

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

Though Mark usually grumbled ~~for~~ a little ~~while~~ when I reminded him we were going ~~out~~ to a party, he enjoyed himself hugely after he arrived and never, never wanted to leave. He could always think of an excuse to stay longer. "In just a few more minutes," he'd say, and settle down for another half hour. Or, "Just let me finish this drink and I'll go ^{quietly} ~~quietly~~."

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In fact, there is only one kind of party that ~~I know~~ he objects to ^{ed} ~~the~~ the kind he calls ^{ed} a "children's party for grown-ups," such as costume affairs, masked balls, and Easter egg hunts. Yes, Easter egg hunts. He really balked like a mule at an Easter egg hunt that Olivia and Floyd Smith had for their middle-aged friends on their spacious rolling grounds. He went ~~all~~right, but he refused to do anything so childish as hunt eggs. When Olivia approached him with a basket in which he was to put his eggs, he said bluntly, "No, thank you. I'll stay on the front porch and have a drink with Mr. Smith [Floyd's father]." So, while all the other guests gamboled over the lawn, hurrahing and squealing and picking up eggs, Mark contentedly rocked and talked and sipped Scotch. But his contentment wasn't to last.

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When the rest of us returned to the house with our baskets laden and, at Olivia's suggestion, announced the number of eggs each of us had collected ^{ted} so she could award the prizes, Mark, naturally, received the booby prize. And to his ^{ed} absolute shock and horror it was a huge, live, white rabbit in a ^{ed} pastboard box.

"What the hell am I gonna do with this goddamned rabbit?" he groaned all the way home. "Hell, we don't have any place for a rabbit. And if we had a place for a rabbit, I wouldn't want a rabbit. We don't have any children at home. Hell...!"

Nevertheless, when we reached home he hauled the box with the rabbit
(mellowed by Scotch and his weakness for animals,) upstairs to our room and ~~his heart softening as it does toward all~~
animals, sat in a low chair and gently stroked it. "Poor little rabbit,"
he murmured soothingly. "Poor little rabbit. ^{How} ~~he~~ has no mother and
no father and no sisters and no brothers. Poor little rabbit.."

Finally, at my urging, ^{let} he ~~put~~ the rabbit ^{loose} in our bathroom for the
night.

The next morning I ^{wake up} ~~waked~~ ahead of him, but soon he opened his eyes,
stretched leisurely, untangled himself from the covers, got up, and
headed for the bathroom. I waited quietly, curious to see what would
happen when he met again "poor little rabbit." What happened was more
than I expected. In less than a minute he exploded back into our room,
shouting, "Hell, Willie, what's that in the bathroom? It looks like a
huge rabbit. Goddamn! I swear it looks like a great, huge rabbit
hopping about.."

One of Mark's out-of-the-ordinary activities was giving away
Three of them worked on the paper or their husbands-to-be did.
brides; five. One was an attractive redhead, Carol Sutton, who was
the society editor of the Courier and is now the assistant to the
publisher, Barry Bingham Jr. Mark gave her ~~away~~ to Claude Whaley.

And two were pretty blondes, who married members of the Louisville Times
and WHAS staffs. George Burt, editor of the Times, was one of the ^{grooms} ~~grooms~~
and George Bussy, Mark's secretary on the Palestine Commission and later
on WHAS, was the other one. Also, of course, he gave away two daughters:
Mary Snow and Georgia, who married Marc Schneider of Knoxville.

The social highlight of every Louisville year, though, was the
Kentucky Derby on the first Saturday in May and the many festivities that
crowded around it. Mark never cared particularly about the races themselves,
but he greatly enjoyed the guests, the drinking ^{it} it was the time for

mint julips (we rarely had them on other occasions) ~~for~~ they were too much trouble to make) ~~the~~ the betting fever, the old friends, and the celebrities who packed Churchill Downs, every ~~thing~~ ^{thing}.

OK?
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everything
but the
pieces?
see p. 413

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1.2.
two
Couples
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time?
How
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below

Mark and I had two couples for house guests every Derby, mostly newspaper friends. ^{At one time or another} We had Richard Clarke, ~~who was~~ ^{Mark's} editor of the New York Daily News, and his charming English wife, Joy; Don Maxwell, ^{Mark's} his old sidekick on the AP Board, and his wife, Marge, who could play the piano better than most professionals; Harding Bancroft of The New York Times who, before he became a New York executive, was in the State Department and served with Mark on the Balkan Commission, and his lively wife, Jane; the Bernie Ridders of the Ridder newspaper chain, from St. Paul; "Young Harry" Byrd and his very pretty blonde mate, Gretchen; the Leonard Lyonses; Walter Cronkite and his red-haired wife, Betsy, whom Mark loves dearly; Alicia Patterson Guggenheim, the owner and editor of Newsday, and her husband, Harry; Elaine and John Steinbeck, and many others.

Mark's?
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see
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was her
husband
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owner?
see p 432

In honor of our out-of-town guests we always had a big party. The first few years we lived in Louisville we had a breakfast on Derby Saturday, but soon changed this to a dinner-dance on Saturday evening. We had an old, commodious house that ~~had been built by~~ ^{had built} a Mr. Trigg, who laid out Louisville, for his son. The living and dining rooms were unusually spacious, for the ~~affluent~~ ^{people} who had lived in the house before us, had knocked down the partition between the front and back parlors, making one large room with two fireplaces and many windows and doors, and on the other side of the hall ^{they} had done the same thing, ^{removing} ~~except~~ the partition ~~there~~ ^{that} had separated the dining ~~room~~ ^{room} and kitchen. Then, they had added on behind the living room, a library and downstairs bedroom, which I made into a sun porch; and behind the dining room, ^{there was} a breakfast room and kitchen.

this one
the
living
room?

they?

The dining room made a perfect ballroom; it even had a magnificent

Waterford glass chandelier. All we had to do ~~when we had a dance~~ was to move all the dining room furniture, except a few chairs, into the basement, roll up the rug, and ~~then~~ move the piano from the living room, across the hall, to the dining room. Of course, ^{in that case} ~~then~~ we didn't have a dining room in which to serve the dinner or supper or "whatever" but that didn't bother me. I ^{simply} served it on the enclosed porch that extended halfway across the back of the house, overlooking the garden. ~~The~~ ^{the} guests ate everywhere | on the front and back stairs; at tables on the patio and in the garden if the weather was warm enough | and usually at Derby time it was | ^{or} and out on the lawn. After a few drinks ^{they} ~~the~~ guests didn't seem to mind where they ate. We usually had around ^{a hundred and fifty} 150 guests. We didn't invite that many, but by the time the Louisville people who were invited came with all their ^{a hundred and fifty or} out-of-town guests, they amounted to ~~150 and~~ more.

Mark was a conscientious ^{enthusiastic} host. He was ready ahead of time; he did his best to greet all the guests as they arrived and ^{to} introduce them about so they wouldn't feel like strangers; ^{to} see that they had the kind of drinks they wanted and that their glasses never remained empty for a second; and ^{to} see that they ^{sang} ~~saw~~ Mark's idea of giving a real good party was herding the guests around the piano and leading them in song. He couldn't carry a tune himself; ^{he never sang a note;} he just mouthed the words and kept the time with ^{his} ~~his~~ pumping hands and arms, sometimes even with his whole body. ^{There were times} ~~Sometimes~~ ^{got} so carried away, he ^{threw his} ~~back~~ out of kilter.

I remember one of our early Derby breakfasts when the food was a disaster, growing cold and stale and stiff, while Mark and the guests split their throats around the piano. And they were guests whom I wanted especially to please. ^{They were} ~~They were~~ V.I.P.s from Washington who had come on a special train. Among them were Margaret Truman ^(this was during Mr. Truman's early presidency); Senator Lyndon B. Johnson and Lady Bird; Chief Justice Vinson; Tom Clark, attorney general; and French Ambassador Henri Bonnet and Madam Bonnet.

(Years later, when Mr. Johnson was President, Mark was at the White House at ^{huge} cocktail party for the American Society of Newspaper Editors and as he was hurrying to the bar, he ran into Lady Bird.

"Oh, Mr. Ethridge," Lady Bird exclaimed, "You don't remember me, but..."

"Like hell I don't," he answered.

Well, ^{on} that long-ago Derby Day, Margaret Truman and Madam Bonnet helped Mark lead the singing and they were all so carried away they wouldn't break it off to eat. Finally ^{I said} a few guests, not too enamored of music and I ate without them.

One of our best Derbies was the year Ray Bolger came for dinner and dancing. The way it happened was amazing. He and his beautiful wife were sitting near us at the races and a newspaper friend of Mark's, who knew them, introduced us. Never dreaming that such a celebrity as Ray Bolger didn't have his social card filled, but just wanting to be hospitable, Mark said to him, "If you and Mrs. Bolger haven't anything better to do this evening, my wife and I are having a dinner and dancing party and would love to have you come."

"Thank you so much," Bolger answered immediately. "What time?"

"Well, the invitations said eight o'clock, but people come any time they can make their way home from the races and get into their evening clothes. So, whenever you and Mrs. Bolger can make it, you will be welcome."

Then, after Mark had explained to them how to find our house, we parted. Mark cautioned me not to expect to see Ray Bolger again except on television, but, lo and behold, exactly at eight o'clock the doorbell rang ^{had} it was the very first ring and much before we expected any guest to arrive ^{had} and there stood the Bolgers, handsomely dressed and ready to dance. And dance Ray Bolger did the whole eveing long, with one

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woman after another, old and young, ugly and beautiful, stiff and limber. Then, to top it all off, around one o'clock in the morning he stepped to the middle of the room and made a little speech, saying if ~~his~~^a host asked him to perform for ~~his~~ guests, he balked like a stubborn child; but since Mark hadn't asked, he wanted to show his appreciation for our hospitality by dancing for us. The orchestra struck up "Once in Love with Amy" and he went into his soft-shoe routine. For at least forty-five minutes he did ~~every~~^{the} stepⁱⁿ in his gloriously talented bag. Mark ~~has~~ declared many times ~~since~~ to friends, "Ray Bolger is a true gentleman."

The year Betsy and Walter Cronkite were our ~~Derby~~^{Derby} guests, Walter did a striptease that shocked even Mark. Walter removed only his tie and coat and yet he was most suggestive, wicked, and hilarious. Cries of "Take it off, take it off, take it all off," rang out imperatively.

Another great Derby was in 1953, the first year we had Alicia and her husband, ~~Patterson Guggenheim~~^{Patterson Guggenheim} Harry Guggenheim. At that time we didn't know them very well, but Mark Jr. was the associate editor of the Guggenheims' paper, Newsday, on Long Island, and whenever we went to see him and his family, the Guggenheims had us to dinner at their fabulous home, Falaise, ~~that sat~~ on the very edge of a high, precipitous bluff overlooking Long Island Sound. So Mark ^{had} suggested it would be nice to repay their hospitality by inviting them to the Derby.

I wrote Alicia and almost immediately got a reply saying she and Harry would be delighted to come ^{and} ~~and~~ that Harry might have a horse in the Derby, ^{she added} But for us not to get too excited at the prospect, for the horse had to run in several more races before the trainer and Harry would be sure it was of Derby caliber.

Time passed and Harry and Alicia arrived on the Friday of the big weekend and, sure enough, their ~~horse~~^{colt}, named Dark Star, was entered in

the Derby. He hadn't the ghost of a chance winning, though, ~~no~~ all the sports writers were saying. The winner was sure to be Alfred Vanderbilt's ~~horse~~, Native Dancer. However, Dark Star's chance ~~or~~ ^{or} should I say lack of chance? ~~It~~ ^{It} didn't seem to worry Harry. He and Alicia, a happy-natured, spirited, striking-looking woman, were ready for whatever the weekend had to offer.

The ~~first~~ ^{first} social event was a supper party at the John Mallons, who lived on the other side of the railroad tracks that split in half the residential, East section of Louisville. Mark was driving my Pontiac, a fairly old model, but it did okay until he stopped at the railroad ~~track~~ ^{track} to wait for the red signal to change. ~~But~~ ^{it was time} then, when he ~~put on the gas~~ ^{put on the gas} to move on, ~~he pressed the pedal down to the floor and held it there; but~~ the car wouldn't budge. So, after ten minutes or so, Harry Guggenheim, with his millions and museums, and I were out on the road pushing for dear life at the rear of the Pontiac, and Mark, ~~was sitting~~ ^{was sitting} behind the wheel, was yelling, "Push harder...harder...harder!"

We did push harder and miraculously got the car over the tracks and down the street to a nearby ~~garage~~ ^{garage}. Mark called the Courier-Journal garage and very soon a mechanic appeared, ~~and~~ ^{and} corrected whatever was wrong, and we went on to the party.

This mishap might seem irrelevant to the ^{tale of} Derby weekend, but wait....

Saturday dawned ^{and} we went to a breakfast at the home of our

friend, Edie Callahan. Alfred Vanderbilt ~~was present~~ ^{was present} ~~He was~~ the man of the hour ^{and the name of} his ~~horse~~ ^{colt}, Native Dancer, was on everyone's tongue. Mark and I really felt sorry for Harry; nobody paid much attention to him.

Then on to Churchill Downs. The odds on Dark Star were humiliating. He was 26-1, but Mark and I felt obliged to bet on him since his owner was our house guest.

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C
Ed
this phrase seems a bit out of place here
D.R.
? why that page page 40 which he wrote the car?

It was a thrilling, ear-^dsplitting, throat-^tearing, ~~heart~~^{heart}-stopping race! Dark Star won! He paid \$49.80 for a \$2 bet.

the
page

not with
heart
and
idea

Mark and I went with Alicia and Harry to the winner's party; then I, clutching Harry's arm, headed for home, ~~suddenly~~^{having} ~~had~~^{suddenly} remembered those ~~150~~^{hundred and fifty} people we were having for dinner and dancing. However, before Harry and I left the track we went by Dark Star's stable and I took Dark Star's garland of red roses to hang over our front door.

? for
given by
Guggenheim
to N.S.B.

~~On the way~~^{During} home, Harry credited Mark and me with Dark Star's victory. "It is because I'm in your lovely home that Dark Star has won," he said. "It is because of your gracious hospitality and your warm, cordial friends that this wonderful stroke of luck has come to me. You did it, my dear."

It didn't make sense, but I was only too happy to believe every word he ~~spoke~~^{spoke}. By the time we reached Prospect, I was panting and sweating as if I had run the Derby myself and won.

Had
Harry
walked
or
with a
man?

The party that evening was great, ^{though} Mark and I had nothing to do with its success. It just took off. The guests were thrilled that we had the owner of the Derby winner staying with us. Practically every man, as he came in the front door, plucked a ~~red~~ rose off Dark Star's garland and pulled it through his buttonhole. Harry's health was drunk. Alicia's health was drunk. Dark Star's health was ~~drunk~~^{drunk}. Everybody danced. Everybody sang. And, finally, in the wee hours, everyone went home.

see
above

^{Later} That morning, when Mark and I woke up and glanced out the front window, we saw a brand-new Cadillac parked in the driveway that curved in front of the house. I knew immediately ^{that it} ~~it~~ was a gift from the Guggenheims and told Mark so; but he didn't believe me. "How in hell do you figure that?" he asked.

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time when
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brand's man be
he bought &
delivered the
car?

"Because Harry realized Friday night when the Pontiac broke down on the railroad track that we needed a new car," I explained excitedly.

was in driveway it

"Then, too, he believes we won the Derby for him and naturally wants to share the winnings with us. He won ninety-thousand dollars, didn't he?"

"Yes, that's right. He asked me ~~when I got home from the track~~ yesterday afternoon how much the winning purse was. He had no idea. Still, it doesn't make sense that he'd give us something as expensive as a Cadillac."

Nevertheless, I could see Mark was anxious to believe it. He put on his bathrobe and bedroom slippers and went out into the hall to go downstairs and there he ran into Harry, already dressed to drive a few miles up the Cincinnati Highway to the horse farm of Warner Jones to pay his respects to the stallion, Royal Gem II, who had sired Dark Star three years before. Harry had asked ~~Mark~~ ^{if he could} before he went to bed, ~~to lend him~~ ^{use Mark's} his Ford, and ~~he~~ ^{been} had given ~~him~~ the keys.

As Mark walked out the front door with Harry to see him off ~~and at the~~ ^{he} sight of the Cadillac said, "Look, Harry, a brand-new Cadillac!"

Harry glanced at it casually, shrugged, and asked, "Mark, what's a new Cadillac when you've won the Derby?"

The minute Harry started the Ford, Mark rushed back up ~~the~~ stairs and told me what Harry had said. ~~"I do believe it is ours,"~~ he declared, "It's crazy, but I do believe he's given us a Cadillac."

I leaped to my closet and began feverishly sliding the coat hangers back and forth along the rod, trying to find something to wear suitable for driving a Cadillac. ~~But~~ all I had was old Pontiac clothes. Nevertheless, I found something, got ~~myself~~ ^{myself} into it, and dashed down the stairs and out the front door. And then, at that very moment, our friend Elbert Gary Sutcliffe stepped out of his Number 2, chauffeur-driven Cadillac and stepped into his Number 1 Cadillac and drove off. The ugly truth burst over me. Elbert, after the party, hadn't trusted himself to drive his Number 1 Cadillac home and he and his wife, Edith, had caught a ride with

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the
keys etc.?
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I never
thought
about keys.
They would
be in the
car. This is O.K.

didn't
know

friends.

Mark tried to console me when ~~I~~^{he} stumbled back up the stairs, but he was more concerned that Alicia and Harry might hear that we had stupidly thought they had given us a Cadillac. He begged me not to breathe a word to anybody about our absurd fantasy. "People will think we were ~~of~~^{of} "goddamned ~~fools~~^{fools}," he said.

~~the Guggenheims still living?~~
see pp

So I only told the people I saw that very social Sunday. Instead of thinking us fools, ~~the people~~^{they} agreed ~~our~~^{that} reasoning had been ~~perfectly~~^{perfectly} logical. "Don't worry," they said, "as soon as the Guggenheims get back to New York where they do business, they will send you two Cadillacs ~~to~~^{to} one marked His and one, Hers."

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A week passed. Then came a long, gracious letter from Alicia, saying she and Harry had been butting their heads against the wall trying to think of something to send us that would show their appreciation for the "greatest weekend" they had ever had. And at long last they had hit upon it. They were sending us one of the shoes Dark Star had worn in the Derby!

When I tell of this experience, which I do whenever the opportunity presents itself, I end ~~it~~^{it} with the announcement of the horseshoe gift; I ~~claim~~^{argue} that anything after that is an anticlimax, ~~But Mark doesn't~~^{didn't} agree. He ~~insists~~^{ad} on adding that Alicia and Harry sent the horseshoe to Tiffany's and had it mounted on heavy silver to make a most handsome ashtray.

After that Alicia and Harry came again and again to the Derby. From that Derby on, though, they sent from New York their own Cadillac and chauffeur to be sure they didn't get stalled on the railroad track. ~~One~~^{For} Derby they even sent two Cadillacs and two chauffeurs. Parked in ~~the~~^{our} driveway between parties and races, they gave our old homestead an unaccustomed air of elegance.

sent one?
O.K.
why?
O.K. 2?

Harry went to the tract very early Alicia late.

why?

Once Alicia came to the Derby without Harry. I believe he wasn't feeling well. Instead of Harry, she brought two male escorts, both well-known and talented men-about-town. We were delighted to have them; extra men were prize items in Louisville at any time, and especially on Derby weekend. However, not knowing they were coming until a day or two before their arrival, we were in a squeeze for bedroom space. We had invited Gretchen and "Young" Harry Byrd to occupy one of the two guest rooms and Mark Jr. and his wife, ~~Dee~~, to come and stay in David's room, David ^{was} being a freshman at the University of Chicago that year ^{and} ~~having been ordered to stay there and study.~~ David had written a letter, asking ^{Mark} to send him money to make the trip to Louisville ^{Chicago was so} close, he pointed out, he couldn't possibly miss the Derby.

"You can miss it very well," Mark wrote back. "Your mother and I do not want you to come home. You stay right where you are and study."

With the extra men arriving, Mark and I moved out of our bedroom to give it to Gretchen and Harry and moved into a small upstairs study. We really needed a downstairs bedroom for Gretchen, ^{however} for she arrived with ~~her~~ ^{her} leg in a cast from ~~her~~ ^{her} hip to ~~her~~ ^{her} ankle. Mark said he nearly dropped dead when he saw her being helped off the plane. Two good legs were ^{barely} ~~not~~ sufficient to get a body through a Derby weekend, but one...!

^{Gretchen} She managed that Friday evening to make the stairs to our bedroom with just a little assistance from Harry and Mark. Sleeping soundly, she was ^{awakened} ~~waked~~ in the black dark just before dawn by a kiss and a male voice whispering, "Hi, Mum."

Oblivious of her broken leg, Gretchen reared straight up and cried out, "I don't know who you are, but I'm not your mum!"

Of course, it was David! ^{He} We should have known he would get home somehow. Without a dime he had gone to the railroad station in Chicago where a night train was due to leave for Louisville and walked down to the

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O.K.

upst.

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Could she? in car?
you help to walk?
she didn't

baggage car.

"Can you use an extra hand tonight?" he called ~~up~~ to the baggage man. The baggage man eyed him narrowly, then glanced over his shoulder toward the rear of the car where a coffin lay, then back at David.

"Well, young man, I must say I wouldn't mind having company tonight. Climb aboard."

So David climbed aboard, and he and the baggage man sat astride that corpse, playing gin rummy, all the way to Louisville.

Even more hectic, if possible, was the weekend Elaine and John Steinbeck came for the Derby. Mark and I had met the Steinbecks in the winter of 1954 when we were returning home from Europe where Mark ^{had} spent three months, at the request of the officers of Radio Free Europe, inspecting the facilities and personnel of that organization. We were sailing for the United States on the Andrea Doria ^{(it collided, on its} very next trip, with the Stockholm and sank.)

While we were in Genoa waiting to sail, Mark ^{had} received a telegram from Alan Michie, who was with Radio Free ^{Europe} ~~Europe~~ in Munich, telling us the John Steinbecks were going to be on the Andrea Doria and we must be sure to look them up; they were old friends of his. Immediately Mark said to me, "I don't look up celebrities and I don't want you looking them up either. The Steinbecks don't know us and there is no reason why they should want to know us. Just forget we ever received this telegram."

And with that, he tore it up and flushed it down the toilet.

The first evening out, after Mark and I had had a dance and gone back to our table, a huge broad-shouldered man with a black mustache

hove up beside Mark and asked, "Are you Mark Ethridge?" Mark quickly stood up and admitted he was.

Extending his hand, ^{the stranger} ~~he~~ said, "I'm John Steinbeck. My wife, Elaine,

picked you and Mrs. Ethridge out on the dance floor. She said, ~~now~~

I'm not positive those are the Ethridges, ^{that's} but I do know ~~that's~~ a Southern gal... look how she snuggles up. ✓✓

From that moment on we were bosom companions. We met every noon in the bar for Bloody Marys and we parted every night, usually on the deck, breathing in the icy December air, an hour or more after the orchestra had gone to bed. ✓

One evening John shared a plan with Mark called "the aggressive agreement," which Mark often ^{told his friends about} ~~talks about~~. ^{explained} "Willie and Elaine were on the dance floor," he ^{smiling} ~~begins~~, eyes twinkling. "By ~~this time~~ they had found some unattached men to dance with them, which was fine with John and me ^{that evening we had hoisted quite a few}, so John said, "Now, Mark, when Elaine and Willie come back to the table, they ^{are} going to give us hell. We must resort to the 'aggressive agreement.'" ✓

OK?
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them

"How does that work, John?" ^{Mark} asked.

"Well, when they say ~~to us~~, "You're drunk," we answer right back, "Yes, we're drunk. If we aren't drunk, we've wasted a lot of time and money." The idea is to agree with every accusation they make, but to agree belligerently." ✓

Just
with
the
life

"I got the idea; but just the same, we decided we had better taper off before they got back, with two beers.

"Willie and Elaine returned as happy as larks, ^{but} Neither said a word about our drinking ^{not one damn word}.

at ✓ "What will you have to drink?" ^{was} I asked them.

"Elaine, I believe, ordered Scotch and soda and Willie bourbon and water.)

And there John and I were, stuck with two beers!"

The first evening of ^{the Steinbecks} ~~their~~ Derby visit with us, Mark parked my Pontiac across the road from the River Valley Club between two trees that were so close together he couldn't back the car out when the dance was over. Nobody could. In fact, nobody could understand how he

had squeezed that car in between those two trees. It was as if they had grown closer together while we were in the ~~River Valley~~ Club.

Finally, Mark asked a friend to drive us to Lisle Baker's home, which was fairly close to the Club. ^{He had} ~~Mark~~ decided to borrow a car from Lisle to take us to Prospect.

Lisle's car drove just fine, so Mark kept it all day Saturday to go to ~~the~~ parties and to the races; and ~~then~~ on Sunday he kept it to go to a luncheon. After all, Lisle was his valuable advisor on all the papers' money ~~matters~~ ^{matters} and, also his very close friend. Where Mark's Ford was he didn't know; most likely ~~Mark Jr.~~ or David had it.

Most of the household that Sunday afternoon, following the luncheon, was trying to catch up on lost sleep and gather strength for the late afternoon and evening parties; but not Mark, John, and I. I was sitting on the sun porch, across the hall from the kitchen, reading the first act of a play, ^{laid} in Prospect, on a Derby weekend, that John had written that morning, ~~and~~ John and Mark were sitting at the kitchen table, ~~stalking~~ and drinking leisurely on the side.

Suddenly in the kitchen door ^{way} appeared Lisle. Why the kitchen door, I don't know. Maybe he had tried the front door and nobody ~~answered~~ ^{answered}.

"Mark," he said without any polite preliminaries, "I want my car."

"Go away," Lisle, Mark said pleasantly, waving his left arm downward as if he were doing an overhead stroke while swimming. "Go away."

"But, Mark, I need my car. ^[his daughters] The girls have to use Mary Elizabeth's car and Mary Elizabeth and I need my car to go to a cocktail party."

"Go away, Lisle," Mark repeated, again stroking the air. "Go away."

"But, Mark, I have to have my car. Mary Elizabeth has driven me out here to get my car and I have to get it." He sounded weary and

acc
A. 894

Lisle
not a
cocktail
party
point?

7

Perkins
who
are
- children
his daughter

frustrated.

"Go away."

Lisle stood motionless for a minute or two, except for his head moving slowly from side to ~~side~~^{side}; then, without another word, he turned around and left.

Late that afternoon Elaine, John, Mark, and I, dressed in our finest clothes, sauntered out the front door to get in Lisle's car/to go to one more party and ~~you won't believe~~^e ~~this~~ ~~Lisle's car wasn't there.~~ It was gone. Gone! Mark had foolishly left the keys in it ~~when we returned from lunch~~ and Lisle had found them and driven ~~his~~^{the} car off.

We had to hike to the Cincinnati highway and thumb a ride with a stranger to the River Valley club. The Pontiac was still there and the trees were still there, but somehow they didn't seem quite so close together as they had Friday night. With Elaine, John, and me directing him, Mark slowly, ~~slowly~~, eased the car out, ~~scraping~~^{scraping} it only a little on one side.

But the car foul-up was just one of the hurdles of that weekend. John was a compulsive writer; it is no wonder he got so many great books written. ~~When~~^{When} we had come home from the Derby Saturday afternoon and had about an hour to get into our evening clothes for ~~the~~^{our} dinner-dance, John sat ~~down~~ at the typewriter to write a story about the Derby. Nobody had asked him to write a story; he was simply moved to pour out his thoughts ~~about~~^{about} the events of the afternoon ~~on paper~~^{on paper}. ~~The~~^{Our} guests ~~arrived~~^{legged to}, but no John; just the clicking of keys from the upstairs bedroom testified to his presence.

~~fast~~
~~the dinner~~
~~about~~
~~by~~
~~the~~
~~bridges?~~

?

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After dinner was long over, John appeared with pages of copy in his hands. "Mark, I've written a story about the Derby for the Sunday paper," he announced. ^{unneeded} ~~was~~

Mark was taken aback. He was deep in his role as host and had his hands full. What was he to do with the story at that hour? He knew that everyone at the Courier on Derby night was working furiously. Then ^{he} ~~he~~ remembered that Jimmie Pope was just one room away out in the sun parlor. He turned John over to him. ^{He} Jimmie read the story and recognized ^{that} it was superb. He called the Courier to send a messenger for it immediately and ^{said} to play it on the front page. Today, blown up and framed, it hangs in the Matt Winn ^{room} ~~room~~ at Churchill Downs.

✓
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