

"saint" wore a bright pink shirt, a green bicycle cap and brown-and-white striped pants. He was always accompanied by a demure little bevy of wives dressed in white ruffled silk with pantalets, and wearing plumes. Carl and Doc went through a prolonged pretense of getting religion, and told the long-haired leader they were prepared to invest thirty or forty thousand dollars in his cult. The papers were drawn up with almost supernatural dispatch. Carl and Doc stood watching, hats in hands, their balding heads respectfully inclined. "All we ask," Carl solemnly stipulated to the leader just before signing, "is your positive guarantee to grow hair like yours on our heads!"

Doc and Carl barely escaped mayhem at the hands of the hairy brethren.

Carl could be capable of nonsense, also of well-plotted revenge. He had ruined the hospital that denied treatment to a dying Negro, and now I saw him demand vengeance for a personal affront.

A new Indianapolis golf club had urged him to join. Carl agreed without enthusiasm, as he had not then taken up golf and already belonged to one golf club. When his name came up, a member with a grudge blackballed Carl.

Not many men disliked Carl. He had never before had such a thing happen to him, and the incident tormented him. When the club committee called to express regrets and to add that his name would come up again, Carl walked out of the room without speaking. He refused to allow his name to be resubmitted. After the committee had gone, he asked me to telephone Lem Trotter.

"What are you going to buy?" I asked, for Lem was his agent in all real-estate deals. But Carl wouldn't tell me. Lem came, and I did something I rarely did—remained in the room and listened. The savagery in Carl's quiet voice was almost frighening. "Lem, I want you to buy up all the land surrounding the new golf course, and I'm going to cover it with shacks."

Nothing either of us said could stop him. The club members heard of the threatened ruin, rushed an election through and offered him a life membership. Carl tore up the document.