

—well, it seemed sometimes that anyone who ever had an accident, or even an idea, found means to bring Carl into court. I had no time to brood over the breach of promise suit.

The boat Carl had ordered the day we were married was finished by this time. He named it the *Eph* after a dog he had once owned and loved—and that, too, I would find was typical of Carl. The *Eph* was delivered by the engineer of the boat-building company, a young fellow named John Levi. He had a ready smile and what I might call a dead-pan sense of humor. When Carl, meeting him the first time, offered him a drink, Levi accepted it with apparent reluctance. "Goodness, that's strong stuff! I don't like to drink and I never do drink—except for sociability, or just to please someone, or unless I am in company, or by myself, or on land or at sea, or sick or well."

Immediately Carl was his friend. It was as though they might have been friends for years. Within five minutes Carl had asked John to go with him on a trip in the *Eph* down the Mississippi river. Carl thought he might go as far as Florida. It dawned on me gradually as I listened to their eager man-talk that I, Carl's bride of less than a month, was not invited. Only Carl, our friend Harry Buschmann and John Levi were going, with Galloway along to do the cooking. "There won't be any room for a woman on such a little boat among so many men,"

Carl explained kindly. Yet he loved me! It was simply that Carl was a bachelor almost forty years old, and was accustomed to being with men. I was already learning, however, to hold my own. I answered that the boat had been bought for my honeymoon boat and I was not going to be left behind on my own honeymoon. Carl consulted the other two. They agreed with him—I am sure to tease me—that I would be in the way on a forty-five-foot boat, always changing my clothes, wanting to bathe, fussing over food and demanding chivalry at the wrong moments.

"I will not!" I raged at Carl. "I'll be as good a sport as any man, and I'm going along to prove it."

Carl really couldn't imagine a woman—even a wife—being any fun on that kind of a trip. But the men finally agreed that I