

They had a thousand dialect stories between them, Hoosier and Southern. Over the toddies, Jim would level a thumb at Watter-son. "How tall do you feel, 'Ole Massa?"

"Tall as a Gawgia pine, suh," Henry Watterson would answer happily. "My Gawd, taller than the tallest Gawgia pine, Mr. Riley, suh. . . ."

The Hoosier poet had the face of a sly angel. He loved to tease, and sometimes came out with statements the more shocking because they came from such apparently heavenly innocence. He turned out little poems to meet all occasions. Once when I broke my arm and went to the hospital to have it reset, roses arrived with a limerick:

"A nervy young woman named Jane
Broke her arm, and though awful the pain,
When a new doctor hinted
'Twas awkwardly splinted,
Tuk and turned in and broke it again."

I have a photograph of him, the darling—signed James "Pop-corn" Riley.

There was a steady give-and-take of nonsense and buffoonery between Carl and all of his friends. He liked getting away with the "boys" on one of the *Shadows*, where they could wrestle and shout and play tricks on one another. Jack LaGorce, Jess Andrew and the famous fisherman, Captain Charley Thompson, and Carl went on one trip to Bimini for bone fishing. Since Carl was too restless to be a fisherman, the others left him on the deck of the *Shadow J* and spent the day angling in rowboats under the broiling sun. Carl, left alone with nothing to amuse him, heard voices singing and rowed ashore to find the Negro church filled with native worshipers. Carl hired the entire congregation to seine the Bimini waters, then and there. They caught hundreds of bone fish, and he had them festoon the boat with them.

When the unlucky fishermen returned at the end of the day, Carl was lolling on deck holding a fishing pole in one hand and an iced drink in the other, surrounded by Negroes who fanned him with palm leaves while they sang to the music of a jug-band.