

THE LONESOME PINE CAMPAIGN

by

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An adventure Story for the Middle Aged

"In twenty seven disciplines he couldn't say no." ---

"Lady in the Dark", with Apologies.

Dedicated to all my Friends
Who provided me with this story;
in the hope that
They will also provide me with its sequel.

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CHAPTER I

The Cocktail Party

The adventure I am about to relate began one afternoon in mid-September. Labor Day was early, so most of the Summer People had gone home. Most of the Hard Core Summer People, however, the people who really make Nickerson vibrate on high E, were still around, walking the lonesome beaches, filling their lungs with sea air, painting fall canvases, boarding up the picture windows against sand and gale, drydocking the boats. Two more weeks, fourteen more copies of the New York Times, and the Hard Core Summer People would pack up their wagons and make for parts interior. Thus reduced, Nickerson would consist of the Year Around People, and the Natives. As a matter of fact, the Natives cannot always be counted on to be around. In view of an increasing prosperity in and about Nickerson, the Natives have begun to take dimmer views of the winters' infelicities and have begun to migrate in increasing numbers to Florida. I understand that the Natives of Nickerson and the nearby towns of Wellby, Pinnace, Matherville, Dogham, Yawl, and Hog Harbor, thus translated to tropical waters, have established a thriving Landsmanschaft there and are able to maintain an identity which is rather distinct from the Ohio transplants.

But it is time to introduce myself. My name is David Andrews. I am forty-one years old. I have a wife, Laconia Phillips Andrews, of a commensurate age, two children, Robert, aged 10, Stella, aged 4, three cats, two cars, and two small boats. Our family have been Year Around People in Nickerson for about five years. I am an architect. After graduating from the Yale School of Architecture, I put in a hitch with Architects Anonymous

in Boston, a firm which was and is still dedicated to the proposition that the 3x5 filing card is the most beautiful geometrical figure. I learned much there, made friends and made enemies, and after a successful apprenticeship (the GoGo Giant Bowlaway in Weyland is a good instance of what I was able to do in those days if left alone), moved to Nickerson and struck out for myself. Lilly and I were both attracted by the miles of beach; and the steady flow of money to those parts seemed to promise that I would be able to make a living. And it has worked out that way. I make a good living, and now that the Lonesome Pine Campaign is over, I seem to be on the verge of making a very good living. I am not an architectural dogmatist, nor an architectural St. Paul. I work in any style that seems joyful to the site and to the customer. I learn from all men, and I hope and pray that some of the stuff I've put up will last longer than ten years. The best thing I've done to date is the Nickerson Gallery of Art. It stands along the highway and I think that the sinuosities as you approach it going South are rather nice.

All this information is to establish my common humanity. Now I must consider the particular accidents of nature or of fate which are relevant to the adventure at hand. They are two. The first is that I am an alumnus of Lonesome Pine University. The second is that I have a face and bearing which seem to say "Dependability", "Reliability", "Solidity". Does this sound swell-headed? Perhaps it does, but consider the price I pay for this high regard: I am put on Committees. And having served (with or without distinction) on one Committee, splitting takes place, and I am forthwith elected to serve on two other Committees. Who is honored? Those who have already been honored. To them that have shall be given. The risk

is clearly minimized by this policy. As the architect of the Nickerson Gallery of Art, I was placed on the Planning Committee by a grateful Board of Trustees, largely Hard Core Summer People, and as a member of the Planning Committee, I was invited to the Windup Cocktail Party.

By two o'clock in the afternoon, the fog had rolled in from the ocean in larger than ordinary amounts. The foghorns at the lighthouse were making sweet and sour moans. My tracing paper and masking tape were beginning to secrete. This was unusual at such an early date, even in Nickerson which has the reputation of harboring the Mother of Mildews. The water molecules were beginning to enter my bones, and the salt was entering into my soul. I was alone in my office. Johannes, my assistant, was in Boston; Louisa, my secretary, was home with the sniffles. The coffee pot was cold and unwashed. This was an agony I would not prolong.

I got on the phone and spoke to Lilly.

"I feel miserable, Lilly"

"Come home."

"Come home? Just like that, come home. It's a working day."

"Come home. You're not a Puritan. We're supposed to go to the Gallery for drinks later this afternoon."

That, of course, did it. In the name of Community Obligations Type 3, I gave my drawing cabinets a farewell pat, turned out the lights, and rushed home.

It was five-thirty when we set out. Night had come on. As we drove through the valleys, the fog hit us like thousands of milk weed seeds in flight and sent the rays of the headlights back to blind us.

"It's really quite early," Lilly said.

"I know."

"Do you think anyone will be there yet?"

"Probably not. Well, if we're the first, we can always talk to John Lemming."

John Lemming was the Director of the Nickerson Gallery of Art and lived in a cottage just behind the Gallery.

I drove over the country road at fifteen miles an hour. Finally we came to the highway. The cars were moving faster there. Two miles down the highway and we would be there.

I pulled into the parking lot. Jammed. Absolutely jammed. The lights in the Gallery were blazing. A good hundred people were already there. Where had they come from? I thought everybody had gone back home.

We went into the Main Salon. A bar had been set up. Eight or ten acrylics on burlap by Tino Lleppe insulated the walls. A cheerful fire was burning in the fireplace, the logs held in place by the suspended mobile andirons that Rolf Aadnaa had fashioned for us.

I spotted a couple of my co-committee members, waved to them.

"Sam is going to say a few words later."

"Oh, that's nice."

"I find Sam is quite articulate."

"Yes, he has the gift of words."

Someone put a drink into my hand. Lilly had already wandered off. I thought I saw John Lemming over by the fountain and tried to make my way through the people. He was with a young thing.

"Hello, Rod."

"Hello, David, what's new?"

"I hear Sam is going to say a few words later."

"So I gather. It should be good."

I raised my drink up high so as not to spill it on female shoulder blades and inched over to John. I had to pass by the fireplace. Horrors, a mistake. They're burning up the art. Two wooden found objects by Solowic were going up in smoke.

"John, for God's sake, look what's in the fireplace!"

"I know, I know."

"That wood is part of the Solowic show."

"I know, I know."

"Does Solowic know?"

"He knows. He knows."

"Well, what's the story on that," I asked our director.

"Solowic sold four pieces this summer. That will set him up until his winter season in Boca Azul. He told me not to ship the unsold pieces back to New York. It wasn't worth the express charges."

"Well why did you burn them? You could have given them to me."

"You like them?"

"Well, not really. Let them burn I guess."

"Let them burn, indeed," said John Lemming, "in this way the world of art cleans its own house, and maintains a tight and sanitary ship. And grip. But David, keep this young thing amused for a moment, for Sam calleth, I hear his profundo resonating, and Sam..."

"... is going to say a few words later?"

"Precisely." And kissing the young thing's pretty cheek lightly, he turned over her guardianship to me.

"What's your name?" she asked me.

"David Andrews. What's yours?"

"Young Thing."

"What's your name? I don't want a status report."

(Coming home in the car later, I went over this inch by inch with Lilly. Lilly merely gave her imitation of the whale expiring on the beach.)

"Young Thing. That's my stage name. I'm in "Candida" at the Playhouse."

"What's your real name?"

"Real is the frozen moment," she said, and her eyes looked away and her lashes lowered in silent prayer. I had to change the subject. I thought of a brilliant tack.

"Where are you from?"

"Columbus, Ohio."

"Now you're the first girl I've ever met from Columbus, Ohio.

What's so special about Columbus, Ohio?"

"You needn't be superior. I didn't select Columbus to be born in." The hand that put a second drink in my hand put a drink in Young Thing's hand as well.

"So you didn't. Very true. Good for you. But I'm being serious, not superior. What is special about Columbus, Ohio? I'm serious. Take Nickerson for example. That's right here. Nickerson has the largest ratio

of motel units to permanent residential houses of any town on the East Coast. Take the place I originally came from, Providence, Rhode Island. Providence, Rhode Island has the second largest unsupported marble dome in the whole world."

"How do you know?"

"I'm an architect. Now in what way or regard is Columbus, Ohio special or superior?"

Young Thing thought the long long thoughts of youth and came up with the answer.

"Columbus, Ohio is the largest city in the United States that is not located on navigable waters."

"Oh!"

"So you're an architect. That's a cute job to have. Design me a house. I would like a house that can freeze the moment. What's your phone number?"

"I'm in the phone book. David Andrews. But please don't call us, we'll call you. A parting thought. With you, Dear Thing, time would stop in a field, in a hovel, in Sally Henry Penny's Ash Heap."

"You're cute," she said and ran back to someone who must have been her husband.

Before I could think whom next to buttonhole or by whom to allow myself to be buttonholed, there was a pronounced tinkle of highball glasses. Sam had mounted the little stone wall that served as an edging for the indoor garden and, drink in hand, began to address the company.

"Friends, neighbors. Hear me for my cause. I don't mean to take you away from your little pleasures (slight roll of laughter), but I would like just a word. This is the last official function of the Nickerson Gallery of Art for the year. What I have to say is in the nature of a Treasurer's report. We have had a terrific, I use the word advisably, a terrific year. This is due in part to the capable directorship of John Lemming. Let's have a round of applause for John. (Applause) John, where are you? Take a bow.

" It is due, in part, to the hard labors and good council of Bill and Eva Skulley and Dave Andrews of the Planning Committee. Bill, Eva, Dave, show yourselves. And it is due in a good measure to the generosity and interest of all you lovely ladies and gentlemen who are here this evening, and I can't mention you all by name, you're far too numerous.

"What I have to say I will make short and sweet. As of tonight, this institution is solvent. (Prolonged and enthusiastic applause) Of course as you know, solvency is a relative term, and no institution of culture can really be solvent. If it is solvent, then it has in some measure failed to realize its potential, failed to do the job it can do. (Serious, but somewhat hesitant applause) We have formulated a fine program for next season. (waves brochure) Fine programs take money. You can make the Nickerson Gallery of Art supersolvent in one of the following ways: by direct donations or bequests of cash. By purchases, by donations of works of art, and to a lesser extent by contributions of your time and effort. When the snow begins to fall in January and your thoughts turn to stretching in the warm sun on Cove Beach, think of the Nickerson Gallery

of Art, and think in generous terms. In the meantime, we will be thinking of you." (Prolonged and enthusiastic applause. Rattle of ice against glasses)

The main salon had now become rather hot. I could see the burning embers of remaindered art reflected in the bald mens' domes. Some thoughtful citizen opened a skylight, and the mist rushed in and burned itself out.

Sam's report was the focal point of the party, and now that his message had been put across, I could begin collecting Lilly and go home. I found her penned in a corner by an outsized and unknown male; but she was cheerful and bubbly. My index of xenophobia rose seven points and I moved in to effect a rescue.

"Honey," my wife said to me, "this is Cranston Elmwood. This is my husband David."

I thrust forward my hand tentatively.

"Delighted," said Cranston Elmwood, "just delighted."

He was a two paw shaker; he fielded my meager offering in both his mitts and shook the shake of the Dearly Involved.

"David Andrews," he went on, "that rather strikes a bell.

David Andrews, SHAEF, Paris, 1945? The Agora Conference in Athens, 1958?"

"I'm afraid not. I'm sorry. I'm just a home boy. My work has never taken me out of the country."

"Well, well, well," crackled Cranston Elmwood, "we must take care of that, mustn't we, Mrs. Andrews?" He winked his bushy gray blonde brow at Lilly.

"David Andrews. Ah, yes. I think I have it now. I never forget a name, particularly when its coupled with a face. You want to Lonesome Pine!"

As much as I did not want to, I nodded assent. I find it very hard to lie except when it is in the service of essential truth.

"Of course you did. There's no denying it. So did I, though I daresay I'm a few years before your time. We Loners stick out, don't you know."

Then Elmwood hummed a few bars of "Pinetree Forever" with unexpected gusto and accuracy. The Marseillaise of my Alma Mater did not raise a spirit in me. On the contrary, it sent Mr. Cranston Elmwood's stock plummeting a few. How, I wondered, did Lilly meet this aged ham? What did he want? My signals were confused. I would have preferred to see him with females half her age. Handing them love and lollipops.

"Have you been back to Pine in recent years?"

"I was there about six or seven years ago to attend an architects' conference. I haven't been back lately."

"You should. You know you should. It's a great place. And it's getting even greater. I was telling Boogie Taylor in Boston a few days ago, Pine is a great place, and with a little effort, we could break seventy. Absolutely number one in the big leagues."

"Yes, I'm sure we could," I said in anemic agreement.

"I understand, Dave, that you are a man of some voice in this little community."

"Well I..."

"Don't deny it Dave, never deny points."

"I've been active in Nickerson, but of course we've only been here for five years."

"Practically a Native. I know these parts well, Dave. Dogham, Yawl, Pinnace. Back of my hand. I know what makes for reputation. I gather from Sam's remarks that you've done a bang up job with this little institution."

"Well, I ..."

"Don't deny it. Never deny points. Points are always in short supply. It's time for you to move up, Dave. Lesser responsibilities should be followed by greater ones. Lesser triumphs by greater ones."

"I think that..."

"Let me lay it on the line, Dave. Pine needs her sons badly. The Lonesome Pine Campaign will be off the ground formally by October 15. I need a capable and talented sergeant to bring in this area. The sums involved are enormous, I won't hide that from you, Dave. The glory corresponds. Say yes to me, Dave."

So that was it. I ventured a recap.

"You want me to be the Nickerson agent for the Lonesome Pine Campaign?"

"You have dotted the I, Dave."

"What is your interest in the matter?"

"I'm in charge of the whole Sector."

I hesitated.

"Well, Mr. Elmwood, I'm not sure. I have a number of similar

obligations around town. Let me sleep on it. How do I get in touch with you? I'll let you know in a week."

"Would you allow an impertinent old man to give you a piece of advice? Don't sleep on it, Dave. Say no. Say yes. If you do it will come out clean and enthusiastic. If you sleep on it, inevitably you will be compromised into saying yes, a resentful yes. And a resentful worker is an ineffectual worker. Tell me a clean yes, Now."

Whew! This guy knows how to turn on the heat.

Before I could think of a rebuttal, a large redhead wearing a many colored plastic garment moved into our circle.

"My dear," said Cranston Elmwood, "allow me to present to you David Andrews and Laconia Andrews. Sturdy New England timber of the finest grain. My wife, Mrs. Elmwood. To be somewhat more precise, the fourth Mrs. Elmwood. Mr. Andrews has just agreed to be the local representative of the Lonesome Pine Campaign. I expect great things from him."

My estimate of Elmwood was in need of revision. Well past the age of innocence, the fourth Mrs. Elmwood was solidly into the age of automation. This put her, I would say, about my own age and about twenty years younger than Elmwood.

"So this is the young man you were speaking about, Cranny." And Mrs. Elmwood folded me into her muu muu the way beaten whites get folded into the egg nog. Then she turned to Lilly. She took up both her hands in her own and looked her over from toe to head.

"You lovely children," she said to us both.

CHAPTER II

The Kickoff Dinner

Caught. I had been caught as squarely, as securely, as inevitably as the mark in a con game. For several days after the cocktail party I went around with the feeling that the whole thing had been a set up, fake, phoney. The museum, the party had been props; Cranston Elmwood, the fourth Mrs. Elmwood, yes, I hate to admit it, even Young Thing, had been elaborate props, an elaborate trap whose sole function had been to brainwash me into a state of compliance vis a vis the Lonesome Pine Campaign. I had the feeling that having said Yes, all these actors and the whole stage upon which the play had been played out would vanish without a trace into the fog and mist. But I had the further feeling that had I said No, subtle, nay, even sinister forces would have been brought to bear upon me and would have had me on my knees within a week.

In an attempt to forget, I plunged myself back into work. I had a number of jobs on the boards. In fact, I had more work than my little firm could get out on its own, and I was compelled to subcontract a lot of routine stuff to a much larger firm in Boston. I tried to get talent to come to Nickerson to join me, but it was difficult. For bright graduates, the lure of the metropolitan areas with correspondingly large projects, centers, complexes, and a correspondingly wider variety of structures proved overwhelming. I was lucky to have Johannes, i.e., Johnny Brown. I was lucky to have Louisa. Oh, don't you get married, Louisa. What will I ever do if you start having babies, Louisa?

The job I was really anxious to get out was the one we called "The Cottage". The conditions we were laboring under were few. A man by

the name of Beryl Butterman who owned a candied cherry plant in New London had bought a double lot on the dunes and had engaged me as architect.

"Make it look like one of the dunes, and I'll love it. Put me in five bedrooms, a living-dining area, a kitchen with an indoor-outdoor grill, and I'll love it. From the outside make it look like a sand dune. And money's no object. You understand what I mean, money's no object."

No, I did not understand what he meant, but I soon found out. What he wanted was a large, conspicuously inconspicuous house, costing two to three times what the average house in the area was costing. There are two types of personality in the world, the man who wants to own the most expensive house on a block and the man who wants to own the least expensive house, and the architect must learn to deal with these extremes. Mr. Butterman was clearly the former. This commission gave me considerable freedom, and I knew that a good job done here was worth extra money in terms of publicity and future work.

I went down to the beach and made a sketch of Butterman's Dunes, reducing the undulating forms to a sequence of straight line abstractions. I worked up a color copy. Then I laid out the main masses of the house so as to run parallel to the dune lines. By reducing the perpendiculars, I was able to achieve a considerable measure of camouflage. I worked in native greystone, slate, and wood with a simulated drift wood finish. I was able to accommodate into the floor plan some of the scrub pines already on the site.

Butterman loved the design, as he promised he would, and I loved him. There was no reason, if I got off my tail, he couldn't have it for July 1st occupancy.

About a week after the party, Lilly called me up at work and told me that a substantial package had arrived from Pine, registered. I knew it would; it was just a matter of days. I was in the soup, with alphabets floating around me spelling CAUGHT. Why not accept it, face up to it; a clean decision made with enthusiasm, as Cranston Elmwood might have phrased it.

When I got home in the evening, I opened the package in Lilly's presence. Here is what it contained, at least the main items. I record them so that scholars in the 22nd century interested in our fund-raising technology will not miss a trick.

1. A letter of Appointment and Marque designating me as a sergeant in the new Lonesome Pine Campaign to raise the sum of eight trillion, seven hundred fifty billion dollars (\$8,750,000,000,000). The letter was signed by President Benedictus Grace and countersigned by Tom Dingledein, the Pittsburgh steel man, as Chairman of the Board.

"Wow," Lilly gasped, "they sure are mad for money." Normally, one or two zeros at the far end of a figure make no difference in Lilly's universe.

"Of course. They have to. The dollar simply isn't worth what it was a few years ago." I said this in my best giving-clients-the-inside-line voice.

2. An invitation to A Kickoff Dinner to be held in about two weeks time on the campus. \$25.00. Dress optional.

3. A pad of blank checks, all made out to Lonesome Pine.

4. A ball point pen, bearing the seal of the university and its motto, "Quo Usque Tandem".

5. This is what constituted the warhead of the package: a list containing the names of five thousand citizens of presumed substance in and around Nickerson, Wellby, etc.

I did not know it at the time, but this list had been produced on the Lonesome Pine Computer by collating and splicing together the Alumni mailing list, the Sears Charge Account list, and the Fortune magazine subscription list. Each name was accompanied by numerous bits of information. Home address, business address, and telephone numbers. This was followed by coded financial information. As an example: First Mar. Sav./Lo3/25/29/4. This meant that the man in question maintained a low ~~low~~ figure bank balance at the First Mariners Savings Bank, his estimated annual income was \$25,000, he owned a house whose book value was \$29,000 and his equity in it was \$4,000. There were additional figures to indicate what he had pledged in the campaign three years ago and how much he had in fact contributed.

"Well, will you look at this, Lilly. It says here that Lou Larrimer has an estimated income of \$40,000. Lou Larrimer makes out as though he didn't have a change of socks."

"What does it say about us?" asked Lilly.

I turned to the first few pages.

"Abbot, Agincourt, Ahearn, Akselrod, Ammons, Ah, Andrews. Andrews, David. Hey, it says here that we're making twice what we really are. This list is no damn good."

"I don't know," Lilly gurgled, "this gives us class."

"In whose eyes? In my eyes? This gives us the responsibility of status without the income necessary to back it up."

"You know what I mean," complained Lilly. After the dinner dishes were cleared, she curled up on the sofa with *The List* as in previous years she had curled up with "Across the River and into the Trees".


On the day of the Kickoff Dinner, I drove up to Pine early. I had not been there for some time, and then on business. I meant now to look it over carefully. The Pine of my college days was a lovely place. I remembered the lawns and the elms. About half the buildings dated from the 1800-1830 period, New England Georgian. The remaining half were from a spurt of activity after the First World War, 1920 classic, you might call it. The elms, old then, towered above the dormitories and I can remember lying on my bed on warm May nights and listening to the wind in the trees and the rumble of the freights miles away.

I revisited the north entry of Mason Hall as an act of piety. I found it had been reconditioned. While the outer shell had been preserved, the insides had been completely ripped out and rebuilt at what must have been an enormous cost. By a piece of architectural chicanery, five stories had been inserted where four had been, and the outer windows made to relate to the inner rooms in a kind of random geometry. The entry was given the surgical violet of recessed fluorescent lamps, and a row of coke and food machines flashed their own colors on the walls.

The campus, too, had changed; much of it was unrecognizable. New classrooms, dormitories, centers, libraries, theatres, parking lots choked the areas where grass used to grow. Where in previous times the weathervane on the university church had been the closest thing to heaven, high rising buildings now flanked the quadrangles, and heaven itself was to be found

not upward and outward, but inward and downward and around and through, or perhaps nowhere at all.

The dinner was in Lexington Hall, a fine old building designed by Bullfinch. How had it survived? Stepping into the entry, I was grabbed by the university greeter who promptly slapped a name tag on my lapel. I was then processed to a room on the first floor where bottled martinis were dispensed. There were several hundred of us. We milled around. I recognized no one and spoke trivialities to my neighbor.

At seven forty five, we filed upstairs into the main hall. Thank God, this had been left alone. The chandelier was intact and glowing, the paneling in good condition, the delicate frieze  of sheaves of wheat and grapes had been preserved. The heroic portrait of President Archer, the row of busts: Julius Caesar, Montaigne, Charles Fox, Ulysses S. Grant had been dusted for the occasion and were taking it all in like a row of kewpie dolls in a shooting gallery. The only modern note in the place was a computer teletypewriter against the north wall. Computers played an important role in the Campaign, but no direct use was made of these input stations on the evening of the dinner.

A head table had, of course, been set up, and the President's chair was marked by a college seal backdrop. The occasion was judged of such importance that the holy vessels of the university were taken out of the safe and displayed in front of the head table. I could see the Mace, the Presidential Chain of Office, the Silver Keys of the Intellect, the Orb of Universality, and the Charter granted to Lonesome Pine by George II. The array was impressive and one could hardly doubt that the magic rays emanating would bring down favorable auspices from above and much cash from

around.

We stood at polite attention as President Benedictus Grace and his delegates plenipotentiary filed in to complete the head table. It flattered my ego to observe that one of the men in the President's retinue was Cranston Elmwood. I had been solicited from on high, as it were.

Just as there is a language of flowers, there is also a language of catered meals. I trembled when I read the message in the Kickoff grapefruit. In place of the customary cherry, we all found a kumquat; a kumquat in the grapefruit center means "This is for real, boys. This is going to cost you a few."

The grapefruit was followed in brisk succession by lamb chops en papillotes, green beans amandine, potatoes sans souci, and spumoni with claret sauce; rather a falling off from the initial promise of the appetizer I thought, but I said nothing about this to the man on my right.

After dinner, speeches followed; ^{they} ~~and~~ were interesting to me in several respects. In the first place, as a newcomer to fund raising, I was impressed by the plan of the campaign. It had been laid out as an interdepartmental cross disciplinary project involving the departments of sociology and military tactics as well as the top administration. The "volunteers" were divided into four categories: generals, colonels, brevets, and sergeants. The generals and colonels, working independently, were to attack (I believe that is the word employed) governmental and quasi-governmental institutions. These attacks were planned with a precision which would have caused the late Goldfinger to drop his jaw in admiration. Other colonels laid seige to the Foundations, and together

these ~~four~~ categories constituted the Advance Gifts Section. The brevets and sergeants were assigned to specific geographical areas. In the case of large areas such as New York City, a brevet might have several sergeants under him. Specially designated brevets known as brevet-sergeants were assigned to specific individuals with well established philanthropic propensities; others were employed as beaters to beat out rich widows in their seventies and eighties. The work of the brevet-sergeants was considered so important that each man in this category worked with a control in the President's Office.

The second thing that impressed me was the President's speech. He pointed out to us the truly vast nature of the modern university; its scope was such that it involved all men in all activities. It was today's fostering mother, today's universal church, or as the President put it, the *ecclesia universalis*. I had not known, for example, that the University was now linked by satellite communication to the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris, and that our scholars could now obtain in a matter of minutes information which in the years of a more archaic technology would have required months to unearth. Birth and death records in Aix-la-Chapelle from 1680-1899 had been put on punched cards and stood ready to yield their trove at the touch of a typewriter key. I did not know, as a second example, that the University had on its payroll the entire village, repeat: the entire village of Wafd-al-Khamsin where stunning finds at Tell Wafd were recently announced.

On the opposite side of the coin, no pun intended here, we were informed of the rather large amounts of money required to fund these

activities. We were encouraged to take notes for use in our campaign.

I did so on a papillote I had speared open, and I reproduce a few:

"New era of ...", "Ldshp in sev. areas of epiphysmology", "\$1,278,345,000,000",
 "Tom Heddings, '45 ...", "Bulwark agnst. dom. prec."

As you can gather, I was fairly well impressed by what I heard, and I began to fashion some plans. The amount I had been asked to raise (\$18,795,000) was so small relative to the whole, that I would naturally work alone. I therefore would have sole responsibility for success or failure in Nickerson.

When the speeches were over, we filed past the President and the delegates plenipotentiary. Cranston Elmwood winked to me as I came near. I then followed the line out of the great hall and into the Bullfinch Room to the rear of the building where after dinner brandy had been set up.

Just as there is a language of flowers, there is a language of bottled drinks. But why reiterate the message to an enthusiastic worker who long ago had said ^a clean yes to Lonesome Pine?

CHAPTER III

Cousin H.

The drive from Lonesome Pine to Nickerson takes about two hours. I used this time to fashion my plans in more detail. The campaign was to end on January 31st. That would give me about ~~three~~ and a half months. I would split this time into two phases. During the first phase, from November 1st to November 30th, I would break myself in gradually. I would get to know the people, the responses, the ropes. I would get to know the kind of thing that works and the kind that does not. I would learn the facts and figures about Lonesome Pine; I would work up a few humorous stories for ice breakers.

During the second phase, from December 1 to January 31st, I would go into high gear. Squeeze hard. Give no quarter. Leave no stone unturned.

I would proceed from West to East: Hog Harbor, Yawl, etc., ending up in Nickerson. This would conserve travel. I would do no soliciting by phone.

As will be seen, these plans were not altogether realized.

I set out knocking on doors at a leisurely pace. On the whole, I was received graciously, if not generously. In more instances than not, I knew, at least vaguely, the party I was dealing with. In more instances than not, I was invited into the living room, and once established there, offers of tea or scotch would be forthcoming. My respondents usually spoke with some affection for Lonesome Pine, but I found that while the past loomed large, the present needs and potentialities of Pine drew a blank.

Disaffection was openly voiced; I made a list of gripes and carefully turned them over to the Technical Intelligence Arm for analysis and image synthesis. These gripes in their larger aspect need not concern us here.

Once I tripped over a garden hose. Once I was taken for the man from the United Fund, and it took me a half hour to extricate myself from this false position. Once I was thrown into a tête a tête with a married lady in the absence of her husband and this presented a certain embarrassment. But otherwise I can report no special incidents of the warm up phase.

Let me select a typical interview to show how it was. You must remember that I was green and awkward. Mr. Ashby C. Donnely '21 was a Year Around resident in Nickerson, a retired real estate man from the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania area. According to the books, he was worth a minimum of seven figures.

"Mr. Donnely? I'm Dave Andrews, representing the Lonesome Pine Campaign. May I have a few minutes of your time?"

"Yes. Come in, come in."

"I believe you were Class of '21?"

"Never finished. Got thrown out. Out on my grass, as they say. Haven't I seen you around somewheres?"

"Lonesome Pine is currently engaged in a campaign to raise eight trillion, seven hundred fifty billion dollars. Our quota in the Nickerson, Wellby area is eighteen million, seven hundred ninety-five thousand dollars. Now I observe that three years ago you pledged one thousand dollars."

"Pledged, but never paid. Couldn't stand that guy up there. What's his name, Brace? Grace? Disgrace would be more like it."

"I wonder if you're aware of the current needs and potentialities of the Lonesome Pine endeavor?"

"When he got down there on that Congressional Committee. When he opened his mouth and when I heard the stuff that came out..."

"With this grand push, Lonesome Pine moves up a notch. Leadership in the arts and sciences..."

"I wanted to stamp out the memories forever. When that nincompoop with his ... and how many students is he in charge of these days?"

"Program of international signifi..."

"Where's their football team? In the cellar? In the bomb shelter, more's like."

"Wafd-al-Khamsin..."

"Not a cent."

"Not a cent?"

"Not a red cent."

"Oh well, that certainly puts the flat iron on it. I guess I'd better be ..."

"Look here, Mr. Andrews. I've got nothing against you personally. You're a fine young man and I'm sure you're doing your job well. Just to show you what I mean, I wouldn't want you to say that your trip out here was entirely profitless. Just wait here a minute."

He went to the closet in the hall adjacent to the living room. I could hear boxes rattling and things being shuffled.

"This is a personal gift from me to you. Mighty useful."

And he handed me a king sized gold plated shoe horn with the inscription Ashby C. Donnely engraved in copperplate cursive.

Continuing on my rounds, I spent the next few days ringing doorbells with some success: five calls netted me a hundred dollars. I worked my way through The List, more or less systematically, and ultimately came to a man whom I have known ever since I moved to Nickerson. I shall call him Cousin H. I am not using this abbreviation to spare the man embarrassment or to spare myself a libel suit; in point of fact, this is precisely how he is known around Nickerson. Ask anyone how to get in touch with Cousin H. and you will receive unambiguous instructions.

Cousin H., presently unmarried, lives over the local greeting card shop and is generally available after five-thirty in the afternoon. He admitted me with great warmth, and I found him in pajamas, eating breakfast. He motioned to me to join him at the table and offered generously to share his provender. I begged off politely. Cousin H. proceeded with his meal, and offered a running commentary as he ate.

"The herring is a common food fish that is found in North American and European waters. But from where I sat as a youth, the herring was always found in a grocery store barrel. There was always a row of such barrels. The first contained sauerkraut, the second pickled cucumbers. Then came the herring. There was a barrel of table herring, a barrel of schmaltz herring, and finally, a pail of marinated herring. For all I knew, the herring was spawned, grew up, was cured, and lived out a life of quiet desperation in those barrels.

"I am not very clear about the difference between a table herring and a schmaltz herring. Was it a different species? Was it a matter of differences in curing? I did not inquire because I detest them both. I consider them both indigestible and what is worse, unpalatable. But when

we pass from the table herring to the marinated herring, we pass from the ridiculous to the sublime. Marination in vinegars and spices creates more of a change in that common fish than was ever wrought by Professor Higgins on Eliza Doolittle. Marinated herring is not quite angel food, but I hold that it can grace the table of princes and of the common man alike. It is one of the GREAT THINGS in the world. It is on par with Rembrandt's Self Portrait or the Dewey Decimal System.

"Just as table herring is to marinated herring as water is to wine, so again is marinated herring to Maatjes herring as wine is to nectar. Slightly sweet and spicy, moist but not wet, meaty but not coarse, the Maatjes herring is the Prince of herrings. It is for breakfast, for late at night, and for three or four in the morning. It goes beautifully with eggs, sweet rolls and boiled potatoes. It is packed in flat cans in Sweden. It is expensive, but worth every cent.

"The Maatjes herring, then, is the Prince of the herring. My brother-in-law calls it the Cadillac of the herring. I'll go along with that. As a matter of fact, I'll turn the observation around and say that if a Swedish car manufacturer came out with a long, wide, flat, high-powered chocolate brown sports car called the Maatjes 606, I'd plank my money down as fast as the loan company could get it out of the till."

This soliloquy moved me deeply, and it was a while before I could reply.

"Beautiful, Cousin H. Just beautiful. You're the Hermann Melville of the herring."

I thought the time was now ripe to explain to him the reason for my trip.

"I understand very well why you are here." Cousin H. said after

he had heard my plea. "I have a great affection for Lonesome Pine. It gave me a hold on life that has persisted over many decades, and so I would like to do something for you. But let me explain my position. I am currently living in reduced circumstances. I cannot spend money and entertain on the lavish scale that I once did when I was living above the Aperion Restaurant in Salisbury Beach. From time to time I attempt to amplify my resources by a trip to the track. Averaged over a period of time. I earn enough in this way to keep skin and bones, body and soul together.

"Now I would like very much to do something for Lonesome Pine. I suggest a business deal. I will contribute to the Fund one day's wages in the following way. We will go to the track. You, in behalf of Lonesome Pine, will put up the capital. I will act as consultant. My usual fee in such cases is fifteen percent of your net winnings. I will contribute this fee to the campaign. So you will have both the winnings and my fee. In the case of losses, my services will be gratis."

"Aren't there risks involved in such a course of action?" I asked Cousin H.

"Indeed there are. But where there is no risk, there is no possibility of gain. This is an old-fashioned point of view which is becoming less and less true. But I run my life according to old-fashioned principles.

"There is a further advantage to the present arrangement. Normally, large winnings are recorded by the track and turned in to the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Now since Lonesome Pine enjoys a tax exempt status, just present your letters of appointment and this cruel cut will be eliminated.

So you see you will be making more than your share."

Cousin H. presented his offer so openly and so convincingly that I agreed to it, and we arranged to meet at the station for the noon train to the track. I took along \$200 of my own money, feeling that this was as much as Lonesome Pine would care to risk. As it was explained to me, Pine's investment policy was cautious in the extreme. They kept their money largely in piggy banks and mutual funds. Their own economics department kept telling the President that if only he would enter the Puts market, he could up his return to 12%. The President was willing, but the Investment Committee turned it down flat.

The day was sunny. The track train was crowded, and the devotees, each carrying his Morning Telegraph, were bright and eager.

"Let me call your attention to the Before and to the After," said Cousin H. "Where now you see straight ties and cheerful faces, you will observe, upon going home, perspiration and irascibility. But with some adroitness, we will be able to avoid that sad fate."

"Are there any rules for prudent betting?" I asked him as I shelled out four dollars for our tickets of admission.

"There is only one rule, and it's very simple: never bet in the absence of knowledge. But this rule, simple though it is, requires explication. This puts it in the same category with all the rules that govern the universe. I have in mind such things as Newton's Laws of Motion.

"Now what is knowledge? In the world of the ponies, there is no such thing as knowledge in the strict sense. Therefore we must construe the term liberally. A fact and a figure are knowledge, a past performance likewise. An opinion is knowledge, an inside tip is knowledge, a hunch and

an omen may also be knowledge. To each of these pieces of knowledge is attached a certain measure of probability. But he who thinks he can combine this information by the axioms of mathematical probability is simple indeed. The inflexible rules of combinatorial arithmetic crack, are reduced to a shambles when confronted by a dishonest jockey or a drunken owner. In addition, there are ineffable external forces that hover over the track, the stables, and the windows. They lend zest to the game, but they surpass the understanding.

"I had a dentist once, a fine hand with the air drill, who conceived the notion and was thoroughly convinced that a signal was given at the starting gate to indicate the identity of the winner. He worked out a system of betting on this basis. This, too, was a state of knowledge."

"How did he make out?" I asked.

"Over a period of two years he lost his dental practice. This was a great blow to me as I found his green chair, one of two, particularly relaxing. My point is simply this: though knowledge may buy disaster, the lack of knowledge buys absolute disaster."

"I suppose you must know cases where knowledge has led to a happier outcome?"

"I know many such cases. It has happened to me time and again. That is why I have formulated my rule. One of the most striking instances of the power of knowledge happened to my friend Julius about three years ago. It was a miserable day at the track, muggy, raining off and on, and I was totally lacking in inspiration. I saw this friend Julius from a distance, but I tried to avoid him as I happened to know that at the time Julius was out of funds. Nonetheless, Julius saw me and so I was buttonholed.

"Cousin H.," said Julius "I am temporarily out of funds. I would like the loan of a twenty. I have a very good thing in the second."

Now while I was not inclined to subsidize outside activities, I began to reconsider because a state of knowledge was indicated here.

"What do you have in the second race?" I asked Julius.

"I have Leon J."

"You are crazy. Leon J. is nothing."

"No, Leon J. is a good bet."

"Leon J. will probably close at 30-1. Leon J. is ready for the glue factory. One must be particularly careful when investing other people's money."

"I happen to know personally that Leon J.'s grandfather was Felix J. and Felix J. was a first class mudder. Look at the condition of the track now."

This convinced me, but only partially, for blood lines tend to thin out. Nevertheless, I lent Julius twenty. But though I was myself totally lacking in knowledge, I refused to go along with Julius' selection and made my own bet. The race was run, the horses were up to their ears in mud. Leon J. came in netting Julius \$600. I lost a twenty on my personal bet, but Julius repaid his loan, so having already written it off, I figured I broke even on that one."

"Are you currently in a state of knowledge?" I asked Cousin H.

"If I am not, may God bring me to it; if I am, may God keep me in it. I have done my homework and we shall see what we shall see."

In the first race, Cousin H. invested \$50 on a horse named Tokay. This horse came in easily, paying \$2.80. We therefore realized \$20 on this

transaction, bringing my kitty to \$220.

In the second race, he invested \$50 on a maiden (I don't know what this means; I merely repeat the terminology) called New Settler. This horse won after initial difficulty and paid \$3.40. We made \$35 on the race, and this brought my kitty to \$255.

He sat out the third race. He claimed he had no information.

"Why don't you bet something to place or to show?" I asked with sweet naïveté.

Cousin H. gave me a shattering stare.

"The game we are playing is not for children. It cannot be played in the absence of knowledge, and as I have pointed out, the results are conjectural even in the presence of knowledge. Playing place or show in no wise compensates for absence of knowledge. It merely exacerbates the state and ruin follows even more swiftly.

"I once took a cab into Manhattan from Idlewild. The trip was dreary, and I got talking with the cabbie. It turned out that some years back, he had owned a small but prosperous lunch counter in the garment district. Due to attrition at the track, he lost this business and took to driving a cab. I asked him how he liked hacking. He told me it was fine, but if he had bet on all his horses to show, he would now be a millionaire living a retired life near his daughter in San Berdoo. This man was a common fool, right out of the multitude, but I did not tell him so since I do not like to upset taxi drivers on the parkways."

In preparation for the fourth race, the New England Handicap, we walked over to the paddock where Cousin H. had an appointment to meet Elisha Drum, a friend. He filled me in on this friend. Drum was an

ex-clergyman who left his calling during the time of troubles in 1932. Drum's system was simple: he bet to place any horse whose name had biblical content. He had other rules which were more obscure.

"I am completely contemptuous of Elisha Drum's system. But I learn from all men. I distill their opinions through my own filter and put them to my own use. And yet, I must say this: Elisha Drum seems to make out. His silent philanthropies around the track are well known."

Elisha Drum was a tall, thin man in a dark sack suit; a drum stick rather than a drum. After a polite introduction, the two men settled down to technicalities.

"What do you have on this race?"

"I have Armageddon."

"I knew you would," said Cousin H. "I also have Armageddon, but I came to him through a different flow of logic."

"This is a very happy coincidence. I think a large investment is indicated."

"Yes. I agree with you completely, but I would like to see the animal personally before arriving at my proper level of activity."

The horses came out and paraded around, and when Elisha Drum saw Armageddon, he turned several shades of pale. The horse had his two front ankles in bandages.

"A blemish. The horse is blemished. I withdraw from him. I must reconsider."

"Is this really bad?" I asked Cousin H.

"A bandage is an ambiguity. It is suspended knowledge. It might indicate a slight tenderness in the pastern. It might indicate nothing at all,

merely a diversionary gesture on the part of the owner. Still, I must consider this development carefully."

Cousin H. asked me for \$150 to bet on Armageddon. The horse came in paying \$5.40. My treasury now stood at \$660.

Elisha Drum switched to Silver Grandad who after a brilliant start fizzled out completely. As he was temporarily out of funds and had an interesting selection in the fifth, he asked Cousin H. to advance him fifty. Cousin H. asked for the fifty out of the Lonesome Pine funds.

"He would have done as much for us had the Campaign been in difficulty. Besides, he contributed to our pool of knowledge."

The treasury was down to \$610.

We sat the fifth and sixth races out.

"It is dog eat dog there. One must learn to abstain if necessary."

In the seventh, he had a horse by the name of Leyden Jar, and bet \$50. But the spark leaked out and he ran ~~away~~ from us. The treasury was down to \$560.

In the eighth, he put \$50 on Pompanoosuc, but it was \$50 thrown down the toilet in a heartbreaking finish.

"We will now go home. The afternoon is shot."

The treasury was down to \$510. I deducted \$200 representing my original bank, \$6 for train fare, \$4 for admission, \$2 for information services, \$2 for refreshments, and credited Lonesome Pine with a net earning of \$296.

"This was a reasonable and well spent afternoon," said Cousin H. "We have had entertainment, sunshine, food and drink. We have observed our fellow humans in proximity to our fellow animals. We have made one small

private donation and a large public one. What wonders could we not have achieved if we had brought to bear the entire resources of Lonesome Pine University?"

I asked Cousin H. if he would serve as consultant for one additional day.

"Tomorrow's form presents peculiar difficulties to me."

I pressed him, and he finally agreed with the protective proviso that I only bring to the track the same bank of \$200.

As we rode out on the track train the next day, Cousin H. elaborated his Theory of Action. This was very easy for him to do, for as he put it himself, there is no lack of material in the field of knowledge.

"My theory of action is very simple: never act in the absence of knowledge. This is my guide line for the thinking man. The maxim is pertinent to all situations on and off the track.

"Now what is knowledge? In my system, knowledge is the great undefinable. I cannot tell you what it is. I can detect when it is present. I can work only with specific instances. I will illuminate this with an experience from another line of human endeavor, viz. and to wit, The Arts. I do not want to leave posterity with the notion that I am a man of narrow interests.

"I had a fellow by the name of Pete Walters who used to work for me when I had my plant. This was right after the war. One day Pete came into my office carrying a violin case and asked me whether I wanted to buy a violin.

"Why me?" I said.

"Because you look as though you played the violin."

"I did," I said, "I got as far as Massenet's Elegy. Then I told my mother that I would like to play the piece at a wedding. That put an end to the lessons."

"Thirty dollars," Pete said, "real cheap."

I said, "No."

The violin case smelled slightly of manure and sweet hay, and Watson could have figured out without Holmes where the case had been.

"Where did you get it?"

"In my barn. I'm going to convert the barn to a guest house with a picture window. So I'm cleaning it out. It was full of junk when I bought the house. Twenty-five dollars?"

"O.K." I said just to get rid of him, and so I bought myself a violin.

Pete got divorced, and left town. I've never seen him since. I put the violin in a locker and forgot about it.

One day a couple of months later I went to an auction in Framingham. The auctioneer put up for sale a round table that was painted over with a horrible green enamel. I figured that the table would go for two, two and a half dollars. There was a sharp dealer there by the name of Thompson. He opened with a bid of twenty dollars. This scared everyone off and he got the table. I went over to him and asked him why he paid so much for a piece of junk.

"This table," Thompson told me, "is a genuine Connecticut Tavern Table. When I get the green paint scraped off, I can resell it for \$200."

"How'd you know?"

"Before the sale, I scraped the leg with a jackknife."

This incident put me in mind of the violin I had bought. What one seeks is knowledge. Perhaps if I scraped around a bit it would reveal something valuable. When I got back to my shop, I took it out and looked it over completely. Inside the case was a piece of dried up resin from when the Pilgrims came over. I looked inside the f holes and what do I see? A little piece of paper with writing, pasted inside. I took it over to the light and was just barely able to make out what it said: Guenarius Fecit. Now this is neither here nor there because the way I figured it ninety percent of the violins in existence were made either by Stradivarius or by Guenarius. Yet, it indicated a positive state of knowledge. Maybe, I said to myself, this violin is a sleeper. I played the violin. It sounded lousy; but maybe, I said to myself, that was just my playing.

But the thing kept nagging me. I decided the next time I was in New York, I'd bring it in for an appraisal. I wiped off the case and shined up the fiddle.

I found an instrument shop on West 57th Street, just opposite Carnegie Hall. Dlugash and Kodash.

Kodash looked it over, tapped it. He took out some instrument calipers and measured it.

"Six hundred dollars," he said, "Will you sell?"

Dlugash took it over to the light. He played on it. It sounded better.

"Make it six and a quarter. Will you sell?"

"Is it a Guenarius?" I asked Kodash.

"We didn't say it's a Guenarius. What we said is six and a quarter. Will you sell?"

"So if it isn't a Guenarius, what is it?"

"It is what it is."

I thanked the partners and told them I would think it over. I went back to New England.

This offer meant that I was already in six hundred dollars. Furthermore, if Dlugash and Kodash offered six and a quarter, it was probably worth eight. When I got home, I tried out the fiddle again; it still sounded pretty bad. What was wrong? After all, a Guenarius, worth \$800, by all rights, ought to play itself. I put it away in the closet, and it stayed there for months.

One day, two of my secretaries were having lunch inside the plant, and I overheard a conversation.

"My sister just spent \$350 to get her husband an accordion."

Alice said.

"I'm looking for a violin to buy." Charlotte told her.

I butted in. "I have a violin I want to sell."

"It can't be too expensive. It's for a relative of mine in the Old Country." she explained.

It turned out that a relative of a relative -- refugees from who knows where -- had a young boy who played on a borrowed violin. The teachers say he's going to be a genius. Paganini at the very least. There's hardly money for lessons, etc.,etc., this was right after the war, and Charlotte took out pictures of the boy to show me. The boy is a real nice looking kid, and I fell hard.

"I have a good violin for this kid." I said.

"Really? How much do you want for it?" asked Charlotte.

"I want nothing for it. I'm going to be a patron. If this kid grows up to be a Paderewski, he can send me free tickets."

So I shipped the violin out, putting it in a packing case with a ton of crumpled paper, and this is how a violin went from a barn in Stonington, Connecticut to Xprzykh Center in the Old Country.

But the story doesn't end here. Time goes by and I got a letter from Xprzykh. It seems that the violin got there in A-1 shape, the parents love it, the boy loves it, the teacher loves it, and I am blessed, revered, honored, a sage, a saint of the second category, and by my deed I have earned two shares in the world to come and one share in the present world. Any time I happen to be in Xprzykh Center, I should drop in. I figured if the teacher likes the fiddle, it's worth \$800.

More time passes. Another letter comes. This time from the father. The violin is such a nice one, he wrote, that they have lent it out temporarily to a man in the Old Country Symphony. This man is taking it to America when the symphony tours. And if I go to the concert and watch for a bald man, I'll see my fiddle again. I now figure that if a symphony man wants my fiddle, its worth at least a thousand.

I didn't go to the concert. First of all, I never go to concerts. Secondly the concert was held just at the time when there was a Spring meet at the track. I must devote some attention to this and also I had to make out my income tax. I declared a philanthropic gift in the amount of \$1,000, thereby reducing my income tax by about \$300. In this way, I made a clear \$275 over the original price of the violin, became a patron of the arts, a status which is not easily achieved, and still have prospects of additional free tickets."

When we got to the track, inspiration seemed to be totally lacking. Cousin H. and I walked up and down while he looked for it. In this way he ran into Solly D'Agostino, a guy he knew from Leominster. Solly, I think, is Salvatore.

"Cousin H." Solly said, "Come to my rescue. For old times' sake. I am temporarily out of funds and I have a good thing."

"This is my personal affair." Cousin H. said to me, "Lonesome Pine plays no role in this."

He took out his wallet and found a stock dividend check for sixty-nine dollars and some silver. He told Solly that if he could cash the check, then for old times' sake, he would stake him to a modest part of it.

Solly said that he knew a guy at the cigarette counter who would cash the check. As we walked over to the counter, Cousin H. asked Solly what he had.

"I have Myrmidon," Solly said.

"I considered Myrmidon myself," said Cousin H. "but he doesn't bode too well. With other peoples funds you must be doubly careful. This is a well-established courtesy."

Solly and Cousin H. consulted the form, and the guy behind the cigarette counter added his evaluations when two stable boys walked past and the four of us overheard a fragment of their conversation.

"... hope the stuff doesn't wear off ..."

The guy behind the counter got an earful of this.

"That boy works for Taylor Farms. They're running Contending Prince in this race."

The cigarette guy opened up his register. He took out a handful of bills and rushed toward the windows.

Solly saw how the cigarette guy was behaving. He ripped the sixty-nine dollars from Cousin H.'s hand and rushed to the windows. He ran up to the \$50 window.

"Punch," he said.

He ran up to the \$10 window.

"Punch," he said.

He ran up to the \$5 window.

"Punch," he said.

He ran up to the \$2 window.

"Punch twice," he said.

Then turning to Cousin H. "We are in on the ground floor. I'll return your money with ribbons and with interest."

Cousin H. turned to me, "Lonesome Pine will invest \$100 on Contending Prince. An extreme degree of knowledge has been indicated."

Naturally this flurry of activity in behalf of Contending Prince did not go unnoticed. A rumor spread through the crowd, and this was soon reflected on the board. Contending Prince started out at 20-1. He came up to 10-1. To 5-1. Finally he settled down at 5-2.

The race was run and Contending Prince was tied for fifth place.

"The stuff wore off." explained Solly.

"There has been no inspiration here all afternoon," said Cousin H. "We will now go home. The remaining races are a waste of time." And then to Solly, "Please return my \$69 tomorrow. I have a big day coming up and many items on the card will require my full backing."

CHAPTER IV

The Land of FORTRAN

Along about November 15th, the feeling came over me that there probably was a mistake somewhere. Lilly and I took out The List and sat down at the kitchen table. We made a rough computation for the last campaign three years ago. Here are our figures: total pledges, \$1,550; pledges realized, \$1,280. The agent at that time was Sid Wilson who subsequently moved back to the city. I could call him up, of course, but what was the point? There it was in black and white. This being the case, how in the name of heaven could my target goal be set at \$18,795,000? Something was surely wrong here. Twice the amount might be feasible. Perhaps even three times the amount. Perhaps even by making a heroic effort, five times the amount. But they were asking for a thousand times the amount, in fact, more than ten thousand times the amount. This was crazy.

It suddenly dawned on me what had happened. *Despite the disclaimer of Dr. Hatfield,* The computer was the villain, that was it. It was just a misprint, or a miscalculation. There was this guy I had met; yes, I remember now who was telling me the story, it was my client Beryl Butterman who owns the candied cherry company in New London. Not a very large outfit computerwise, although he also puts out a line of brandied figs and orange peels. Butterman decided that he would computerize and put his payroll and inventory on tapes. The computer company came in and set up a system for him and he rented time on a machine in New Haven. The whole thing so bugged up his operation that he was hardly able to get through the holiday season, and didn't really recover

until the next Easter.

I tried to reach Cranston Elmwood on the phone so he could set the matter to rights. He was my only real contact at Pine. But no luck; he was out of town, in Prairie du Chien on a combined business and pleasure trip. I called up the Campaign Headquarters in Pine and spoke to a Feebles or Freedles. I could not understand him, nor apparently he me. But I was insistent, and finally, out of desperation on his part, he said,

"Give me a day next week when you can come up to Pine. I'm sure we can straighten it all out when you're here."

I got to Pine on Monday, early. You see, this thing was getting me down. I asked for Freebles or Freedles.

"Oh yes, Fred Wheedles."

"Yes. I have an appointment with him."

"I will ring the Office of the Coordinator-General."

A moment's wait, during which I was able to contemplate a portrait of Josiah Appleton 1779-1841 in a nice gold frame.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Wheedle is in Montpelier. However his secretary is aware of the appointment and has full instructions."

Another wait, during which I was able to contemplate a large painting on a wooden panel, primitive, entitled, "Continental Troops Training at Lonesome Pine, 1777."

"Mr. Andrews?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Wheedles has arranged an interesting morning for you. Your schedule consists first in a trip to our Computer Laboratory where you will be shown the Computer support for the Campaign. This will be followed at

11:00 by a visit with President Grace."

Well, this was all quite impressive. But I demurred.

"Look, I don't want to intrude on busy schedules. I would merely like to clear up one small point. I mean I would like to clear up one rather large point. You see, my target goal for Nickerson has been set at \$18,795,000. What normally seems to be collected in the area is around \$1,000. Surely some mistake has been made?"

"Yes, I see. But such matters are taken care of by our Arithmetic Unit. The trip to the Computer is therefore entirely appropriate. As far as President Grace is concerned, he rather enjoys meeting with the infantry in the middle of a campaign. He says he loves the smell of powder in his nostrils."

A short walk across the green and we arrived at the Lonesome Pine Computation Laboratory and Data Processing Center. (Around the campus, this was known familiarly as the LPCLDPC.) I was introduced to Miss Emma Digit, chief programmer for the Laboratory and in personal charge of the computer aspects of the Lonesome Pine Campaign. She was to show me around. Though of ample proportions, Miss Digit appeared to be a maiden lady, shall we say on the sunny side of fifty. Miss Digit no sooner opened her mouth when I knew she bore the cross of superior intellect. What man wants to play second fiddle to his wife in the battle of the I.Q.? I wanted to strike a friendly posture. I took a desperate chance and won.

"Doesn't it strike you as ironic that with your last name you should devote a life to mathematics and computers?"

She could have thrown my impertinence in my face and moved on. But she did not.

"It does, Mr. Andrews. I've ruminated on it many times.

Man's fate in his fate, so they say, but as often again, his name is his fate. Why I recall once going to a dentist whose name was Maxwell Molar."

Not to be outdone, I followed suit.

"There's a man who does plumbing for me. Name's Wrench. Back in Nickerson."

"My sister's husband's last name is Penny. She should have paid some attention to that before she married him. A pinchpenny if ever there was one."

"My mother had an egg man whose name was Pullet. I'm not joking. Every week regularly, she would take a dozen eggs from him. One week he came to the house when she wasn't in, so he left the eggs on the back porch. Not one dozen, but two dozen. Ma was annoyed, but Pa said it was Pullet's surprise of the year. Get it?"

Miss Digit laughed. "Mr. Andrews, I see we have established common insights into the cosmic process."

With good humor and considerable gusto, Miss Digit showed me the various components which make up a computer installation. I saw the card punches, the card readers, the high speed printers disgorging data at 1000 lines per second, the tape and disc memories, the central arithmetic and control units, and the central core. I saw batteries of computer driven scopes.

"We have several hundred input stations located throughout the campus," Miss Digit explained, "in several years, computer facility at Pine will be as commonplace as the telephone or as tap water. In twenty years

we shall have computer pollution, of undefined characteristics as yet."

She explained to me (suppressing much detail, I suppose) the computer support of the Campaign. Each donation was reported immediately by the field workers and put on punched cards by the staff of the LPCLDPC. It was then scanned by the computer for trends and tendency, for geographical location, and for what was called in their lingo "category". On this basis, the current status of the campaign was always known and predictions could be made. Geographical areas of strength or of flabbiness could be spotted, and in case a resiliency index fell below the critical 1.8, the Campaign Control would send shock troops into the area to bolster the sagging infantry.

The computer also did odd housekeeping jobs for the Campaign. For example, it prepared lists of next of kin with which to attack heirs and residuary legatees.

Mr. Eustace Spear, who was introduced to me as the assistant systems programmer and the man responsible for the Campaign Computer Backing Program, explained it all to me.

"It's really quite simple," he said, "we employ a method which makes use of certain features of the old UNIVAC election predictor, the Macy's Inventory Control Scan, and TWA's reservation confirmer. Of course, I've added a few features of my own that are particularly relevant to our work at Lonesome Pine. The program is laid out in several computer languages. The computation instructions are in FORTRAN, the listings and their manipulations are in LISP, predictive aspects are written in IKE,² which is a modified object language with a hierarchical target and which we inherited from the 1956 presidential campaign. Slightly archaic, but it'll do.

"Parts of the program that relate to old school tie, keeping up with the Joneses, the bandwagon effect, etc. etc. are written in a language of my own which I've called PINOLA. This is an acronym for PINE Organizational Language. It is really quite versatile, and I've had a couple of outside requests for its syntax and glossary. One from Cornell and one from the Pentagon.

"We run the new cards every day and this information is added to and updates a master tape. I was just about to do my daily chore."

Mr. Spear grabbed a deck of cards and fed them into the hopper of the card reader. He then pushed a few buttons and types a couple of words on an input typewriter. Discs spun, lights blinked, reels whirled, printers printed.

"First we read, then we collate, then we interpret from Level A language to level D language, then we assemble, then we compute, then we execute, then we pass and repass, and then we print out."

"I see," I said, "it's really as clear as chicken soup."

"Now suppose we would like to monitor a particular subcampaign. Where did you say you're from?"

"Nickerson."

"Nickerson, Nickerson."

Mr. Spear typed the word STATUS followed by the word NICKERSON and pushed a button. Lights flashed, discs whirled, and the high speed printer operating at 1,000 lines per second spat out the following:

STATUS REPORT

SUBCAMPAIGN, NICKERSON. SERGEANT DAVID ANDREWS

TARGET GOAL: \$18,795,000

CURRENT FEASIBLE GOAL: \$20,957,286.33

CURRENT PLEDGE TOTAL: \$550

EFFICIENCY RATING: 0.0000000021

RESILIENCY INDEX: 2.81

There it was again: a target goal of almost 19 million, confirmed and reconfirmed under the surveillance of the Top Man in the Arithmetic Unit.

"I see," commented Mr. Spear, giving me a look laced with gall and wormwood,"that SUBCAMPAIGN NICKERSON is hardly off the pad."

"That is painfully evident," I admitted.

"I suppose we will be coming in strong over the next several weeks?" inquired Mr. Spear.

I did not realize it at the time, but I found out later that 84.6133% of Spear's salary was campaign funded.

"It strikes me that your effort is somewhat on the miniscule side. On looking over the rank listings of the various subcampaigns, I find that yours stands least in percentage of target goal realized."

I tried to wangle out of this with a catchy reply.

"Every list has its last, you know. Why don't you just call me the anchor man of the campaign and let it go at that."

"That would be a way of viewing it, of course. However, the expectations of the high command are that every subcampaign achieve a

better than average record."

"Isn't that self-contradictory? How can every subcampaign achieve a better than average record?"

"Normally," Mr. Spear replied, "it would be self-contradictory. But with computer implementation, it's entirely possible. At any rate, we've introduced it as an axiom."

At this point, Miss Digit came to my rescue.

"Mr. Andrews is clearly a novice. We see this clearly reflected in his resiliency index of 2.81 which is substantial in view of his efficiency index."

"Thank you, Miss Digit. Warm blood surges through your veins."

The report card I had just received cooled my ardor somewhat for further illumination of the Lonesome Pine Campaign and Miss Digit sought to smooth my ruffled feathers by showing me around the laboratory quite generally. The computer had been dismissed from fund raising and was now reporting on scientific matters. Long lists of ten figure numbers were emerging.

"What are these?" I asked my guide.

"They are the eigenvalues of a differentio-integral equation of Type III with a non-symmetric kernel."

"Oh, I see. What are they for?"

"I don't really know. That's not my department. Just what are your professional interests, Mr. Andrews?"

"I am an architect."

"An intelligent occupation, I should think. But one which might profit greatly by a bit of automation. See here, I think you might be interested in this simple exercise."

She led me to the computer scope. A few instructions inserted manually, and the scope lit up and presented a family of lines rotating slowly.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The projection of a seven dimensional simplex onto a four dimensional hypercube. Rotating, of course, about its center of symmetry."

I did not fully understand what I saw.

"We architects work only in three dimensions." I commented weakly.

"That's the trouble with the world. No one plans ahead."

We walked to another corner of the room. Several students were fiddling around with tapes, cards, and a microphone.

"This will surely interest you." said Miss Digit. "They are running Reginald E. Harrison."

"What?"

"They are running Reginald E. Harrison."

It was precisely at this moment in the Campaign when it occurred to me that I had been travelling over an unusual landscape, a landscape which might be of some interest to my friends. I therefore decided that I would keep an informal journal of the Campaign, and come what may, I would work up my notes after it was over. I was determined also to ask several of the principal actors in the drama to lighten my load by preparing amplifying statements. I have incorporated a number of these statements into the text, and will now present the one relevant to the running of Reginald E. Harrison.

THE REGINALD E. HARRISON TAPES

A Statement by Miss Molly Digit

I will present here only the briefest outline of the matter. To go into more detail would require me to be somewhat more technical, and this aspect has already been covered quite adequately in two papers which appeared in the March and April issues of the Journal of Computer Transference and Simulation.

There was a millionaire by the name of Reginald E. Harrison who was an alumnus of Lonesome Pine. He was getting on in years, but his mind remained vigorous. When he perceived that the game was about up, he came to Pine offering our Medical School his body. Our scientists replied that if Harrison would allow it, they would conduct a novel experiment. Harrison's memory would be read into our 1088 10 to the 20th K Computer, and this information would be combined with a number of routines to simulate thought and bodily functions of one sort or another. In this way, his life would be preserved in the form of a disembodied, transmigrated individual inhabiting the cells of a computing machine.

Harrison felt that he had little to lose. In fact, he rather liked the idea of participating in a pioneer effort, and agreed. Some weeks before his memory dump which entailed the loss of his physical life, Harrison set up the Reginald E. Harrison Foundation which was to provide Perpetual Care for his tapes, cards, or whatever storage medium Harrison would reside in when he wasn't actually on the machine.

The memory dump went well, and as I recall it, the subsequent tests of the simulation routines were rather exciting. "Do you read me,

Mr. Harrison?" asked one of the machine operators. There was noticeable tension about the machine room as we waited for a reply. After an elapse of about fifteen seconds, Harrison said ex machina, "I read you loud and clear." Cheers went up, largely from a class of freshmen who were there to learn FORTRAN. Subsequent reprogramming some months later cut down the turn around time to about five seconds. The machine operator then said, "See if you can move your arm." After a while, Harrison - or the machine, is there any distinction? - said, "I can. It feels good."

All the tests, diagnostic and otherwise, went uniformly well, and Harrison was in business, so to speak. At the beginning of the effort, he was run approximately an hour a day, and there were a number of coders and programmers busy in developing new simulation routines for him. For example, one day Harrison expressed a desire to visit the Grand Canyon, a place he'd never been to. A Grand Canyon routine was worked up and read into the machine. Harrison took the trip and came back in about two weeks (actually 17.4 microseconds of computer time) and reported that he'd had a fine time and was well rested.

Some months later, Harrison expressed a desire to have Minnie Harrison in there with him. I looked somewhat askance at this, principally because of recent campus disturbances centering around the undergraduate parietal rules. However, the Dean's Office gave us an O.K., and our technicians pushed ahead. The request posed a problem because Mrs. Harrison had died some years prior to the development of the memory dump. The technicians did what they could, worked from old records, letters, photographs. The ersatz Minnie was read in, but Harrison was not able to react sensibly

to the program. Some people remarked that this did not really distinguish the present from the past, but nonetheless, we decided to get rid of her (or it).

As time went on, and as the technique of simulation was perfected, Harrison was run less and less. They used to take him off the shelf and run him for the school kids that come through periodically. Harrison likes this. He is run on the average of fifteen minutes a week. When we last spoke to him, he was thinking of going down to New York.

CHAPTER V

The Inner Sanctum

At 10:55, precisely, Mr. Wheedle's secretary called for me at the Computation Laboratory and escorted me across the green for my interview with the President. We entered a spacious room, light and cheerful, with a fine view of the green. The walls were hung with a series of very fine prints depicting the growth of the place from earliest colonial times to the present day. President Benedictus Grace was winding up a telephone conversation and his ear was glued to the receiver even as he shook my hand and as my escort withdrew.

"A President's lot is not an 'appy one, Mr. Andrews. But, welcome to our midst. I hope you enjoy your stay. I'm sure you will. The work you do is important to us in the highest degree. Look us over, not with the eyes of the student that you once were, but with the understanding that comes with maturity and grey hairs. A university is many things to many men. We are a church of churches. We are the ecclesia universalis. We have a radio telescope on Mt. Chiquita in Bolivia and just down the lane, there they go, faculty wives are taking swimming instruction in the university pool. We support a line of investigation into porpoise linguistics at the Pine Marina in Panama City, and across the walk, young men and women are rediscovering the sublimity of country life with Horace. We have a university hospital, a university chapel, a university bowling alley, a university theatre, and a university cemetery.

"Our nation looks to us and others like us for direction, to fill its positions of power, to predict the future, and to plan for the Good Life.

"And now this son of a bitch calls me up from Chicago and tells me that we are harboring a bunch of atheistic hopheads, and if we don't get rid of them, he will withhold his hundred dollar contribution.

"What is philosophy, Mr. Andrews, if it is not the means by which men endure the pain of change? What is religion, if not contemplation and reflection and the struggle to perceive the varieties of human existence and to understand the mystic language in which this existence must be phrased? What is worship, if not devotion to and acceptance of these modes? I know my staff. I know them from Mr. Aaltaar to Mr. Zyzz, and I believe that, au fond, most of them are men of a profound religious outlook, and that through them, we light a candle in the nasty darkness. The life span of a university is many times that of an individual. The candle may flicker in the wind, but it still shows the way.

"And now, this guy Roberts from Chicago, who spent his four undergraduate years practicing the twelve abominations of Deuteronomy 26, and who, I gather from the papers, has gone on to practice post-graduate abominations in his native village, has the crust to call me up and to lecture to me on the nature of sin. I don't mind learning about sin from the experts, but I won't have it from the hypocrites.

"God made the atheists, Mr. Andrews, as sure as he made the little apples, both to serve His Divine Purpose. God made Roberts of Chicago as surely as he called me to this high station and I must bear them both.

"But I must not lay the burden of Lonesome Pine on your shoulders, Mr. Andrews. Come along, I intend to show you the inner workings of the university. It might be of some value in making your presentations of our

case. We have no secrets here. It's 11:15; I'd like you to be my guest at a meeting of a Faculty Subcommittee."

As we walked through the corridors, I offered the President my sympathy and understanding. I also asked him whether he made use of many committees in his line of work.

"Yes and no. We have many committees here, of course. I let them meet, they air a few gripes and blow off a little steam. Then I send them home. They accomplish nothing; they're like a safety valve on the boiler."

What transpired in camera, I could describe myself, for I have ample notes. However since this material was subsequently written up by Professor Randolph Inchcliffe as a chapter in his reminiscences, and since this chapter presents a rather different point of view, I produce it here with his kind permission.

An Extract

from

"Fragrant Gum: Thirty-five Years at Lonesome Pine"

by

Randolph Inchcliffe

THE WILLIAMS BEQUEST

On a snowy Tuesday afternoon several years ago, with no business around and less inspiration, I was thinking of shutting up the office and going fishing, when I got a call from the President's secretary.

"The Committee on Special Benefactions will meet tomorrow morning at ten," she informed me.

"Will Himself be there?" I said.

"Indeed he will, and he says for you to show."

"O.K. O.K. I'll cancel my trip to Washington. Or was it Delhi?"

At ten the next morning, to the tune of the university carillon, I, together with Professors A through H, my co-committee members, filed into the Council Room.

Himself was already there, sitting on the throne, and shuffling papers.

"What's up, Doc?" I said, meaning by this to establish a working level of shabby but genteel confidence in the boss.

It emerged from the papers that were being shuffled, that a Mrs. Amy Williams, 102, the late inhabitant of that beautiful four story brick at the corner of College and Maple, had passed on without heirs and had willed the house to the University.

"The house is fine," Himself said, "in fact I've been working on getting that house for sixteen years now. But there's a joker attached. Listen."

And he quoted from the will.

"It is my explicit wish that in taking title to my house, the University devote the house to a display of my late husband Frederic C. Williams' collection of overalls, and that this collection be maintained in perpetuity as a public museum."

"Read that again," said Professors B through H in surprised unison. Professor A, who was party to some private information did not join in. Neither did I. I am used to the strange and the wonderful.

This time, the President paraphrased the will. "It says here that we get the house and a fairly considerable sum for its upkeep, if we will take that damn collection of overalls that this nut made, put them under glass, and open the whole thing up to the public."

Looks of consternation from Professors B through H. Professor A took the floor.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I think I can explain this to your satisfaction. It appears that Mr. Williams' father, a Mr. George Williams (1835-1903) worked his way up the lumber business from dinner pail to large house on the hill. Mr. Frederic C. Williams, the late husband of the late deceased Mrs. Amy Williams, and successor to his father in the lumber and contracting business was ever mindful of his father's humble beginnings, and in honor of his father, made a collection of workmen's overalls. This collection is of considerable historical value. It extends from about 1588 to 1927. Mr. Williams left no stone unturned, no trunk

unopened. He travelled about the country and in foreign parts collecting overalls. The collection is said to consist of 752 separate items, many of them in mint condition, so to speak. It is said to be the largest such collection in the world, though we have not yet had an answer from the Curator of the State Museum of the Glorious Class Struggle in Leningrad where there is reputed to be a modest collection.

As I have already pointed out, the collection is of considerable interest to labor historians, historians of technological processes, and to art and costume historians. The collection appears to be particularly strong in Florentine overalls of the early seventeenth century, but, I'm sorry to have to report, distressingly weak in British items from about 1825-40."

"Thank you, Mr. Abercrombie," the President said, "I couldn't have put it more succinctly myself. Now the problem that we must confront directly is whether the University should accept the gift under these limiting circumstances. I'd like to have some discussion."

Professor A reiterated his appraisal of the collection, and said that in his humble opinion, the University had acquired a real jewel in the Williams bequest.

Professor B observed that there was a considerable tendency to use Universities as a device for cheap immortality. He added that the late Mrs. Williams was probably too close fisted to call up the rag man.

Professor C remarked sourly that the site had already been promised to his department for its new Center for Reticulated Syndromes.

The President snapped out an answer to C: "This property has never belonged to, nor has it ever been promised to the University. If

there was talk about a Center for Retarded Sinecures or what have you, it was completely informal and completely without weight."

Thus chastised, Professor C fell into a slump, and in his mind wrote letters inquiring about a job at each of the two new campuses of the University of California.

Professor D said, "Waaal, I just don't know. I just don't know."

Professor E made a motion that a subcommittee be formed to make an inquiry as to the suitability of accepting the Williams bequest and that it report back to the main committee promptly after the expiration of six months.

"Motion not allowed," Himself said, "Edwards, you've been spreading fly paper about this place ever since I asked you to come aboard. Gentlemen, I expect to arrive at a decision by four o'clock."

Professor F hinted at the possibility of breaking the will. This was met by a wise observation on the part of Professor A, who apparently had done his homework on the Williams bequest, that though there were no direct heirs to the estate, there were plenty of relatives in the 5th degree of remoteness who would be only too willing to contest in the event of non-feasance on the part of the University.

Professor G commented that while the bequest was certainly unusual he was concerned with the image. "The image is highly ambiguous, and while I like to tell my students that ambiguity of image is the seed ground for the creative impulse, I am not so sure this observation is applicable in the present instance."

Professor H said he didn't think it was.

It was then ten to four. I saw that firm action was needed, and I spoke up.

"Mr. President, I would like to place a motion before this committee. I move that the University lawyers be instructed to contact the administrators of the Williams estate and to tell them that the University accepts with great pleasure the responsibility of the bequest and its conditions. The University feels that it is uniquely qualified to act as the guardian and the interpreter of the past to the present and future generations through this collection. I move further that Professor A be named Curator of the Williams Collection, without term; that Professor A be instructed to prepare a modest arrangement on the first floor of the Williams house selecting from among the more notable and picturesque items of the collection. I move that the remainder of the collection be transferred immediately to the cellar of the house so as to enable it to profit from dust, mildew, and backed up sewers. I move that the first floor of the Williams house thus fitted up, be opened to the public as per the instructions in the will."

I had said my say. The President looked in my direction and nodded his approval.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the Children of God."

And that is precisely what happened. A diorama was prepared by the Department of Art. It occupies the first floor of the Williams house, together with a postcard stand, and a curious little goldfish pool in the foyer. The house dates from the Gilded Age, and the pool has some interesting tile work in it. The second floor is occupied, but only

temporarily, by the 1908-1921 files of the Alumni Association. They are in the throes of computerizing their fund raising activities and should be out within four or five months. The third and fourth floors are occupied on a share and share alike basis by the unexhibited portion of the overalls collection and graduate students forming the advance legions of the new Center for Reticulated Syndromes.

This is the whole story as of now. But not quite. The Williams Collection is now mentioned in the AAA Travel Guide and is listed as a point of interest on the Texaco and Mobiloil Road maps. This brings in a small but steady trickle of tourists. The sale of postcards and historical reproductions pays for the lights. The little fish pool exacts its tribute of pennies from the passing crowd. Every month or so, with Faculty permission, the custodian cleans out the pennies and buys himself a pint of Old Grandad.

CHAPTER VI

Reinforcements

November 25th came and went. My fund raising was not producing much. Had saturation been achieved? I thought so. The bottom of the barrel had been scraped; the rock had been squeezed and no blood issued forth. The mail brought me my weekly report card from the LPCLDPC.

STATUS REPORT

SUBCAMPAIGN NICKERSON, SERGEANT DAVID ANDREWS

TARGET GOAL: \$18,795,000

CURRENT FEASIBLE GOAL: \$16,213,824

CURRENT PLEDGE TOTAL: \$1,125

EFFICIENCY RATING: .0000000038

RESILIENCY INDEX: .00061

The mail also brought a letter from campaign headquarters telling me that in order to provide instruction and lift, a rescue squadron consisting of Cranston Elmwood would be despatched immediately. He arrived early the next morning. He came in a station wagon loaded with literature and paraphernalia, and was accompanied by the fourth Mrs. Elmwood.

It was clear, even to the untrained observer, that Mrs. Elmwood was in the family way. I called up Lilly who drove down to my office and took charge of her.

"What I would like to do," said Cranston Elmwood with some briskness, "is to set up a meeting with the hundred principal givers on your list. Is there some public place where we could hold a meeting?"

"I think we could get the Town Hall."

"Fine. Then let's get going right away. Split the list into a few parts. Give your secretary one part, give the wives one part, the woman's voice is nice to have in this kind of operation, and we'll take one part."

"When will we hold the meeting?"

"Tonight."

"Tonight? But that's foolish. People won't come out on short notice."

"This is an emergency. Have the ladies say so."

At five-thirty in the afternoon, we checked in with our telephone committee. They reported that many people promised to come. Elmwood drove his wagon up the hill to the Town Hall and we unloaded the stuff. We took out the banners and tacked them up. We laid our photographic displays and stacked the brochures. Elmwood had a PA system in the wagon; we got that out and after some trouble with a dead outlet got it hooked up and going. Then we went down for the paraphernalia: a large college seal and plastic duplicates of the holy vessels I had first seen at the Kickoff Dinner. We dusted them off and laid them out. We set up the folding chairs that were piled against the wall.

It was now seven o'clock. Our stomachs were rumbling, but this was no time for supper. Cranston Elmwood had a flask and offered it to me. I was getting jittery. I had butterflies; the flask calmed me down.

"They say actors never eat until the play's over."

"That is correct. And to be a successful fund raiser you must be a fine actor. Action first. Ruminaton can follow at a proper distance."

At seven thirty it began to rain.

At seven forty-five, Cranston Elmwood changed into a fresh shirt and adjusted a pine green four-in-hand.

At seven fifty, the rain started coming down in buckets. Thick and briny rain.

At seven fifty-five, we turned up all the lights and declared the meeting open.

At eight fifteen, no one had showed up.

At eight thirty, ditto. The rain was worse.

At eight forty-five, still ditto.

At nine, Lilly drove up, taking Mrs. Cranston Elmwood back to the Inn. She got drenched coming into the hall. She saw the two of us sitting there alone in the middle of our scenery and equipment and began to cry. Lilly cries easily. I gave her a kiss and sent her on her way.

At nine fifteen, Luther Dunlap, the town policeman came by in oil skins.

"Oh, it's you Mr. Andrews is it? Bit of moisture outside. What are you doing here on a night like this?"

"Er ah ah we've been trying out a PA system."

"Well, turn out the lights when you leave."

At nine thirty we threw in the towel and wrote off the emergency meeting. We got all the stuff back into the wagon. I was discouraged, hungry, upset even. But Cranston Elmwood remained bouyant, the perfect trooper till the last.

We drove down to the Nickerson Inn where the Elmwoods were staying. He called upstairs to his wife to join us for supper, but she was in bed

watching television. We went into the Mermaid Room. It was deserted. The staff had gone home hours ago. The manager found us something to eat and a bottle.

"Put the lights out when you leave, Mr. Andrews." he said.

"It's all in a day's work, my boy." said Cranston Elmwood, pouring himself a drink. "Into each campaign a little rain must fall. We must learn to take the bad with the good and settle for an average.

"Now a few years back in the middle of a considerable campaign, I found myself in Iowa City, Iowa. We'd arranged for a big bang up there. One of our alumni from Iowa had done the handsome thing by us and donated the services of Jascha Heifetz. You've heard of Jascha Heifetz, I'm sure. Famous violinist. Very famous. He used to get \$5,000 a concert. Think of it, five G's for an hour's work. Every note he played was worth \$3.89. Every rest he played, \$1.69.

"The plan was this. Jascha would play us a few. Then I would go on, make my pitch, line up the pledges, etc. Then Jascha would play Pinetree Forever, follow it up by Goodnight, Ladies, and so home to beddy-byes and sweet dreams.

"The Iowa Alumni Association had sold a thousand tickets at about fifteen bucks a head, so we had certainly covered, more than covered the nut, as they say in carnival parlance. We were reaching for the heavens.

"Well, it didn't work out that way, exactly.

"Around one o'clock in the afternoon, it started to snow. It snowed steadily all afternoon. Now let me tell you about the middle west, my boy. In New England when it snows, twelve inches is a blizzard; eighteen inches is a catastrophe. On the plains, each snowflake can be a

cube one by one by one. This kind of flake piles up. It turned out that this was the biggest snow fall in the State of Iowa for twenty years, and it just had to happen on the night of my concert. Jascha, the accompanist, and myself were checked in at the Iowa Plaza which happened to be across the street from the concert hall. Around five o'clock I brought over all the insignia and stuff, and checked out the PA system for my part. The accompanist checked out the piano, Jascha Heifetz greased his bow, fiddled around with his music, and did a few warm ups. We were all set to go.

"At eight o'clock we went to the hall. Three people were sitting in the vast place. By eight thirty, six had showed up. We waited till about eight forty-five. Seven people. I went into a huddle with Jascha. He very graciously went before the curtain and addressed the audience. Ladies and gentlemen, he said, the weather has not favored us this evening. Transportation has apparently come to a standstill. Now it is difficult for me to perform in an empty hall, so I would like to make a suggestion: let us go across the street to the hotel and up to my suite. We'll have a few drinks, we'll tell a few stories, and then we will say good night to one another.

"As far as we could see, the audience, all of them, were game. But one guy, ten rows back pipes up. Mr. Heifetz, I've come eighty miles for this concert. From Mercer to Libertyville by team. From Libertyville to Bismark by bus, and from Bismark here by train. To get back, I'll have to take a taxi to Bismark, put up overnight, and then snowshoe into Mercer. We came all this way just to hear you. Now the least you can do is to sing us a few songs."

This story cheered me up sufficiently so that I poured myself another drink.

"What happened, finally?"

"Well, my boy, we did just that. We put on our hats and coats and marched across the street to the hotel. Room service sent up a round of cheer and a large tray of sandwiches, New York style. I sat around telling stories, just as I'm doing right now. One of the audience was a little old lady. Jascha Heifetz really turned on his continental charm for her, and she was tickled pink to meet up with a celebrity. She turned out to be the widow of the guy who first promoted canned beer in the 30's and she came through with a very substantial check."

I append to this chapter an additional story that Cranston Elmwood told me in the Mermaid Room. I encouraged him to work up his memoirs, and during his slack season he turned it out for me as a sample.

A Storm in a Teacup
Observations on the Human Condition
as perceived by Cranston Elmwood

I have been observing the human condition for more than six decades. Life is a Comedy. Comedy is greater than Tragedy for Comedy includes Tragedy. Now the difference between comedy and tragedy, at least for members of my generation, is this: we understand tragedy, but cannot react to it. On the other hand, we react to comedy, but cannot understand it.

There is a feeling among philosophers and scientists, that if you can understand the small, you will be able to understand the large. And so, they explain the galaxies in terms of the atoms. I have never found this useful in dealing with people. The reverse is true: if you know a man's life story, you might conceivably be able to tell why he did what he did on May the 18th.

I'm going to tell you a story. Trivial you may say; a joke perhaps. Yet if you could understand it and penetrate it you would be well along the way to a knowledge of the times and the human condition.

I know a man by the name of Arthur Arthurs. He is about my age. Arthur grew up in West Jaffrey, New Hampshire which at the time was a one horse town if ever there was one. Arthur's father was a school teacher in the country schools down there. His mother used to be a telephone operator in Keene.

Arthur put himself through Lonesome Pine, and then through law school in Boston. He married a gal by the name of Belle Beaton, from somewhere around Boston; Sommerville, I think. They have two children,

grown up and married, and are grandparents five or six times over.

Now Arthur turned out to be a pretty sharp lawyer. The lawyers have a saying, *de minimis non curat lex*, which means, my friend, that the Law does not concern itself with trifles. Well, the Law may not; but lawyers do, and Arthur was able to turn trifles into a lucrative practice. He knew how to apply leverage to a slight advantage. He always knew how to recognize points and cash in on them. He did a lot of corporation work. He made money on the market, and about five years ago became president of a large manufacturing company in Boston. He is loaded.

As a matter of fact, when I first met him, he was already president of his company and I went to solicit him for an advance gift. He came through handsomely, I must say.

About three years ago, I did him a favor quite by accident. I see a lot of wealthy men in my line of work. Now, when you're soliciting a gift, say of ten thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, or even more, you just can't knock at the door and say "Good Morning, Mr. So and So. I've been informed that you've got enough jack to buy the Queen Elizabeth and tear her up for inkwipers. So please get out your checkbook and write me a little check for a hundred thousand." No, you can't do that. You've got to build up an acquaintanceship, a friendship even, over a number of years. You've got to know your man, know how he thinks, what he likes to do, you've got to know what his problems are. You've got to be able to put your case to him. You've got to be able to convince him that his gift to your institution is a worthwhile thing from his point of view. I know that this kind of friendship may sound selfish, or calculating. Law suits have been based on this assumption. It might be,

but it need not be. In many instances it can grow into a warm human relationship. In many instances you find that he needs you to express himself as much as you need him. I do not extract money; I sell immortality.

Arthur's daughter met a guy and fell in love with him. Now this guy was actually a nice kid, but there was a joker in the wood pile: he was of a different faith. This was before all the ecumenical stuff was around. Arthur hit the ceiling, Belle hit the ceiling twice, and from what I gather, the kid's parents weren't too happy either. What to do? They gave her the statistics that such things don't work out on the average. they threw the book at her, they cut off her allowance. The following week they restored it. Nothing worked. Love is love is love and to be in love when you're young is a very wonderful thing. The daughter tells them they're getting married; that's all there is to it, and goodbye, Sam.

All this broke a couple of weeks before I was to see Arthur for a large donation. When I got to his office, he was up to the ears in this. I listened to him for a couple of days. What could I advise him really?

"Arthur," I said, "I'm not much of an authority on this kind of thing. In the first place, I have no children myself. In the second place I have been married three times myself so that my advice *does not* necessarily emanate from the best source or represent the best advice for the point of ultimate stability. However I know this: fundamentally you're licked. She's of age. She can do what she damn pleases. Now if you want to break up this thing, I'm not saying it's the best plan, but the only way to do it is for you to get her out of town. I can do this for you. I'll tell her that we've got a shortage of help on our campaign at Lonesome Pine and we

would like to fix her up with a job there which would be crucial from our point of view."

This worked. The daughter came up to Lonesome Pine, and in two weeks time she met a boy up there. Hearts and flowers, Oh promise me, and an O.K.'d wedding in four months. Luck? Maybe. Maybe not. I work for my effects.

Arthur thinks highly of me, Lonesome Pine, his daughter, his son-in-law, and his two grandsons. But I'm wandering from my main story.

Arthur and Belle had always lived modestly. When he came into the six and seven figures, he decided to spread out a little. I don't know why, seeing as how his children were grown up. He bought this large house out in Lincoln, which is a suburb of Boston, and had it reconstructed from the inside out. I would have been cheaper by a factor of three to have built a new place from the bottom up. They fixed up the place; they put in trees, landscaping, a swimming pool, you name it, it was there.

After the place was fixed up, which must have taken the carpenters and plumbers a year, Belle and Arthur decided that they've got to have a housewarming. Now not just an ordinary housewarming, but one which would go down in the story books for years to come. In the first place he's got five hundred, a thousand people that he owes social and business debts to. In all the years that they were living modestly, these debts were accumulating. In the second place, there are his daughter-in-law, his son-in-law, all their friends and family. It begins to look like a party for five, six hundred people.

I got an invitation also. After all, I'm his friend. Shall I go, shall I not go? I know Arthur, I know Belle, I met his daughter a

few times, but I don't know his crowd. So I was inclined not to go. As a matter of fact, I had just been sailing my own ship of state through a third divorce, and was not inclined toward merriment that month.

I tossed a coin, and went. Well, I might make a few connections. I drove out to Lincoln to this estate of his. The roads were jammed. He's got a cop cown at the corner, and two boys to park the cars.

I got inside, the place is mobbed, naturally. A seven piece orchestra is playing away. Arthur has a full bar set up in one of the rooms, and when I say a full bar that is precisely what I mean; a twenty-five foot bar of the professional variety, six bartenders, and a backbar display which indicated to me at a glance that Arthur has every kind of Scotch, whisky, gin, rum, brandy, cordial, beer, seltzer water and tonic, known to mankind and a few that aren't.

The waiters are running back and forth with their trays of food. They hold them way above the heads of guests. First come the cold appetizers: stuffed eggs, stuffed cucumbers, artichokes à la greque, caviar, shrimp, cold cuts, lobster mayonnaise, stuffed tomatoes, olives, smoked salmon. Then came the hot appetizers: egg roll, Swedish meatballs, turkey, beef Stroganoff, chicken pilau, hot dogettes en blanquette, ravioli, lobster newburg. Finally the third wave, the real food: lamb chops and eye of beef.

At intervals I caught glimpses of Belle, running around like the headless chicken, giving her orders to the waiters. Where was all this food coming from? Had Belle spent all week shaping the tarts and stuffing the eggs with her own sweet fingers? Guess again. I traced the food to its source: the waiters were coming from the kitchen. I went into the

kitchen. Belle's enormous ultra-modern food center was innocent of any activity. The waiters were hustling in the food through the back door. I followed them out the back door. Two catering vans had pulled into the yard and manned by a half dozen men were dispensing Escoffier and indigestion.

In the midst of these strangers and this chaos I felt very lonely. I sat down at the kitchen table; if I could just have a simple cup of tea it would revive my spirits. But no hot drinks in the midst of this banquet. Perhaps it was three hours too early. I found a tea kettle and put it on the stove. I looked around the cabinets for a tea bag, but couldn't find one.

Belle came into the kitchen.

"Waiter, send another tray of stuffed peppers into the salon. Bring another bowl of caviar into the conservatory."

"Belle," I said to her, "where do you keep your tea bags?"

She ignored me, disappeared into the crowd. A few minutes later she was back.

"Waiter, they need more vol-au-vents in the dining room."

"Belle, where are your tea bags? I looked for them, but couldn't find any."

She was gone again. My water was boiling furiously. The waiters stole past me in silence.

Finally, Belle came in again and I caught her. I didn't let her get away.

"Belle, where are your tea bags?"

The message got through. She opened her mouth wide in minor shock.

"Don't you dare touch my tea bags. Everything here is catered!"

My dear reader, if you are able to develop a comprehensive theory of human behavior which can explain this story, I will give you two hundred green stamps. Possibly three hundred. Belle obviously was running a tight ship.

I never got my cup of tea. I went back to the bar and loaded up, and in honor of this prodigy of nature, I took a vow on four empty highball glasses, that if ever the opportunity arose for me to select a fourth Mrs. Elmwood, I would make my selection from among the less costive females in the universe.

Around ten thirty, the caterers brought me a small demi-tasse.

CHAPTER VII

Green of Green's Island

I did not hear from Cranston Elmwood until two the next afternoon. I gathered he had spent the morning in bed recovering from the evening's wet.

"Well, what do we do now?" I asked him.

"If the mountains won't go to Mohammed, then Mohammed goes to the mountains. We have many bullets in our chambers, many arrows in our quiver. I suspect that your basic technique may be off a few degrees, your posture slightly skewed. A little instruction on location might be worth a mint."

"I suspect you're right."

"Get out The List."

So we got out The List and took by random choice the first person whom I had not yet visited. Round and round the wheel of fortune whirled and came to rest on

George Green, Green's Island, Pinnacle, Class 00 Bank None 00/00/00/00.

"This doesn't look very propitious. Let's take another name."

"Nonsense, nonsense," rejoined Cranston Elmwood giving me a hearty slap on the shoulder blades, "this is probably another one of them damn printout errors. Look at the row of zeros. That's the tip off. The typewriter keys got stuck. Sometimes happens. The old goat probably has a fortune socked away in a mattress. The class of '00 was a vintage year. I know this for the truth. All millionaires. All loyal sons. All dead except Green. Splendid record."

I told Mr. Elmwood that I didn't know Mr. Green personally, but from the little that I had heard around town, I thought there might be some truth to the figures. I told him further that I knew where Green's Island was and that I was game to lead the expedition.

"Splendid. The tougher they are, the harder they fall."

My boats were out of the water for the winter so I had to borrow one. It was five or five thirty before we were able to push off and already dark. I had a flashlight with me.

The trip across the channel did not take long, but I missed the landing and had to circumnavigate the whole island before I found it. In the darkness we could make out a shack in the middle of the island. One window was lighted. We tied up at the landing. There was a sign nailed to a tree. I turned my flashlight on it.

G. Green, Prop.

All trespassers

Liabile to be shot at

This is your risk

Not Mine

We made our way to the cabin in somewhat less than cheerful spirits. I knocked. No answer. I knocked again. No answer. A third time. An old man, presumably G. Green, Prop. opened the door a mite and barred our entrance with a shotgun.

"Well?"

I could see Cranston Elmwood searching through his mind for
Emergency Formula 7c.

"Well, George, it's been many years, hasn't it? You look great. As I was telling Boodie Taylor up in Boston a couple of days ago, I thought that George Green had died in 1938. But he said no, he's still living down to Pinnacle and up to the old tricks."

"You the State Police?"

"We're friends from Lonesome Pine, George. Come to collect a buck or two. Let's talk about old times. A little jaw jaw, George. We'll raise the money on the side. Can't take it with you, you know."

"I wouldn't leave Pine my enamel pisspot."

"Not so fast, George. We're thinking of putting up a building in your honor. Have you heard about that? George Green Hall. Nice ivy covered building. Good solid stone. None of the composition stuff they use today."

"Get off my property."

"I've been thinking we might put up a memorial to your mother, God bless her."

This upset the old man and he shot off his gun into the air.

"Get off my property. Make it snappy."

We took the hint, and ran down the path to the landing. In the darkness and excitement, Cranston Elmwood put his right leg into the Atlantic Ocean instead of in the boat. I fished him out. I couldn't get the motor started; probably psychosomatic congestion of the carburetor. Up in the woods, George Green was shooting away. A few more pulls on the string and I got the thing going. We were off, finally.

"Andrews. This Nickerson of yours is a disaster area. A total disaster area. Give it back to the Indians."

Mr. and Mrs. Elmwood left that evening and I was once again my own boss, fat good that it did.

The next afternoon, there was a knock on my study door and Louisa told me that a kid had come into the office and wanted to speak with me.

"You Mr. Andrews?"

"Yes!"

"Mr. Green wants to talk to you."

"Who are you?"

"Tom"

"Did he send you to me?"

"He wants you to follow me. I'll take you to where he is."

Tom, of the Baker Street Irregulars, obviously. Should I go along with this brand of nuttiness? I did. The boy took me down to the Town Wharf where he had a row boat waiting. He ferried me over the bay towards Green's Island. I felt like Gordon of Khartoum going to a summit conference in the Mahdi's tent.

The boy rowed to the left of the landing on Green's Island where the sign was and pulled up on a small beach. George Green jumped out from behind a bush. He had trusty old Vesuvius with him.

"Just set there in the boat, Mr. Andrews. Don't put your foot on shore."

"What do you want to tell me?"

"You want to raise money for the Lonesome Pine College?"

"Yes, I do."

"How much do you want?"

"Eighteen million, seven hundred ninety-five thousand."

"That's a sweet piece of cash."

"It is that."

"I'm not going to give you a cent. But I'll put you in the way of an idea. Might work out. Might not. Dunno. If it works out, you build me a building with my mother's name on it. Mary Ellen Green. Never did put up a stone for her. Kind of bothered me last night."

Mr. Green then spelled out a plan so wild, so demented, that I was convinced the State should have put him away years ago. He wanted me to sell an island that didn't exist. I heard him out. I humored him along. I hoped he wouldn't start shooting. If he had told me he was Alexander the Great, I would have agreed with bells on. We could not make what you might call a quick getaway in a row boat in heavy waters.

My campaign was getting nowhere rapidly. Every quality necessary for fund raising was gradually drained from my system like anti-freeze from a radiator in May. Every quality but one: the courage of desperation.

The List consisted of 5,000 names. Agreed that most of them had nothing to do with Pine; but in any case, they were produced under its auspices. The target goal was \$18,795,000. A simple division told me that this amounted to \$3,759 per name. Agreed, this was slightly high, but apparently Lonesome Pine thinks that it is feasible as an average contribution. They must know the statistics, and they must have a formula for determining such things.

I write up a bill for \$3,759 with Lonesome Pine as creditor, had five thousand copies of it run off, and had it mailed out from Pine using

the LPCLDPC to address the letters and run off the envelopes. The stamps for this mailing alone cost me \$250.

I waited a week. Nothing happened. Ultimately, plenty was to happen as a result of these bills, but I couldn't know it at the time.

I made one follow-up visit after the letters were sent out. I took out The List, flipped it at random: Mrs. Lucy Farnesworth, Egg Road. I drove out to Egg Road. I rang the bell.

"Mrs. Farnesworth?"

"Yes?"

"I'm following up a mailing from Lonesome Pine that went out to you a few days ago."

"Young man, fastidious ladies do not allow their names on mailing lists."

Good bye. Door in face.

This was the memorable moment. This was the very last door bell rung in my campaign. This was the moment when SUBCAMPAIGN NICKERSON, D. ANDREWS, SERGEANT, ground to an absolute and dead halt.

CHAPTER VIII

Entr'acte

My story of The Lonesome Pine Campaign lacks one popular ingredient: it contains no passages that deal with the intimate relationships between the sexes. I am a specialist. My specialty consists in raising money. This is what I know and what I can describe. If the reader does not care to concern himself with this, he is in the position of a man who goes into a fine Chinese restaurant and orders his usual steak and french fries.

This is not to suggest that during the four months in which I was raising money the world stood by passionless and continent. . In all fairness to Eros, I must record that during a lull before the Christmas holidays, Miss Digit found herself with time on her hands. For the sake of company, she thought she would run Reginald Harrison. She took out the cards, the tapes, and the mike and had a nice run with him. During the course of the conversation, Mr. Harrison, who was in a fine spirit, proposed marriage to Miss Digit. As Miss Digit tells the story, she turned him down, feeling that certain divergencies of temperament posed insuperable problems. However, other sources in the Laboratory expressed the opinion that the proposal was as ridiculous as an engagement between Charlie McCarthy and Little Nell and that Miss Digit had in fact someone less abstract on the hook.

I must record further that it was around this time also that my assistant Johannes made off with my secretary Louisa. A gigantic wedding with five bridesmaids, a flower girl, and a best man imported for the

occasion from Germantown, Pennsylvania was planned under my nose and I was not aware of it. I mention this so you will understand the depth of my concern over the Campaign.

I told Johannes that his action was treasonable; we had deadlines to meet. I would have told Louisa as much, only I knew she would cry. I gave him two weeks of honeymoon leave. I invented a nepotism rule for my firm and told Johannes that Louisa was fired as soon as he found a replacement for her.

Louisa is from Pinnacle, and the wedding was to be held in The Little Chapel in the Pinnacle Pines. I wanted to go to the wedding, I told Lilly, not for the sake of these two faithless, backstabbing employees, but because I had never been in this church and the architect was reputed to have come up with a number of original solutions for his problems.

"Go, for the sake of the walls. For the sake of the screen door even, but go." This was the way Lilly put it.

The Little Chapel in the Pinnacle Pines is a non-denominational place equipped to service principally Catholics, Protestants, Jews, but also the various brands of freethinkers and unthinkers that populate our beaches. Rumor has it, that a high degree of automation has been achieved in the design of this church. Push a lever and a Cross comes down. Push another lever and the Cross goes up and a Star of David comes down. Push a third lever, the Star of David goes up and a baptismal font comes down. Push a fourth lever, the font goes up and a blackboard comes down converting the auditorium into a seminar room.

How do these levers work? Rumor has it further that the whole thing is controlled at the organ and that the levers are, in fact,

additional organ keys. This is supposed to provide tremendous flexibility. Several years ago a wedding was scheduled for The Little Chapel in the Pinnacle Pines. The bride was Protestant. The groom was Agnostic. The groom's mother was Jewish. The bride's father was Catholic. This was a second marriage for the bride. She had two children by her first husband one of which was being raised as a Unitarian and the other was in a convent school in Switzerland.

The clergyman was a nice fellow of rather liberal tendencies, but when he heard this family history he tore out his hair.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The organist calmed him down.

"You don't have to do a thing. I'll play the wedding march five and a half notes down the scale. It'll sound like hell, but the symbols will come out right."

So much for the rumor. I spent the whole wedding thinking through the problem. I know the answer now, but these are architectural technicalities.

Despite these interludes, Nickerson Beach in winter is a lonesome place. I go down there when the wind is up and think. The dunes are grey and brown and yellow; the greens are gone. No one is in sight for miles. The waves come rolling in over vast ocean distances and break in freezing spray. I think of France and of Spain across the water. I walk south, away from the lifeguard stand. The gulls are bucking the wind, screeching. I see a footprint, a tire track. Are they recent, I ask myself or were they made by September vacationers. Here is a wooden crate washed up by the tide.

Here is a new line of shells. The waves break every ten seconds, eternally. I love it, but a little goes a long way.

On December 15, I had a long distance call from my client Beryl Butterman.

"I am down at Miami Beach at the Las Pahpas Freetas."

"Where?"

"Las Pahpas Freetas, L A S P A P A S F R I T A S. Look, Mr. Andrews, I've seen a feature down here that appeals to me very much. I'd like you to incorporate something like it into my dunes house. It's a great feature. Great."

"Fine, I'd be delighted to. Why don't you tell me about it in a letter?"

"I can't. You've got to see it for yourself. It's a fragile thing. Hop on a plane. My expense. I want to show you."

I agreed. You've got to remember that if Butterman was my patron, I, reciprocally, was his architect. Some men need a mistress, some a psychiatrist. Butterman was the kind of man that needed an architect.

I flew down. A few days in the south would do me good. Would help me shake the Pine business out of my system. I was not able to get reservations at the Beach. Too many conventions, I suppose. Too much bad weather back home. However, I got a room in Miami in one of those hotels that line the street where the royal poinciana palms are. As soon as I got over the shock of being transported from the New England winter, I called up Butterman.

"Welcome to the tropics. I'll pick you up in the morning. And let me give you some advice. Have yourself a double papaya drink. They're

excellent for the upper colon."

In the morning, I had breakfast and waited in the lobby of my hotel for Butterman to show up. There were a number of fashionable shops in the lobby and I sat down near the window of the Miami Modes. I saw a lady go into the shop. She tried on this and that. She pointed to the dummy in the window that was wearing a fur coat. Gesticulation. Is Madame serious? It's a bit of a nuisance to get into the window and take in the coat. Oh yes, I love that coat.

Well, off came the coat. I was sitting about six feet away. And what do you suppose the dummy had on under the coat? Remember, this was in the tropics. Right. Let me describe the dummy. First her hair. Lovely silk platinum tresses, flowing like a waterfall from crown to shoulders. Her eyes: dark green pools of mystery, possibly limpid. Her lashes: plumage from the bird of paradise. Her mouth: cherry red and burning. Her neck: lovely, a swan's neck. Her bosom: twin gazelles, as it says in the Book, firm, youthful, B cup. And below her bosom? A cylindrical network of wire and metal, vaguely reminiscent of the trash baskets on Nickerson Beach, vaguely reminiscent of one of the more sensitive coordinate systems in a book of analytic geometry.

I fell in love with this creature on the spot. I matched her burning mouth with burning eyes. Is this hard to imagine? Do you think I was disturbed by the fundamental infirmity of her nature? You can't know the universe, then. If a man may fall madly, helplessly in love with a mermaid, if a man can go dangerously ga-ga over the headless lady in a sideshow, what is to prevent his fancy from lighting on a platinum blonde with a steel ribcage? Chacun a son gout is what we always say in Nickerson.

But return to the saleslady. She saw my hard stare and was embarrassed. She turned red, purple, vermillion, cocoanut, and ended up a sickly sweet shade of tangerine. She transferred my glances from the blonde's bosom to her own, though that was insufferable vanity on her part. What to do, what to do? On the one hand, on the inside, there was the possibility of a sale of a fur coat; on the other hand, on the outside, there was the necessity of dealing with a lecher.

The native wit of females is great. She ran to the racks and picked out a rag that housewives in Chelsea, Mass. throw on when they have to meet the laundry man at the back door. She draped it around the mannekin and went back to wait on her customer.

Cruel. Cruel. Nothing can survive a housecoat. It has powerfully negative ju-ju. My love affair collapsed and was replaced by a love-hate relationship.

At this juncture, Beryl Butterman showed up in Palm Beach slacks and wearing a Captain's hat.

"I've borrowed a boat. Let's take a look at the real estate around the bay area."

We walked across the street to the Municipal Marina where a 44 foot triple cabin yacht was waiting. Two sturdy tars manned the vessel, one at the helm while the other helped Butterman and myself across the ramp. With a yo ho ho and a papaya Mary (for the upper colon) we were off.

Our glâmour barge floated majestically over Biscayne Bay. Here was a crane on a wharf post, here a pelican, there a gull, way over there, just breaking the water, a shark.

However, the fauna obviously did not interest Mr. Buttermann as much as the man made objects.

"I'm going to give you a hand conducted Billion Dollar Cruise," said Mr. Buttermann as we made ourselves comfortable on the third (the sightseeing) deck. "You may ask why I call it the Billion Dollar Cruise? This is easily explained. There are rather a large number of wealthy people living in and around Miami Beach. These people tend to own their own summer homes, just as you or I, assuming we can get a mortgage. These houses tend to be located on the water in inlets, bays, cays, bayous, fjords, or whatever you call them, and they tend to be expensive. Let us say, for the sake of the argument, that the most jerry-built of these shacks cost two hundred thousand to put up. Then it becomes pretty clear that by throwing a few of these together you arrive at one billion very easily.

"Look over to the right. See that low Spanish kind of thing? That belongs to J.K. Valdosta, the popcorn man. I would put that conservatively at seven hundred fifty thousand. Over there, the modern structure with a kind of a glassed observatory dome. That place was recently sold to Honest Bill Brisket for a reputed one million four."

We were now floating in a sea of yachts. Our own yacht could have played bat boy to the ones we were passing. The Betty Mae, drawing twelve feet of water, and hailing from St. Louis, Mo. The Sea Queen, hailing from Boise, Idaho, twin funnels, one fake and the other holding weekend supplies of gin and scotch.

"What do these people here need such large boats for?" I asked with the typical Nickerson spirit of economy.

"You ask what do they need them for? I'll tell you what they need them for. You see all these houses here? Well, they're all semi-incomunicado from the mainland. They need them to bring back groceries and magazines from the drug store."

At length, we pulled up at the private wharf of Las Papas Fritas. With many an "Aye aye, Sir" and other nautical noise, the dockmen wearing ^a Papas Fritas middy and bell bottoms helped us ashore. We walked through a formal garden and through the Proscenium Gateway into the hotel. The lobby was vast. A grand staircase issued from a fourth story mezzanine and poured like milk shake (with double ice cream) into the ground level salle. On this staircase Eliza Doolittle would have been lost, but the Battleship Missouri, accompanied on the right by the U.S.S. Idaho, and on the left by the U.S.S. Massachusetts could have made a beautiful stage entrance.

Despite its size, the lobby was jammed with conventioners. I put a sharp focus on the breast pocket name tags and learned that by far the larger proportion of the guests were NABBS, that is, members of the National Association of Burlap Bag Salesmen.

Butterman threaded his way with knowledge and dexterity through the swarming NABBS and out of the lobby to the ocean side. Here a checkerboard of gardens, patios, and recreational nooks had been laid out. Presently we came to a secluded grotto, dark and wet, arranged beautifully with tropical vegetation. A Spanish wall fountain dripped water gently over mossy brick.

A blonde lady in dark glasses sat in silence before the fountain.

Butterman whispered to me, "This is what I brought you down to see, Mr. Andrews. This is what I want in Nickerson."

"And this is what I'll give you, Mr. Butterman. It is breathtaking creativity."

We sat down on a chair of iron grillwork to let the scene sink in. That took five seconds. I then spent five minutes ogling the lady. Who was she? She looked familiar to me; but the dark glasses interfered with positive identification. I broke through. She had the same face as the store dummy in Miami.

"Who was that woman in there?" I asked Beryl Butterman after we had stepped out of the grotto.

"Don't you know? Couldn't you recognize her? That was Thelma Trill the famous ex-movie actress. She communes in the grotto every morning from 11:30 to 12:00. She owns one third stock in Las Papas Fritas. She's a fixture in Miami Beach."

She is also a fixture in Miami, I thought, but I let it pass.

"Our sea voyage has given me a good appetite. How is it with you? Can you eat?"

I nodded, and Butterman took me by the elbow and navigated me through the lobby to the Main Dining Salon.

At the door the maitre d' challenged us.

"Excuse me, Sir, but are you one of the Bags?"

"How's that again?"

"Are you one of the NABBS?"

Beryl Butterman pushed his way forward with buoyant self-confidence.

"I am Beryl Butterman of New London Cherries." And he swept into

the dining hall. A banquet lunch was already under way. He took in the scene and observed that Table 19 had three vacancies. That kind of thing sometimes happens. That's where he headed.

"Come along with me. The business of business is business, if you know what I mean. Where business is, that's where a business man belongs. There are no strangers in business."

The five men at Table 19 were eating their grapefruit. Kumquats were in the centers of the three untouched fruit. Good, God, I thought to myself, this thing is following me to Florida.

Butterman introduced himself to the table.

"I'm Butterman of New London Cherries. This is Mr. Andrews, the famous architect."

I blushed; maraschino. But this was Florida. Who cared? Why deny points?

The men at the table rose and introduced themselves in turn.

"Jacques Meyers, Allegheny Twine."

"Lombard, Butterfly Salmon."

"M. Maxwell, New York Staples and Findings."

"Simpson, United Labels."

"F.P. West, Contoocook Importers."

Butterman talked incessantly. I was mute. I ate my Pompano a Las Papas Fritas and kept throwing my eye towards the door lest the true occupants of the empty seats should show up. I heard my name mentioned numerous times. I made perfunctory replies. At the end of the meal I walked away from the table with a commission to do a canning plant in

Bixler, Delaware. If you read the American Architectural Review you probably saw my drawings. It won a prize. This was all Buttermann's doing.

I got back to my own hotel in Miami around ten that night. The dress shop in the lobby was still open. A salesman was standing in the doorway looking bored. Now or never, I thought.

"I would like to speak to the owner."

"You're speaking to him."

"I would like to buy this." I pointed to the window.

"The coat?"

"No, not the coat. The dummy. Will you sell it?"

"Mister, I'll sell you the lights or the cash register, if you want. One hundred fifty dollars."

I felt bold.

"I observe a slight rusting of the wire mesh."

"One hundred forty dollars."

"There are tiny maculations on the back."

"One hundred thirty-five dollars."

"O.K. Wrap it up."

"I can't wrap it up. I have nothing that size."

"You don't expect me to walk through a hotel lobby at ten o'clock at night with a naked woman do you?"

"Mister, you bought the thing so its your problem. Besides, what's ten at night got to do? But I'll tell you what. Tomorrow morning, go down to a dry cleaning shop and ask them for a large garment bag. That should cover part of it."

In the morning, with my attache case in my left hand, and Thelma Trill appropriately garment bagged, in my right arm, I hopped a cab for

the airport.

I was stopped at the check-in desk.

"You can't send this with the luggage." said the clerk, nodding at Thelma. "It's oversized. Besides, it's fragile."

"What'll I do then? I must get it back."

"Buy a ticket and keep it on the seat next to you."

"Isn't that out of the ordinary?"

"Oh no. It's quite ordinary. People in orchestras who play bass always buy an extra ticket. Standard practice with them. A violin's a package, though most violinists don't care to see it that way. A cello's a package, if you care to risk it. A bull fiddle's a person and pays family fare. This here dummy's a person and pays family fare.

⁴⁾ Fellow came up to me once with a pet Iguana on a leash. Larger than you might think, but tame, like a dog. Made a noise. Decided an Iguana's an insect and went free."

CHAPTER IX

Hubris, Approximately

The Storm, I read afterwards, was born off the coast of Georgia. For several weeks it shillied and shallied, zigged and zagged over the face of the ocean without amounting to much. Then it got religion and travelled north in search of the New England coast. It arrived there with a ferocity unmatched since Donna in 1954. Not until then did it acquire a name: Hurricane Zylla.

When I got off the plane in Boston it was blowing pretty hard. We didn't know as yet what was coming. Lilly met me. I gave her my attaché case while I struggled with Thelma.

"Who's your girl friend?" she asked when I revealed the inner identity of my package.

"Tell you later." I answered.

"How'd you make out with Butterman?"

"O.K. I suppose what he wants, fundamentally, is a little old Spanish garden in his Cape Cod cottage. He showed me one they had laid out in his hotel."

"He's crazy."

"Sure he's crazy. The only people who get anything done, for better or for worse, are crazy. If that's what he wants, that's what I'll give him. Only I'll have to use beach grass and cranberry plants instead of moss and bougainvillea. Any mail?"

"Just bills and things. You got another report card from the Campaign."

"Let's forget the Campaign, shall we? It's flushed out of my system. How are the kids?"

"O.K. Stella cut herself on a piece of plastic, but it's nothing."

When we arrived in Nickerson, it started to rain. I hustled Thelma into the garage without getting her too wet. The breeze was stiff and steady. I went around securing the windows and doors. I tightened the canvas covers on the boats.

The rain was a steady downpour for 48 hours. The gusts reached ninety miles at times, not the greatest ever recorded around here, but enough to blow down rotten sheds and a large old tree here and there. The tides, normally eight feet high, reached twelve feet and at some places fifteen feet. At times during the two days the wind abated and we thought the storm was over. But it started up again with renewed violence. The rain slapped against the roof, flooded the gutters and descended the clapboard in sheets. The water flooded the yard and cut a gully down the dirt driveway.

I stayed home and declared hurricane leave for my firm. I sat in the window and watched the rain. I moped. I thought of George Green, the rowboat, the interview, the shotgun, his speculations. Green had made some calculations based on almanacs going back to 1872. He's called this storm, I thought, called it within a week. Maybe part two of his prediction would also work out? Well, we'd see when the rain stopped. It's all foolishness anyway.

On the morning of the third day after returning from Miami the sky was blue at last and the cold yellow rays of the winter sun lit up the town. I had breakfast and drove down to the bay. I scanned the eastern horizon

with fieldglasses. There it was! I'd found it! Just where George Green said it would be: about a quarter of a mile offshore, running south toward Pinnacle and parallel to the shore. It was a narrow strip of land thrown up from the ocean bottom by the violence of the storm. Land, where none had been before.

A few days passed before we learned the extent of the upheaval. The strip of land was three miles long, and was two to three hundred feet wide. It lay entirely within the territorial waters of Nickerson. To the south it connected to the mainland at Goose Neck. On the morning after the storm, there were only two men in the whole wide world, myself and George Green, who knew that on January 31st, this Goose Neck extension, assessed for \$18,795,000 would be conveyed lock, stock, and clam shell to Lonesome Pine University by the Town Council of Nickerson in an act of unprecedented generosity. It formed the crown jewel of the campaign in this area.

Here was the awful revelation. Here were my prospects for victory. A shudder travelled down my spine as I put away the glasses and drove to work. The clairvoyance of George Green had compelled the elements to offer me my raw material. How could I shape the destiny of this stretch of sand to the ends I desired? It would require precision planning and a knowledge of men and affairs. It would require cleverness. It would require luck. I would be treading a thin line separating glorious success from abysmal failure and possible danger. In other words: how to pull the thing off?

I decided I needed a confederate; an accomplice or an accessory, if you will. George Green would not do. Great idea man, obviously; pretty

fast on the draw considering his age. But I required a man with other assets: power, power, and more power.

I decided to go to the highest seat of legal power in Nickerson: to the Selectman-in-Chief. Here was my first piece of luck: the Chief Selectman, John Mecome, was a Pine man. Well, let's say it was moderate luck; I had solicited him earlier and he'd come up with a \$10 contribution.

I knocked at his door around eight that evening. He was home, watching TV.

"Come in Dave. Take a load off your feet."

His Mrs., he explained to me, was in Boston visiting her sister. The Mecomes had no children.

He went to the kitchen and returned with a bottle of Cutty Sark and setups. We watched Batman and drank.

"Batman is the greatest thing in America since the advent of prohibition."

"Right."

"Like the old morality plays. But it hits us harder. It's written by fallen egg heads. I used to be in the business myself, you know."

"I know."

"How's your campaign going, Dave?"

"Lousy. I've thrown in the towel. I'm about eighteen million, seven hundred ninety-five thousand short."

"Jumping horsebuns, how'd you get that far behind?"

"It's a long story, but there it is."

"A person could set up a brand new college with money like that."

"Listen, Jack. I'd like you to help me out."

"I don't have that kind of money."

"I don't mean yourself. I've got an idea. I got it from that nut old George Green. You know that strip of beach that just came up out of the sea? I'd like the town to assess it for eighteen million, eight, and then deed it to Lonesome Pine."

"Wow. You're not asking for much, are you. I can't do that. It would be a coup d'état. A giveaway."

"Just like the Texas offshore oil lands?"

"Something like."

"Well, there's your precedent."

"I can't do it. It'd take the Town Council and a Town Meeting."

"Set up a Town Meeting when not too many people are likely to turn up. Say on the 24th. Who are the other selectmen? You need their votes. Al Whitfield is in Florida. Jack LaPlante is in Philadelphia on a job. Wire them for their proxies."

"No. It's wild. We'd get thrown out on our rear."

We continued to watch TV. I kept John Mecom's glass filled, and he mine. Around ten thirty he said to me,

"You know I'd really like to do it. It's generous. It's grandiose. It's a sweeping gesture on a stage full of small actors. In the long run it might bring more benefit to the area than by turning it over to you architects to ruin. I'm soft on Pine. I owe them a lot. Did you know that I'm an Indian?"

"No, I didn't know. How come you're an Indian?"

Here John Mecome launched into a tale which took him till midnight. In view of the accelerated pace of events in Nickerson, I do not want to recount it here. I've written it up and inserted it as a supplementary document, I suggest it be read. When he got through telling history, we had entered into an arrangement - I don't like to use a harsher term - for turning over three miles of sand and salt to Lonesome Pine University.

The next day we really got busy. We contacted the Coast and Geodetic Survey. They sent out planes and made photo maps of the Goose Neck extension. They were getting set to do this in any case as the storm had produced minor alterations of the coast line from Eastport to Block Island. With John Mecome's official pressure, they worked our section first. We then subdivided the strip of land into lots, each lot being suitable for a fine beach house. The strip of land was three miles long; we allowed each lot to have a forty feet ocean frontage, a little skimpy perhaps, but not unheard of. This provided us with 396 lots. We divided the lots into four categories depending upon the nature of the elevation and the ocean view: ocean view, bay view, full bay view, and panoramic view.

John Mecome, in his capacity of Town Assessor, assessed the unimproved property as follows: Ocean View, \$30,000 per lot; Bay View, \$40,000; Full Bay View, \$50,000; Panoramic View, \$60,000. As far as we could judge from pen drawings the lots in this last category were quite breathtaking. These assessments provided a total valuation slightly in excess of nineteen million dollars.

Johannes drew up the plats: 376 identical rectangles. He

numbered them. John Mecome, in his capacity of County Registrar of Deeds and Sealer of Documents, signed and sealed the plats, and entered them into the Great Folio in Matherville, our Shire Town. This established the authenticity and the validity of the property and its values.

We had now created nineteen million dollars. Our next problem was to give it away to Lonesome Pine.

As Chief Selectman, John Mecome called a Town Meeting for 8:30 P.M. on December 24th, to discuss some "beach matters". He posted the notices at Noon on the 24th. This was cutting corners, but a ruling going back to 1818 made it valid. The meeting was not to be held in the Town Hall, but on the plea that the Town Hall had suffered water damage during the late storm, was to be held at the Town Garage five miles from the center of gravity of things. Nature came to the aid of art and provided us with a thick fog cover that set in around four o'clock. The time and place proved quite unpopular and we achieved our goal: a controlled meeting. Those present: John Mecome, Chief Selectman, armed with proxies from the other two selectmen. David Andrews, Laconia Phillips Andrews, Johannes, and Cousin H. That was it.

The minutes of the previous Town Meeting were read and approved. (The Town Secretary gave them to John. Said she'd better stay home and decorate her tree.) I then made the motion that the whole Goose Neck extension be transferred and conveyed to the President and Board of Trustees of Lonesome Pine University and/or their agents, in perpetuity. The motion was seconded by Cousin H. The motion was discussed briefly and put to a vote. It passed 6-1, Johannes dissenting. We thought that an opposition vote would look good on the record. A motion was then made that

the Meeting be adjourned. It passed 7-0 and the Meeting was adjourned.

On the 26th of December, in his capacity of Town Clerk and Acting Secretary, John Mecom wrote up the Meeting and filed it appropriately in the Chronicles of Nickerson. On the 27th of December, in his capacity of Town Scribe, John Mecom drew up a deed. I quote the relevant portions. "In consideration of the sum of one dollar, the Town of Nickerson conveys and transfers to the President and Trustees of Lonesome Pine University or to their agents, in perpetuity, a parcel of land popularly known as the Goose Neck extension, described on pages 8273-8491 of the Great Folio, plats 341-737, as provided by the vote of the Town Meeting assembled on the 24th of December and as duly recorded in Volume 284, page 961 of the Chronicles of the Town."

I wrote a registered letter to President Benedictus Grace informing him of the vote of the Town Meeting, and of the existence of the deed. I suggested, somewhat facetiously I thought, that if the University could find its way clear to one dollar, it might be nice to have a Conveyance Ceremony in Nickerson with dignitaries, national coverage, and the whole works. I suggested that January 31st, the final day of the campaign, would be very appropriate for this ceremony.

President Grace wrote me back, thanking me in the name of the Corporation for this considerable gift. He said he was delighted my visit to Pine had borne such marvellous fruit. He fell in with my plan to hold a public ceremony. He would come to Nickerson himself and bring with him a representative group of individuals and also members of the national press.

The Last of the Mattawamkeags

The Tale of John Mecomé

Quo usque tandem patiamur, O Leadyard, hos barbaros esse paganos? How long, O Leadyard, shall we suffer these natives to be pagan? These words, written in 1699 by William Seymour to Thomas Leadyard, clergymen of orthodox opinion must be understood in order that my life's story be put into proper perspective. Within five years of writing this letter, William Seymour had set up a college at Pine for the training of ministers and Indians. That is how Lonesome Pine University got its start. There is a clause in the Pine Charter saying that Pine must always provide free education for at least one Indian scholar from among the neighboring tribes. That is how I got my start.

I was born in 1909 not far from Nickerson. My grandfather, whom I remember very well indeed was a full blooded Indian of the Mattawamkeag Tribe. My father's mother, whom I do not remember, was Sophronia Lattimer. She was of English stock. There was a story in the family that her father had been descended from relapsed Muggletonians, but oral traditions are notoriously inaccurate. My father was Theodore Mecomé and my mother was Mary Walsh whose people had farmed in and around Rockland for many, many years. Thus, it is clear that I am at least one quarter Indian.

My grandfather was originally called Henry Moose. He earned his living as a guide for the Boston fellows who like to tramp the woods. As the story goes, he was quite eager to go on these trips, combining, as it did, business and pleasure, and would say to the city fellers, "Me come. Me come." This gained him a somewhat more conventional if less picturesque surname.

My father was a blacksmith. He had had three years of district schools, and this was more than the average, white or Indian, for his time and place. We lived in a two story frame house. The house was furnished only with animal skins, pots and pans, and a large wood stove. It is not true, as my sister has stated elsewhere, that when Grandpa was alive he made open fires in the front room. He made them in the kitchen.

My mother kept chickens, ducks, pigs, cows, and bees. I know many stories of the woods in the old days that came down from Grandpa. You have heard some of them on the radio or seen them in the movies. The best ones are pure fiction. True stories are always unbelievable.

By the time I was sixteen, I had managed to accumulate five or six years of schooling. At that time there was an old minister who used to bring his horses in to Pa. He told him about the special scholarship for Indians at Lonesome Pine. The minister applied in my behalf and I was accepted. My mother was opposed to my going so far (about a hundred miles), but my father recognized the possibilities and sent me away with his blessing and a ball peen hammer.

I was miserable at Pine. I was inadequately prepared, though Pine, to its everlasting credit, appointed a special tutor for me. The real source of the misery was, of course, that I was the College Indian. There hadn't been one in years. This was enough for my fellow students. They teased me and tormented me. They pitied me. They got me drunk whenever they could. The upperclassmen put feathers on me and compelled me to do a war dance. They subjected me to all kinds of ridicule. I think that things would be somewhat different today, but it was rough then, believe me.

I can't think I learned much during my freshman year. I was busy catching up with seventh grade and the eighth grade. But something was surely happening to me at Pine, for when I returned home in June, I found that I despised my parents for what they were and for the life they lived. I turned my back on them, God forgive me, and didn't make it up for years. That summer I got a job in a coal yard in Rockland and brooded. I didn't see any purpose in going back to Pine. I was about to quit, but I got a letter from my tutor, a very decent fellow, and I went back for the second year.

I suppose the novelty of "The Indian" had worn off by then. Nobody bothered me in my sophomore year and thereafter. But I was lonesome. Things were strange to me, I didn't know how to study, I didn't know what else to do. I was perpetually in trouble.

In my third year at Pine - I shouldn't say junior year because I had my own timetable and my own courses - I had to take English. My tutor asked me to write a theme. I couldn't. I didn't know how to start. But he wouldn't take no for an answer. He coaxed me. He reminded me that I was an Indian and if I were to just tap that fact, I would have an ample supply of things to say. But our gears didn't mesh. He probably had in mind a picture of the noble Indian of the primeval forests. My own experience was other than this. I knew the forge and the barnyard. It didn't work. I was ashamed of these things.

In the second term of my junior year, I was thrown in with an exotic type. His name was Sabaoth William Penrhyn. He was (at least to me) of unknown origin, but had been born and brought up in the Orient. He burned incense and read poetry. This association worked out well for me.

He was the first boy I ever met who acted differently from all the others. I suppose the Dean had something like this in mind when he put him in as my roommate. Within months, I who had burst out in tears of fury when feathers were put on me sat around the room wearing a kimono and reading Lafcadio Hearn and Arthur Waley. I still correspond with Sab Penrhyn from time to time. He runs an English School in Djakarta.

I tried composition once again. This time I used my Grandfather's tales about the swells who used to come to the woods. I wrote a story so good that it got printed in the old Liberty Magazine. From this point on things moved fast for me. After graduating from Pine - I really should say after spending four years there - I went to New York. I had a few names. I had my story. I played the Indian for what it would bring me. I put in an apprenticeship in radio. Things clicked. By 1936, I was writing my own soapbox opera: "Indian Jim". It was a grand success. It ran for twelve straight years, from 1936-1948; I have at home fifty volumes of manuscript. Two movies were made of "Indian Jim", and all kinds of knives, belts, overalls, moccasins, swim suits came out with this trade mark.

I prospered. I made a fortune. I lost part of it. I married. I married a second time. I went around the world. For a while I hung out with sophisticates. I wrote and produced a play. It flopped.

I had one formula for "Indian Jim" and I used it again and again. The rich young man from the city has trouble back home. He comes to the woods to shake it off. He meets up with "Indian Jim". The trouble back home follows him to the woods and Indian Jim, who was really a mixture of Molly Goldberg and Lassie with just a dash of King Phillip, saves the day. Every few episodes I threw in a gimmick of woodsmanship. My required

reading was J. Fenimore Cooper and Somerset Maugham's spy stories.

After twelve years the formula got stale. TV put the coup de grace on the serial. But if the formula had run dry, I hadn't. I found I had a million variations yet to tell. I wrote "Indian Jim" compulsively. I turned out hundreds of pages, and couldn't sell a line. A new generation was in. I didn't need the money. I had a nest egg, but the compulsion was ruining my life.

This is where Lonesome Pine came in a second time. I wrote to my tutor, retired now, but still sprightly, and begged him in the bowels of the Great Spirit that as he had turned on the waterbrooks of words, to please, please help me turn them off. My tutor wrote back that my condition was common. He called it logorrhea. He recommended the Gull Rock Island Cure for me. This Cure was run by a colleague of his, Reeves Brownlow, on an island five miles offshore from Nickerson. I agreed. It was rough. I kept a diary for a while. Here it is. It is the last thing I ever wrote other than a few personal letters and this statement itself.

July 4. A diary is a new tack for me. But Reeves Brownlow encourages some sort of informal writing at the beginning. Letters to friends, diaries, light verse. Says it's a harmless way of draining off literary energy. Advises us to sit down and compose long lists: towns we've been to, people we know, books we've read. Says lists of canned goods are particularly good.

The place is fine. Just what I like. Very large and squat white frame house on Gull Rock Island. Reeves Brownlow meets you near Nickerson and takes you across the channel in his boat. He has about twelve, fifteen

guest rooms. The island is a half mile long. On a central massif, if you can call it that, there is a fine apple orchard. Nothing much else. From the farther end, he says the Atlantic is unobstructed to Cape Finisterre in Spain. I would have guessed Norway. Bed sags deeply, but not uncomfortable. Light blue wallpaper peeling and stained by at least ten years of rain.

Saw some fireworks off the mainland.

July 5. Met some of the guests. Euphemism. John Archer Wing, author of the successful "Had It" series. "Has Night Baseball Had It?", "Has the American Family Had It?", etc. Seems to be working on "Had the Milky Way Had It?". Arnett Phazeley, Poet. Jason Gravellos, Novelist? Never heard of him. Remaindered prior to publication, no doubt. Gal by the name of Estelle Lamprey who writes books on sex instruction under the nom de plume of Dr. Frances Clayton Hammond. Seems that the newly released amorous classics have put a serious dent in her royalties. Sjoren Sjorenson, the travel guy. Henry Moot, writes some kind of textbooks. Fat, bald man with a hairline mustache. Walks through the living room and every five feet or so sinks an imaginary golf ball into an imaginary hole. Could have used him when I was working on my "Friars" episode. A few others. Sounds like the dramatis personae of an English detective story. Why not the Canterbury Tales?

July 5. P.M. Letter from Dorothy. She goes to Lugano next week. Hopes I've started tapering off. The same to you, my sweet.

Reeves Brownlow talked to us after supper. Said that the withdrawal will be gradual, but noticeable. By August 1st, absolutely no supplies will be available to us. This gives me three weeks. Complete cure by Labor Day. Go home by September 15, free man, unhooked. The regimen is

as follows: gradual withdrawal, group therapy, talk it out, some sailing on the bay, a little work on the new patio and in the garden out back, but on the whole, not too much physical activity as it's likely to be stimulating. Bridge, Scrabble, darts. Every evening at 8:15 an hour called "Selections and Devotions". TV after 11 P.M. Honor system in operation. After second infringement, Brownlow drops offender on dock at Nickerson. Goodbye to you, sir. Mail comes through, but if thought detrimental to regimen, held till end of summer.

July 6. Cutting down.

July 7. Reeves Brownlow an intensely interesting character. Sat at the feet of old Santayana. That's where the trouble started. His first book, "Meandering Man", ended in the horns of an ethical dilemma. After some years, he resolved this in "A Gloss on Faith". But apparently "Gloss" ended him up in an eschatological dilemma. This is when he saw the light. The reason for the Fall of Man, says Reeves Brownlow, does not lie in Eve, nor in Adam, nor in the snake, nor, as some people suggest, in the apple, nor, again, in improper conceptions of "up" and "down". The reason for the Fall lies in the categorical compulsion to mythify the Fall. This sounds like a vicious circle of ideas, but he explained it with great clarity.

July 8. Last day for turning in major equipment. Six typewriters quarantined.

July 10. Group discussion. Each guest starts with his story. Rushed down the aisle to the altar rail to bear witness. Why not? Talked about

"Indian Jim" and the likelihood of its hitting the best seller list. Talked about me and A.H. in 1950. Arnett Phazeley said that Indian Jim sounded like a polarized and refracted version of Billy Budd. Dehydrated innocence. Someone suggested that Jim was a personality collage with a fundamental underlay of Leopold Bloom. People are really very stupid when the truth stares them in the face, and the whole discussion left a bitter taste in my mouth.

July 11. Estelle Lamprey at the rail. Mission in life. Agents. Etc.

July 12. Cutting down, really. But earlier today was working quite openly on "Jim" when Reeves Brownlow came through. "Scribble, scribble, scribble, eh Mr. Porter? Well, it won't be long now, will it. We all know what we're here for." A ham. Thinks he's Alistair Sim. Why does he call me Porter? He must know who I am.

July 15. Pen and ink confiscated. Have some soft pencils.

July 18. Field trip to see Thomas Bailey Aldrich memorabilia. Optional, so stayed home. Walked around island twice. Chucked clam shells at the sea gulls. Came home. Am packing up.

July 19. Selections and Devotions particularly oppressive. He read Ecclesiastes. All is vanity. Of making many books there is no end. Then he insisted on reading out loud forty pages of some guy by the name of Edgar Fawcett who was in vogue in the 1880's. Stuff like "Titles are so nice and dignified," said Miss Brown. "I heard they do not always dignify," said Agnes, smiling. "Titles," exclaimed Marie Van Tassel. "They say that

American girls are all crazy about them. I'm sure I am. I love a handle to one's name. It makes it so much easier to carry." "Ah," said Agnes, "you forget that the handle is not of much account if the pitcher leaks." Reeves Brownlow loves to ham it up, and calls this part of the cure "turning on the Fawcett". Wound up with Ecclesiastes.

July 20. More Fawcett.

July 21. More Fawcett. Actually Fawcett pulls off quite a few laughs. Trouble with today's writers they take themselves so seriously.

July 22. We're getting a saturation treatment of Fawcett.

July 23. Brownlow read some of Arnett Phazeley's stuff in the same silly tone he reserves for Fawcett. Foul blow. Foul. Phazeley was really bleeding by the time we got to devotions.

July 24. Brownlow announced with considerable gusto the formation of a group similar to ours in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Bully for them. J.Mc. could take advantage of this.

July 25. Paper confiscated. Am writing on shirt boards.

July 27. Saved a bit of catsup and found a toothpick to write with. Had a great idea for "Jim". But messy now. I swear Reeves Brownlow knows all our tricks. Eyes in back of head. Fiend. Absolutely. Can use lemon juice for invisible ink. Here lies one whose name was writ in catsup, or maybe lemon juice. Charming end.

July 29. At devotions, Reeves Brownlow spoke on the moral value of literary continence.

July 30. This Brownlow is an utter, complete, absolute, unregenerate, debased fiend.

August 4. Rain. Fiend. First infraction.

August 10. Rain.

August 12. Rain.

I left Reeves Brownlow's place feeling cured. It turned out I was. He set me down in Nickerson. This is where Lonesome Pine came in a third time. Through Brownlow's influence, I got a small job in the Nickerson Town Hall. I walked from the boat to the job. I've been there since. I've taken to the place. I like the people. I like the idea of government. I remarried and it worked out.

Lonesome Pine giveth. Lonesome Pine taketh. Blessed be the name of Lonesome Pine. Amen.

CHAPTER X

Nemesis, Absolutely

On December 25th, the fourth Mrs. Cranston Elmwood was brought to bed of a sturdy seven pound son. This was her first, but far more important, it was his first. Elmwood drove down to Nickerson, ostensibly to oversee his sergeants and brevets, but really to crow like a rooster and to booze it up. He brought with him six bottles of Teachers and six bottles of Mumm's '59, a fine wine. We sat around my house making Wassail: myself, Johannes, Cousin H., and Elmwood.

"I knew I had points. Points should never be denied. He's the fulfillment of my youth and the crown of my declining years. He's my comfort for what I've sustained at the hands of my enemies."

Lilly sat on a rocking chair weeping, drinking scotch, and knitting a pair of blue booties. Lilly weeps easily. Cranston Elmwood thought initially to call the boy Jesus Maria Elmwood in honor of the day, but he was too deeply engaged in the campaign, and the boy was ultimately called Pine Elmwood. The child was offered to Pine as a symbolic sacrifice for the success of its campaign. Doctor Benedictus Grace stood godfather and presented the child with the usual cup. He then enrolled him forthwith in an appropriate freshman class. The power of our president is enormous. He has at his complete disposal twelve slots in each freshman class. This is as it should be; what one wants in life are many many roads to preferment and salvation. I used to think otherwise, but I've grown older.

I come now to the portion of my story which presents great difficulties of narration by virtue of the complexity of the events which occurred. I shall explain the matter slowly and carefully.

The date: January 31st. The hour: 2:00 P.M. On this day and hour three things went on simultaneously at widely separated points. On Goose Neck Extension, in a rapidly constructed windbreak, there was a Ceremony of Conveyal. In our Town Hall in Nickerson, a Town Meeting had been convened in Extraordinary Session to (I quote) "undo the extreme wreck and havoc wrought by an unauthorized invalid, and kangaroo Meeting, and to oust the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, John Mecom." In Boston, Massachusetts, one hundred and twenty-five miles away, the Board of Postal Examiners was hearing evidence in support of the charge that "David Andrews, architect, of Nickerson, did willfully and maliciously and while in full possession of his faculties employ the facilities of the United States Postal Service in an attempt to extort and extract the sum of \$3,759 from each of the five thousand subjoined individuals of whom seventy-four are currently defunct and of whom five are the petitioners in complaint." This was followed by The List. I do not care to mention the five petitioners by name as it will merely contribute to their false sense of importance.

I, myself, was present only at the first ceremony. Information about the others came to me through sources. I shall now go into details.

Goose Neck Extension. Weather: raw and biting. There were essentially three parties present. The Presidential Party, representing Lonesome Pine University; the Nickerson Party, representing the Town and the citizenry, and finally, members of the local national and international presses. The Presidential Party consisted of President Benedictus Grace, Tom Dingeldein of Pittsburg, representing the Board, Cranston Elmwood, Miss Molly Digit, and a Junior in the College who was acting as Standard Bearer.

They brought with them insignia and paraphernalia including the silver orb of universality. Up to that time the orb had never left the Pine campus. I personally did not care much for the gesture since it smacked to me of imperialism of the intellect. The Nickerson party consisted of John Mecom, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, myself, Cousin H., and Beryl Butterman. I didn't even suspect Butterman was a graduate of Pine until he showed up at this thing. Ashby C. Donnelly, that big fraud, came down to hobnob with the celebrities, for all his yakking. The local and international press was represented by a reporter from the Christian Science Monitor which did a large spread on the affair in their second section.

The order of the ceremony was this. First came handshakes all around. Then President Grace withdrew a crisp dollar bill from an envelope and handed it to John Mecom. John Mecom kept the dollar bill in his right hand while he offered appropriate remarks. He then transferred the dollar bill to his wallet, symbolising the unity of the Executive and Fiscal Branches of the Nickerson Town Government. John Mecom extracted the deed from its envelope and handed it to President Grace. President Grace, in his turn, handed it to Tom Dingeldein who inserted it in his briefcase. Appropriate remarks were then made by Tom Dingeldein on behalf of the Board. The Standard Bearer stepped in front of the windbreak. From a central position he marched to the north, south, east, and west. He then planted the banner of Lonesome Pine in the sand. The reporter got shots of this. The Standard Bearer came back to the shelter with frostbitten hands, and announced that it had begun to rain. President Grace then made an acceptance speech. Originally, he planned to speak for a half hour, but the driving wind and sand interfered with audibility and

he was compelled to prune his remarks to fifteen minutes.

At two thirty, Cousin H. produced a bottle of V.S.O.F. and fortification against the elements was had by all.

Town Hall, Nickerson. Time: 2:00 P.M. Al Whitfield, Associate Selectman, in the Chair. By count, two hundred and forty-eight citizens present. After much gavelling, a semblance of order was obtained and the chair admitted a motion to relieve John Mecomé of his post as Chief Selectman and of all subsidiary and ancillary posts relative to the town government. Charge: misfeasance, malfeasance, collusion, conspiracy, borrage, and murrain. A cabal formed on the floor and tried to prevent the motion from coming to a vote by the use of delaying tactics. The device failed. The Chair then asked for the Ayes and the Nays. It was not possible to determine the outcome acoustically. The Chair appointed a Tally Officer and each citizen was polled. The vote went against John Mecomé one hundred thirty one to one hundred seventeen.

The chair then invited discussion on how to undo the damage. This proved to be a tougher nut than anyone dreamed. It's easy to squeeze toothpaste out of the tube; it's much harder to get it back in. How, then, to obtain relief?

One citizen suggested that the whole transaction was invalid inasmuch as shore lands thrown up by the sea do not belong to the municipality, they belong to the State. This was challenged in two ways: some thought that such lands belonged to the municipality, others that they belonged to the whole country. The National Shore Lands Act of 1925 was mentioned, but no one followed up the lead. One joker suggested that the time

had come for such lands to belong to the UN. This remark was greeted by prolonged razzberries.

It was suggested that the matter should be referred to the State Attorney General for an opinion. It was brought out that a rumor had been circulating that Lonesome Pine intended to deed the Goose Neck Extension to a subsidiary: The Institute for Marine Therapy; that this Institute was operated jointly by Lonesome Pine and by the State University; that this affair therefore was an interstate matter and therefore must come before the U.S. Supreme Court. Some said, no, it was a matter for the U.S. Congress. The joker raised his voice once again and said, no, it was a matter for the International Court of Justice at The Hague. This was met by silence.

One man said he would call up Dr. Grace and offer to give him back his dollar for the deed. "When the fraudulent aspects of this operation have been made clear to Dr. Grace, I am sure he will be the honorable thing." This remark was countered by a reference to a recent case (State of Texas vs. Lonesome Pine) which was argued in the Supreme Judicial Court of Texas and in which Lonesome Pine exhibited great tenacity and unexpected strength.

In this way, two hours of fruitless talk were spent. The meeting was adjourned to the following week, during which time the acting chairman was instructed to seek authoritative opinions.

Boston, Massachusetts. Room 1208A, U.S. Post Office Building.
The time: 2:00 P.M. Board of Postal Inspectors. (Three commissioners present.) One petitioner from Nickerson. Evidence laid before the Board: Several copies of the broadside letter of solicitation signed by

David Andrews. A copy of The List, obtained evidently, from the LPCLDPC. Several affidavits in which personal harrassment by David Andrews was charged.

Typical discussion: Does the existence of a printed bill constitute extortion when unaccompanied by a concomitant debt? Two commissioners voiced the opinion that it did not, one claiming that it was in fact commonplace among non-profit organizations to issue such bills in order to stimulate contributions. The second commissioner pointed out that he regularly received the monthly bill of a man with the same name (different address) who had a charge account at the same department store. A third commissioner expressed the opinion that both instances constituted false dunnage and were actionable. In view of the one member of the board who allowed the petition, a summons was sent out praying that David Andrews and/or counsel appear in two weeks time before the Board of Postal Inspectors to rebutt the charges.

Goose Neck Extention. Time: 2:35 P.M. Weather: Severe wind and rain. In a moment of extreme generosity, David Andrews suggested that the whole party stop off briefly at his house (which was nearby) for coffee and doughnuts. This suggestion was accepted with gratitude by one and all. As the party turned into the property of David Andrews, a rather large oak tree was blown down and missed the last car of the caravan by several feet. The driveway was now blocked. Mrs. David Andrews, somewhat overwhelmed by the simultaneous arrival of large, unannounced party and falling tree, put up a brave front and played the hostess with charm and deftness. Radio reported that Hurrican Abigail, first of the new year, had been born prematurely, and was expected to be troublesome.

Company settled down to poker, this being the only game which could accommodate such a large crowd and remain interesting for an anticipated twelve to fifteen hours. First casualty of the game was the Standard Bearer who ran out of cash and had neglected to bring his credit cards with him.

By three thirty the power and phones were out, not to be restored for two days.

By five thirty, the company had cleaned out the household of beer and light wines, peanuts, cheese, crackers, sardines, bread, marshmallows, and a gift can of muktuk from Edmonton, Alberta.

The poker game proceeded by candlelight and kerosene lamp. At seven o'clock, Mrs. Lilly Andrews produced from the deep freeze two barbecued chickens and a large pot roast. She also took the opportunity to defrost the deep freeze and brought to the table four packages of brussel sprouts à la Mandyville (from a sale two years back) two sponge cakes, three packages of frozen strawberries and a popsicle.

The poker game, which was temporarily halted for dinner was restored in full vigor.

At twelve o'clock, midnight, a call arose for breakfast. Mrs. Lilly Andrews took two dozen eggs and scrambled them in a wash basin.

At one O' clock, Mrs. Andrews produced mattresses, sheets, sweaters, tarpaulins, sleeping bags, featherbeds, afghans, sail canvas, hearthrugs, and six yards of unutilized foam rubber. This was by way of a hint.

At one thirty a pane of glass in one of the living room windows blew in. The gust scattered some of the cards and ended the poker game.

Cousin H. had masterfully assembled \$238. Said that in view of the distinguished company, he would donate this sum to the Lonesome Pine Campaign if he came out of the storm alive. Did not say what he would do with his winnings in the contrary case, but presumably this was covered in previous declarations.

At ten the next morning, the company arose. The sky was blue and the sun was shining. The air was still, and Goose Neck Extension, flag and all, was once again lying peacefully under the sea from whence it had sprung.

CHAPTER XI

Hubris, Regained

Can history move backwards? Can words be unsaid, can thoughts be unthought, deeds undone? Omar says no: The moving finger writes, and having writ/ Moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit/ Shall lure it back to cancel half a line/ Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it. The physicists say no: time's arrow moves forward relentlessly. And yet, for a brief moment in Nickerson, it seemed to me that history had moved back a notch, that one strong wind had undone what the previous wind had done.

The animosity, the hard feelings in town were gone, the proceedings dropped. John Mecome was once again high in the public esteem; I was once again an honest citizen. After all, each of us had suffered a loss.

The Fall, say the Sages, carries with it the seeds of the Redemption. Two days after our second storm, John Mecome flew to Washington and spoke to our senior senator. Our senator got on the phone and spoke to the White House. Three days after the storm, the President of the United States declared Nickerson and the Goose Neck Extension a total disaster area. As such, Nickerson was entitled to full compensation under Title 6 of the Bayswater Act. Ultimately, \$18,795,000 passed into the town treasury. It was the largest check ever to be negotiated there.

Four days after the second storm, President Grace rang me up. Don't fret about the Campaign, he told me. As soon as he'd arrived at our house (just before the poker game and just before the wires came down) he'd put through a call to his lieutenants in Pine. His lieutenants, in turn, put through a call to the President of the Fig Leaf Foundation in

New York City. Even as we were sitting around playing Spit in the Ocean the Fig Leaf Foundation had allocated \$18,795,000 to Pine in Matching Funds. What else is there to say?

We are rapidly approaching the end of our adventure. Lonesome Pine received its \$18,795,000 from Nickerson. In fact, it received slightly over that, for to the first sum you must add the amount I originally collected by ringing doorbells. The Town of Nickerson received its \$18,795,000. This makes a grand total of \$37,590,000 and slightly over that I raised between November 1st and January 31st. Goose Neck Extension lies peacefully under the waters; this sum was created, so to speak, out of nothing. Anyone who has followed this turn of events should have no difficulty with Genesis 1,1 or the Big Bang Theory of Cosmological Physics. It is a road to faith.

The Town of Nickerson voted to use the Washington money to purchase salt marsh land and establish and endow a bird refuge. The refuge was to be administered jointly by the five adjoining towns. This show of generosity is quite common among New England townships, and was hailed as a welcome step to restore local initiative and responsibility.

As far as the nationwide campaign was concerned, Lonesome Pine realized 90.2% of its goal. A Victory Dinner was held just before the Commencement, and President Grace announced the figure. He also told us that the drive had been marvellously oversubscribed. The High Command had set for itself a realistic goal of $66 \frac{2}{3}\%$ of the publicly announced goal. This is known as the double entry system.

Emma Digit is quite well, thank you. In recent weeks I have been collaborating with her. She has computerized some of the elementary operations of architectural practice, leaving the architect free for pure creativity. When she was ready for a test run, I went down to the LPCLDPC. On the scope I drew a rectangular parallelepipedon with top truncated at an angle. The computer took it from there. It generated east, south, west, and north elevations in perspective, printed them up as blues, checked them out for feasibility against an aging Nickerson building code that can be traced to a carpenter's mate who came over on the Arbella, drew up a list of materials, scheduled a construction operation, and printed out an estimated total building cost. I had these plans worked up in wood and fiberglass, and now George Green has the first computer designed outhouse on the Atlantic seaboard. His Old Faithful was blown down in the second storm.

Miss Digit was all for adding a landscape feature to her computer program, but I told her to lay off.

Miss Digit has given up running Reginald Harrison. I think this is for the best.

As for Reginald Harrison, he has had his tapes reproduced in triplicate and now maintains simultaneous residences in Computation Laboratories in Stanford, Boulder, Colorado, and La Jolla, California. How's that for burning one's candle at both ends? In the middle, too.

John Mecome, of course, has become a local hero. He was sent to Congress. He claims he has some scruples about collaborating with a hostile government, but has set aside his objections temporarily.

Cousin H., acting on information that must have amounted to positive knowledge, flew down to Hialeah for the first week of the new meet. I knew he does not like to leave New England unnecessarily and I asked him why he could not act via telephonics. He answered that while this was entirely possible, he preferred to be on location as proximity to the action added a three dimensional quality which would otherwise be lacking.

Who is left? Of course: there is Thelma Trill. I donated her to the Nickerson Gallery of Art as a found object. The Director put a straw hat on her and set her up in the cloak room. She has a cigar box and a shill quarter on the counter in front of her. She is listed in the annual report under "Volunteer Workers".

This leaves Lilly and myself. Lilly is out at a PTA meeting. She had to bake brownies. The kids are upstairs, sleeping quietly. This leaves myself alone to tell the tale.

I now bring this story of my native land and my native waters to an ~~absolute~~ close. In the words of my wise father: God preserve us from the Zealots.

~~THE END~~