

Cavalier®



ABE ATTELL TALKS—*Never Before Told!*

The True Story of THE WORLD SERIES FIX



**THE MAN IN THE TIN SOMBRERO
—HE INVENTED TEXAS**

THE GIRL IN THE MIRROR

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Cavalier

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For the First Time Abe Attell Talks:

The Truth Behind



This is Abe Attell. Since 1919 he has been linked with the World Series fix. Here, in a CAVALIER exclusive, Abe tells the story the sports world has waited 41 years to hear.

HE WAS NOT THE BRAINS BEHIND THE FIX. This is Arnold Rothstein, King of the Gamblers, known as the man who thought up the fix idea. Here Abe Attell pinpoints role Rothstein played.



The World Series Fix

Each year reminders of the 1919 World Series pop up at this time. Yet the real story has never been told. Some attempts to tell it—as in the case of a recent David Susskind TV spectacular—have been thwarted by participants in the fix. This story will throw new light on the mystery and will place responsibility for starting the fix on the phonies who have fooled most of the fans into believing they were innocent victims—THE EDITORS

● There is only one thing about the infamous World Series of 1919 that everyone agrees on: it was as crooked as a \$3 bill. It created a scandal that rocked the sporting world and almost killed the National Pastime. It destroyed one of the greatest ball clubs ever assembled and turned the famous name of White Sox to "Black." It ruined eight great baseball careers and the fortune of their millionaire club owner. It was a story that dominated the front pages for weeks and unfolded over a span of two years. It was really something.

How was that series fixed? Who set it up? Who backed it? What happened afterward? There have been so many answers to these questions, the public can't help but be confused.

I know the real story. I have the right to tell what really happened.

I was there.

When the big stories on the fateful World Series finally broke into the open, a year after it was over, America was saying that it was Arnold Rothstein, the

by Abe Attell

big-time gambler from New York, who fixed it. You could hear that everywhere. But Rothstein, as I

will show, managed to clear himself. People started to believe a lot of other things. They came to believe even that Rothstein had nothing to do with it. They even believed *his* story, that it was me, Abe Attell, who fixed it!

Rothstein was a liar. He was worse than a liar. He was a man who would betray anybody, even his friends, in order to protect himself.

I was his friend. I'm not proud to admit that. But it was the truth. And he betrayed me.

The real truth is Arnold Rothstein Was Responsible For The World Series Fix!

I first met Arnold back in 1905. I was featherweight boxing champion of the world. I weighed 118 pounds. "The Little Champ" they called me, a title I held for 12 years until I was defeated by Johnny Kilbane in 1912. Then I retired, the first Jewish champion of

Please turn page

Continued from preceding page

the world, but I still stayed close to sports.

Arnold was a big sportsman in those days—a smart, up-and-coming young man who liked to hang around the fighters. People respected him. What they didn't realize at the time was that he was making friends in order to use them. If he did you a favor, he had a way of letting you know he expected to get something in return.

He would hang around the old Metropole Hotel at Broadway and 42nd Street, owned by George Considine and Big Tim Sullivan, Tammany political boss of New York City. This was the place where a lot of important people would congregate. It was the scene of some mighty big crap games and poker games, big drinking parties, big political wheeling and dealing, and even a big murder. It was where the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, was murdered in the famous case involving Police Capt. Charles Becker.

I saw a lot of Arnold in those years, especially after I retired. I was making a living on the vaudeville circuit, doing a monologue, telling stories about the fight game. I liked doing that because I liked people. Everywhere I went, they seemed glad to listen. It was a good feeling to know you had experiences in your life that they wanted to hear about. I guess Arnold thought of me as something of a "character" because he always invited me to join him whenever we bumped into each other. And that was often. We hung around the same places.

It was exactly because of this that all my trouble in that World Series began. We happened to be at the Jamaica race track on a fateful afternoon in September 1919. Arnold was doping out the horses for

the third race when a well-known gambler from Boston, John "Sport" Sullivan, told him he had a proposition he would like to talk over with him. There were two men with him, Bill Burns, an ex-ballplayer, and a fighter from Philadelphia named Billy Maharg.

But Arnold was too busy handicapping to bother with them. He told Sullivan to go to the track restaurant and wait. Then he looked around and spotted me. He said to me, "Abe, do me a favor and go to the restaurant and find out what Sullivan has in mind."

I nodded and went after them, and that was the biggest mistake of my life. I found the three of them sitting in a corner.

"Sport," I said to Sullivan, "Arnold is too busy to talk with you now. He wants you to tell me your proposition."

Sullivan knew I was close to Arnold, so he nodded to Burns and Maharg and began talking. As I remember it, his story went something like this:

"Well, Abe, I've just come down from Boston where I played some pool with two ballplayers on the Chicago White Sox, Eddie Cicotte and Chick Gandil. They tell me that their whole club is sore as the devil at Charles Comiskey, the owner, because he's such a cheap S.O.B. He cut their salaries during the war and kept right on cutting them after it. They can't do a thing about it, because Comiskey owns them. Either they play ball for him or they can't play ball anywhere!"

"So what?" I said.

I knew this was true. Comiskey was notorious for being rough on the players. He even made them pay for their own laundry. They would come out on the field wearing the filthiest uniforms you ever saw.

Sullivan swallowed another beer, leaned close to me, and came out with the big kicker. "They want to throw the World Series!" he whispered.

Now, it could hardly be said that I lived in a saintly world. Being a fighter for over a dozen years, a man sees a lot of dirty business being done. But this almost knocked me off my chair.

"What!" I almost choked. "Whoever heard of a thing like that!"

Sullivan nodded and looked me straight in the eye.

"Gandil said he can get seven or eight players to go in on this. They want \$100,000 cash, in advance, and they'll throw the whole Series to Cincinnati. Rothstein is the only gambler I know with that kind of dough."

He wasn't kidding. That was plain. So I told him I would pass this on to Arnold. Sullivan was staying at the Hotel Ansonia along with the players. I told him A.R.



THEY WERE LUCKY. When Risberg (far left) Weaver (center) Felsch (far right) with lawyers here faced court, case against them was ruined.



HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND BROKE THE SCANDAL. Billy Maharg was the gabby guy who turned rumors into an investigation and almost killed baseball.

would get in touch with him there.

I went back to Arnold in the grandstand, and he asked me what happened. I told him that I would meet him later at Reuben's Restaurant, then at 74th Street and Broadway and across from the Ansonia Hotel. He nodded and returned to his handicapping.

At seven that night, Arnold and I went into the back room at Reuben's and I repeated Sport Sullivan's proposition.

Arnold didn't seem shocked as I had been. He didn't even bat an eye. He sat there thinking for a moment, kicking the whole thing around in his head. I mention this, because years later people said that Rothstein was a pure sportsman, that he really loved sports, especially baseball because it was supposed to be a clean, honest game that shouldn't be tampered with. It was the National Pastime. All over the country there were fans of all ages who loved the game and the great heroes who played it. It was said of Rothstein that he was as great a fan as any of them.

Not so. When it came to making a bundle, snap your fingers and that's how long it would take Arnold to sell it out. He was the type who would fix anything, from a World Series to a World War. That is, providing he saw a reasonably good chance of cashing in himself.

Besides, at the time, professional baseball was far from the honest sport everyone thought it was. Gamblers had fastened on to it during the war, because it had become the No. 1 entertainment business in the country.

When the United States Government closed down the race tracks in 1917 for the duration of the war, gamblers needed another place to go. They started betting on baseball games; they organized betting pools; they set up a nation-wide network of bookies just as they had done in horseracing.

When they had made the public betting-conscious on baseball, when even the kids would bet dimes on their favorite team to score the most runs in a week, they began to figure out ways to improve the odds for themselves. Gamblers always do that.

They would work to get inside tips. Who was going to pitch that day? How was he feeling? They found out all sorts of inside information that might be significant—like maybe the pitcher had a fight with his wife. They made private deals with ballplayers to tip them off, even to have them wire last minute changes when the team was on the road.

From there it was just a short step to tampering with the outcome of the games themselves. Bribe a pitcher, the key man in any ball game, and you could really improve the odds. It was said that the great first baseman, Hal Chase, was able to throw many games by booting a play in a crucial moment without even having an error marked against him.

I knew for a fact that more than one game had been fixed years before the 1919 World Series. Certainly, Arnold knew more than I.

But a World Series? That was something else again. Finally, he shook his head. "It won't work, Abe," he said. "There are too many people involved. It's bound to leak. I want nothing to do with it."



HE WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT. Sox owner Comiskey (center) offered \$10,000 for evidence proving there was a fix.

Continued from preceding page

I nodded. "Okay, Arnold." I left, thinking that the whole thing was dead.

The World Series was a big sporting event in those days, perhaps even bigger than it is today. And since this was before the time of radio coverage, sporting fans who had the time and money would hop a train to see the games. I was one of them.

The Series was to open in Cincinnati, October 1. A day or two before, a few of my pals and I went to Chicago for the pregame fanfare. We stopped over at the Hotel Congress where a lot of the boys in the sporting world hung out. I remember the next two or three days as clearly as if it was yesterday. I remember because of all the strange things that happened.

In the lobby of the Congress Hotel, I spotted an old friend, Nat Evans, who was Arnold's partner at the time. I was about to go over and say hello when I noticed he was talking to a big gambler from Chicago, a man named Monty Tennis. Something about this struck me as strange. Instinct, you might say. Anyway, I didn't go over. I waited until they had finished and Nat had left him. Then I approached Monty Tennis and asked him: "Were you and Nat doing business?"

Tennis smiled. "Yeah, Abe," he said. "Evans just handed me a bonanza. He bet me twenty grand on each of the first two games. The dope took Cincinnati!"

Well, right away I knew something was up. The Chicago White Sox, as the whole world knew, were the heavy favorites. They had as great a ball club, player for player, as any club in history. They had Shoeless Joe Jackson in the outfield, Buck Weaver and Eddie Collins in the infield. They had Ray Schalk behind the plate. And on the mound, they had Eddie Cicotte, a 29-game winner, and Lefty Williams, one of the cleverest control pitchers in baseball. The Cincy Reds were a weak opponent, figured to lose maybe five games in a row. (In those days, the World Series ran five games out of nine.) So, for Nat Evans to bet \$20,000 a game against these two pitchers left a bad smell in the air. Especially after what I already had heard from Sport Sullivan, back at the Jamaica race track.

My suspicions suddenly made me mad. Had Rothstein gone behind my back and made a deal?

I went right up to Nat Evans's room and laid it on the line. Was my suspicion right? Nat, who was an old friend, confessed.

"Yes, Abe, back in New York, Arnold sent me over to the Ansonia that same night you talked to Sport Sullivan. I was even introduced to the players, using the name of Brown as a cover up. I told them that I had the hundred grand and would back the fix. Sport Sullivan would be the go-between. The money would be left in the hotel safe, here at the Congress Hotel, with instructions that if the players threw the Series, Sullivan would give them the money. If not, he would give it back to me."

Nat was shocked that his partner, Arnold, had double-crossed me. He knew I'd been loyal and honest with them. So he took out \$5,000 cash and handed it to me. "Here, Abe," he said. "This is from me, not Arnold. Go on out and make a bundle for yourself!"

I took the money and thanked him. But I was burning up at Rothstein for lying to me and freezing me out like that. I wanted to do what I could to get even. I found Monty Tennis and told him to lay off his bet, that there was dirty business being done. Then, on the next day in the Hotel Sinton in Cincinnati, when I saw Nat Evans having breakfast with George M. Cohan in the hotel dining room, I knew he was suckering Cohan into another bet. I waited for Cohan to go to his room and followed him up. There I told him the straight dope.

"George," I said, pulling out the \$5,000 Nat had given me plus \$4,000 more of my own, "All this money is going down on Cincinnati. You know why? Because the Series is in the bag!"

He was shocked. I told him that he should get off the hook, but to do it secretly. I suggested that he tell Nat how his partner in New York, Sam Harris, had called and told him not to bet. That way, Nat would not suspect me.

Cohan, who was an old friend of mine, thanked me. He was smart enough to follow my advice. He didn't bet on the Series. He even warned Sam Harris in New York to lay off whatever Rothstein had led him into betting in New York.

A while later, I ran into Nick Dandolis, known as Nick the Greek. Nick had recently lost over \$300,000

HOW MUCH DID IT COST TO STEAL THE EVIDENCE? . . .



. . . was question often asked after Great Mouthpiece Fallon took case and evidence "vanished."

to Rothstein in a crap game. He told me he had bet \$30,000 on Chicago. Also Remmy Doyle, owner of the New Orleans race track. I straightened them out, too. I was a one-man crusade to make it tough for Rothstein to get his money down. The rat was trying to take all his old friends for a crooked ride.

Just before we were about to leave for the game, I ran into "Sleepy" Bill Burns, the ex-ballplayer, who was along with Sport Sullivan that afternoon at the Jamaica race track. He pulled me aside and told me that Cicotte and Williams were going to throw those first two games if they had to throw the ball clear out of the Cincy ball park. He was a friendly guy and promised to keep me informed.

Well, Burns was right. Cicotte got himself knocked clean out of the box in the fourth inning, and Cincy won, 9-1! The next day, Williams, the great control pitcher, suddenly got wild in the crucial moments and lost his game, 4-2.

I had parlayed my \$9,000 into a \$30,000 bankroll.

On the train back to Chicago for the next three games, Bill Burns told me that Dickie Kerr was going to pitch the third game in Chicago. Kerr was not in on the fix and was a very clever pitcher. Burns, who had been a pitcher for the White Sox himself, warned me that it would be dangerous to bet against the Sox that day, even though the others were going to try to throw this game, too. I took his advice, and bet lightly. Kerr went out and pitched a beautiful four-hitter and won, 3-0. He was so good, there was nothing his teammates could do to blow the game.

I was delighted to hear that Rothstein had lost a bundle on that game.

HOW MUCH WOULD IT COST TO DO TV SHOW? . . .



. . . was question facing TV producer David Susskind who cancelled show when hit with legal threat.

As everybody knows, the Sox went on to lose the Series, five games to three. I have heard stories about how the ballplayers got scared because there was so much talk going around; about how they fought amongst themselves; about how they felt they were being double crossed by the gamblers since they hadn't gotten any money from them during the Series. Some even said they had a meeting and planned to win, but just couldn't pull it off!

Well, maybe so. I don't know about that. I never talked with them, I never had anything to do with them. I've read stories about how I was at meetings with the players, bribing them, flashing fake telegrams from Arnold Rothstein to convince them I was backed by a lot of dough. There were supposed to be stories that the ballplayers had made a deal with me where I was supposed to pay them \$20,000 after every game they lost. Lies. All lies.

They knew that \$100,000 cash was waiting for them in the safe of the Hotel Congress in Chicago. They had made that deal with Sport Sullivan and Nat Evans. They had made no deal with me. The truth is they had ruined their chances to carry this fix off by stupidly, openly trying to get bets down against themselves. More than one gambler told me how the ballplayers came to him with a few thousand dollars they could scrape together. It got so the whole town knew about it.

I must repeat my position in the whole story. The first I knew the fix was on happened in the lobby of the Hotel Congress the day before the opening game. It's true that I bet accordingly and won some money. But it is NOT true that I had anything more to do with the fix than that!

As I will show, Arnold Rothstein put the blame on me. He made me the whipping boy in order to clear his own name. That was the way of Arnold Rothstein. There were dozens of others through the course of his life who suffered the same fate I did. Curly Bennett died in jail after selling dope for Rothstein. Sid Stages committed suicide after also getting caught at it, but Rothstein just kept on collecting money. He was rotten to the core. He respected only one thing in his life, and that was money. That's all he ever wanted, and he never cared how he got it. Gambling for it, conniving for it, stealing for it. That's the way he got his kicks in life. He never had a friend who would trust him for long. Those who thought they could always ended up betrayed. Sooner or later he would sell them out.

What happened after the Series is even more fantastic a story than the fixing of it. Some of it is a mystery to this day, and will probably always remain so—like the story of what happened to the \$100,000 allotted to the players. So far as I know, that money was turned over to Sport Sullivan, the go-between, who supposedly handed it over to Chick Gandil, the Sox first baseman and instigator of the whole mess. But there is no record of the players ever getting much of it. Gandil denies ever getting a dime.

All I know for sure is what happened to me. And because of Arnold Rothstein, it ruined my reputation.

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had. He was going to serve some of the divorce papers on the husband, who would go for his gun when he saw him, and Sturtevant would mow him down. "It'll be self-defense and I'll have the girl and she'll have the ranch." That's the kind of guy he was.

I went along in Sturtevant's car to look over his landing location, him driving and the girl sitting between us. We got to the spot. The girl asked to get out. I stepped out to give her room and when I turned back I was staring into a gun in Sturtevant's hand.

"Now, you no good S.O.B.," he said and whacked me over the nose, breaking it. I had my gun out of my waistband in a second and shot twice.

"Oh, Vince . . . my wife and children," he said and fell out of the car.

"You weren't thinking of my wife and children when you told Avelino to kill me," I said. I doubt if he heard me. My bullets had gone through his arm and chest and torn a hole in his aorta.

I tried to make the jury at my trial believe what happened next, but failed. I told how I turned and saw Sturtevant's

girl aiming a .25 automatic at me.

"You asked for it, too," I said and I shot her in the chest. She fell down and I put my gun away. She jumped up and dived into a deep ditch. When I got there, she was out of sight. She lived to testify.

The Marin County district attorney believed my reputation with the San Francisco cops as a hired killer and the jury put me away for 17 years for first degree. I did my time in San Quentin and Folsom. If I had been hired to knock off Sturtevant for testifying at the moonshine trial, all I can say is I'd have done it before he gave his testimony.

All that aside, I'm not mad at anybody any more. I did my time on my ear and with a good record and I have a pardon. There are only two things that make me mad now. When I got my pardon, Herb Caen, the columnist, called me a janitor. I'm not a janitor. I'm a head maintenance man. The other way to rile me is to say I was a hired gun.

Would I do it all over again if I had a chance? The way I'm built, what do you think? ●



THE TRUTH BEHIND THE WORLD SERIES FIX

Continued from page 13

Toward the end of the 1920 baseball season there was an important game between the Phillies and the Cubs. As though to prove his contempt, Rothstein got to the Cub pitcher and bribed him to throw the game. News of this reached a number of Chicago gamblers who had gotten their money down on what they thought would be a clean game. They got sore at the rumors and went to the owner of the Cubs, Bill Veeck, and told him that the fix was in. Veeck then shifted pitchers at the last minute.

This is what triggered an Illinois grand jury to begin an investigation of gambling in baseball, starting the ball rolling for an exposure of the World Series fix of 1919. It got old man Comiskey of the White Sox all steamed up, and he offered \$10,000 to any man who could present concrete evidence that there was any dirty business attached to the 1919 Series. I never believed Comiskey. I asked myself, why should a club owner with a million-dollar ball club want to expose their corruption? It would destroy his team. It didn't make sense to me.

But it brought one rat out of the woodwork—Billy Maharg, the fighter from Philadelphia who was with Sport Sullivan and Bill Burns that afternoon at Jamaica. Maharg proceeded to spit up his guts to a newspaperman in Philly. He told a story that implicated the eight famous ballplayers. The rat also implicated me. His story was full of truths, half-truths, and outright fabrications. Whatever it was, he never got his 10 grand from Comiskey.

But it hit those Chicago newspapers

like a tornado. It made Eddie Cicotte, for one, a very nervous man. He went to Comiskey and sobbed his way through a fat confession, telling how he deliberately pitched two rotten games in order to lose. He told his story again before the Grand Jury, followed by the great Shoeless Joe Jackson and Lefty Williams.

I was in New York at the time and soon learned that Cicotte wasn't the only nervous one. Arnold Rothstein was another. Arnold got in touch with me and said it was very important that I come to his apartment on Riverside Drive. There I met with him and his lawyer, William J. Fallon, known as the Great Mouthpiece. Sport Sullivan was there, too.

Arnold was afraid they were going to extradite him, and force him to testify before the Grand Jury. That was the last thing he wanted. Since his name, along with Sullivan's and mine, was being freely kicked around by the newspapers, Fallon thought it would be smart if we all skipped town until the whole thing blew over. He said there could only be trouble if we testified.

Arnold told me to go to Canada and hide out there. Sullivan was to get out of Boston and New York where he was known, and go to Mexico. Arnold, himself, would disappear. At least, that's what he said he'd do.

Well, I packed and took the first train up to Montreal, ready to do what I was told. I should have known better. I wasn't there a week when I read in the paper that Rothstein and Fallon had hurried to Chicago and volunteered to

[Continued on page 96]

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[Continued from page 89]
appear before the Grand Jury! There, Rothstein, the rat, made the following statement:

"Attell did the fixing.

"I've come here to vindicate myself. If I wasn't sure I was going to be vindicated, I would have stayed home. Here is my story for the official record:

"The whole thing started when Attell and some cheap gamblers decided to frame the Series and make a killing. The world knows I was asked in on the deal and my friends know I turned it down flat. I don't doubt that Attell used my name to put it over. That's been done before by smarter men than Abe. But I wasn't in on it, wouldn't have gone in on it under any circumstances and didn't bet a cent on the Series after I found out what was under way..."

When I read that, I boiled. I took the first train back to New York. I could just see that Grand Jury hanging the noose around my neck. Straight off, I called Rothstein and we had a meeting in Fallon's office. I told them I was leaving for Chicago that night and would testify to set the record straight my own way. Rothstein panicked at this. He turned to Fallon and peeled off \$50,000 in cash. He said, "Bill, I want you to take this money and fight for Abe. Don't let them extradite him and see to it that he doesn't get indicted. Do it any way you can."

Well, all I can say is that Fallon was no slouch when it came to taking care of matters like this. When the Grand Jury sent three men to New York to extradite me, Fallon took them on the town. He got them so stewed that they couldn't see straight. And whatever else he did, I'll never know. All I know is that when they brought me before the magistrate in New York to extradite me, Fallon admitted that an Abe Attell was wanted in Chicago for his involvement in the fix, but not this Abe Attell. And, crazy as it sounds, he got those three men to agree to that! The judge rapped his gavel and

dismissed the case.

So I went free. I never was indicted. I never appeared at the trial when it took place a year later. It wouldn't have mattered much anyway, because Rothstein took care of that trial, too. With a defiance of the law that was typical of him, he had Fallon arrange for the theft of all the testimony from the Grand Jury investigations. This was done right out of the district attorney's office, the night before it was going to be used as evidence! Can anyone top that? It was a maneuver that must have cost him a fortune, but to Arnold that didn't matter.

By this single move, he totally shattered the D.A.'s case. The ballplayers repudiated their confessions and refused to take the stand. As a result, there simply was no real case against them. They were judged "Not Guilty," and the jurors themselves poured out of the jury box and hoisted those eight boys to their shoulders like they were big heroes!

But what happened to them afterwards was something else again. Commissioner Landis had them thrown out of baseball for the rest of their lives. The great White Sox team became known as the "Black Sox." And baseball was cleaned up, once and for all. To the best of my knowledge, gamblers haven't had a chance to dirty up the game since.

As for me, though the law never touched me, my name was blackened by Rothstein's smear. Everywhere I went, people linked my name to the case. I couldn't shake it, no matter what I said, no matter what kind of proof I tried to offer. Rothstein refused to talk about it and claimed his own reputation suffered badly as a result of the scandal. But he had manipulated the whole thing and made a profit of over \$350,000 on his bets. He deserved to suffer from it. It was typical of Arnold that he lied to his own partner, Nat Evans, about the size of his winnings. When Nat found out, he turned his back on Rothstein and never had anything more to do with him.

What followed were tough years for

me. I was marked lousy by too many important people. Even though powerful old friends like Big Tim Sullivan, Damon Runyon, and Mayor Jimmy Walker stuck by me and tried to clear my name, they couldn't buck the beliefs of everyone else. If I was ever slated to amount to something in the boxing world, like a referee, or a judge, or even a fight promoter, this queered my chances. To this day, 41 years later, you can still read articles about how I had fixed that World Series!

Now I'm getting old. I was 78 on February 22. I want to set the record straight.

All in all, it's been a wonderful life, despite this setback. It's a cinch I'd never have changed places with Rothstein for all the money in the world. Unlike him, I've made a lot of friends, the kind that stick by me. I enjoy the life I lead. I've owned and managed a few bars in New York and did fine with them. To me, the secret of life is to like people. Then they'll like you. There were only three people in my whole life I ever hated. Two of them were fighters—Frankie Neal and an Englishman named Owen Moran. I hated them because they were vicious anti-Semites. I showed my hatred in the ring, and I can tell you they knew it.

The third man I hated was Arnold Rothstein.

I saw him once, outside of the old Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway, some years after the scandal. Right out in front of a crowd of people I told the rat what I thought of him.

"Rothstein," I finished up, boiling with anger, "You're gonna die with your shoes on!"

He did. •

In re the David Susskind mentions on our opening pages: Susskind had a spectacular on the scandal all set when one of the players balked on portrayal rights.

That killed the show.



THE AWAKENING

Continued from page 18

cabin and we sat around outside, smoking. I was really eating cigarettes. We went for another swim and then in the afternoon she said she had to go. The way she said it, I knew she was never coming back.

"Stay with me tonight," I said.

"I'm a wife and mother," she said, "and I'm supposed to be getting our cottage ready for when my family comes up."

"Just tonight," I said. "It's going to be a hell of a night without you."

"It's going to be a hell of a night for me, too," she said, "so I'll stay."

We didn't sleep much. We just hung on to each other. "I love you," I told her.

"I love you, too," she said. "Will you always love me?"

"I'll love you for the rest of my life," I said.

"And I'll love you for the rest of mine," she said. "Hold me," she said. "Hold me as hard as you can."

You can believe me, that was a short night. I guess it was like when you're going to be shot at dawn. We had breakfast and talked, and then all of a sudden we were talked out. She walked down to the shore and stood by her canoe and I shoved it into the water. She got into it.

"Well," she said. "Bless you. Bless you forever."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't. I

waited until she was headed out and then I went back to the cabin. She'd washed dishes for me after all and there they were, all waiting for me, stacked differently, and there was one used cup, from when she'd asked for some instant coffee.

And there was the bed that she hadn't had time to make. I looked at it for a minute and then threw myself down on it. I could smell her in the sheets. I cried like a madman for about 15 minutes and then I got up and started packing.

"Well," my old man said when I got home. "Short break. Let's step out to the back porch and sample a little wine of the country."

We each put back a shot and then he said: "You just favoring us with a visit?"

"No," I said. "I'm down for good."

"Hm," he said. "I felt sure you'd like that place. I felt sure it would be good for you."

"Don't get me wrong," I said. "I liked it fine. It's just that I'm all set up now."

"Set up?" he said. "Set up how?"

"Why," I said, "I'm set up for war, taxes, and death. What else is there?" •