

deceased lungs creating a grunting vibration of the vocal cords. "Is he alive?" whispered Mrs. Cartwright. "No," I gasped as I stumbled down the stairs. In desperation I let Mr. Cartwright fall from my shoulders at the bottom. He hit the floor like several watermelons, "I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Cartwright." I was exhausted and looked it. "Are you all right, Doctor?"

How in the world to get my burden to the car? I could not possibly carry him another inch. A scatter rug provided the answer. I rolled the body onto it, dragged it across the living-room floor, out onto the porch, down the snowy sidewalk. On this bright clear night, what would the neighbors see (and think)? With a final burst of strength, I heaved Mr. Cartwright to the floor of the back of the car. We were off, Mrs.

Cartwright on the back seat, her husband at her feet.

The road to the hospital, though only a mile or so, never seemed so long. The brightly lit empty streets made me feel unusually naked and conspicuous - just the time the cruising police might stop a lonely guilty car.

At the hospital, friendly stretcher bearers took Mr. Cartwright in hand. The proper papers were signed. I took Mrs. Cartwright to her house. It was about 4 a.m. when I got home. As I slowly undressed, emotionally and physically drained, I said, half to myself, half to my drowsy wife, "How in the world do detectives like James Bond and big-time criminals get rid of a body? It's one difficult job!" My wife sleepily replied, "They call their doctor, and let him worry," and she was asleep, leaving me to think.

A GATHERING OF THE FAITHFUL

June 3, 1994

*Lou Reik and  
Barbara Hewson*



*Maddy Haythe: "Now  
hear this!"*



*Ferd Roebing*



*Rex Keasbey & Prexy  
Townend*



*Secretary Moody &  
Alexandra Grosvenor  
'94, granddaughter of  
the late Jack Kerkam  
'33 and a descendant of  
Alexander Graham Bell.*



*John Kemmerer*

