I first saw the thick old trees that line the streets of Galesburg, arching and meeting high overhead as far as I could see. We moved along under those new-leaved trees and the first warm-weather insects were sounding and the street was dappled with shade and sun, the pattern of it stirring as the trees moved in the late spring air. Then I heard our

tires humming with a ripply sound that was new to me, and saw that the street was paved with brick. I guess that's not done any more; nowadays, it's concrete or asphalt, never brick.

But a great many Galesburg streets are still brick-paved, and some of the curbing is still quarried stone. And in the grassways beside those brick-paved streets there still remain stone curbside steps for entering or leaving carriages. Near them—not added for quaintness' sake, but remaining from the days when they were put there for use—is an occasional stone or cast-iron hitching post. Back past the grassways and the sidewalks (of brick, too, often), and beyond the deep front lawns, rise the fine old houses. Many are wood, often painted white; some are brick or time-darkened stone; but —there along Cherry, Broad, Prairie, Academy, and the other old streets—they have the half comically ugly, half charming look, made of spaciousness, dignity, foolishness, and conspicuous waste, that belongs to another time.

I mean the curved bay windows with curving window glass; the ridiculous scroll and lathework at the eaves; the rounding, skyrocket-shaped tower rooms with conical roofs; the stained-glass windows (one of them, on Broad Street, I think, an actual pastoral scene); the great, wide front porches; the two stories with an attic above; the tall, lean windows beginning just over the floor. You know what I mean, you've seen them, too, and admired them wryly; the kind old houses of other and better times. Some of them are sagging and debauched, decrepit and in need of paint. Some have been modernized, and there are new houses among them. These aren't museum streets but streets where human beings live. But many of the