

[Insert 21-5 where indicated]

Low <sup>on</sup> the horizon hung a <sup>lone</sup> wispy of spiralled, upthrust, <sup>and</sup> like  
cloud a genie emerging from a bottle. Far above <sup>us</sup> ~~it~~  
<sup>wheeled</sup> tracked a solitary eagle, drifting and tacking, <sup>as we looked</sup> seeming to  
drop upwards in the ~~blue sea of the~~ sky.

X



1st  
2/6/61

New Page

~~We lay thus for a long <sup>while</sup> and then I  
drew closer to her and found her waiting lips ~~in~~  
waiting for <sup>mine in</sup> the soft darkness humming <sup>rustling</sup> darkness.~~

We lay thus for a long while, listening  
to the rain <sup>and</sup> catching <sup>stutter</sup> occasional gleams <sup>snatches</sup> of the moon  
<sup>occasional</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>in the</sup> ~~between~~ <sup>refts</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>troubled</sup> ~~clouds,~~ <sup>in the</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>soft</sup> listening to the  
strail timeless rivalry of the crickets and the frogs,  
and to the <sup>small</sup> rustlings and the tickings of the tiny  
creatures <sup>all about us.</sup> Then I drew closer to her <sup>in the soft darkness</sup> and  
found her ~~lips~~ <sup>lips</sup> waiting <sup>for mine</sup> in the soft  
darkness.

"Louisa," I whispered <sup>into her lips,</sup> "I don't want <sup>ever</sup> to leave  
here, ~~now,~~ <sup>then,</sup> and I buried her again, <sup>then</sup> gently  
than <sup>before,</sup> and <sup>then</sup> our arms were <sup>suddenly</sup> about <sup>each other</sup> her and I felt  
her hands working behind me and I felt her tying her  
damp braids about my neck, <sup>then</sup> <sup>"My Louisa,"</sup> <sup>murmured,</sup> and <sup>far</sup> from feeling a  
prisoner I felt suddenly released <sup>suddenly</sup> a <sup>sudden</sup> surge  
of release. <sup>then</sup> My arms tightened <sup>convulsively</sup> about <sup>around</sup> her and I  
shamelessly explored her body; her <sup>shoulder</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>waist,</sup>  
her <sup>small</sup> <sup>firm</sup> breasts, her <sup>shoulder</sup> <sup>waist,</sup> her <sup>rounded</sup> <sup>buttocks</sup> and <sup>her</sup> the  
spread <sup>of her</sup> <sup>pelvis,</sup> then her <sup>firm</sup> arms, her pulsing  
throat, her lips, her damp hair. "Louisa, Louisa,"  
I kept murmuring, "I've been a prisoner so terribly  
long <sup>these release me --</sup> <sup>long</sup> -- <sup>tie</sup> <sup>me,</sup> <sup>hold</sup> <sup>me,</sup> <sup>tighter,</sup> <sup>release</sup> <sup>me,</sup> ..."

~~Then the rain~~ <sup>blinding</sup> <sup>forking</sup> <sup>flash</sup> of lightning <sup>followed</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>long</sup> <sup>shuddering</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>great</sup> <sup>snowing</sup>  
Then there was a <sup>distant</sup> rumble of thunder and  
the <sup>rain</sup> fell <sup>in</sup> <sup>torrents,</sup> but we paid it no heed,  
locked <sup>obliviously</sup> as we were in the <sup>oldest</sup> <sup>stom</sup> of mankind.

1st  
Walt + Louisa  
11/13/61

Save for later

IV Page

I shifted awkwardly and cleared my throat.

She walked with me to the door and both of us stood silently, <sup>almost ruefully, regarding</sup> ~~looking~~ at each other. I smiled and she smiled with "This reminds me of my first ~~high school~~ date in high school," I whispered, <sup>for no good reason,</sup> and she smiled with her <sup>wide</sup> ~~dark~~ <sup>intent</sup> eyes that seemed to cry.

small from

"Goodnight, Louisa," I <sup>whispered, for the first time</sup> said, calling her by her first name, <sup>for the first time.</sup> Then very gently I took her <sup>small from</sup> chin between my thumb and forefinger and <sup>ever so gently,</sup> drew her face up toward mine and looked into her deep <sup>still</sup> eyes. I could feel her breathe upon my face ~~and~~ <sup>overse</sup> warm and faintly milky. I released her chin and we stood staring <sup>suddenly</sup> <sup>for a moment</sup> into each others magnified eyes.

waist, her

"Louisa," I whispered, and we <sup>longingly</sup> <sup>passionately</sup> kissed, until our bodies <sup>separated</sup> <sup>blended</sup> <sup>as if</sup> one. My arms were <sup>firmly</sup> <sup>around</sup> her <sup>back</sup> <sup>feeling</sup> her back, <sup>her</sup> <sup>waist,</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>buttocks,</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>arms,</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>shoulder,</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>hair,</sup> and when I released her <sup>and</sup> <sup>leaned</sup> <sup>weakly</sup> <sup>back</sup> against the door and <sup>down</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>dismay</sup> that I had <sup>long dark</sup> <sup>which</sup> <sup>streamed</sup> <sup>down</sup> <sup>nearly</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>waist.</sup> She still stood staring <sup>up</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>wide</sup> <sup>intent</sup> <sup>eyes.</sup>

"Walt," she <sup>temptingly</sup> <sup>putting</sup> <sup>out</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>hand</sup> <sup>tentatively,</sup> <sup>uncertainly,</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>once</sup> <sup>again</sup> <sup>we</sup> <sup>came</sup> <sup>together,</sup> <sup>until</sup> <sup>hungry,</sup> <sup>savagely</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>savage</sup> <sup>locked</sup> <sup>embrace,</sup> <sup>until</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>felt</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>found</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>door</sup> <sup>knob</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>ear.</sup>

ear.

"Oh, Walt oh Walt," she <sup>whispered</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>close</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>ear.</sup> "I'm so <sup>awfully</sup> <sup>incredibly</sup> <sup>goddam</sup> <sup>lonely.</sup> Oh, Walt, hold me, hold me, don't let me go. I'm so utterly <sup>goddam</sup> <sup>lonely...."</sup>

~~Behind~~ <sup>wordlessly</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>kept</sup> <sup>shaking</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>head,</sup> and finally I found the door knob behind me and turned it and wrenched the door open, and when I spoke my voice was cracked and husky, like that of an adolescent youth. "Good night, Louisa," I creaked, fighting to <sup>stay</sup> <sup>quiet</sup>

quiet

<sup>the</sup> <sup>mutual</sup> <sup>torrent</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>unleashed.</sup> "Good night, Louisa," I kept murmuring idiotically, leaching out and finally closing the door behind me and stumbling my way for the split sign at the end of the corridor.

behind me

2nd  
2/6/61

Chapter 22

X

crept toiled  
stealthily

"Pocahontas, I presume?" I <sup>enquired</sup> asked as I clambered back up from my fishing, <sup>devotionals</sup> and found Louisa pensively seated <sup>leaning against a tree,</sup> with her hair let down into two long, <sup>dark</sup> braids which hung over each shoulder and reached nearly to her waist.

She looked up at me with <sup>large</sup> unblinking large-eyed solemnity. "Ah, Sir Walt, do come and break bread with me on my lonely mountain." <sup>She sighed inconsolably.</sup> "You are the first paleface I have seen in many <sup>a</sup> moons." Her eyes crinkled and smiled. "Take heart, <sup>doubled</sup> kind sir -- reports of my fixation on John Smith are greatly exaggerated."

"Then I accept with deep pleasure, sweet Pocahontas," I replied, making a deep bow.

"And may I suggest that you first break open your bottle of Italian wine -- known <sup>more daintily</sup> in my <sup>distinct</sup> land as Dago red -- while I fry up the trout I have brought thee?" I ~~also~~ surveyed all the picnic things

paraphernalia

she had somehow toted up from the car during my absence. "I also perceive that reports of your fragility, though <sup>certainly</sup> not <sup>of</sup> your great beauty, have been somewhat exaggerated."

"Vastly," she said, flexing the muscle in her arm, "and all the better to repel thee, thou <sup>disturbingly</sup> handsome paleface."

2nd.

N Page

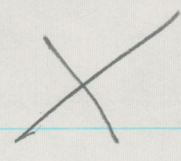
Under a tall Norway pine tree

brooding

X

On this ~~last~~ <sup>moderately ponderous</sup> <sup>gayly</sup> whimsy did we have our picnic and drink our wine and watch the sun sink slowly beneath the far-off ridge and presently send up great spreading shafts of afterglow. Dusk gradually fell, and <sup>then</sup> melted imperceptibly into darkness, and as a light breeze sprang up I <sup>rekindled</sup> ~~made~~ a small open fire. Then we lay on the car robe and <sup>droopily drowsily</sup> watched the stars <sup>slowly</sup> wink on and ~~then~~ <sup>presently</sup> a thin sliver of new moon <sup>from</sup> ~~subside~~ <sup>rose</sup> up <sup>out</sup> of the forest. By and by a great jagged cliff of <sup>dark</sup> cloud floated majestically across the path of the moon, and <sup>then</sup> ~~presently~~ we heard ~~the~~ and felt ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> soft patten of rain drops a fine drizzle, the tiny droplets sounding like the <sup>humming</sup> flight of many insects in the spreading <sup>pine</sup> branches so far above us.

Incl  
2/6/61



the for  
and watching fugitive

We lay listening to the rain, <sup>and watching</sup> catching occasional glimpses of the moon between the occasional rifts in the stately procession of passing clouds; listening, too, to the shrill timeless rivalry of the crickets and frogs and to the <sup>small</sup> muffled rustlings and ~~small~~ tickings of the tiny creatures of the earth.

As the rain <sup>fell harder</sup> ~~grew~~ stronger I drew closer to Louisa in the enveloping darkness and found her moist lips waiting ~~eagerly~~ for mine. We kissed, gently at first, then hungrily, passionately, longingly, our bodies <sup>seemingly</sup> suddenly blended together as one.

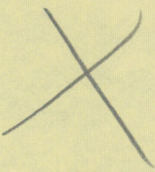
"Louisa," I faintly whispered into her searching lips, "I too don't ~~want~~ <sup>as we say here</sup> ever to leave here, and ~~then~~ I felt her hands working behind me, and then I felt her ~~hands~~ <sup>long dark</sup> tightly straining her ~~braids~~ <sup>braids</sup> being drawn into a knot about my neck. "Oh, Louisa," I murmured, and far from feeling a prisoner I felt suddenly a great surge of unlocking and release. "Louisa, Louisa," I kept murmuring, <sup>try me.... please</sup> "hold me tighter.... I've been the wrong kind of prisoner for so terribly long...."

Our lips <sup>groped and</sup> met again in a <sup>harsh</sup> collision of longing and loneliness and ~~my arms~~ <sup>curving</sup> ~~with~~ suddenly I found my arms ~~strongly~~ <sup>savagely</sup> locked about her <sup>face and</sup> ~~body~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~long ears~~ <sup>shamelessly</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>thin</sup> ~~arched eyebrows~~ <sup>parted</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>palpitant</sup> ~~tremulous lips~~ <sup>her slender</sup> ~~throat~~ <sup>fluttering</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>rounded</sup> ~~arms~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>the firmness of</sup> ~~shoulders~~ <sup>her small</sup> ~~upthrust breasts~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~flatness~~ <sup>firm</sup> ~~of her~~ <sup>secret</sup> ~~abdomen~~ <sup>soft</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>secret</sup> ~~firm rounded buttocks~~ <sup>suddenly</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~yearning pelvis~~....

There was a <sup>sudden</sup> ~~faraway~~ <sup>gagged</sup> flash of lightning followed by a long <sup>sullen</sup> ~~rumble~~ of thunder; the wind rose; the trees <sup>sighed and</sup> ~~creaked~~ and the rain <sup>crashed in torrents</sup> ~~fell harder~~ - - but we paid them no heed, ~~suddenly~~ <sup>locked</sup> obliviously as we were in our ~~feelings~~ <sup>of</sup> the oldest ~~storm~~ <sup>of</sup> mankind.

2/7/61

Chapter 22



"Pocahontas, I presume?" I inquired as I ~~tailed~~<sup>came</sup> stealthily  
 up from my fishing devotionals and found Louisa pensively seated,  
~~leaning~~<sup>Norway pine</sup> against a tree, her hair <sup>now</sup> let down into two <sup>thick dark</sup> long dark  
 braids which ~~hung~~<sup>hanging</sup> over each shoulder and ~~reached~~<sup>reaching</sup> nearly to her  
~~slender~~<sup>slender</sup> waist.

<sup>started and then</sup> She looked up at me with unblinking large-eyed solemnity.

"Ah, Sir Walt, do come and break bread with me on my lonely  
 mountain." She <sup>put her hand to her heart and</sup> sighed ~~inconsolably~~.

"You are the first paleface  
 I have seen in many moons." Her eyes crinkled and smiled. "Take

heart, ~~troubled~~<sup>timid</sup> sir--reports of my fixation on John Smith ~~are~~<sup>the legend</sup> ~~is~~<sup>is</sup> ~~vastly~~<sup>is</sup>  
 greatly exaggerated. ~~it~~<sup>her hand swept the horizon -- "and</sup> ~~is~~<sup>the far</sup> ~~moreover~~<sup>moreover</sup> ~~his~~<sup>his</sup> ~~off~~<sup>off</sup> ~~yonder~~<sup>yonder</sup> in ~~Virginia~~<sup>Virginia</sup>."

<sup>a broken-hearted</sup> "Then I accept with deep pleasure, sweet Pocahontas," I

replied, making a deep bow. <sup>"Smile, boyhood I had erided thought you were John's</sup> And may I suggest that you first <sup>other wife.</sup>

break open yon bottle of Italian wine--~~known~~<sup>(in my land known</sup> more ~~daintily~~<sup>poetically</sup> in my

<sup>up</sup> distant ~~land~~ as Dago red--while I fry ~~the~~<sup>up</sup> the trout I have brought

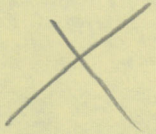
thee?" I surveyed all the picnic ~~things~~<sup>and cooking</sup> paraphernalia she had

somehow toted up from the car during my absence. "I also perceive

that reports of your fragility, ~~though certainly not of your great~~

beauty, have been somewhat exaggerated. ~~it~~<sup>my dear,</sup> ~~through~~<sup>not</sup> ~~not~~<sup>of your</sup> ~~of~~<sup>dark</sup> your ~~great~~<sup>great</sup> beauty."

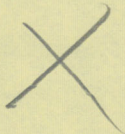




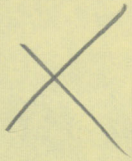
*and feeling  
brick*

"Vastly," she said, flexing the muscle in her arm, "and  
all the better to repel thee, thou disturbingly handsome fisherman."

~~paleface."~~



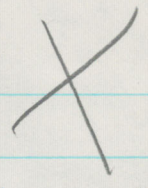
I knelt and kissed her and  
<sup>whimsical vein of nonsense and banter</sup>  
~~in~~ this ~~vein of moderately ponderous whimsy~~ did we gaily  
<sup>ate</sup> ~~have~~ our picnic and <sup>ed</sup> drink our wine and watch the sun sink slowly  
 beneath the far-off ridge, <sup>by and by sending up a farewell of great</sup> and ~~presently send up great~~ spreading  
<sup>far out spreading</sup> shafts of <sup>standing</sup> afterglow. Dusk gradually fell, <sup>and</sup> then melted imperceptibly  
 into darkness, <sup>and</sup> as a light breeze sprang up I rekindled a  
 small token fire. Then <sup>lay</sup> ~~we lay~~ on the car robe under a tall  
 Norway pine tree and <sup>we lay and</sup> ~~drowsily~~ watched the stars slowly wink on,  
 and presently a thin slice of new moon <sup>freed itself from the</sup> ~~swam up from out of the~~  
<sup>and swam up</sup> brooding forest, <sup>to be met and obliterated</sup> By and by a great jagged cliff of dark cloud <sup>which grew stronger</sup>  
 floated majestically across <sup>its</sup> the path of the moon, <sup>The wind increased and then</sup> and then we heard  
 the first rain, a soft drizzle,  
 and felt a soft drizzle, the tiny droplets sounding like the humming  
 flight of ~~many~~ insects in the spreading ~~pine~~ branches ~~so far~~  
 above us. <sup>us.</sup> ~~over our heads,~~ <sup>to wigwam?</sup>  
 "Pocahontas want flee" I whispered.  
 "Louisa shook her head"  
 "Pocahontas love ~~to~~ <sup>lie</sup> lie in rain with paleface"  
 she whispered back.



<sup>in the gathering dusk drowsily</sup>  
 We lay listening to the <sup>soft</sup> rain and watching for fugitive  
 glimpses of the moon between ~~the~~ occasional rifts in the stately  
 procession of ~~passing~~ clouds; <sup>We heard the</sup> listening, too, to the shrill  
 timeless rivalry of the crickets and frogs and <sup>all about us,</sup> ~~the~~ the small  
 muffled rustlings and tickings of the tiny creatures of the earth.  
~~As~~ <sup>I</sup> the rain <sup>began to</sup> fall harder <sup>and</sup> I drew closer to Louisa in the enveloping  
 darkness and found her moist lips waiting for mine. We kidded,  
 gently at first, then <sup>as though the cool rain had kindled our desires,</sup> hungrily, passionately, longingly, our  
<sup>suddenly drawn and</sup> bodies ~~seemingly~~ suddenly blended together as one.

"Louisa," I whispered into her searching lips, "I too  
 don't ever want to leave here," and <sup>as</sup> we lay there I felt her hands  
 working behind me, ~~and then~~ <sup>Y</sup> felt her long damp braids being  
 drawn into a knot about my neck. <sup>loose</sup> "Oh, Louisa," I murmured,  
 and far from feeling a prisoner I felt a great surge of <sup>instead</sup> ~~unlocking~~ <sup>unlocking</sup>  
~~and~~ release. "Louisa, Louisa," I kept murmuring, "tie me....please  
<sup>bind</sup> ~~hold~~ me tighter....I've been the wrong kind of prisoner for so  
 terribly long...."

A pair of clouds wheeled down the valley and moved away on their own-own pace.



Our lips groped, blindly

<sup>this time</sup> We groped for each other and our lips again met, in a harsh collision of all our pent loneliness and longing. "Louisa, Louisa," I kept murmuring, and my hands were ~~strangely~~ <sup>carelessly and steadily</sup> tenderly exploring her face and body: the damp curling tendrils of her hair, her small shapely ears, the thin inquiring line of her arched ~~eyebrows~~ <sup>eyebrows</sup>, her panting mouth and trembling parted lips, the ~~slender~~ pulse and flutter of her slender throat, the rounded <sup>softness of her</sup> arms and shoulders, the palpitant smooth firmness of her small upthrust breasts, the ~~convulsive~~ <sup>sudden recoil and</sup> tremors of her tensed abdomen, the swelling firm rounded <sup>set of her</sup> buttocks, then suddenly the <sup>compliant</sup> ~~soft~~ curves of her velvet inner thighs. Ah

"Oh my darling Walt..." she gasped in a kind of

There was a great flash of lightning and a prolonged ~~rumble~~ <sup>shuddering roll</sup> of thunder, like that ~~rumble~~ <sup>distint</sup> of artillery ~~rumbling~~ <sup>and then</sup> across a wooden bridge, and the wind rose, the trees ~~creaked~~ <sup>about us swayed and</sup> and sighed and ~~swayed~~ <sup>and sang,</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> the lightning and thunder ~~came~~ <sup>blinded and</sup> ~~blinded~~ <sup>flushed and roared,</sup> the rain pelted ~~us~~ <sup>down</sup> in ~~slanting~~ <sup>broad</sup> torrents -- but we ~~paid~~ <sup>and kept</sup> no heed, ~~ob~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~obliviously~~ <sup>suddenly and</sup> caught in the furies of ~~one of~~ the oldest storms <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ mankind, that can beat

As for the lightning, I don't know me... I don't know it. Mr.

As by their own volition

loneliness and

Our lips groped and met again in a harsh collision of <sup>pent</sup>  
 longing, and <sup>despair</sup> loneliness and suddenly I found my arms locked  
 savagely about her, my hands shamelessly, tenderly, exploring  
 her face and body: the damp curling tendrils of her hair, her <sup>her</sup> small shapely  
 ears, the thin inquiring line of her arched eyebrows, her <sup>mouth and</sup> panting  
 tremulous parted lips, her slender fluttering throat, her  
 rounded arms and shoulders, the <sup>smooth</sup> palpitant firmness of her small  
 upthrust breasts, the <sup>convulsive</sup> sudden tremors of her tense <sup>d</sup> abdomen,  
 her firm rounded buttocks, suddenly the soft secret <sup>then</sup> velvet <sup>curves</sup> of her  
 yearning pelvis... velvet inner thighs...

I was vaguely aware ~~that~~ of a great  
 jagged flash of lightning followed by a long prolonged  
 sullen rumble of thunder; the wind rose; the trees around and  
 above us <sup>swayed and</sup> sighed and creaked and sang; the rain fell in torrents—  
 but we paid <sup>them</sup> them no heed, <sup>finally</sup> looked obliviously <sup>looked</sup> as we were in the <sup>caught</sup> furis of the  
 oldest storm of mankind <sup>most furious</sup> that <sup>was</sup> assailed <sup>his</sup> a man and <sup>his</sup> a woman.

As though a falling  
 heavy blast  
 was snaring  
 a blank bridge.  
 over the bridge

across its path. The wind grew stronger and then we heard the  
 first rain, a soft drizzle, the tiny droplets, sounding like the  
 humming flight of insects in the spreading branches

*fitful now fitful and*

*(like the scamper (dried leaves) or rustle of leaves)*

*hissing on our fire and*

*overhead.*

"Pocahontas want flee to wigwam?" I whispered

*again*

*half sitting up.*

*magical*

*steel mind of John Smith*

~~and shook her head~~ and pulled me back down.

Louisa shook her head "Pocahontas love lie on mountain in rain

*poker*

in rain with paleface," she whispered back.

*"Pocahontas also want to be"*

*(now heap prefer)*

*"She also wants to be kissed."*

*I kissed her and*

we lay in the gathering dusk drowsily listening to the soft

*badly*

*troubled*

rain and watching for fugitive glimpses of the moon between occa-

*troubled and folding troubled*

sional rifts in the stately procession of clouds. We heard the shrill

*occasional*

*peeping*

timeless rivalry of the crickets and frogs (and, all about us, the

*renewing their ancient rivalry*

small muffled rustlings and tickings of the tiny creatures of the

earth. A pair of ducks wheeled down the valley and veered

*halted*

*into the wind*

as they saw our fire. The rain began to fall harder and I drew

*now the now*

closer to Louisa in the enveloping darkness and found her moist

lips waiting for mine. We kissed, gently at first, then, as though

*and*

the rain had kindled our desire, hungrily, passionately,

*(only served to)*

longingly, our bodies suddenly drawn and blended together as one.

"Louisa," I whispered into her searching lips, "I too don't  
 ever want to leave here," and as we lay ~~there~~ <sup>in the darkness I felt</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>became aware of</sup> felt her hands  
 working behind me and <sup>then I</sup> felt her long damp braids being drawn into  
 a loose knot about my neck. "Oh, Louisa," I murmured, <sup>loosening her fingers,</sup> and far  
 from feeling a prisoner I felt instead a great surge of <sup>release and</sup> unlocking,  
~~and release.~~ "Louisa, Louisa," I kept murmuring, "tie me....  
 please bind me tighter....I've been the wrong kind of prisoner  
 for so terribly long...."

We groped ~~blindly~~ <sup>into which we poured</sup> for each other and our lips again met, this  
 time in a harsh <sup>brusing</sup> collision <sup>seeming to contain</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>saved</sup> all our ~~past~~ <sup>loneliness and longing.</sup>

"Louisa, Louisa," I kept murmuring, and my hands were <sup>suddenly</sup> ~~shamelessly,~~ <sup>shamelessly, tenderly,</sup>  
<sup>as on their own volition,</sup> tenderly caressing and exploring her face and body; <sup>the damp</sup>

<sup>the damp</sup> curling tendrils of her hair, <sup>the</sup> small shapely ears, the thin

inquiring line of her arched eyebrows, her panting mouth and  
 tremulous parted lips, <sup>the gracefully</sup> curved pillar of her neck,

the rounded <sup>cool</sup> softness of her arms and shoulders, the palpitant smooth  
 firmness of her <sup>small upthrust</sup> breasts, <sup>the sudden recoil and</sup> <sup>the tingling</sup> <sup>response</sup> <sup>of her</sup> <sup>nipples,</sup>

tremors of her <sup>taut</sup> ~~tensed~~ abdomen, the swelling <sup>firm</sup> <sup>female</sup> roundness of her  
~~and~~ <sup>soft</sup> buttocks, then suddenly the compliant <sup>soft</sup> curves and secret recesses

of her velvet ~~hips~~ <sup>and then</sup> <sup>crisp, taut</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the soft secret recesses of</sup> <sup>external</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>a yearning woman....</sup>

~~and then~~ <sup>crisp</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>tufted</sup> <sup>portal</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>soft</sup> <sup>secret</sup> <sup>recesses</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>yearning</sup> <sup>eternal</sup> <sup>woman.</sup>

shamelessly, tenderly, <sup>of love</sup> <sup>shamelessly</sup> and with virginal tenderness <sup>the</sup> <sup>beat</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>heart,</sup>

X

We groped for each other and our lips met again, this time in a harsh bruising collision into which we poured all our pent loneliness and longing. "Louisa, Louisa," I kept murmuring idiotically, and suddenly my hands were caressing and exploring her face and body, shamelessly, tenderly: the damp curling tendrils of her hair, the fragile fretwork of her small ears, the thin inquiring line of her arched eyebrows, the mute murmurings of her tremulous parted lips, the curved graceful pillars of her slender neck, the pulse and flutter of her throat, the rounded cool softness of her bare arms and shoulders -- "Louisa," I kept repeating ~~my~~<sup>my</sup> my urgent litany -- and suddenly the palpitant smooth firmness of her small upthrust breasts, ~~and~~ the ~~frank~~<sup>leapt</sup> responsible ~~flowering~~<sup>leapt</sup> of their tiny buds, the wild ~~thump~~<sup>leapt</sup> ~~and~~ ~~beat~~<sup>leapt</sup> of her heart, the sudden recoil and tremors of her taut abdomen, the swelling female ~~roundness~~<sup>suddenness</sup> of her ~~buttocks~~<sup>rounded</sup>, the warm compliant curve of her velvet inner thighs -- and then ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> very portal of those soft secret recesses of a yearning eternal woman.



X

"Oh my darling Walt,..." she whispered,  
more a wrenched gasp, clasping me convulsively  
to her.

A brilliant flash of lightning, <sup>suddenly</sup> lit up  
the <sup>troubled</sup> sky and <sup>the</sup> ~~flashed~~ brooding forest and far naked  
hills <sup>Beyond,</sup> and then there was the answering shuddering  
roll of thunder, ominous and muttering, like the  
distant rumble of <sup>distant</sup> artillery crossing a wooden bridge.  
And then the wind rose, the tall trees swayed  
and sighed and groaned and creaked, a night  
bird screamed, the lightning and thunder flashed  
and roared, the lamenting trees bent ever lower  
before the wailing wind, the rain pelted down upon  
us in broad slanting torrents -- but we paid  
no heed, <sup>suddenly</sup> caught and helpless ~~we~~ before the <sup>elemental</sup> furia  
of the oldest storm that ~~the~~ <sup>can</sup> best maintain.

unleashed

"Oh my darling Walt..." she ~~gasp~~ in a kind of horrified

*whispered, more a wrenched ~~half~~ gasp,*

whisper, clasping me convulsively to her

*half sobbing,*

There was a great flash of lightning and a shuddering roll

*growl*

*Then*

*plunged*

of thunder, like ~~that~~ of distant artillery rumbling across a wooden

*growsl and then mutter of*

*the*

bridge, ~~and~~ then the wind rose, ~~the~~ trees ~~about~~ us swayed and

*stayed, the tall*

*groaned and*

*a night bird screamed,*

creaked and sighed and sang, the lightning and thunder blinked

and flashed and ~~roared~~, the rain pelted down ~~in~~ broad slanting

*moaned and flashed ~~upon~~*

*upon us in broad*

torrents—but we paid no heed, suddenly and ~~obliviously~~ caught

*finding ourselves*

*before*

*known to*

and helpless ~~in~~ the furies of the oldest storm that ~~set~~ besets

*that can beset mankind.*

*the wind wailed,*

1st.  
2/7/61

Chapter 23

When I had <sup>accompanied</sup> taken Louisa to her room in the Chippewa Inn and, <sup>in</sup> kissed her goodnight, I stopped in the lobby on the way home and picked up the local Mining Gazette at the newsstand. Once home I got out of <sup>shed</sup> my damp fishing clothes, <sup>quite showered,</sup> <sup>two-month-old</sup> lit a fire in the Franklin stove, got a bottle of beer out of the icebox, and settled down <sup>in my pajamas</sup> by the fire to <sup>glance at</sup> read the headlines <sup>news</sup> before <sup>showing and</sup> tumbling into bed. I unfolded the paper and the headline <sup>across the top</sup> leapt out and smote me like a lash:

All caps →

ADMITS HE  
"WEST LAKE SIGNED COMMIE PETITION?"

<sup>was assailed by a wave of weariness, and</sup>  
<sup>put down the paper and</sup>  
I <sup>shut my eyes and shook my head in</sup> rueful dismay before I was able to go on. The <sup>accompanying</sup> article was dated that day from St. Lorraine and read as follows:

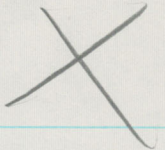
New Page

" According to a copyrighted story, <sup>written by the byline of Star</sup> in the early <sup>and appearing</sup> edition of the St. Lorraine Ledger today, Clinton Westlake, Democratic candidate for nomination <sup>to the</sup> U.S. Senate, and <sup>also</sup> professor of political science on leave from the state university, allegedly joined in the signing off a petition in 1944 requesting the secretary of state to place the <sup>was and</sup> communist party on the state election ballot. This is the procedure provided by <sup>the</sup> state election laws to <sup>enable</sup> certain minority parties <sup>to qualify for a place</sup> on the ballot.

" The Ledger <sup>article</sup> carried a facsimile reproduction of the heading of the petition and <sup>also</sup> an enlarged reproduction of the name and address of ~~the~~ Mr. Westlake but not the names of <sup>the any of the</sup> other signers. It <sup>further</sup> reported that the <sup>present</sup> owner of the <sup>rooming</sup> house <sup>at the address given</sup> had confirmed that candidate Mr. Westlake <sup>had</sup> roomed there when he was a graduated student at the university in St. Lorraine.

" Mr. Westlake <sup>was out campaigning out of the city and</sup> could not be reached for comment, but his <sup>campaign</sup> headquarters <sup>admitted however</sup> that he had <sup>actually</sup> signed the petition, <sup>but</sup> <sup>admitted</sup> categorically <sup>however</sup> that he was or ever had been a member of or sympathetic with the communist party. <sup>It was a matter of principle,</sup> <sup>his campaign</sup> <sup>headquarters</sup> of Senator ~~the~~ Horace Martingale and <sup>in Washington</sup> Mr. Westlake's <sup>the campaign headquarters</sup> primary opponent, Walt Dressler, both declined comment. The <sup>office of the</sup> secretary of state has declined to <sup>advised</sup> <sup>later</sup> <sup>stated</sup> today that the communist party <sup>had</sup> failed to <sup>qualify for appearance on</sup> get on the ~~st~~ ballot <sup>because of</sup> <sup>insufficient</sup> signatures. "

N Page



I sighed and lowered the newspaper and stared morosely into the fire, my mind in a whirl of conflicting emotions and unanswered questions. How had the story broken now, on the <sup>very</sup> eve of <sup>the</sup> <sup>primary</sup> election, after lying dormant <sup>and unnoticed</sup> since 1944? And, above all, how had Sondelina been the one to break it after all his <sup>strenuous</sup> efforts to advance the candidacy of Clint and <sup>to</sup> retard <sup>my own</sup>? Did Hornstein and Leon, dark thought, have anything to do with it, despite our <sup>solemn</sup> agreement to have no part of it? <sup>And what would</sup> These and a score of other questions kept beating at my tired brain, over and over, <sup>until</sup> when the phone rang.

"Where in God's name have you been at?"

It was Hornstein phoning from the hotel in St. Lorraine. "Leon and I have been trying to reach you <sup>ever</sup> since <sup>early</sup> last night. You've heard the news, I suppose."

"Yes," I said wearily. "I was just sitting here reading it. <sup>When</sup> <sup>mid</sup> <sup>late</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>and</sup> last night, I shut all the doors so I wouldn't hear the phone. This morning I got up early and breakfasted with Louisa and then, <sup>we</sup> went shopping and have been out <sup>in the</sup> <sup>brambles</sup> all day on a picnic."

"Following the doctor's orders, I see. Well, now that the bats' in the fire you might as well relax and fish till after the primary. You couldn't possibly lose now unless you fell out of a warehouse window <sup>accompanied by</sup> a blonde on an old iron bed. Please avoid it and get your strength back for the big show with Senator Martingale."

"Emil, I wish I felt better about it," I said, "but all I feel is depressed and numb." I paused, debating whether I should ask Hornstein the <sup>big</sup> question that <sup>was</sup> bothering me: what if anything did he have to do with it? "What was it you and Leon wanted so badly to call me about?" I asked instead.

How does this fit in with the rest of the story?

X

I heard H. sigh and gulp before he spoke. "Walt," he said, "you ~~probably~~ aren't going to like this, but please hear me out ~~without interruption~~ before you <sup>pass judgment.</sup> say a word. Promise?"

"Shoot," I said, suddenly aware that my worst fears were about to be confirmed.

"Yesterday afternoon <sup>shortly</sup> after you and your ~~house~~ who left Louis left Leon and I sat around here and wondered how <sup>in the world</sup> we were going to wind up a primary campaign without a candidate. <sup>For lack of a ready answer,</sup> <sup>we</sup> <sup>hot</sup> <sup>guess,</sup> we <sup>hotly</sup> <sup>flly</sup> <sup>to</sup> discussing Clint and the sorry comic petition business. Then Leon suddenly had <sup>his</sup> inspiration. <sup>His</sup> <sup>inspiration</sup> Like the invention of the safety pin, <sup>after it was done,</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>soul</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>this</sup> his inspiration was <sup>simplicity</sup>. It was that if the photostat boy in the secretary of state's office had been able to make an extra copy of the original petition, the original must not only still be on file but that some unknown person <sup>had ordered and</sup> still had the other <sup>copy</sup>. Are you listening, Walt, and are you following me?"

"I'm listening," I said, "and I follow you."

"Good. Then it was my turn to have an inspiration, and I turned to Leon and told him I would bet him any old Bechstein I could name the person who had the other copy. You wouldn't guess it, Walt, in a hundred years."

The <sup>peppering</sup> <sup>suddenly</sup> <sup>swam</sup> <sup>down</sup> <sup>upon</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>flashed</sup> <sup>before</sup> <sup>me</sup>.  
"Go on, Emil," I said. "You made me promise not to interrupt and <sup>if</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>knew</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>wouldn't</sup> <sup>spoil</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>inspiration</sup>. What happened?"

Leon and I dropped everything and "well, <sup>we</sup> <sup>barrelled</sup> <sup>over</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Capitol</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>secretary</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>state's</sup> <sup>office</sup>. Leon knew the colored gal in charge of copy certified and photostat copies and she got out her receipt book and in nothing flat told and showed us the mysterious citizen who had originally ordered the photostat copy."

"Did you save the Bechstein?" I asked.

"Match. I'd hit it right  
"On the nose, Walt. It was <sup>none other than</sup> our <sup>old</sup> friend, our  
dear <sup>pal</sup> friend, Sondelin. Moreover he has ~~had~~ been sitting on his  
little scoop since way last June."

"Small world," I <sup>murmured</sup> said. "What did you do  
then?"

"Then Leon and I both had <sup>joint</sup> inspiration.  
Knowing the demonic character we were dealing with,  
we ordered and got <sup>on the spot</sup> two <sup>copies</sup> photostat <sup>copies</sup> of our own -- one  
of the <sup>old</sup> original petition, just in case, and the other of  
Sondelin's name and date in the original receipt book,  
also just in case. Then we hid our selves back to the  
hotel and shut off the phone and went into our biggest  
council of war."

"I guess it's obvious what you decided," I said  
dully. "You put the accusing arm on Sondelin."

"We had to, Walt, and this is the part when  
you got to hear me out," H. went on anxiously. "Can't you  
see what the great Slobola was planning to do? He was  
going to <sup>bloody well</sup> see to it that Clint won the primary, and then,  
after you were beat and <sup>safely</sup> out of the way, he was going to  
lower the boom on Clint <sup>and expose him</sup> during the general election and  
ruine the victory of Senator Martingale."

"You don't think the Senator has any hand  
in this, do you?" I asked, horrified at the thought.

"No. No, Walt, I don't. Leon <sup>really</sup> knows and has  
<sup>recently</sup> told me a lot about this weirdie Sondelin that I ~~can't~~  
don't dare repeat over the phone. One of his less revolting  
peraditions is that he is a sort of <sup>native</sup> American fascist, one  
who ~~has~~ <sup>possesses</sup> a pathological hatred for all liberals.  
Politically he is apparently several light years to the  
right of Alexander Hamilton -- there I go <sup>myself</sup> falling <sup>rightly</sup> into  
the old left-right equation -- and our present guess  
is that he goes for the old Senator simply because he <sup>finds him</sup>  
the <sup>best</sup> ~~loser~~ of the accumulated evils. Ned probably prefer Hitler  
if he could resurrect him out of that <sup>Berlin</sup> bunker. The more

Leonill ~~X~~  
I'll tell you more when we see you.

I find about him the more incredible he is.

"Go on," I said. "What did you do?"

"Well, Walt, we <sup>now</sup> ~~see~~ clearly <sup>saw</sup> ~~what~~ what he was planning to do. If ~~we~~ we sat back and did nothing you ~~did~~ run the chance of losing the primary, <sup>and for</sup> <sup>Clint</sup> which would be faced with a long harrowing campaign, he <sup>essentially</sup> couldn't win anyway."

"Couldn't you <sup>have</sup> ~~have~~ simply confronted Soudelin and told him that you knew what you knew and threatened him with exposure if he <sup>ever</sup> dared use this against Clint if he won the primary -- the exposure <sup>being</sup> that he had sat on this <sup>hot</sup> thing for months ~~while~~ while he was publicly lauding Clint to the skies?"

"We thought of that, Walt. God knows Leon and I <sup>wratched our brains trying</sup> ~~tried~~ to think of every way not to have to use force the use of this thing. But <sup>at</sup> every turn we <sup>found ourselves</sup> were in a <sup>hopeless</sup> bind and we <sup>with</sup> had to do what we did?"

"How do you mean?"

"Look, we go to Slobola and do what you just suggested. Slobola <sup>he agrees to do</sup> ~~does~~ <sup>nothing and Clint</sup> wins over you next Tuesday on his merits. <sup>What is to</sup> prevent Slobola from <sup>later secretly</sup> ~~leaking~~ the news to another guy on his paper or indeed to another paper. <sup>The guys word is written in snow. And</sup> After all the petition is a public record, available to all, and what could we <sup>or want to do</sup> do after the barn was on fire? Martingale <sup>would</sup> still win."

"It's 'Don't lock the barn door after the horse is stolen,'" I said. "Yes, Emil, I guess maybe you're right. But supposing I should <sup>have won</sup> ~~mean~~ the primary on my <sup>own</sup> merits? Doesn't his scoop <sup>then</sup> die on <sup>the vine?</sup> ~~its feet~~?"

"We considered and rejected that <sup>too</sup>. First, having gone to see him to exact the promise you suggested, if you won the primary he would still use the petition later to <sup>no and</sup> smear you for having tried to suppress it. And what <sup>honest</sup> could we <sup>say?</sup> say?"

"Well, maybe you're right. And I wasn't suggesting



X

that <sup>merely</sup> ~~is~~ but trying to <sup>sorry</sup> ~~apologize~~ this mess that just hit me. Did you consider not doing anything and simply letting matters take their course? If I <sup>still</sup> won the primary, Sondelius could not claim any knowledge or complaints <sup>on</sup> our part, could he?"

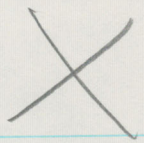
"We thought of that, too, Walt. But we kept running into the stone wall of the <sup>undeniable</sup> ~~fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> that we did actually know about the petition and <sup>had</sup> said nothing. We simply could not face the <sup>goin' into the</sup> ~~rejoice~~ <sup>big fall</sup> of the campaign, knowing that our election might depend upon the <sup>continued</sup> ~~silence~~ <sup>silence</sup> of a <sup>young</sup> ~~teen~~ <sup>teen</sup>-age photostat boy? This guy Sloboda is such a <sup>and subtle</sup> ~~weird~~ <sup>operator</sup> that we <sup>have</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>since</sup> dabbled with the idea that he may have <sup>used</sup> ~~used~~ the colored boy on to us as a safety factor <sup>just</sup> in case you nevertheless won the primary. That way he'd get <sup>to use</sup> ~~to use~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>damned</sup> petition anyway. <sup>And</sup> ~~Whatever~~ <sup>might</sup> ~~we could say~~ <sup>sitting on the petition</sup> about him, he could <sup>hurl back at us in</sup> ~~show us~~ <sup>that we too had also</sup> ~~sat on this knowledge~~ <sup>when many</sup> ~~people~~ <sup>would say</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>should have spoken</sup>. After all, he's not running for the senate <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ and you are?"

My head was beginning to pound with the ramifications and bizarreness of this weird story. "I don't know, Emil. I'm tired and it's late and I don't know. <sup>What did</sup> ~~What did~~ <sup>naturally</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>went to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Capital~~ <sup>and got</sup> ~~what we got~~ <sup>that made</sup> ~~another person~~ <sup>in the know</sup> ~~beside the same photostat boy~~ <sup>a second time</sup>. ~~Tell me then, and now we too are embroiled in the~~ ~~damned receipt book~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~Director for Senate~~ <sup>Co</sup> you finally do?"

<sup>Leon and I</sup> ~~We~~ <sup>went to</sup> ~~Sondelius~~ <sup>at the</sup> ~~ledger~~ <sup>the next</sup> ~~morning~~ <sup>and confronted</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~poor impoverished reporter~~ <sup>in his</sup> ~~luxurious~~ <sup>air-conditioned</sup> ~~office~~. We told him <sup>bluntly</sup> ~~what we knew~~ and asked him what he proposed to do about it.

"How did he take it?"

"He was incredible, cool -- you got to hand it to the bastard, he doesn't lack guts -- and he blandly <sup>admitted to</sup> ~~told~~ <sup>us</sup> he planned to use it against Clint if he won the primary, otherwise not. It was then that the flash



came to me that he could now use it against us even if Clint lost the primary. So I got <sup>a little</sup> cool myself and showed ~~him~~ the photostat of the old receipt <sup>under his nose</sup> showing he had ~~the~~ his receipt <sup>scrap</sup> for months, <sup>and</sup> I told him that since he <sup>told us he'd</sup> planned to use it later he'd have to use it now. "You see, Walt, it suddenly became plain to me that Clint wasn't going to be spared, win or lose, and that probably our whole election now rode on forcing this unlovely bastard to do his dirty work now instead of later."

thundered by his words.

"What did he say?" I asked dully.

"He sat back with that cool smile of his and said no, <sup>that</sup> no crippled ~~Hike~~ ~~Hike~~ was going to tell him how or when he should report the news." <sup>H. pained and</sup> I could hear ~~to~~ him breathing deeply over the <sup>memory</sup> of that one. "I counted ten -- I have a <sup>strong</sup> feeling I'll get to him later -- and I grabbed ~~the~~ his phone, <sup>at</sup> ~~it~~ he'd made a move <sup>toward me</sup> God <sup>then</sup> knows where he or I might have wound up -- and I asked <sup>the operator</sup> for the managing editor of the Ledger. I then put my hand over the phone and told Sondelin this was his last chance -- that he'd either print now or ~~his~~ his game was up, that ~~we~~ we'd expose him if we had to print and peddle <sup>the</sup> handbills ourselves."

"What happened?"

"He caved. ~~Lord~~ <sup>only</sup> God knows what went on in that <sup>convoluted</sup> brain of his, but he caved. Perhaps it was <sup>a mixture of fear and</sup> pride, or <sup>perhaps</sup> a feeling that we were <sup>now too far</sup> ahead anyway -- I forgot to tell you about Roger Werther -- <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ perhaps a ~~new~~ sly ~~convoluted~~ decision to <sup>wait</sup> bide his time and get something on us later, but <sup>anyway</sup> he caved. <sup>we stayed there till he wrote and sent the story</sup> You know the rest."

My head was pounding. "This is ~~at~~ too swift, Emil, and I got to <sup>And</sup> get to bed. <sup>Oh,</sup> what has Roger Werther got to do with this <sup>or my</sup> mess?"

"Nothing, Walt. Absolutely nothing, except innocently to give <sup>you</sup> Clint a push while he was down. We learned just after you left yesterday that ~~he~~ <sup>Roger</sup> had circulated every

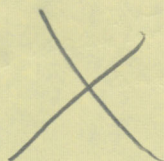
defunct



union and local in the state with reproduction of that old  
beautiful <sup>strike</sup> story and photograph of you in <sup>defunct</sup> ~~old~~ Slobe --  
beautiful shiner and all. It's one of the things we tried to  
phone you about. "He sighed. " I'm sorry, Walt, but, I did  
what we did <sup>all</sup> for the best. It's a shabby business any way,  
you look at it, but after all we didn't ask ~~for it~~ for it.

Now you get to bed and for God's sake don't sign  
any petitions, <sup>even for free beer,</sup> ~~for anything~~. " I'll phone you tomorrow noon."  
"Let me phone you, Eric," I said. " <sup>Louisa and Lane</sup> ~~Am~~ having a  
late breakfast with ~~Louisa~~ and I'm putting her on the  
early afternoon plane. Goodnight to you and Leon and I'll  
phone you tomorrow."

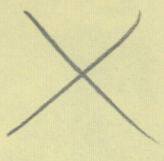
"Goodnight, Walt, <sup>and take care of yourself,</sup> you're still my boy, you know"



'Mr. Westlake was campaigning out of the city and could not be reached for <sup>immediate</sup> comment. His campaign headquarters confirmed, however, that he had signed the petition, but denied categorically that he was or ever had been a member of or sympathizer with the Communist Party. <sup>done simply as</sup> 'It was a matter of principle,' his campaign manager <sup>Fred Steger</sup> declared. Senator Horace Martingale in Washington and the campaign head-<sup>quarters</sup> <sup>here</sup> of Mr. Westlake's primary opponent, Walt Dressler, both declined comment. <sup>A spokesman in the</sup> The office of the secretary of state declared later today that the Communist Party had failed <sup>ultimately</sup> to qualify for appearance on the ballot because of insufficient signatures. <sup>Political</sup>

~~Circles in this capital city are speculating over the possible~~  
 There is considerable speculation <sup>among informed</sup> ~~in~~ political circles in this capital city over the possible effect this ~~development~~ <sup>development</sup> might have on the spirited senatorial ~~primary~~ <sup>primary</sup> race which <sup>will be</sup> concluded <sup>in</sup> next Tuesday's ~~primary~~ <sup>primary</sup> election.

Mr. Westlake believed all political groups <sup>however</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>deliberate</sup> their views, and <sup>have</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>chance</sup> for having <sup>in</sup> the market-place of ideas.



"Yes," I said wearily. "I was just sitting here reading ~~it~~ <sup>the incredible story.</sup>  
 We arrived late last night and I shut all the doors so I wouldn't  
 hear the phone. This morning I got up early and breakfast ~~with~~ <sup>had</sup>  
 Louisa and then we went shopping and have been out in the brambles  
 all day on a picnic. <sup>I probably should have phoned you.</sup>

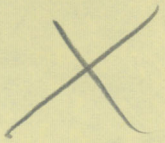
"Following the doctor's <sup>harsh</sup> orders, I see," Hornstein said. "Well, now that the fat's  
 in the fire you might as well relax and ~~fish~~ <sup>chase your damned trout</sup> till after the primary.  
 You couldn't possibly lose now unless you fell out ~~of~~ <sup>the second-story window</sup> of a  
~~whorehouse~~ <sup>whorehouse</sup> accompanied by a ~~blonde~~ <sup>two-tone</sup> on an ~~old iron bed~~ <sup>iron</sup>. Please ~~avoid~~ <sup>try your best to</sup> this counter strategy  
 and get your strength back for the big show with Senator

Martingale. <sup>a little</sup> "You're in, my boy, and I only wish I felt better about it."

"Emil," I wish I felt better about it, <sup>(too)</sup> "I said, <sup>morosely,</sup> "but all I  
 feel is depressed and numb." I paused, debating whether I should  
<sup>come out and</sup> ask Hornstein the big question that was bothering me: what if  
 anything did he have to do with it? <sup>What</sup> "What was it you and Leon  
 wanted so badly to call me about? I asked instead.

There was a pause at the other end and ~~then I heard~~ <sup>all I heard was the humming line.</sup> Hornstein  
 sigh and gulp <sup>ed</sup> before he spoke. "Walt," he said, you aren't going <sup>probably</sup>

And from Clint - "this could cut him in just as well as the election."



much as I'm no Martingale rooster.

"No. No, Walt, I really don't, Leon knows and has just recently told me a lot about this weirdie Sondelius, <sup>walking</sup> that I don't dare repeat over the phone. One of his less revolting peccadillo

<sup>most of which I wouldn't</sup> This guy is a fugitive from <sup>all the psychiatrists</sup> <sup>crushed in the Midwest.</sup> peccadilloes is that he is a sort of native American fascist, one of those <sup>genuine</sup> political

<sup>stupid</sup> <sup>primitives</sup> <sup>progress and</sup> who possesses a pathological hatred for all liberals. Politically

he is apparently several <sup>billions</sup> <sup>thousand</sup> light years to the right of Alexander

Hamilton--there I go falling into the old left-right equation

myself--and our present guess is that he goes for the old Senator <sup>any great passion</sup> <sup>not from love but</sup>

simply because he finds him the least <sup>bad</sup> <sup>offensive</sup> of the accumulated evils <sup>who are</sup> <sup>remaining for the</sup> <sup>senate.</sup>

He'd probably much prefer Hitler if he could resurrect him out of

that Berlin bunker. The more I find about <sup>the guys</sup> <sup>utterly unbelievable</sup> <sup>him</sup> the more <sup>incredible</sup>

he is. <sup>seems</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>merry</sup> <sup>sex</sup> <sup>life</sup> <sup>would</sup> <sup>scare</sup> <sup>Kraft-Ebbing</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>first</sup> <sup>monastery.</sup> Leon'll tell you more when we see you."

"Go on," I said, <sup>trying to</sup> <sup>blot</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>bleeding</sup> <sup>vision</sup> <sup>of</sup> "What did you do?"

"Well, Walt, we now clearly saw what he was planning to do.

If we sat back and did nothing you ran the <sup>good</sup> chance of losing the

primary <sup>to</sup> <sup>Clint</sup> and poor Clint would be faced with a long harrowing campaign <sup>offensive</sup>

which he <sup>couldn't</sup> <sup>possibly</sup> eventually couldn't win anyway. <sup>It</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>perfect</sup> <sup>one</sup>

dilemma was as <sup>ironic</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>anything</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>Shaw</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>play</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>Ibsen</sup>

from  
out of my mind.

Don't you see? -- we would have risked  
letting Clint win by our silence and  
that could be turned against us, <sup>of our own</sup> and

"We thought of that, too, Walt. But we kept running into the  
stone wall of the undeniable fact that we ~~did~~ <sup>did</sup> actually know about  
the petition and had said nothing. <sup>weeks before the primary</sup> <sup>moreover we</sup> simply could not face the  
rigors of the going into the big fall campaign knowing that our

election might depend upon the continued silence of a jumpy teen-  
age photostat boy. <sup>Our knowledge and silence would always be there to haunt us.</sup> This guy Slobola is such a weird and ~~subtle~~ <sup>subtle</sup>

<sup>devious</sup> operator ~~that~~ we've since even dabbled with the idea <sup>expected</sup> that he may  
have ~~sided~~ <sup>sent</sup> the colored boy ~~on~~ to us <sup>to use</sup> as a safety factor

just in case you nevertheless won the primary. That way he'd  
get obliquely to use his damned petition anyway, <sup>still</sup> <sup>don't you see?</sup> And whatever we  
might say about him sitting on the petition he could <sup>dismissed</sup> <sup>still</sup> hurl back  
at us <sup>the true charge</sup> that we too had also sat on this knowledge when many

people would doubtless <sup>think</sup> say we should have spoken. After all, <sup>the</sup> "it's you, <sup>not he</sup> who are running for <sup>and</sup> need of votes, <sup>not he,</sup> he's not running for the Senate, and you are."

My head was beginning to pound with the ramifications and  
bizarreness of this weird story. "I don't know, <sup>Emil,</sup> <sup>I said.</sup> "I'm tired  
and it's late and I don't know, <sup>simply</sup> <sup>Emil.</sup> What did you finally do?"

our own knowledge

My head was pounding. <sup>"I don't know, I don't know,"</sup> "This is too swift, Emil, and I got to get to bed. <sup>all</sup> ~~But~~ <sup>One more thing --</sup> what has Roger Werther got to do with this ~~sort of~~ mess?"

"Nothing, Walt. Absolutely nothing except innocently to give poor Clint <sup>another</sup> a push while he was down. We learned just after you left yesterday <sup>we left the Ledger</sup> that Roger had circulated every union and local <sup>and newspaper</sup> in the state with reproductions of that old strike story and

photograph of you in defunct Globe--beautiful shiner and all.

<sup>It means of course that he'd concluded you were the strongest man to beat old Martin.</sup> "That was ~~is~~ one of the things we <sup>later were trying</sup> tried to phone you about." He sighed.

"I'm sorry, Walt, but Leon and I did what we did <sup>only</sup> for the best. <sup>"I guess I missed it in my paper," I said.</sup> You were here and we couldn't reach you, so we made our <sup>big</sup> decision <sup>alone</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>we</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>acted</sup> <sup>!</sup>

It's a shabby business any way you look at it, but after all we didn't ask for it. Now you get to bed and for God's sake don't

<sup>you</sup> sign any petitions even for <sup>mine</sup> free beer. I'll phone you tomorrow

noon. <sup>and Louisa</sup> <sup>more speckled</sup> Will you be out in hot pursuit of <sup>more</sup> therapy?"

"Let me phone you, Emil," I said. "Louisa and I are having

a late breakfast and I'm putting her on the early afternoon plane. <sup>She wants to get back</sup>

<sup>My best</sup> Goodnight to you and Leon and I'll phone you tomorrow." <sup>around mid-afternoon</sup>

"Goodnight, Walt, and take care of yourself. You're still my boy, you know."

<sup>maybe</sup> "Goodnight, Emil. I guess you had to do what you did. <sup>And I put down the phone and stared into the fire. I also guessed that I guess a little knowledge <sup>could</sup> be a dangerous thing." I glanced once more at the paper and there, sure enough, I found the Callow law student, black eye and all. I got up and put out the lights and trudged wearily up to bed.</sup>



1st.  
Mar. 26, 1961

## Chapter 23

The rain had stopped and the little frothy puddles  
as we <sup>slowly</sup> made our way out of the woods, the headlights reflecting  
occasionally picking up the gleaming <sup>glossing</sup> ~~bits~~ of invisible  
dear <sup>intruding</sup> ~~staring~~ <sup>this apparition</sup> ~~out~~ of sight. Louisa was silent had  
been silent for so long that I thought I had offended her  
~~and~~ <sup>discussion or</sup> ~~apology~~ -- <sup>affirmally</sup> what could a man say to a woman he  
had virtually ~~raped~~ ravished? But say something I must,  
this silence was growing oppressive....

I stopped the car and <sup>slowly</sup> ~~reached~~ <sup>reached</sup> my pipe.  
"I'm sorry, Louisa," I <sup>firmly</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup>. "I know that sounds  
banal and empty -- but at least I want you to know I  
didn't <sup>remotely</sup> ~~plan~~ <sup>plan</sup> it that way. Please forgive me. I don't  
know what --"

She put her fingers to my lips. "Please, wait,"  
she said in her low voice, "please don't make me feel  
worse by apologizing. You have nothing to apologize for. A woman  
does not let that happen unless she wants to. <sup>wanted to and</sup> ~~regret~~ <sup>regret</sup> nothing,  
and you shouldn't." She laughed briefly. "If I regret anything,  
it is my childish <sup>and unmanly</sup> ~~complacency~~ <sup>in</sup> thinking that no man could  
ever again arouse me to that state. I was wrong and you  
taught me <sup>I was mad for</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>and</sup> I thank you." She <sup>and spoke sternly</sup> ~~paused~~ <sup>paused</sup>. "I learned something  
else, too, Walt. I learned that never before tonight had I really  
seen a woman. I thank you for that, too." She ~~looked~~ <sup>looked</sup> over and  
brushed my cheek. "So bury your remorse and <sup>little man's</sup> ~~regrets~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~speaks~~  
no more of it, my dear. <sup>are to be made</sup> ~~If~~ <sup>if</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~apologize~~ <sup>apologize</sup> I should make <sup>as</sup> ~~them~~  
and I have ~~the~~ <sup>none</sup> to make. See what a brave woman you have in tow?"

"Thank you," I ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup> "Thank you, Louisa," I ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup>, <sup>lighting my pipe</sup>.  
The car again rocked and splashed its  
way along and suddenly Louisa pointed to two bluish  
headlights <sup>off</sup> to the side of the road. "What is a car doing  
off the road way out here?" Louisa murmured.  
"Deer's eyes," I told her. "We <sup>should</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> see lots of them before  
we get off these plains. Get -- over on my side -- two  
more pairs of eyes...."

off the water and lightning up the puddles changing to the trees and bushes.  
You are not only looking but knowing the.

1st  
2/10/61

Start → (The next morning)  
I exposed myself to Louisa for wearing my fishing clothes.  
As we moved into the almost deserted dining room.

Chapter 24 "It's the first doctor's order I've followed

"Walt, you look <sup>simply</sup> ghostly," (Louisa told me when the waitress had <sup>faith</sup> taken our breakfast order <sup>and disappeared.</sup>) "I ~~now believe~~ <sup>a concerned</sup> She smiled ruefully. "I now believe that earnest young interne who told us <sup>volunteer nurse's aide to try and</sup> to avoid becoming <sup>concerned</sup> emotionally <sup>involved</sup> with our <sup>over</sup> poor patients. I think it's well you're putting me on the plant today. You look as though you ~~didn't~~ <sup>hadn't got</sup> got a wink of sleep." ~~Perhaps those wrinkled fishing clothes~~

with love and humility.

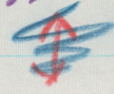
"I didn't," I confessed, and then I told her <sup>briefly</sup> about the sorry business <sup>about</sup> of Clint Westlake and the <sup>damning</sup> petition <sup>long</sup> of my phone conversation with Norman and what he and Leon had done and why they had <sup>felt obliged to do</sup> done it. She listened with a kind of horrified dismay as <sup>the</sup> I unfolded the incredible tale. "No <sup>astonishing</sup> ~~astonishing~~ "Not only will Clint probably lose the election <sup>over this</sup> -- the <sup>implicated</sup> climate of our country still being what it is <sup>over anything</sup> <sup>romantic</sup> <sup>mountain</sup> <sup>communion</sup> -- I concluded, "but he could even lose his <sup>teaching</sup> job." I smiled <sup>at her</sup> wryly. "In addition to all that I was wracked with shame and remorse <sup>what I --</sup> over ~~it~~ -- over us last night."

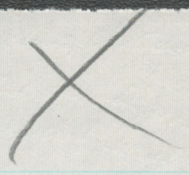
Louisa <sup>snatched</sup> across the table and touched my hand. "No, Walt, please.... <sup>in that realm of the heart</sup> A woman <sup>only</sup> does what she does <sup>because she</sup> wants to." I wanted to. She shook her head and smiled with <sup>dark</sup> her eyes. <sup>And I wanted to.</sup> <sup>as I did, and</sup> <sup>only</sup> My <sup>biggest</sup> regret is that I might have <sup>given</sup> my <sup>poor</sup> patient <sup>catch</sup> his death of pneumonia. So please, <sup>Walt, please</sup> let <sup>me</sup> not <sup>even</sup> think <sup>of</sup> <sup>remorse</sup> of remorse." Her face clouded. "But <sup>poor</sup> <sup>you</sup> I feel as sick and empty as you <sup>must</sup> feel <sup>over</sup> what's happening <sup>to</sup> Clint Westlake." She shook her head. "He'll lose, of course, -- you must know that, Walt -- and our <sup>state</sup> and country will forever be denied the talents of that <sup>great</sup> <sup>bumbling</sup> idealist." She sighed. "In <sup>politics</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>ever</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>guess</sup>, those who live by the sword must be prepared to die for it. <sup>Of</sup> <sup>only</sup> <sup>things</sup> --"

"Louisa" I said in a low voice, interrupting her. "Louisa, I love you <sup>truly</sup> and I want you to be my wife. Will you <sup>please</sup> marry me, <sup>dear girl?</sup> -- today, tomorrow, as soon as <sup>possible?</sup> <sup>possible?</sup>"

"Pardon me," said the waitress <sup>said</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>tray</sup>, "who <sup>order</sup> the scrambled eggs?"

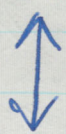
"Scrambled eggs?" I said <sup>absently</sup>. "Oh yes," the eggs are for me, thank you."





Louisa caught her breath and looked at me with her <sup>peevish</sup> ~~dead~~ solemn eyes. "Why, <sup>Dear man, why</sup> do you want to marry me? <sup>to get</sup> ~~to get~~ <sup>your</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>money, of course.</sup> You know how I love cities -- and ~~the~~ <sup>I'm</sup> ~~also~~ <sup>probably suffering from</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>hereditary</sup> ~~urge~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>wear a</sup> white apron and <sup>stand</sup> ~~get~~ <sup>behind</sup> your hotel bar." I reached across <sup>the table</sup> and clasped her hand. "Because I love you, Louisa, and I want to be <sup>with</sup> <sup>near</sup> you always. I guess I had that <sup>one party</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>feeling</sup> ~~from~~ the first moment I saw you -- <sup>just like in</sup> the <sup>worst</sup> grade B boy-meets-girl movies. I love you, damn it."

"Oh, Walt, my dear, my dear --"  
 clattering "Pardon me," <sup>our ignored</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>waitress said dryly,</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>tray she had come up with</sup> ~~tray.~~ Who gets the <sup>crisp bacon</sup> <sup>and</sup> scrambled eggs?"  
 "Scrambled eggs?" I said absently. "Oh, yes, thank you, the eggs are for me."



"Don't you see, my dear --"

On the way to the airport Louisa enlarged upon her decision to defer any <sup>final</sup> decision on my sudden proposal of marriage until after the November election. "I know what my answer would be if I followed only my heart," she said in her <sup>coldest</sup> ~~coldest~~ serious way. "But you <sup>as well as</sup> I want both you and me to <sup>reflect</sup> ~~have~~ time to <sup>reflect</sup> ~~have~~. "She touched my cheek with her cool hand. "You've <sup>just</sup> been through this harrowing <sup>political</sup> campaign, after all you're <sup>still</sup> under a doctor's care, you've just had this sudden, chattering experience over Clint, you've not slept a wink all night -- <sup>her color had risen and</sup> she glanced at me <sup>and smiled</sup> shyly -- "and quite frankly, <sup>wait,</sup> I think you're still enough of a little boy to feel that you should <sup>you had to</sup> propose marriage <sup>to</sup> me to <sup>somehow</sup> save my fallen honor, <sup>and atone for</sup> She leaned over and <sup>gently</sup> ~~brushed~~ <sup>brushed</sup> my ear. "And perhaps to atone <sup>for yesterday</sup> for the most beautiful <sup>and perfect</sup> day of my <sup>whole</sup> life."

"If you don't stop looking so beautiful and deplorable I'll <sup>abduct you and</sup> drive right <sup>past</sup> the airport <sup>and</sup> ~~take you~~ <sup>to</sup> an secret mountain."

"Walt, I'd love to," she said, <sup>her eyes glowing and</sup> her color all <sup>must</sup> opening. "You <sup>know</sup> I'd love nothing better than to stay <sup>on</sup> here with you. But we mustn't be children about this -- you must rest <sup>and relax</sup> and get well and strong for the strenuous days ahead." She smiled wryly. "And you know that we <sup>won't</sup> if that <sup>you can't</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>we want</sup> you stay <sup>on</sup> here together. Please, Walt, <sup>we</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>airport</sup> <sup>now</sup>."

<sup>at the airport</sup> There was still a few-minute <sup>to</sup> departure time and we sat in the ~~parked~~ car and talked. "There is still another reason for deferring any decision on our marriage, Walt," she <sup>went on</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>commented</sup>. "You have invested <sup>so</sup> much time and energy in this campaign and you may <sup>well</sup> win it. ~~But~~ But if we were to marry now, as you seem to want, you could well ~~compromise~~ <sup>compromise</sup> hurt your chances."

"How do you mean?" I said, <sup>bridling</sup> at the idea.

X

She smiled wryly.  
"Look, my dear, some of the most liberal<sup>ly</sup> people  
-- and voters might just possibly take a dim view of  
a senatorial candidate who married a society divorcee  
on the eve of his election, especially when she happens  
also to be his landlady living in the <sup>very</sup> same hotel as his  
campaign headquarters." She took my hand and pried it.  
"Don't you see, Walt, whatever we finally decide -- why  
should you take on that added campaign <sup>risks and</sup> ~~troubles~~ <sup>troubles</sup> at this time?"

I had to smile despite my irritation and  
frustration. "More, and more <sup>open political accommodations</sup> ~~and~~ why would I  
have to go and fall ~~in~~ in love with a woman with  
brains as well as beauty?" I glanced at my watch  
and got out of the car reluctantly. "Come, Cinderella," I said,  
"it's back to the <sup>hotel</sup> scullery and <sup>the laundry</sup> ~~chambermaid~~ <sup>chambermaid</sup> ~~stairs~~ for  
my lovely promises."

That There were few people at the <sup>loading</sup> ~~bar~~ <sup>bar</sup> ~~side~~, and  
none I knew, and I was <sup>rather, intently</sup> <sup>Louisa</sup> ~~hissing~~ <sup>hissing</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~goodbye~~ when she  
pulled herself away and said in a low voice: "That man  
over there -- he <sup>just</sup> took our picture <sup>just</sup> as you kissed me." ~~I~~  
I looked quickly <sup>around</sup> and saw a tall, sallow, bespectacled  
young man <sup>looking</sup> <sup>sightingly</sup> ~~looking~~ <sup>casually</sup> in another direction with ~~his~~ a  
camera ~~which was~~ <sup>hung</sup> over his neck. "I swear, my dear, that  
this election is making you jittery and self-conscious," I  
said, laughing and hissing her again to show ~~her~~ <sup>my</sup>  
unconcern ~~at it~~.

"He ~~did it~~ took us again, Walt," she said  
quickly. "There was no mistake this time. Oh, I must go, dear --  
please phone me when you can and I'll be waiting for your return." I  
kissed her once again to show my defiance and she turned and  
hurried toward the plane. When we ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~turned~~ <sup>turned</sup> ~~finally~~ <sup>finally</sup> to each  
other and she had disappeared into the plane, I turned to  
find our photographs <sup>suddenly</sup> <sup>gripped</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>fast</sup> <sup>angle</sup>.  
The tall one was striding hurriedly toward his car and  
was already some distance away. [No # on following]



When I saw her and I finally <sup>finally</sup> ~~wanted~~ to look at her before she disappeared into the plane I turned to find my photographs as she hurried to his car, <sup>already</sup> some distance away, I broke into a run, wondering if I could still do <sup>a</sup> the hundred yards in under eleven as I ~~made~~ a sprint for him. He was climbing into his car when I tapped him on the shoulder and found against his car to catch my breath.

"Young man," I finally <sup>most wanted</sup> ~~asked~~ "it would be a pity to let you get away without thanking you for your flattering attention. May I enquire whether it was the lady or I you ~~wanted~~ <sup>wanted</sup> most to ~~embalm~~ <sup>embalm</sup> for posterity?"

"Well," he said, struggling, "a guy just does his job."

"Ohm ... And what <sup>news</sup> paper do you work for? The local Mining Gazette, I assume?"

"Well, no -- I'm <sup>just</sup> a private <sup>with</sup> <sup>in town</sup> ~~photographer~~ <sup>photographer</sup> just trying to do a job. ~~At Smith in the name.~~ And perhaps there are <sup>job</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>perhaps</sup> <sup>there</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>other</sup> <sup>people</sup> <sup>concerned</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>little</sup> <sup>business</sup>, too. Come, friend, who did you take those pictures for?"

"That's a private matter," he said, <sup>and</sup> <sup>again</sup> <sup>started</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>car</sup> <sup>again</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>this</sup> <sup>time</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>grabbed</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>shoulder</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>spun</sup> <sup>him</sup> <sup>around</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>took</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>camera</sup> <sup>away</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>examined</sup> <sup>it</sup>.

"Pretty little gadget," I said, <sup>high</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>better</sup> <sup>holding</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>examine</sup> <sup>it</sup>. "And I hope I don't drop it on this concrete pavement as Issuetinis do when I get nervous <sup>and</sup> <sup>conclude</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>drop</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>when</sup> <sup>people</sup> <sup>meets</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>pictures</sup>."

"Oh, don't <sup>please</sup> <sup>drop</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>I'll</sup> <sup>lose</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>job</sup>," <sup>maybe</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>too</sup>. "Don't cross me then, and I'll cool off. I don't want your camera or even your pictures, <sup>I assure you</sup> <sup>without</sup> <sup>extreme</sup> <sup>effort</sup> <sup>unless</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>deal</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>fast</sup>. Who ordered you to do this? <sup>Damn</sup>, I'm getting <sup>angry</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>planning</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>take</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>camera</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>taking</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>away</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>me</sup>.

"Better hurry," I said, "I'm getting <sup>angry</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>planning</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>take</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>camera</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>taking</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>away</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>again</sup>." "He <sup>blasted</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>tell</sup> <sup>you</sup>." "Sibelius of the Ledger in St. Serrano," He told

honored  
Please let's not speak immediately of  
And the name is Sondelius

"Ah, my intuition is confirmed. And how did you happen to trail me out here?"

"Well, it wasn't easy," he said, <sup>smile.</sup> <sup>managing a wan grin.</sup> "I've been trying to <sup>catch up with</sup> ~~find~~ you for two days. Then on a hunch I called the airport to check on a possible reservation for you or Mrs. Montgolfier. That clueled me to come here."

"Ah, you know the lady? Same source, I suppose?"  
"In fact he <sup>is probably</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>together.</sup> ~~wanted~~ a picture of you."

"Yes, he said I would probably find you where she was."

"Interesting," <sup>indecipherable</sup> <sup>the young photographer</sup> <sup>he couldn't</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>dull.</sup> "I said, thinking <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>young</sup> <sup>photographer</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>couldn't</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>dull.</sup> <sup>Communist</sup> <sup>petitions</sup> <sup>would</sup> <sup>have</sup> <sup>paled</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>comparison</sup>...."

"Here, take your camera, friend, before I drop it, <sup>help</sup> to stimulate the economy."

And please send me triplicates of each, <sup>positive</sup> with your bill. Certainly <sup>such</sup> <sup>ones</sup> <sup>devotions</sup> to <sup>your</sup> <sup>art</sup> should be more richly rewarded. ~~And finally, please remember me to~~

"Thank you," he said, <sup>getting</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>car</sup> and <sup>gunning</sup> <sup>away</sup>. I stood, <sup>thoughtfully</sup> <sup>looking</sup> <sup>after</sup> him, and then <sup>walked</sup> <sup>thoughtfully</sup> to my car. Hornstein had been right, I reflected -- <sup>the</sup> <sup>relentless</sup> <sup>Sondelius</sup> already had his traps out for me. If I <sup>did</sup> <sup>win</sup> the primary, he now had a <sup>added</sup> <sup>reason</sup> for helping Senator Montgolfier and hurting me: not only did he prefer the Senator's cause, <sup>on</sup> <sup>principle,</sup> but now <sup>he</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>personal</sup> <sup>hatred</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>me</sup> for blasting his <sup>fine</sup> <sup>little</sup> <sup>scheme</sup>. I shrugged and got in my car and headed for the woods and fishing and <sup>temporary</sup> <sup>forgetfulness</sup>.

X

On the way to <sup>the days'</sup> ~~my~~ fishing <sup>site</sup> ~~place~~ -- I lacked the heart to return to Louis's mountain -- I stopped at a roadside pay phone and called Hornstein. <sup>Once on</sup> I told him that Janice was on the plane and to please meet her, <sup>giving him the tape.</sup> I also told him about the incident with the photocopier and the fine band of Soudelines. "Maybe I should ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> at least <sup>have</sup> taken the film," I said. <sup>frantically</sup>

"Don't give it a thought," H. said. "I only wish Sloboda were <sup>there</sup>. It'll mean a <sup>more</sup> ~~beastly~~ <sup>lot</sup> of votes for the people to <sup>behold</sup> ~~see~~ a candidate who possesses enough <sup>savvy and</sup> ~~charm~~ <sup>charm</sup> ever to get to kiss the lovely Janice. As for me, I'm corroded with envy. Wally, my boy, each day new facets of your devious character come to light."

"Well, at least it means he intends to give us the full Soudelian treatment," I said. "What's the latest on the Clint petition business? I hope the poor guy doesn't lose his job."

"No fear, Walt. President Fremont, <sup>of State</sup> came out with a <sup>voluntary</sup> ~~statement~~ today. He's the same old freewheeling independent fire-eater he was when we were in school. Here, I'll read it to you." I could hear H. rattling a newspaper and then he cleared his throat and began reading.

"President Oldham Fremont of the state university here, and world-famous theoretical mathematician and <sup>former</sup> ~~co-~~ winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, today anticipated any possible critics of Professor Clinton Westlake over <sup>the</sup> signing of a petition some years ago requesting that the Communist Party be placed on the state ballot, or those who might be clamoring for his job, by announcing that if Professor Westlake was obliged to leave the university over the incident, it could also look for a new president as well."

"In typical Fremontian prose the 69-year old president delivered himself as follows: "This whole affair is a lot unmitigated and juvenile nonsense. I have known Clinton Westlake since <sup>his</sup> young manhood and he's as far



X

ahead of the average citizen in intelligence and loyalty  
and <sup>a</sup> <sup>and liberal</sup> <sup>independence</sup> of mind that there is <sup>simply</sup> no adequate  
comparison. I mean to vote for him and I urge all  
my friends and fellow citizens to go and do likewise. As  
for Senator Martingale -- well, he's <sup>just the same old</sup> Senator Martingale,  
whose only discernible platform is that he likes the excitement  
of living <sup>on the taxpayers' money</sup> in Washington, <sup>while this lawyer fellow</sup> <sup>George Dresser</sup>  
follows is <sup>totally</sup> an unknown quantity. Moreover, if the witch-  
hunters' succeed in <sup>chasing away one of</sup> my best professors, Clint Westlake,  
then they'd also better hunt themselves <sup>up</sup> a new president. It  
will be interesting to see whether the votes are as stupid as  
I suspect. "Now isn't that a pistol, Walt?"

"God bless old man Fremont," I murmured. "We  
need more fearless old lions like him, but I'm afraid he's  
singing <sup>in</sup> the wilderness. <sup>It</sup> <sup>maybe</sup> he will <sup>help</sup> get this thing  
in <sup>proper</sup> perspective." The hope was vain, and I knew it.

"Well at least he should be able to save  
Clint's job. The <sup>university</sup> <sup>regents</sup> or trustees, <sup>or</sup> <sup>coffee-watchers</sup> or whatever  
in hell they're called, wouldn't dare <sup>lose</sup> risk losing  
their brightest <sup>campus</sup> gem -- after the football ~~coach~~ coach, that  
is."

"I <sup>certainly</sup> <sup>hope</sup> not, Emil," I said <sup>firmly</sup>. "The whole thing has  
been haunting me <sup>ever</sup> since the storm broke."

"Spleening of coaches," H. rattled on, "my  
old <sup>wrestling</sup> <sup>coach</sup> <sup>Sully</sup> here at State dropped in <sup>on me</sup> here  
this morning to pay his respects and to pledge <sup>eternal</sup> <sup>allegiance</sup> to our cause. So  
my brief career as a wrestler <sup>at last</sup> is paying off at last.  
You remember <sup>bald-headed</sup> <sup>Sully</sup>, don't you?"

"How can I ever forget him? I was with  
you when you <sup>approached him to go</sup> <sup>went out</sup> for wrestling and again when you  
broke his heart by quitting. How is the old boy?"

"Fit as a <sup>State</sup> <sup>gamecock</sup> and more <sup>indomitable</sup> <sup>brisk</sup> than  
bull. He's living on <sup>his</sup> <sup>pension</sup> in some old hotel near  
here <sup>and still goes over to watch the boys train</sup>. He even challenged me to the best two falls out  
of three before he left. I told him I didn't want him  
to show me up before the girls."

I've made enquiries, just to test, and I don't think the staff really knows where she went.

"How's our favorite menace, Sondelmin? Better watch out, he may have our Lene bugged."

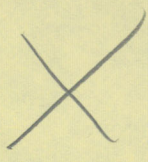
"I wouldn't put it past him. He must have some source of information <sup>beside</sup> the hotel to know that Lousia had gone north with you. ~~Just for fun I asked the manager~~ Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you that ~~he~~ Sondelmin finally admitted to <sup>Leon and me</sup> ~~us~~ yesterday -- in fact bragged -- that ~~he~~ one of his paid informers had tipped him off on the commie petition thing in the secretary of state's office. I think he did it as a little act of psychological warfare, so that we might not feel neglected."

"Yes," I said, "he must have called the photographer up here even before he ~~knows~~ you confronted him early yesterday, ~~about~~ ~~the~~ At least the latter told me he'd been <sup>trying to</sup> ~~crack~~ me for two days."

"Hm.... That's further evidence that Sondelmin had already concluded you were ahead. Now you run along <sup>to your</sup> ~~along~~ <sup>and see no evil, speak no evil, and</sup> ~~do~~ <sup>above all</sup> no evil."

"Hear no evil," the ~~legend~~ <sup>old</sup> of the house I corrected.  
"I leave ~~my~~ the doors open so I can hear you phone calls at night. Call me if anything <sup>down there</sup> breaks and I'll do the same. <sup>see</sup>  
So long, Emil, I got to hurry out for my <sup>own</sup> treatment."

*almost with desman*  
*large*



Louisa caught her breath and looked at me with her sad solemn eyes. "Why, dear man, why do you want to marry me?" *she said simply.*

I shook my head impatiently. "For your hotel and ~~my~~ your money of course. *And* you know how I love cities *big* ~~and~~ I'm also probably suffering from a consuming hereditary urge to wear a white apron *starched* and strut *and show off* behind your hotel bar." I reached across the table and clasped her hand. "Because I love you, Louisa, and want to be

with you always. I guess I had that feeling *from* the first moment

I saw you--just as the croaking adolescents do in the worst *grown-up* grade-B boy-meets-girl movies. *Meeting you* ~~it~~ *was like, finding the friend* ~~you~~ *missed* whom one

*Her expression, again* "Oh, Walt, my dear, my dear--" *seemed mostly one of desman.*

"Pardon me," our ignored waitress said dryly, *missily* clattering the dishes on the tray she had ~~come~~ *substituted* up with. "Who gets the crisp ~~bacon~~ *bacon* and ~~scrambled~~ scrambled eggs?"

"Scrambled eggs?" I said absently. "Oh, yes, thank you, the eggs are for me."

\* \* \*

*you'd never had scrambled eggs for many years.*

X

took my hand and pressed it. "Don't you see, Walt, whatever we may

finally decide—why should you take on that <sup>sinuous</sup> added campaign risk

and burden at this time? <sup>lyrid</sup> "To some people the very word divorce  
<sup>congrues up</sup> <sup>visions of</sup> <sup>son in</sup> <sup>black velvet.</sup>"

I had to smile despite my impatience and frustration. "More

and more I'm beginning to <sup>feel</sup> be grateful you are not on the campaign

staff of the opposition, <sup>"I said: "For such a fragile feminine creature,</sup>  
<sup>your political acumen astonishes me. I suppose you'd</sup>  
<sup>right, of course, damn it."</sup> "I shook my head. "And I would  
<sup>My, my, why would I have to go and fall in love with a woman with</sup>

brains as well as beauty <sup>afflicted</sup>" I glanced at my watch and got out of

the car reluctantly. <sup>my canny</sup> "Come, Cinderella," I said, "it's back

to the hotel scullery and <sup>canny → dark</sup> the laundry for my <sup>lovely</sup> princess."

There were few people at the <sup>passenger</sup> loading barricade, and none that

I knew, and I was rather <sup>absorbed in the task of embracing and</sup> intently kissing Louisa goodbye when

she <sup>quickly</sup> pulled herself away and said in a low voice } "That man over

there—he took our picture just as you kissed me."

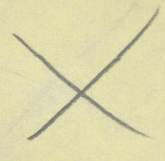
I looked around quickly and saw a tall, sallow, bespectacled

young man <sup>peering into</sup> sighting casually in another direction with a camera

hung over his neck, <sup>or fishing or something</sup> "I swear, my dear, that this election is making

you jittery and self-conscious," I said, laughing and kissing her

again to show my <sup>brave male</sup> unconcern.



"Well, no—I'm just a private photographer with *Kellstrom Studios* in town, trying to do a job."

"Yes, you made that job point <sup>already</sup> <sup>clear.</sup> <sup>But</sup> and perhaps there are other people concerned with ~~privacy, too.~~ <sup>with the job you seek to do.</sup> Come, friend, who did you take the pictures for?"

"That's a private matter," he said, and again started ~~to~~ into his car. This time I grabbed <sup>him by the</sup> his shoulder <sup>and</sup> and spun him <sup>sharply</sup> around and quickly wrested his camera away. "Pretty little gadget," I said, holding it up high the better to examine it.

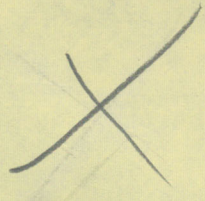
"And I do hope I don't drop it on this ~~concrete~~ <sup>hard</sup> pavement. I <sup>always</sup> sometimes get nervous and sorta jumpy when people sneak up

on me <sup>and take</sup> for pictures. <sup>Probably only my innate modesty.</sup> <sup>Wups, I almost</sup> <sup>dropped it then!</sup> <sup>He</sup> <sup>held out his hands as though to catch</sup> <sup>my</sup> camera. "Oh, please don't ~~drop~~ it or I'll lose my job."

"Don't cross me then, and maybe I'll cool off. Look, I don't want your <sup>damned</sup> camera or even your pictures, chum, but I assure you you'll get neither without extensive effort unless you level

with me, and fast. Who ordered you to do this?" He bit his lips and squinted and <sup>I watched him carefully as he</sup> was plainly weighing his chances for direct action <sup>as I watched him carefully</sup>

"Better hurry," I said, "I'm getting <sup>raising the camera higher.</sup> awful <sup>powerful yitters</sup> nervous again."



"Sibelius of the Ledger in St. Lorraine," he <sup>suddenly</sup> blurted. "He <sup>especially</sup> told me not to tell you <sup>if you noticed?</sup>"

"Ah, my intuition is confirmed. And please let's not slander <sup>a</sup> the honored dead—the name is Sondelius, not Sibelius. How <sup>the great</sup> did you happen to trail me <sup>way</sup> out here?"

"Well, it wasn't easy," he said, managing a wan smile. "I've <sup>you're the most elusive candidate I ever saw!</sup> been trying to catch up with you for two days. Then on a hunch I called the airport to ~~ph~~ check on a possible reservation for you or Mrs. Montgolfier. That clued me to come <sup>out</sup> here."

"Ah, you know the lady? Same source, I suppose?"

*Sibel -- whoever it was --*

"Yes, <sup>fast</sup> he said I would probably find you where she was. In fact he especially wanted a picture of your two together. <sup>Said he'd pay triple for all he could get. So I went out to make me a buck, is all.</sup> "Interesting," I said, thinking what a pity it was the

young photographer couldn't have trailed us the day before; mere dull communist petitions <sup>might</sup> would have paled by comparison.... "Here,

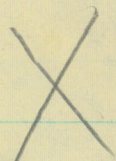
take your camera, friend, before I drop it to help <sup>on second thought</sup> stimulate the economy. <sup>-- at regular rates. No, I'll pay triple, too.</sup> And please send me triplicates of each picture with

your bill. <sup>Surely</sup> ~~Certainly~~ such devotion to one's art <sup>as yours</sup> should be more richly rewarded."

*Nothing personally, you understand!*

1st  
Feb. 11, 1961

Chapter 25



After a walk of nearly two miles from the car  
 I <sup>lowered my back and</sup> sat on a fallen log on the high <sup>gravelly</sup> bank overlooking the broad river and <sup>rested and looked about.</sup> ~~slowly~~ <sup>traged</sup> up. I noted with a pang that the days were beginning to grow perceptibly shorter; already the sun had curved <sup>down</sup> far on the wooded <sup>far</sup> horizon and ~~fallen leaves~~. Slowly I went through the old familiar ritual of rigging up: dressing the double-tapered silk line, jointing the rod and sighting it, threading on the line from the reel and ~~unfurling the gossamer~~ <sup>attaching the gossamer</sup> leader, pulling on the tall patched waders, <sup>putting on my waders</sup> ~~attaching~~ my net to my fly pocket -- and then I sat back and waited for the evening rise....

As I sat there I seemed to be remembering <sup>was tantalized.</sup> something, as one <sup>sometimes tries</sup> ~~tries~~ to recollect a <sup>name</sup> ~~name~~ one knows <sup>well</sup> but has <sup>for the time</sup> ~~for the time~~ forgotten. It <sup>seemed to have</sup> ~~had~~ something to do with the tall young photographer and yet it didn't. Then a trout <sup>fish</sup> rose below me and I arose and scrambled down the west bank to get below it, made <sup>out</sup> an intuitive guess <sup>of</sup> what fly it might be taking, <sup>scrubbed my leader and</sup> tied it on <sup>and</sup> <sup>thin</sup> ~~ga~~ waded out to join the combat, the cold water <sup>suddenly</sup> ~~suddenly~~ clutching <sup>suddenly</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>pressing</sup> my <sup>legs and</sup> ankles like <sup>clamped</sup> manacles.

I <sup>irrelevantly</sup> saw <sup>slowly</sup> ~~feeding~~ the trout rise to my first float and <sup>struck</sup> ~~on the float~~ I burned it <sup>lay over</sup> and put it down. As I did so I <sup>on my mind's eye</sup> ~~saw~~ the smiling freckled faces of Red <sup>previously young</sup> the bellhop at the St. Soname House, and my <sup>growing sense of</sup> ~~growing sense of~~ <sup>sudden</sup> ~~evaporated~~ <sup>Red</sup> ~~had~~ carried out my luggage when I had joined Louisa in the hotel parking lot the afternoon she <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~home~~. Louisa had told me she had simply told her staff she would be away visiting friends for a few days, and <sup>But it was also Red who</sup> ~~Red~~ had ~~also~~ carried out her bag. ~~Sondelin~~ might have made a ~~shrewd~~ guess. So Red had been the only one of the hotel employees to ~~know that we~~ see us leave together. <sup>Then</sup> ~~Then~~ <sup>that some day</sup> ~~that some day~~ Sondelin had phoned a local photographer to go take our pictures. <sup>Things were beginning to fall into place.</sup>

X

A fairish trout rose some distance upstream and  
~~so~~ I waded ashore and sloshed and trudged my way up  
along the steep shore bottom of the steep bank to  
get into a <sup>position to</sup> try for it. I also tried to banish from my mind  
Sandelin's and possible spying bellhops <sup>for Sandelin</sup> and all the  
conniving and ~~tugging and cross-hauling and petty~~  
petty <sup>and double-crossing</sup> intrigue that seems an inevitable part of <sup>all</sup> political  
campaigns. <sup>Presently</sup> Instead I found myself thinking <sup>instead</sup> of Reginald  
Sully, Hornstein's <sup>ancient</sup> wrestling coach, who had called on  
his former star pupil at our campaign headquarters that  
<sup>very</sup> morning.

It had been a crisp afternoon in late autumn  
shortly after Hornstein and I had begun rooming together.  
I had had an hour of leisure between my last <sup>class</sup> ~~class~~ <sup>and lecture</sup>  
and my chores at the hotel, ~~and~~ Hornstein had met me  
after class and <sup>without explanation had</sup> suggested that I walk with him over to  
Montgolfier Gym. There he had <sup>limped</sup> ~~walked~~ up to Sully the  
wrestling coach and <sup>calmly</sup> announced he wanted to join the  
university wrestling team. "I'd go out for football if it weren't  
for having to run," he went on coolly.

Sully, whom I had never encountered out of a  
soiled sweat shirt, day or night, and who <sup>looked</sup> ~~felt~~ like an  
identical twin of Carmie Rockwell's, was a cynical and  
battered old pro who almost daily reminded <sup>all</sup> who  
would listen, <sup>as well as a few</sup> and some who wouldn't, that in his early days  
he had once thrown the great Frank Gotch. His faded little  
blue eyes had not missed Hornstein's limp, and for a moment  
he stood tugging gently on one gnarled ear. One of Sully's  
<sup>social</sup> ~~social~~ <sup>regular</sup> more ~~social~~ social graces was to ~~chew~~ <sup>chew</sup> tobacco  
and the constant chewing of plug tobacco, and he now  
daintily spat a brown jet <sup>cleanly</sup> into a tall coffee can.

"Look, Buster," he said thoughtfully to Hornstein, "me,  
I allus wanted to play Hamlet."

"But I want to wrestle," H. persisted. "At least you  
should give a guy a chance to show his stuff."



X

*toward H., airily waving*

Sully's boiling point was notoriously low, and he spat again  
~~he advanced~~ *with*  
and waved the back of his hand at Hornstein. "Go 'way, man, and  
don't bother me--can't you see I'm busy watchin' dese hams, with two  
good legs. Wit dat bum <sup>gam</sup> leg of yours you couldn't toss a plain  
lettuce salad."

"Ah, a pragmatist," Hornstein <sup>had</sup> said softly, and he sidled in  
sideways on plump Sully and feinted, and then suddenly grabbed <sup>him</sup>

<sup>once thrown Frank Koch</sup> and heaved him high in the air and slammed him squarely on <sup>down</sup> the  
hardwood floor, <sup>the man who had</sup> on his back, <sup>his back on the shuddering</sup> where he remained, <sup>until Hornstein let him go.</sup>

"I couldn't a broke dat holt for all the tea in China," Sully  
<sup>or done nuttin'</sup>  
<sup>told us</sup> confessed later. "I was so mortified, as my friend Durante says, I even  
swalleyed my chew."

<sup>promptly</sup> Hornstein had made the wrestling team, of course, and had quickly  
gone on to win the campus championship in his division. Then, as  
suddenly as he'd taken up wrestling, <sup>he</sup> Hornstein one day ~~announced~~ announced  
~~on~~ on the eve of the all-conference finals that he was quitting--<sup>wrestling--</sup> an  
announcement that <sup>had</sup> pretty well coincided with Sully's sudden  
<sup>serious</sup> decision to resume drinking.

X

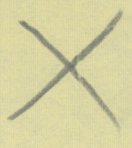
"You're killin' me, man," Sully had begged and pleaded with Hornstein. "Look, Emil, if you don't wanna wrastle for da institooshun I'll quit an' we'll turn pro an' make us a bundle. Wit' your quickness an' strength an' natural instink to flop a guy on his can I swear I'll make you a worl' champ in six mont's."

*eligible*  
*coachin' -- I'm ready to retire anyway --*  
*strength*  
*outa you*  
*STRENGTH*

But Hornstein ~~had~~ only smiled and gravely thanked Sully and limped over and gotten ~~his~~ his things out of his locker. The next morning the campus daily came out with banner headlines: "HORNSTEIN ~~SAYS~~ **DECLARES** ALL WRESTLING AND WRESTLERS STINK!"

"Wrestling bores me," he had told the astonished student reporters. "Moreover, if you and they will please kindly forgive me for suggesting it, my beefy adversaries to a man possess a regrettable tendency to suffer from B.O." Body Odor was still in its heyday ~~back~~ *lovely* *its handmaiden* back in those days, and ~~Walt~~ *magically* *nostalgically* wondered how and where it had since ~~mysteriously~~ *and halitosis* disappeared.

There had been quite a tempest in a teapot over the whole incident. Dean Borchard had ~~summoned~~ *summoned and* and been baffled by Hornstein, who sat smiling at him, and he had then called in and lectured the entire editorial staff of the college daily, and finally sentenced each of them to the campus equivalent of capital punishment: three months probation without dates.



The day Sully finally <sup>quit</sup> ~~quit~~ the groves of <sup>academe</sup> ~~academi~~ and ~~accepted~~ <sup>in a joint interview which I attended</sup> took the night train for Chicago, he gave the ~~recently sentenced~~ campus reporters <sup>here</sup> his final terse comment on Hornstein: "Like I <sup>tells</sup> ~~says~~ <sup>Hornstein himself, if dat guy'd</sup> ~~to him~~, if dat guy of lissened to me an' not hung up da ol' jock strap I'd a made him worl' champ in six mont's," Sully told the scribbling campus reporters. "Why, I'd even made up a classy new ring name for da big lug: 'Handsome Hopalong Hornstein, da Limpin' Larruper from St. Lorraine.'" <sup>He patted his heart and</sup> Sully shook his head over the mystery of it all. <sup>In fact, fellas,</sup> "Yessir, <sup>but</sup> I never in my hull life seen nuttin' dat could wrassle like dat guy--an' in my day I met mosta da best." He patted his heart. <sup>but (maybe Emil here's</sup> "But I guess <sup>what a pity, what a pity,</sup> maybe he's one of dem poets deep down unnerneat. Say, <sup>boys</sup> ~~boys~~, did I ever tell you about da time I thrun <sup>the one an' oney</sup> ~~the one an' oney~~ da ~~great~~ Frank Gotch?"

*Sully's farewell interview*

This <sup>had been</sup> ~~time~~ the newspaper report of ~~the chastened reporters was~~ somewhat more restrained. "Reginald Sullivan," the <sup>tidied story</sup> ~~lead~~ paragraph ran, "~~who~~ recently resigned as head wrestling coach of the University following the <sup>voluntary retirement of</sup> ~~sudden voluntary departure of~~ lit student Emil Hornstein, '44, from his squad, yesterday opined that <sup>if</sup> Mr. Hornstein <sup>was</sup> saw fit to wrestle professionally he might well become world champion. 'The young man possesses all the attributes of a champion,' Mr. Sullivan told reporters. 'He's got quickness, prodigious strength, a keen competitive spirit, and a remarkable natural aptitude for the sport.'

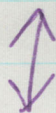
*In fact <sup>puts me in mind</sup> ~~he~~ reminds me of the great Frank Gotch in his prime. This was praise from the master as <sup>the modest</sup> Mr. Sullivan, if pressed, can sometimes be persuaded to recount how he <sup>himself</sup> ~~once~~ thrue Mr. Gotch."*

In the dusk

A great trout suddenly rolled <sup>just</sup> above me, and I was ~~drawn~~ <sup>froze and</sup> instantly drawn back to the present as I <sup>commanded</sup> myself to rest him. After a tense interval I <sup>lifted and</sup> dried ~~out~~ my <sup>trailing</sup> fly with false cast, over lengthening line, and then I shot the <sup>crucial</sup> business cast, my little Adams <sup>dry fly</sup> folding down upon <sup>speeding out and</sup> the water <sup>with the</sup> grace of a thrust. <sup>I had fallen</sup> ~~forward~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~upon~~ the water <sup>in a</sup> languid <sup>grace of</sup> ~~as a~~ thrust. Almost instantly the fish rose and kissed it, I struck, <sup>there was one great leap,</sup> and away ~~with~~ went the fish and the fisherman in a strange twilight twilight ballet <sup>that lasted until</sup> darkness had fallen, up and down stream. Dusk turned to darkness and still we fought, sometimes <sup>ap</sup> splashily, sometimes both of us seeming to pause <sup>to</sup> and gather our resources. Then the runs became shorter, the deep throbbing sulks longer, and gently I <sup>sported line and</sup> perched him up, and <sup>suddenly</sup> he saw the submerged net and <sup>gratefully</sup> swam into it. With a heave I lifted him <sup>drifting and</sup> <sup>free</sup> and staggered <sup>lying there and</sup> ashore, where <sup>alike</sup> <sup>ground,</sup> <sup>absently and</sup> <sup>counting</sup> the fish and the fisherman <sup>came</sup> to the <sup>ground,</sup> the latter counting the stars. By and by I arose and trudged with my <sup>quite</sup> fish - <sup>back</sup> the largest of the season -- <sup>up</sup> to my log, where I sat and <sup>wearily</sup> pulled off my waders, took down my rod, loaded my pack, <sup>and</sup> and, flashlight in hand, started the long trek <sup>back</sup> to <sup>the</sup> my car. Once there I <sup>ground and</sup> poured myself an enormous drink and, holding it up to the stars, murmured 'So Louise' and <sup>uncertainly</sup> drank it <sup>down</sup> in one swoop. By the time I got home <sup>and</sup> <sup>packed the</sup> <sup>gear</sup> the campaign <sup>was</sup> the farthest thing from my memory.

1st  
2/11/61  
(A.M. early)

X



The few remaining days before the election glided by on golden wings. I fished a <sup>different</sup> ~~new~~ place every day; the fishing was good, and I got to bed early and slept late. Few senatorial candidates can ever have approached their election day with more indulgence and less concern. As the <sup>crucial</sup> day approached I almost <sup>half</sup> hoped Clint would win <sup>not only</sup> to vindicate himself as well as the voters, <sup>but</sup> to <sup>force</sup> ~~remove~~ my gnawing sense of guilt, <sup>and</sup> to give me more time for Louisa. I had phoned her ~~twice~~ <sup>once</sup> almost nightly <sup>since she left</sup> and I felt she longed as much for me as I <sup>did</sup> for her.

Then, lo, it was election day and <sup>silently</sup> all over <sup>I could envision</sup> the state the ~~basin~~ <sup>filings</sup> of people filed <sup>the</sup> into schools and firehalls and city buildings and town halls and the dozen-odd <sup>other</sup> places where this biennial miracle of democracy was <sup>regularly</sup> performed. I voted early and packed a lunch and fled <sup>to the woods</sup> for the day, purposely not returning until the polls had closed. My car radio had suddenly blown a tube and I purposely had not fixed it. It was after ten when I <sup>back to town,</sup> got home and the phone was droning as I entered the <sup>darkened</sup> house.

It was Homestead, jubilant over the early returns. "You're running <sup>better than</sup> two-to-one over Clint even here in St. Lorraine where he lives. It's <sup>gonna be</sup> a landslide, Walt, and we're on our way to Washington, my boy. Here, Louisa's right here and she wants to say hello, we're in your bedroom -- don't misunderstand, <sup>Walt</sup> -- the joint out there is <sup>a</sup> bedlam. "Already people come in."

"Hello," she said in her low voice. "Go away, please, <sup>Emil</sup> Emil, I want Walt all to myself for a moment.... Well, dear," she went on, "I guess you'll have to come back to your temptress -- it looks as though

nothing can stop it now."

for my Louisa.

If there's anything good about it its  
"I'd almost hoped I'd lose," I said, "so I  
couldn't have to wait till November, I <sup>also</sup> wish I could  
feel better about winning, but I keep thinking of poor  
Clint and how he must feel." I <sup>then</sup> told her I would  
probably drive back <sup>to St. Jerome</sup> ~~tomorrow~~ the next day and  
~~we talked about~~  
hoped her date book was such <sup>that</sup> she could see me,

"You sound like a character out of garter  
Fitzgerald," she said, <sup>laughing</sup>. "Date books went out with flashes  
and silk bloomers. Anyway, I think I can squeeze you in  
if you'll promise to go right to bed. <sup>And</sup> I'll <sup>try to</sup> help these political  
bregoids <sup>here</sup> from disturbing you. But <sup>just</sup> Leon wants to greet you.  
Good night, dear, and please don't stay up. Yvonne in. Louisa has spoken."

Leon was quietly ecstatic. He'd just gotten  
a late edition of the Ledger and even Sandelino was  
predominant, a landslide victory <sup>for us</sup>. "And among my people  
you're running like a deer," he went on <sup>travels</sup>. "Even in the  
<sup>precinct</sup> <sup>areas I felt</sup> I thought surely might go to Clint. In addition,  
yesterday I <sup>was</sup> ~~been~~ approached with an offer of settlement in the  
famous rat case. I won't get into it now, but its so  
surprisingly generous we may have to take it." ~~Right~~

"Wonderful, Leon," I said, happy that he and  
the poor <sup>without the delay and uncertainties of a trial</sup> ~~clerk~~ might be rewarded. "You've been a  
rock, Leon, and I'll never forget it."

"You might as well get to bed, Walt. Emil just  
handed me a <sup>late bulletin</sup> note that you're <sup>now</sup> running <sup>sharply</sup> ahead of Clint <sup>won</sup> in  
his own precinct, I guess its no longer a question of  
whether but how much. We're all looking forward to  
seeing you. Good night, folks."

"Good night, Leon. <sup>Amy and Nell</sup> ~~the girls~~ <sup>are</sup> my best. And  
thanks for all your work and effort, my friend."

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that I <sup>sighed and idly</sup> might <sup>mildly</sup> ~~possibly~~ <sup>hoping</sup> to get some possible local returns. But the  
same of Good Guy was still monotonously plugging the  
same Bad Guy in the guts, largely, I gathered dully,  
because <sup>they latter</sup> ~~he~~ badly needed a shave and ~~had~~, in an  
<sup>bad judgment and</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~violated~~ the code of the old  
West by rubbing his grizzled whiskers against the  
chaste face of that symbol of spotless womanhood, the  
bespangled mistress of the local youth center. Thus  
forewarned, I trudged wearily upstairs and shaved  
myself, reflecting wistfully over the clean <sup>uncomplicated</sup> ~~simplicity~~  
of life and ethics on television. I wondered too why  
the Good Guy hadn't <sup>instead</sup> plugged the clean-shaven  
epitrovert who had <sup>just</sup> ~~booked~~ the commercial <sup>and whose</sup> ~~and whose~~  
<sup>early and permanent</sup> dissolution I could have contemplated without a tremor.  
On this <sup>of high philosophy</sup> ~~philosophical~~ note the candlelite <sup>and</sup> ~~fill~~ into bed,  
<sup>journal and</sup>

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X

"You might as well get to bed, Walt," <sup>he went on.</sup> Emil just handed me a late  
bulletin that you're now running ~~sharply~~ <sup>campus</sup> ahead of Clint ~~in~~  
his own precinct, <sup>egghead</sup> <sup>the home of the eggheads.</sup> As the bride said,  
but how much. We're all looking forward to seeing you, <sup>Walt.</sup> Good  
night, fisherman."

"Good night, Leon." <sup>and Amy very</sup> Give Amy and Nell my best. <sup>And</sup> <sup>Give Amy a good</sup> <sup>squeeze for me,</sup> <sup>too!</sup> <sup>you don't find that too much a show.</sup> <sup>At the moment!</sup>  
<sup>grand</sup> for all your work and effort, my friend. <sup>And thanks</sup>

"No trouble at all," <sup>laughing</sup> <sup>struggling</sup> Leon said, <sup>with his</sup> <sup>eyes</sup>  
I sighed and idly flipped on my one-channel TV set, mildly  
hoping that I might get some local returns. But no, the same Good

Guy was still monotonously plugging the same Bad Guy in the guts,  
largely, I gathered dully, because the latter badly needed a  
shave, <sup>Moreover,</sup> <sup>and poor judgment he</sup> and, in ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> excess of ~~bad judgment and~~ animal spirits, had  
violated the code of the old West by rubbing his grizzled whiskers

against the ~~chaste~~ <sup>chaste</sup> face of that symbol of spotless womanhood, the  
bespangled mistress of the local ~~youth center.~~ <sup>dance hall and grocery,</sup> Thus forewarned,

I trudged wearily upstairs and shaved myself, reflecting wistfully  
over the ~~clean~~ <sup>un</sup> uncomplicated simplicity of life and ethics on  
television, <sup>where virtue</sup> I wondered too why the Good Guy hadn't <sup>as a diversion</sup> instead plugged

the <sup>revolting</sup> clean-shaven extrovert who had just barked the commercial. Now  
there was <sup>a character</sup> <sup>one</sup> whose early and permanent dissolution <sup>high philosophical</sup> could have  
contemplated without a tremor. On this <sup>note of high philosophy</sup> the <sup>winning</sup>  
candidate ~~fell~~ <sup>stretched and</sup> yawned and fell into bed.



1st  
Feb. 13, 1961.

26  
Chapter XI (26)

on the first:  
Otherwise my  
landing was much  
the same, all  
was nearing side  
in the evening;

somehow contrived to arrive at  
~~arranged~~  
This time I ~~franked~~ <sup>shattered traffic</sup> at the Old St. Lorraine House  
without trailing a string of <sup>misdeemeanors</sup> behind me. <sup>And this</sup>  
time <sup>two</sup> <sup>again</sup> the bellboy Red again met me at the door and offered to <sup>again</sup>  
park my car for me. "Thank, Red," I said, "I'll go <sup>along</sup> with you." <sup>Once he</sup>  
car was parked and he was about to leap out to get <sup>my</sup> <sup>baggage</sup> to  
the side entrance, I dashed him to sit a moment so that we might talk.

"Ok, Mr. Dresden," he said. "It's always a pleasure, sir  
And all of us ~~were~~ so happy you won the primary -- I did my  
stuff and urged all my family to vote for you, too. Boy, you sure  
won big -- Mr. Hornstein said <sup>that statement</sup> it was nearly two to one. "We're all so proud."

"Look, Red," I said, coming to the point. "Are you  
happy with the way I <sup>Hornstein and I</sup> <sup>and our</sup> <sup>people</sup> have been treating you?"

"To be of course, Mr. Dresden, ~~why do you ask?~~"  
"You wouldn't want to do anything to hurt me or us,  
would you?" I pressed on.

"Certainly not," he said, <sup>looking</sup> <sup>mystified</sup>. "Why do you  
ask?"

Red knew ~~we had~~ that Louisa and I had left  
St. Lorraine together, so I told him the incident of the photographs  
at the airport, omitting <sup>only</sup> the intimation of <sup>the involuntarily</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>face</sup> of Louisa and me.

"Sondelini hired that photographer to take ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> pictures," I said,  
"and I think he <sup>in turn</sup> got his tip <sup>that we were together here</sup> from someone <sup>on the</sup> hotel staff. ~~There~~.  
Red, was it you?"

Red's <sup>sudden</sup> <sup>crimson</sup> face alone would have been answer  
enough, and tears <sup>welled into</sup> <sup>came</sup> to his eyes. "Look, Mr. Dresden," he  
<sup>said earnestly</sup>, "I wouldn't for the world do anything to hurt  
you or Mrs. Montgolfier, you're both so swell. All I told Mr.  
Sondelini was that you and she had gone for a drive, I didn't know  
when." He's always <sup>after us</sup> <sup>bellhop</sup> for news about everybody.

"Why did you <sup>feel you</sup> <sup>tell him</sup> back to that, Red? What becoming <sup>was</sup>  
it <sup>of</sup> Sondelini's to keep posted on us or for you to post him?"

Red was deeply embarrassed. "Look, Mr. Dresden," he  
said, "I wasn't spying on you, honest I wasn't. <sup>Placed behind me</sup> Sondelini  
tips us <sup>well</sup> for <sup>all</sup> possible news items, the going and coming

Though Mrs. M. pays us more than most,

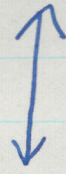
but you see,

honda

of guests and all. The other boys and I vie with each other passing him innocent stuff to ~~house of help over~~ <sup>he might use, and</sup> ~~off~~ <sup>to make</sup> so as to make a little extra money. You know hopping bills isn't the biggest paying job there is, and... "I sure didn't know he was gonna put a photograph on your trail or I wouldn't of said a word. He, Mr. Dressler, I'm awfully sorry. It won't happen again. That guy Sandelun <sup>is</sup> sure ~~is~~ a bird..."

"He sure is," I ~~said~~ <sup>agreed</sup>, feeling a wave of pity for Red and anger <sup>over</sup> how <sup>Sandelun</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>thing</sup> would stoop to corruption. Louisiana's own help. "Look, Red," I said, <sup>pressing a</sup> <sup>bill into his hand,</sup> giving him ten dollars. "Now you and I have a secret, a secret from Hornstein, who'd skin me for tipping extra, <sup>and destroying morale,</sup> a secret from Sandelun, who hasn't yet used the picture, and a secret from everybody, so that ~~no~~ nobody gets in a joint jam. <sup>with anybody,</sup> This is strictly between you and me, one man to another." I put out my hand. "Shake?"

"Shake," he said, gratefully taking my hand. "See, Mr. Dressler, you sure take it swell -- I'll never forget how decent you been." <sup>He shook his head.</sup> "That Sandelun would spare his old <sup>man</sup> ~~grandma~~ own grandma."







N Page

The next morning when I ~~wake~~ <sup>brush</sup> awake I remembered that during a lull in the festivities the night before Hornstern had told ~~me~~ <sup>in a quick aside</sup> me that Clint Westlake had phoned and arranged to come <sup>over</sup> and see us the next morning. I lay there for a moment blinking at the ceiling, trying to gather my wits, still conscious of the subtle <sup>disturbance</sup> perfume of Louisa on the pillow beside me. I shook my head and threw back the bed clothes and ~~got~~ <sup>sat</sup> on the edge of the bed, rubbing my eyes, wondering stupidly what Clint wanted to see us about and how <sup>in the world</sup> I would ever be able to face him after our ambiguous <sup>but unmistakable</sup> part in his exposure and downfall. I sighed and arose and kicked <sup>my feet</sup> myself into my slippers and shuffled away to the bathroom.

Clint was not due to arrive before eleven, and Leon ~~arrived~~ showed up about a half hour before, and the three of us gathered around ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> big table sipping the fresh coffee that Red had brought us.

"What do you think Clint wants to see us about?"

I said to get the <sup>congregational</sup> ball rolling session underway.

"Well," Hornstern began, "first of all to congratulate you on winning. He phoned several times yesterday and was even going to try Chippewa tie I told him you were on the road driving here."

"I further think he means to offer us his support and cooperation," Leon said. "Go tell the truth I know he is," he went on. "He phoned me at my office <sup>yesterday</sup> and as much as told me <sup>of</sup> he's really a big man, Walt."

"Speaking of truth <sup>and begins</sup>," I said, after a pause, "I think we've got to level with Clint and tell him <sup>precise</sup> exactly what happened and our part in it." Hornstern and Leon looked startled. "I say this for two reasons," I went on, "first, because it's the decent and honorable thing to do. The other reason is that as sure as ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> go shooting Sandelius <sup>himself</sup> is going to find a way to tell him if we don't <sup>for one thing</sup> to somehow absolve himself <sup>of his part in the exposure</sup>, but most of all to

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possibly drive a wedge between the Clinton's <sup>considerable</sup> remaining supporters and our own, <sup>or</sup> at the very least to persuade him to sit on their hands for the duration - all to the <sup>jolly</sup> end of <sup>ultimately</sup> helping <sup>candidate</sup> you know who. There's still a third --

"Sometimes you show signs --" Hornstemi began, but I waved him silent and continued. "There's still a third <sup>and perhaps most important</sup> reason I think we should ~~feel level~~ <sup>with him</sup>, "I went on, "and that's for the good of our own souls, ~~ourselves~~ <sup>ourselves</sup>.

Look, Eric, Leon, anyway you slice it, ~~we had~~ <sup>however</sup> and ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> the bind we were in, we were the ones who triggered this thing. <sup>remorseless</sup> ~~Ask you,~~ How can we <sup>possibly</sup> sit by and accept Clinton's proffer of <sup>friendly</sup> ~~any~~ overtures <sup>and help</sup> from Clint with that <sup>quitting</sup> knowledge gnawing at our consciences? "I sighed, "We can sit here and spin <sup>and shake my heads</sup> "I haven't really slept <sup>respect</sup>

<sup>comforting</sup> rationalizations about this thing until election day in November.

<sup>By</sup> ~~What~~ I ask you further: wouldn't it all a simple yes or no: wouldn't all three of us feel infinitely cleaner and <sup>decentered</sup> better if we <sup>freed up and</sup> unloaded our guilty minds? -- even in the unlikely event that Clinton should get <sup>angry</sup> mad at us and swear eternal vengeance?

What do you say, men, yes or no?"

Hornstemi and Leon <sup>gave each other a slow</sup> ~~shot~~ <sup>and then</sup> a troubled glance, <sup>at the same time</sup> ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> other and <sup>assent</sup> then nodded. "All right," I said, vastly relieved, <sup>and</sup> ~~already~~ <sup>and</sup> "Eric in the candidate let me take the rap and <sup>to feel the need</sup> Please, Leon, is there any coffee left <sup>on that</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> fortify myself."

Eric: I've been here before: now

There was about him an impression that ~~might best be described as anonymous.~~

~~shy, middle-aged, near-sighted, slighted~~

Clint Westlake had the ~~shy~~ dandruff

Anonymous look of his photographs, <sup>I saw,</sup> as he arrived punctually at eleven and ~~gave~~ shook hands around with <sup>a sort of shyness</sup> grave punctilio. <sup>In this soft-spoken serious way he</sup> ~~he~~ congratulated me warmly, ~~however~~, both on my victory and on the cleanness of our campaign, <sup>but by quiet method</sup> and as I looked into his <sup>responsive</sup> soft, warm, intelligent brown eyes I <sup>saw</sup> ~~saw~~ what ~~must~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>set</sup> him apart from the garden run of mousy middle-aged men. We sat ~~rather self-consciously~~ around the <sup>frigidly</sup> table rather self-consciously, and <sup>with a pedagogical apology</sup> clearing his throat ~~as though~~ he turned to me and began quietly to speak.

Clint Westlake arrived ~~precisely~~ sharp at eleven, and as he shook hands around with a sort of grave punctilio, I saw that he had a look which might best be described as ~~anonymous~~

his diffident

"I <sup>came here</sup> ~~came~~, not only to congratulate you," he began, <sup>and that of my friends</sup> "but ~~with the intention~~ also to offer my support <sup>in</sup> the <sup>coming</sup> November election." He blinked <sup>his eyes</sup> blinked uncertainly through his rimless glasses <sup>and</sup> he smiled <sup>attending</sup> wistfully. <sup>who came to church and</sup> "I feel rather like the fallen woman <sup>whose</sup> pastor <sup>after the church</sup> <sup>→</sup> <sup>told</sup> her that <sup>that they might before</sup> he had prayed for her for three hours. 'Why didn't you phone me?' she replied, 'I'd have come right over.'"

restrained

We laughed <sup>at his sally,</sup> ~~immoderately~~, such was <sup>the</sup> ~~our~~ tension, and he waited for us to compose ourselves with the <sup>harsh</sup> ~~restrained~~ patience of a <sup>teacher</sup> ~~teacher~~ facing a class of boisterous undergraduates. "It is not my intention <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ embarrass you with my support -- <sup>I have</sup> ~~having~~ in mind certain recent publicity attending my candidacy -- but there is still a sizable segment of people in this Commonwealth who do not suspect me of subversion or disloyalty and whom I think I can <sup>discreetly</sup> ~~persuade~~ to support you rather than Senator Martinique." He put out his hands. "So I have come here to make my





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paper <sup>so many</sup> years ago; we are aware that it could have happened to any one of us; and to a man we still feel you were by far the best candidate who was running. I put out my hands and "There you have it, Clint. We welcome and still <sup>very much</sup> want your counsel and support, but please feel free to withdraw your generous offer."

Clint sat there blinking, and my <sup>deep</sup> embarrassment was <sup>if possible</sup> compounded to observe that his eyes were filled with tears. He removed his glasses and <sup>abashedly</sup> wiped them and his eyes, and <sup>cleared his throat</sup> sniffed <sup>apologetically</sup> before he spoke. "Please forgive my show of emotion," he said slowly, "but I cannot tell you how happy you have made me to <sup>have told</sup> ~~tell me~~ what you have just told." He paused after this astonishing utterance before he went on. "You see," he continued, "I have <sup>since</sup> already heard <sup>from Soudelgin</sup> what I even then suspected was a rather biased version of what really happened." He smiled his wistful smile. "If I had any talent for fiction I think I might <sup>want to</sup> put him under my glass. Lacking that I shall only say that he is one of the most devious and complex individuals I have ever encountered." He sighed. "Among other distortions and omissions in his version of this <sup>strange</sup> affair to me, he neglected to mention that he <sup>had</sup> ever before known of my having signed the old petition, let alone mentioning that he had known <sup>all about</sup> it since June, <sup>and this</sup> all the while that he was praising me and contributing heavily to my candidacy."

"Contributing?" I said. "You mean he actually contributed money to your campaign?"

Clint laughed briefly. "I guess I am <sup>pretty much</sup> the archetype of the absent-minded professor, but in the <sup>night</sup> horror of these past few days the blinders have been removed from my eyes. He not only contributed money, but his plane and a pilot, and -- I have just learned to my endless embarrassment -- even rounded up and sent out doubles of me, poor souls, to pass out my <sup>political</sup> gym-cracks at factories and plant gates. He also dreamed up the debate challenge to you, Walt, and somehow persuaded his people to offer their television

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network free of charge." He laughed, but <sup>remarkably</sup> without visible bitterness. "Oh yes, <sup>now see</sup> he was building me up for the biggest let down of my cloistered career."

Hornstein and Leon and I looked at each other in ~~subtle~~ restrained amazement as Clint went on to unfold <sup>new</sup> aspects of the devious Soudelin of which not even we had dreamed. Clint now <sup>also</sup> saw, he <sup>went</sup> said, <sup>continued</sup> that not only did Soudelin ~~building~~ want him to win the <sup>so as</sup> primary to thus ~~ensure~~ assure the <sup>ultimate</sup> election of Senator Martingale, but from other and more personal motives as well. "I do not think he <sup>ever originally</sup> planned personally to oppose me," he went on, "but rather to leak ~~it~~ <sup>the word</sup> to someone else while <sup>continuing to</sup> still <sup>possibly</sup> as my friend and benefactor."

"How do you mean?" I said.

Clint went on to tell us <sup>of</sup> <sup>absorbing</sup> <sup>and</sup> his interest in slum clearance and urban development, <sup>and</sup> of his continual efforts if modest progress in <sup>rehabilitation</sup> the St. Lorraine area, particularly in the colored section. "I now think <sup>a good</sup> part of his plan was to so put me in his debt that I would ~~discontinue~~ or ~~at least~~ <sup>at least</sup> abate my efforts, <sup>so far as they</sup> might <sup>in</sup> related to his own extensive real estate holdings, <sup>among</sup> the poorer <sup>quarter</sup> ~~section~~ of the colored section." He turned to Leon. "You are doubtless aware, Leon," <sup>he said</sup>, "that ~~he is~~ although I only <sup>from my people</sup> just learned it, that he is one of the principal stockholders in the Arcadia Realty Company, ~~one of the~~ the defendant in your and Walt's famous rat case?"

"Well," Leon began with admirable composure, "we've already been approached with ~~an~~ a rather generous offer of settlement."

"How interesting," Clint said musingly. "I suppose that is not only <sup>publicly</sup> to cover up Soudelin's ownership in the ~~press~~ outfit, but <sup>that of</sup> the other important stockholder as well."

"Yes," Leon said, <sup>feeling his way</sup>, "I don't suppose they'd want that to come to light."

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fast Clint sighed and shook his head. "I'd known about her ownership ever since the last time I ran against Senator Martingale." He smiled at me. "I suppose you're learning <sup>well,</sup> all the <sup>strange</sup> tips one gets <sup>during</sup> in a campaign. Anyway, I chose not to inject it in that campaign, just as I feel <sup>certainly</sup> you will not inject it in this <sup>one</sup>. After all it is even more irrelevant that Senator Martingale's wife is one of the principal stockholders in a corporation that owns scores of decrepit <sup>of shacks and</sup> rabbit hutches in the colored district than that I signed a communist petition twenty years ago, don't you think?"

"Offhand, Clint, I would say so," I said evenly.

"Especially since I am convinced that the poor rich woman doesn't even know it," he continued, "since I made it a point to find out that ~~the~~ <sup>her</sup> stock is held in an investment portfolio of the same bank that is trustee under the will of her late father." He looked at his watch and arose. "Ah, well, I see I've talked too much and too long as usual. But it's been, I feel a most constructive and revealing ~~fact~~ discussion, don't you?"

"Most constructive and revealing, Clint," I solemnly assured him.

After he had again grandly shaken our hands and turned to leave, he turned back, his eyes blinking. "And if there's any good that" "I for one am glad that things turned out as they did. Not only can I <sup>now</sup> return forever to the <sup>only</sup> profession I'm perhaps cut out for, but at least I now <sup>I</sup> know that the president of my school at least appreciates what I've been trying to do. Goodbye and good luck, and I shall do all I can to ensure your help your election."

When ~~when~~ he had left we simply sat there and looked at each other. "Small world," Hornston <sup>finally</sup> ventured. I nodded. "Smaller than ever I had dreamed," Leon said wonderingly. "I move we break a rule and have a drink," I said, and the motion was unanimously carried.

26

X

"He sure is," I agreed, <sup>feeling</sup> a wave of pity for <sup>him</sup> ~~Red~~ and  
 anger over how Sondelius would thus stoop to corrupting <sup>even</sup>  
 Louisa's ~~own~~ help <sup>to spring his little snarks.</sup> "Take this,  
 bill into his hand. <sup>"I can't tip like Sondelius, but I just want you to know</sup> "Now you and I have a secret, a secret even  
 from <sup>our friend</sup> ~~the~~ Hornstein, who'd skin me for tipping extra and destroying <sup>at you now would as you know</sup> his  
 morale, a secret <sup>big</sup> from Sondelius, who hasn't yet used the pictures, --  
 and a secret from everybody, <sup>will</sup> so that nobody gets in a jam <sup>Red,</sup> ~~with~~  
~~anybody.~~ This is strictly between you and me, one man to another."

I put out my hand. "Shake?"

"Shake," he said, gratefully taking my hand. "Gee, Mr. Dressler,  
 you sure take it swell--I'll never forget how decent you been."

He shook his head. <sup>guy</sup> "That Sondelius wouldn't spare his own grandma."

"No, Red," I said, "I don't think he would."

\* \* \*

I just want you to know  
 that you now would as you know  
 more people than  
 you've ever met  
 with you. I bet he  
 has a million.



And so the corks popped and the ~~ch~~ champagne flowed and Emil  
 made the old Bechstein rock and sigh <sup>and groan</sup> as we sang and took turns  
 making up weirder and weirder changes on the <sup>stolen</sup> ~~borrowed~~ old

Michigan song, during which poor Senator Martingale got pelted with  
 smarting hail and <sup>took</sup> even wilder poetic liberties ~~were taken~~ trying  
~~to~~ <sup>extract</sup> to find a decent rhyme <sup>from</sup> for the <sup>dismal</sup> ~~limited~~ poetic properties  
 inherent in Dressler <sup>a name like</sup> other than the name of popular whiskey. <sup>f</sup> By

and by dinner was served; more wine flowed; toasts were proposed  
 and drunk; ~~everybody~~ <sup>each one got up</sup> ~~arose~~ and made a pretty little speech.

Hornstein <sup>finally</sup> ~~even~~ arose and brilliantly mimicked Benchley  
 mimicking <sup>his classic</sup> the treasurer's report. Darkness had fallen and the

Capitol dome was alight before we were done, <sup>and</sup> ~~and Leon had~~ <sup>her lips</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>gave me a wry caught look and subtly forming</sup> ~~and~~  
 finally left with Amy, followed shortly by Hornstein and his

Leon

flushed and giggling Nell. "Good night, good night," rang down the <sup>carpeted</sup> ~~halls~~.

"Louisa," I said huskily when <sup>finally</sup> we were ~~finally~~ alone, and she <sup>half</sup>  
 turned <sup>around</sup> and ~~whispered~~ <sup>whispered</sup> my name. <sup>anguished</sup>  
 turned and we met and collided in such a fever of reunion and longing  
 that, <sup>we groped and finally got it</sup> ~~groping~~, we had to ~~go~~ sit down. By and by I arose and belted.

We tried to <sup>make</sup> talk but so <sup>ecstatic</sup> ~~forced~~ was our <sup>ecstatic</sup> ~~compulsion~~ that after  
 a few stilted banalities we fell silent and <sup>clung</sup> ~~clung~~ to  
 each other like <sup>two orphans driven by a</sup> ~~explained children~~ <sup>storm</sup>. By and by I arose and went and  
 belted

