

# F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

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MANUSCRIPTS VI

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## *The Vegetable, Stories, and Articles*

Part 2

INTRODUCED AND ARRANGED BY

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GARLAND PUBLISHING, INC.  
New York & London 1991

# “The Swimmers”

The first page of this typescript for  
“The Swimmers” has not been located.

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*eye, escaping to*  
~~in the fight~~ *met more somber announcements*  
~~more somberly spoke forth~~ : Vêtements Ecclésiastiques,  
Déclarations de Décès, and Pompes Funèbres. Life and Death.

Henry Marston's trembling became a shaking—it would be pleasant if this were the end, he thought, and nothing <sup>more</sup> need be done, and with a certain hope he got down on a stool. But it was seldom really the end and after a while, as he became too exhausted to care, the shaking stopped and he was better. Going downstairs looking as alert and self-possessed as any other officer of the bank, he spoke to two clients he knew and set his face grimly toward noon.

"Well, Henry Clay Marston!" A handsome old man shook hands with him and ~~sat down~~ <sup>sat</sup> in the chair beside his desk.

"Henry, I want to see you in regard to what we talked about the other night. How about lunch? In the Bois. <sup>little</sup> In that great place with all the trees."

"Not lunch, Judge Waterbury; I've got an engagement.

<sup>then,</sup>  
~~Then~~ I'll talk now because I'm leaving this afternoon."

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What do these plutocrats give you for looking important around here ?"

Henry Marston knew what was coming. <sup>P</sup>"Ten thousand and certain expense money," he said. *answered*

"How would you like to come back to Richmond at about double that .... *Y*ou've been over here eight years and you don't know the opportunities you're missing.... *W*hy, both my boys' ...."

Henry listened appreciatively but this morning he couldn't concentrate on the matter. *X* He spoke vaguely about being able to live more comfortably in Paris and restrained himself from stating his frank opinion <sup>about</sup> existence in Richmond, Virginia,

*Judge Waterbury*  
~~He~~ beckoned to a tall *sales* ~~red-headed~~ man who stood at the mail desk.

"This is Mr. Wiese," he said, "Mr. Wiese's from down state— he's a half way partner of mine."

"Glad to meet you, suh", ~~said~~ <sup>'s voice was</sup> Mr. Wiese ~~in a somewhat too~~ *is makin'* deliberately southern, ~~voice~~. "Understand the judge ~~has made~~ you a proposition."

*briefly*  
"Yes," answered Henry ~~rather shortly~~. He <sup>recognized and detested</sup> knew the type,

prosperous } presumably  
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 the ~~cotton-mill~~ "sweater" evolved from a cross between carpet-bagger and poor white. When

~~teacher~~ When Wiese moved away the judge said almost apologetically:

"He's a ~~right smart~~ <sup>right smart</sup> ~~business~~ man, Henry", then after a pause:

"Come home, boy."

"I'll think it over, <sup>Judge.</sup> ~~the judge~~." X For a moment the

grey and ruddy head seemed so kind; then it faded back into something

one-dimensional, machine-finished, <sup>blandly</sup> blandly and bleakly un-European.

Henry Marston respected that open kindness — <sup>in</sup> the bank ~~was a museum~~

~~where~~ he touched it with daily appreciation as a curator <sup>in a museum</sup> might touch

a precious object removed in time and space, ~~arrow-heads~~, but there was no help in it for him; the questions which

Henry Marston's <sup>life</sup> life propounded could be answered only in France, ~~his~~ His seven

generations of Virginia ancestors were definitely behind <sup>him</sup> every day

at <sup>noon</sup> ~~10:30~~ when he turned home.

Home was a fine high-ceiling apartment hewn from the palace of a Renaissance Cardinal in the Rue Monsieur — the sort of thing Henry ~~Marston could not~~ <sup>could not</sup> have afforded in America. X Choupette with something more than the rigid traditionalism of a French bourgeoisie taste had made it beautiful, and moved through gracefully with

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their ~~two~~ children. X She was a frail latin blonde with ~~two~~<sup>five</sup> large features and vividly sad French eyes that had first fascinated Henry in a Grenoble pension in 1918. X The <sup>two</sup> boys took their looks from Henry, ~~once~~ voted the "handsomest ~~all-around~~ man" at the University of Virginia a few years before the war.

Climbing the two broad flights of stairs ~~to-day~~, Henry ~~Monten~~ stood panting a moment in the hall outside. X It was quiet and cool here and yet it was vaguely like the terrible thing that was going to happen. X He heard a clock inside his apartment strike one, and inserted his key in the door.

~~The maid~~<sup>The maid</sup>, Louise, ~~the maid~~ who had been in Choupette's family for thirty years, stood before him, her mouth open in the utterance of a truncated sigh.

"Bonjour, Louise".

"Monsieur!"

He threw his hat on a chair.

"But Monsieur— but I thought Monsieur said on the phone he was going to Tours for the children !"

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"I changed my mind, Louise."

He had taken a step forward, his last doubt melting away at the constricted terror in the woman's face.

"Is Madame home?"

Simultaneously he perceived a man's hat and stick on the hall table and for the first time in his life he heard silence, a loud singing silence, oppressive as heavy guns or thunder. Then as the endless moment was broken by the maid's terrified little cry, he pushed through the portières into the next room.

An hour later Dr. Derocco de la Faculté de Médecine rang the apartment bell. Choupette Marston, her face a little drawn and rigid answered the door. For a moment they went through French for then :X

"My husband has been feeling unwell for some weeks," she said concisely, "Nevertheless he did not complain in a way to make me uneasy. He has suddenly collapsed, he cannot articulate or move his limbs. All this, I must say, might have been precipitated by a certain indiscretion <sup>of mine</sup> - in all events there was a violent scene, a

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discussion, and sometimes when he is agitated my husband cannot comprehend well in French."

"I will see him," said the doctor, thinking, "Some things are comprehended instantly in all languages."

~~There were several people in~~ <sup>During</sup> the next four weeks <sup>several people</sup> who listened to strange <sup>speeches</sup> ~~talks~~ about one thousand chemises, and how all the population of Paris was becoming etherized by cheap gasoline — there was a consulting psychiatrist, ~~who was~~ not inclined to believe in any underlying mental trouble; there was a nurse from the American Hospital and there was Chouquette, frightened, ~~and a little~~ defiant and after her ~~own~~ fashion deeply sorry. <sup>After a month</sup> when Harry awoke to his familiar room <sup>lit with</sup> and a dimmed lamp, he found her sitting beside his bed, and reach<sup>d out</sup> for her hand.

"I still love you", he said in English, "that's the odd thing."

"Sleep, male cabbage".

"At all costs" he continued with a certain feeble irony,

"you can count on me to adopt the continental attitude."

"Please! You tear <sup>at</sup> my heart."



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When he was sitting up in bed they were ostensibly <sup>close</sup> together again, ~~even~~ closer than they had been for months.

"Now you're going to have another holiday," said Henry to the two boys back from the country, "~~because~~ Papa has got to go to the seashore and get really well."

"Will we swim?"

"And get drowned, my darlings?" Choupette cried "But fancy, at your age. Not at all!"

So at St-Jean de Luz they sat on the shore instead and watched the English and Americans and a few hardy French pioneers of <sup>"Le sport"</sup> ~~swimming~~ voyage between raft and diving tower, motor boat and sand. There were bright islands to look at, and mountains reaching into cold zones, <sup>↑</sup> passing ships and <sup>and</sup> red and yellow villas called: "Fleur-des-Bois", \* "Mon Nid", \* or "Sans-Souci"; and farther back, tired French villages of baked cement and gray stone.

Choupette sat at Henry's side holding a parasol ~~over~~ her ~~head~~ to shelter her peach bloom skin from the sun.

"Look!" she would say, at the sight of tanned American girls <sup>1126</sup> ~~\*~~ <sup>^</sup>

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~~is~~ <sup>that</sup> lovely skin that will be leather at thirty— a <sup>sort of</sup> brown veil to  
 ^  
 hide all blemishes, so that everyone will look alike. And women of a  
 hundred <sup>kilos</sup> kilograms in such bathing suits. <sup>! W</sup> weren't clothes intended  
 to hide nature's mistakes? <sup>" TP</sup> Henry <sup>was</sup> as usual depressed by the  
 sight of his race en masse. <sup>X</sup> In ten years of prosperity he had watched  
 many waves arrive— each wave rawer, less educated than the last, yet  
 sitting ever more complacently in the cars that bore their faint  
 faint smell of fried potatoes around the western world. <sup>He was thankful not to be in Paris now for this</sup> ~~In August,~~  
<sup>was the season of the buyers, when</sup> ~~when the buyers arrived Paris became a~~ liquid vulgarly  
<sup>the city's</sup> ~~the~~ body <sup>that made it</sup> ~~until it~~ reeled and staggered. All  
 that was best in the history of man must succumb at last to these in-  
 vasions, as the old American culture had finally exhausted its power  
 to absorb the bilge of Europe.

Henry Clay Marston was a Virginian of the <sup>kind</sup> ~~breed~~ who are  
 prouder of being Virginians than of being Americans. <sup>That mighty word</sup> ~~The word~~ printed  
 across a ~~rich~~ continent was less to him than the memory of his grand-  
 father who freed his slaves in fifty-eight, fought from Manassas to  
 Appamotax, knew Huxley and Spencer as light reading and believed in

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*caste*~~caste~~ only when it expressed the best of race.

To Choupette all this was *vague* + *Her criticisms of*  
~~Choupette's distrust of his compatriots~~  
*his compatriots were concentrated upon practically all the women*  
~~largely on the women~~ directed towards the *women*

"How would you place them?" she exclaimed, "Great ladies,

bourgeoises, adventuress — they are all the same. Look — where would

I be if I tried to act like your friend Mme. de Richepin?" *My father*

was a professor in a provincial university and I have certain things

I wouldn't do because they wouldn't please my class, my family. Mme.

de Richepin has other things she wouldn't do because of her class, her

family," *she pointed*  
~~She pointed~~ suddenly to an American girl going into the  
 water, *but that young lady may be a dancer and yet be compelled to*  
~~but that girl might be a dressmaker and she must~~ warp

herself dressing and acting as if she had all the money in the

world."

"Perhaps she will have some day."

"That's the *story* they are told — it happens to one, not to  
 the ninety-nine. That's why all their faces over thirty are *discontented and*  
 unhappy."

Though *Henry* ~~he~~ was in general agreement he could not help being

amused at Choupette's choice of target this afternoon. The girl,

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she was perhaps eighteen, was obviously acting like nothing but herself, she was what his father would have called a thoroughbred. A deep thoughtful face that was pretty only because of the irrepressible determination of the perfect features to be recognized, a face that could have done without them and not yielded up its poise and distinction. In her grace, at once exquisite and hardy, she was that perfect type of American girl that makes one wonder if the male is not being sacrificed to it, much as, in the last century, the lower strata in England were sacrificed to <sup>produce</sup> ~~support~~ the governing class.

The two young men <sup>came out of the water as</sup> ~~who spoke to her as they came out of the water~~ and she went in bore with them the large shoulders, the empty face, the loud vacant laugh, the canned wisecrack, of the rich west ~~but not the girl~~. She had a smile for them that was no more than they deserved, that must do until she chose one to be the father of her children and gave herself up to destiny. Until then — Henry Marston was glad about her as her arms, like flying fish, clipped the water in a crawl, as her body spread in a swan<sup>di</sup> dive, ~~and~~ doubled in a jackknife from the springboard and her head appeared from the depth jauntily flipping the damp hair away.

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The two young men passed near.

"They push water", Choupette said, "then ~~they~~ push <sup>other</sup> more water." <sup>they go elsewhere and</sup>

\*They pass months in France and they couldn't tell you the name of the President. They are parasites such as Europe has not known in a hundred years."

But Henry had stood up abruptly, <sup>now</sup> and all the people on the beach were suddenly standing up. Something <sup>had</sup> <sup>el</sup> was happening out there in the fifty yards between the deserted raft and the shore. The bright head showed upon the surface but it did not flip water now but called :

" A ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup>! Help!"

" A ~~man~~ in a feeble and frightened voice.

"Henry!" Choupette cried, ~~Henry~~ "Stop! Henry!"

The beach was almost deserted at noon but Henry and several others were sprinting toward the sea, and the two young Americans heard, turned ~~about~~ and sprinted after them. There was a frantic little time with half a dozen bobbing heads in the water. Choupette, still clinging to her parasol, but managing to wring her hands at the same time, ran up and down the beach crying :

"Henry! Henry!"

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Now there were more helping hands, and then two ~~large~~ <sup>large</sup> swelling groups around prostrate figures on the ~~edge of~~ the shore. \* The young fellow who pulled in the girl brought her around in a minute or so, but they had more trouble getting the water out of Henry, ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> had never learned to swim.

~~HAAT~~  
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"This is

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~~the~~

~~the~~ the man who didn't know whether he could swim because he'd never tried."

Henry got <sup>up from his sun chair</sup> ~~to his feet~~ grinning at ~~this description of~~

~~himself.~~ It was next morning and the saved girl had just appeared on the beach with her brother. She smiled back at Henry, brightly casual, appreciative rather than grateful.

"At the very least I owe it to you to teach you how", she said.

"I'd like it. I decided that in the water yesterday, just before ~~before~~ I went down the tenth time."

"You can trust me. I'll never again eat chocolate ice-cream before going in."

As <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ went on into the water Choupette asked:

"How long do you think we'll stay here?" <sup>after</sup> ~~asked Choupette,~~

~~After~~ all, this life wearies one."

"We'll stay till I can swim, <sup>and</sup> the boys too."

"Very well, I saw a nice bathing suit in two shades of blue for fifty francs that I will buy you this afternoon."

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Feeling a little paunchy and unhealthily white, Henry holding his sons by the hand took his body into the water. The breakers leaped at him, staggering him, while the boys yelled with extasy; the returning water curled <sup>threateningly</sup> around his feet as it hurried back to sea.

Further out he stood waist deep with other intimidated souls watching the people dive from the raft tower, hoping the girl would come <sup>to</sup> fulfill her promise and somewhat embarrassed when she did.

"I'll start with your eldest. You watch and then try it by yourself."

He floundered in the water. It went into his nose and started a raw stinging, it blinded him, it ~~pushed him and then treacherously snatched his foothold away.~~ It lingered afterwards in his ears rattling back and forth like pebbles for hours. X The sun discovered him too, X peeling long strips of parchment from his shoulders, blistering his back so that he lay in a feverish agony for several nights. After a week he swam, painfully, pantingly, and not very far. The girl taught him a sort of crawl for he saw that the breast stroke was an obsolete device that lingered on with the inept and the old. Choupette



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caught him regarding his tanned face in the mirror with a sort of fascination, and the youngest boy contracted some sort of mild skin infection in the sand ~~and had to be~~ <sup>that</sup> retired <sup>him</sup> from competition. X But one day Henry battled his way desperately to the float <sup>it and</sup> drew himself up on to it with his last breath.

"That being settled", he ~~said to~~ <sup>told</sup> the girl, when he could speak,

"I can leave St-Jean to-morrow."

"I'm sorry."

"What will you do now?"

"My brother and I are going to Antibes—there's swimming there all through October. Then ~~we are going to~~ Florida."

"And swim?" he asked with some amusement.

"Why, yes. We'll swim."

"Why do you swim?"

"To get clean", she answered surprisingly. X

"Clean from what?"

She frowned.

"I don't know why I said that. But it feels clean in the sea."

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"Americans are too particular about that", ~~said Henry~~ *he commented*

"How could anyone be ?"

"I mean we've gotten too fastidious to even ~~to~~ clean up our messes."

"I don't know."

"But tell me why you — " He stopped himself in surprise.

He had been about to ask her to explain a lot of other things, ~~to him~~, to say what was clean and unclean, what was worth knowing and what was only words, <sup>to</sup> to open up a new gate to life. ~~X~~ Looking for a last time into her eyes full of cool secrets he realized how much he was going to miss these mornings, without knowing whether it was the girl who interested him or what she represented of his ever new, ever changing country.

"All right", ~~He~~ <sup>he</sup> told Choupette that night. "We'll leave tomorrow."

"For Paris ?"

"~~Yes~~ <sup>F</sup> for America."

"You mean I'm to go too? And the children ?"

"Yes."

"But that's absurd", she protested. "Last time it cost ~~me~~ more than we spend in six months here. And then there were only three of us. Now that we've managed to get ahead at last — "

"That's just it. I'm tired of getting ahead on your skimping and saving and going without dresses. I've got to make more money. American men <sup>are</sup> ~~have got to have money. They are~~ incomplete without money.

"You mean we'll stay ?"

"It's very possible."

They looked at each other and <sup>against her will,</sup> Choupette understood. <sup>For eight</sup> ~~For eight years~~ <sup>years by a process of ceaseless adaptation</sup> he had lived her life, ~~ceaselessly adapting~~ ~~himself~~, substituting for the moral confusion of his own country, the tradition, the wisdom, the sophistication of France. After that matter in Paris it had seemed the bigger part to understand and to forgive, to cling to the home as something apart from the vagaries of ~~passionate~~ love. Only now, glowing with a good health that he had not experienced for years, did he discover his true reaction. *df*

<sup>had released him.</sup> For all his sense of loss, he possessed again <sup>the</sup> that masculine self <sup>Provencal</sup> ~~that~~ he had handed over to the keeping of a wise little ~~French~~ girl

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~~in a favorable position~~ eight years ago.

She struggled <sup>on</sup> for a moment.

"~~But~~ You've got a good position and we really have plenty of money — you ~~say yourself~~ <sup>know</sup> we can live cheaper here, ~~x~~"

"The boys are growing up now, and I'm not sure I want to educate them in France."

"But that's all decided", she wailed, "You admit yourself that education in America is superficial and full of ~~city~~ <sup>silly</sup> fads. Do you want them to be like those two dummies on the beach?"

"~~To tell you the truth~~ <sup>Perhaps</sup> I was thinking more of myself, Choupette. Men just out of college who ~~came into the bank~~ <sup>brought</sup> with their letters of credit, <sup>into the bank</sup> eight years ago, ~~being~~ <sup>travel about with</sup> over ten thousand dollar cars now.

I didn't use to care — I used to tell myself that I had a better place to escape to, ~~x~~ just because we knew <sup>that lobster American was</sup> ~~renaissance style~~ ~~from~~

*really lobster American.*

~~Just~~. Perhaps I havn't that feeling any more."

She stiffened.

"~~Of course~~ If that's it."

<sup>It's</sup> "Yes, that's up to you. We'll make a new start."



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III.

Almost three years later, Henry Marston walked out of his office in the Calumet Tobacco Company and along the hall to Judge Waterbury's suite. His face was older, <sup>with a suspicion of</sup> ~~rather more~~ ~~frowning~~ <sup>guminess,</sup> and a slight irrepressible heaviness <sup>of body</sup> was not concealed by his white linen suit.

"Busy, Judge?"

"Come in, Henry. ~~stand~~"

"I'm <sup>going to</sup> ~~off~~ for the shore to-morrow ~~for three weeks~~ to swim off this weight. I wanted to talk to you before I go."

"Children <sup>going</sup> too?"

"Oh, sure."

"Choupette <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>going</sup> ~~going~~ abroad, I suppose?"

"Not this year. I think she's — coming with me, if she doesn't stay here in Richmond."

The Judge thought: "There isn't a doubt but what he knows everything." *He waited.*

~~Excerpted.~~

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"I wanted to tell you ~~that I'm resigning~~ <sup>Judge, that</sup> I'm resigning  
the end of September."

The Judge's chair creaked backward as he brought his feet  
~~down~~ <sup>to</sup> the floor.

"You're quitting, Henry?"

"Not exactly. Walter Ross wants to come home— let me take  
his place in France."

"My Boy, do you know what we pay Walter Ross?"

"Seven thousand."

"And you're getting twenty-five."

"You've probably heard I've made something in the market,"

he said *Henry, deprecatingly.*

~~Somebody~~ "I've heard everything between a hundred thousand  
and half a million."

"Somewhere in between."

"Then why a seven thousand dollar job? *Is Choyette  
homework?*"

~~"I have a hunch that everybody ought to do something."~~

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~~"So Choupette's gotten herself a~~

"No, I think Choupette likes it over here. She's adapted herself amazingly."

"He knows," the Judge thought, "He wants to get away."

After Henry had gone he looked up at the portrait of his grandfather on the ~~opposite~~ wall. *In those days the*

~~opposite~~ ~~days~~ ~~the~~ ~~thought~~ ~~the~~ matter would have been simpler.

Dueling pistols ~~at sunrise~~ in the old Wharton's Meadow, *at dawn. It* ~~For Henry's~~ *would be to Henry's advantage, if things* ~~were like that to-day.~~

Henry's chauffeur dropped him in front of a Georgian house in ~~the new section on the edge of the town, and~~ *a suburban* leaving his hat in the hall he went directly out on the side verandah.

From the *swaying* ~~canvas swing where she swayed gently,~~ Choupette looked up ~~at him~~ with a polite smile. Save for a certain alertness of feature and a certain indefinable knack of putting things on, she might have passed for an American. Southernisms overlay her French accent with a *quaint* ~~charm~~ ; there *still* were college boys who rushed her like a debutante at the Christmas dances.



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Henry nodded at Mr. Charles Wiese who <sup>occupied</sup> ~~was~~ in a wicker chair across from her ~~sat~~ Mr. Charles ~~Wiese~~.  
 with a gin fize at his elbow, and ~~sat down between them~~.

~~"Excuse me for not getting up, Harbort. I said to feel~~

~~this matter~~

~~Henry nodded and sat down in a straight chair between~~

~~them.~~

"I want to talk to you", he said, *sitting down*

Wiese's glance and Choupette's crossed quickly before

*coming to* resting ~~attentively~~ on him.

"You're a free man, Wiese", ~~said~~ Henry, <sup>said</sup> "Why don't you  
 and Choupette get married?"

Choupette sat up, her eyes flashing.

"Now wait", Henry ~~turned~~ turned back to Wiese, "I've  
 been letting this thing drift for about a year now, while I got my  
 financial affairs in shape. But this last brilliant idea of yours  
 makes me feel a little uncomfortable, a little sordid, and I don't  
 want to feel <sup>that way</sup> ~~like that~~."

"Just what do you mean?" ~~said~~ Wiese <sup>inquired</sup>.

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"On my last trip to New York you had me shadowed, —  
I presume <sup>it was</sup> with the intention of getting divorce evidence against  
me. It wasn't a success."

"~~Marston~~, I don't know where you got such an ~~absurd~~ idea  
in your head, <sup>Marston</sup> but — "

"Don't ~~you~~ lie!" X

"Suh — " <sup>Wise</sup> he began, but Henry interrupted ~~him~~ impatiently :

"Now don't 'Suh' me, and don't try to whip yourself up  
into a temper. You're not talking to a ~~person~~ <sup>scared pucker</sup> full of hookworm.  
I don't want a scene — my emotions aren't sufficiently involved.  
I want to arrange a divorce."

"Why do you bring it up like this?" Choupette cried,  
breaking into French, "Couldn't we talk of it alone if you think  
you have so much against me?"

"Wait a minute, <sup>this might as well be settled now, Wise</sup> ~~let's talk to him, then~~  
<sup>said</sup> Choupette ~~turned to Henry,~~ "She does want a divorce. Her life with you is

unsatisfactory and <sup>the only reason she's kept on is because</sup> ~~all that's restrained her is~~ that she's an ideal-  
ist. You don't seem to appreciate that fact, but it's true — she

*looked at Choupette with bitter amusement,*

*couldn't*  
~~hasn't been able to~~ bring herself to break up <sup>her</sup> a home."

"Very touching", Henry said, "But let's come down to ~~facts~~ <sup>facts</sup>."

I'd like to close up this matter before I go back to France.

Again Wiese and Choupette exchanged a ~~quick~~ <sup>to look</sup> look.

"It ought to <sup>be</sup> simple", Wiese said slowly, "Choupette doesn't want a cent of your money."

X "I know, ~~What~~ what she wants is the children. The answer ~~to that~~ is you can't have the children."

"How perfectly outrageous!" Choupette cried, "Do you imagine for a minute I'm going to give up my children?"

*What's your idea, Marston?*  
"What ~~do you want to do with them~~ <sup>To take</sup> demanded Wiese, "Take them

back to France X and make them ~~homeless~~ expatriots like yourself."

*Hardly that. They've*  
~~They've~~ entered for St. Regis School and then for Yale. <sup>And</sup> ~~haven't~~ <sup>of not</sup> ~~letting~~ them see their mother, <sup>whenever she</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>judging</sup> ~~denies~~ <sup>from the past two years</sup> I won't be

*Then what's the point of hanging on to them?* demanded  
often. ~~But~~ <sup>intend</sup> to have their entire legal custody."

~~Then~~ "Why?" they ~~demanded~~ <sup>demanded</sup> together  
*Because of this*  
the home."

"What the devil do you mean?"

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"~~Wanna~~, I'd rather apprentice them to a tailor than have them brought up in the sort of home yours and Choupette's is going to be."

There was a moment's silence. Then ~~Then~~ suddenly Choupette picked up her glass, dashed the contents at Henry and collapsed on the settee, passionately sobbing.

Henry dabbed his face with his handkerchief and stood up.

"I was afraid of that", he said, "but I think I've made my position clear." ~~Incidentally I'm taking them to the Petit Comfort~~

~~He~~

He ~~walked into the house and~~ <sup>went</sup> up to his room ~~where he lay~~ <sup>and</sup> down on ~~his~~ <sup>the</sup> bed. In a thousand wakeful hours during the past year he had fought over in his mind the problem of keeping his boys without taking those legal measures against Choupette that he could not bring himself to take. \* He knew that she wanted the children only because without them she would be ~~disgraced and~~ <sup>suspect even</sup> ~~lost~~ <sup>in France,</sup> ~~déclassée~~ to her ~~far-off~~ family, but with that quality of detachment

peculiar to "old stock", <sup>Henry</sup> he recognized this as a legitimate <sup>perfectly</sup> motive. ~~Through his scrupulousness they had him, as soon as~~ <sup>it was then that</sup> they realized that no real threat lay behind his challenge of ~~this afternoon.~~

When things became <sup>difficulties</sup> unbeatable and inevitable, Henry sought <sup>unbearable,</sup> ~~substance in exercise.~~ <sup>a sort of</sup> swim. For three years, swimming had been a refuge, as one man

turns to music or another to drink. <sup>There was a bit</sup> ~~Watching Cheopette, granitate~~ <sup>when he would resolutely stop thinking</sup> ~~towards the worst in American life he would turn his face rigidly~~

~~away~~ and go to the Virginia coast for a week to wash ~~off~~ his mind in the water. Far out past the <sup>breakers</sup> ~~line of breaking waves~~ he could

<sup>slowly</sup> ~~look~~ at the green and brown line of the old Dominion with the

pleasant impersonality of a porpoise. The burden of his wretched marriage fell away with the ~~motion~~ <sup>motion</sup> of his body among the swells,

and he ~~moved~~ <sup>would forget and</sup> in a child's dream of space. Sometimes remembered playmates of his youth swam with him, sometimes, he seemed to be

setting off ~~with~~ his two sons beside him along the bright pathway <sup>to</sup> of the moon. Americans, he ~~decided,~~ <sup>liked to say,</sup> should be born with fins, <sup>and</sup>

*perhaps*  
~~perhaps~~ they were <sup>in the water</sup> perhaps money was a form of fin. <sup>needed</sup> ~~England~~ England  
 property begot <sup>strong</sup> a place sense, but Americans, ~~with their~~ restless  
 ness and <sup>with</sup> shallow roots, ran to fins and wings. There was  
 even ~~there was~~ a recurrent idea <sup>here</sup> in ~~America~~ <sup>America</sup> about an education  
 that ~~should~~ <sup>would leave</sup> leave out history and the past, that should be ~~advised~~ <sup>a sort</sup>  
 equipment for aerial adventure, weighed down by none of the stow-  
 aways of inheritance or tradition...

~~He was~~ <sup>He was</sup> Thinking of this <sup>next afternoon</sup> the ~~first~~ <sup>next</sup> afternoon ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~beach~~ <sup>beach</sup>  
~~beach~~ <sup>beach</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~mind~~ <sup>mind</sup> ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup>  
 children, ~~that~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~first~~ <sup>turned</sup> ~~afternoon~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~Old~~ <sup>Old</sup> ~~Point~~ <sup>Point</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~swimming~~ <sup>swimming</sup> a slow <sup>tragic</sup>  
~~tragic~~ <sup>tragic</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~turned~~ <sup>turned</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~started~~ <sup>started</sup> ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup> ~~toward~~ <sup>toward</sup> ~~shore.~~ <sup>shore.</sup> ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>out</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~condition~~ <sup>condition</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~rested~~ <sup>rested</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~moment~~ <sup>moment</sup> ~~panting~~ <sup>panting</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~raft.~~ <sup>raft.</sup> ~~Looking~~ <sup>Looking</sup>  
~~looking~~ <sup>looking</sup> ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~saw~~ <sup>saw</sup> ~~familiar~~ <sup>familiar</sup> ~~eyes.~~ <sup>eyes.</sup> ~~In~~ <sup>In</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~moment~~ <sup>moment</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~talking~~ <sup>talking</sup>  
 with the girl he had tried to rescue four years ago.

He was overjoyed. He had not realized how vividly  
 he remembered her. ~~She~~ <sup>She</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~Virginian,~~ <sup>Virginian,</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~course,~~ <sup>course,</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~might~~ <sup>might</sup>  
 have guessed it abroad, ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~laziness,~~ <sup>laziness,</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~apparent~~ <sup>apparent</sup> ~~casualness,~~ <sup>casualness,</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup>  
~~masked~~ <sup>masked</sup> ~~really~~ <sup>really</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~unfailing~~ <sup>unfailing</sup> ~~courtesy~~ <sup>courtesy</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~attention,~~ <sup>attention,</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~good~~ <sup>good</sup> ~~form~~ <sup>form</sup>



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"My dear, at Deauville -"  
~~Now at Brighton~~ at muretea

" -scratched and scratched all night."

After a while Presently the sea got to be that very blue colour of

four o'clock, and <sup>the girl</sup> she told him how <sup>she had been</sup> she was divorced at nineteen

from a Spaniard who locked her in the hotel suite when he went out at night.

"But speaking more cheerfully how's <sup>It was one of those things</sup> your beautiful wife? <sup>she said lightly</sup> ~~she was~~ And the

boys, did they learn to float? Why,

~~The boys are not even riding at this point.~~

"Why can't you all dine with me to-night."

<sup>hesitating</sup> "I'm afraid I won't be able to," he said <sup>after a moment</sup> ~~momentarily~~

He must do nothing however trivial to furnish Choupette <sup>and with</sup> weapons, ~~with~~ a feeling of disgust it occurred to

him that he was possibly being watched this afternoon. <sup>Nevertheless</sup> But he was glad of his caution when <sup>she unexpectedly</sup> Choupette arrived in-time for dinner <sup>at the hotel</sup> that night.

<sup>after</sup> When the children had gone <sup>to bed</sup> upstairs they faced each



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other over coffee on the hotel veranda.

"Will you kindly explain," <sup>Henry</sup> Choupette demanded, "why I'm not entitled to a half share in my own children?" "It is not like you to be vindictive Henry."

It was hard <sup>for Henry</sup> to explain. He ~~began to tell~~ <sup>told</sup> her again that she could have the children when she wanted them but that he must exercise entire control over them because of certain ~~ideas~~ <sup>old-fashioned convictions</sup> watching <sup>her</sup> Choupette's face grow harder, minute by minute ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> saw there was no use, and broke off. <sup>She made a scornful sound.</sup> ~~Choupette laughed contemptuously.~~

"I wanted to give you a chance to be reasonable, before Charles arrives." <sup>Henry</sup>

"<sup>Is he</sup> ~~Who is~~ coming here this evening?"

"<sup>Happiness, Bud</sup>

"~~Yes, and~~ I think perhaps your selfishness is going to have a jolt, Henry. You're not dealing with a woman now."

When Wiese walked out on the porch an hour later Henry saw that his ~~nether~~ <sup>like chalk</sup> pale lips were ~~pressed together~~ and that there was a <sup>deep</sup> flush on his forehead <sup>and</sup> he was cleared for action, <sup>and he</sup> ~~and Henry~~ felt himself ~~bristling~~ <sup>with</sup> the hard confidence in his eyes.

*waited for them*

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~~Henry spoke~~  
~~"Hello, Mr. Wiese."~~

"We've got something to say to each other, suh, and since I've got a motor boat here perhaps that'd be the quietest place to say <sup>it</sup> them."

Henry nodded <sup>cooly</sup> ~~indifferently~~; five minutes later the three of them were headed out into Hampton roads ~~inimitably~~ following the wide <sup>fairway</sup> ~~path~~ of the moon. It was a tranquil <sup>20 minutes</sup> night and half a mile from shore Wiese cut down the engine to a mild throbbing <sup>As that</sup> ~~until~~ they seemed to drift without will or direction through the bright water. His voice <sup>broke</sup> abruptly ~~breaking~~ the stillness, ~~recalled~~ Henry ~~from a sort of trance.~~

"Marston, I'm going to talk to you straight. I love Choupette, and <sup>I'm not a pig</sup> ~~that doesn't need any apology~~ <sup>it's happened before</sup> ~~it's happened before~~ in this world. You're <sup>don't you understand that - the only possibility is this</sup> ~~agreed about wanting to be free so it all hinges on your being a pig about the children.~~ You seem <sup>Wiese's</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> take them away from the mother that bore them and raised them - ~~what it amounts to.~~

Wiese's words became more clearly articulated, as if



he  
Wiese had obtained such a document <sup>fully</sup> and intended to use it.

For a moment Henry ~~Marston~~ <sup>recoiled</sup> as if from a material blow. He listened to his own voice saying: "That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard," <sup>and</sup> ~~and then he seemed to reel~~ <sup>back</sup> against Wiese's answer: "They

~~they~~ don't always tell people when they have mental troubles."

Suddenly Henry wanted to laugh <sup>and</sup> the terrible <sup>instant</sup> moment when he <sup>had</sup> wondered if there <sup>could</sup> be <sup>some</sup> a shred of truth in the allegation <sup>had</sup> passed. <sup>He turned</sup> ~~It was a dangerous weapon but his own knowledge of its infallibility took away half of its power.~~ He turned

<sup>and</sup> to Choupette but she avoided his eyes.

"How could you, Choupette?"  
~~"A nice girl," he said, "a nice girl."~~

"I want my children", she ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup> began, but Wiese ~~Wiese~~ broke in <sup>angry</sup> quickly.  
~~Henry uttered a scornful sound.~~

"If you'd been fair, Marston, <sup>we</sup> I wouldn't have resorted to this step," ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup>

"Are you trying to <sup>pretend</sup> tell me you arranged this scurvy

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little trick since yesterday afternoon?"

~~Wise avoided the question.~~

"I believe in being prepared, but if you had been reasonable, in fact if you will be reasonable ~~about the children, this medical~~ opinion needn't be used." His voice ~~and~~ *became suddenly*

~~Henry didn't answer.~~

"Be wise, Marston." ~~Wise's voice was~~ almost paternal, almost kind, *Be wise, Marston. On* on your side there's an obstinate prejudice, on mine there <sup>are</sup> a forty million dollars. Don't fool yourself. Let me repeat, Marston, that money is power. *were abroad* You ~~lived~~ so long abroad that perhaps you <sup>are inclined to</sup> forgot that fact. Money made this country, built its great and glorious cities, ~~and~~ created its industries, covered it with an iron net work of railroads. *It's money that* Money harnesses the forces of nature, creates the machine, *and makes it go* which goes when money says *X* go, and stop *X* when money says *X* stop — *X*

As though ~~mis~~interpreting this as a command, the engine gave forth a sudden hoarse sound and came to rest.

"What is it, *?* Charles?" *Choupette* demanded.

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"It's nothing," Wiese pressed the self starter with his foot, "I repeat, Marston, that money — <sup>the</sup> ~~this damn~~ battery is apparently dry. ~~Just~~ <sup>One minute while I spin</sup> ~~just~~ spun the wheel."

He spun it for the best part of fifteen minutes while the boat <sup>meandered about</sup> turned in a placid little circle. ~~But there was no answer-  
ing sound except the sportive thrum of little waves against the  
sides.~~

"Choupette, open that drawer behind you and see if there's a rocket."

*A touch of panic had crept into*  
~~She chirped, there was a touch of panic in~~ her voice when she answered that there was no rocket. *Wiese*

Wiese eyed the shore tentatively.

"There's no use in yelling — we must be half a mile out. We'll just have to wait here until someone comes along."

"We won't wait here," said Henry ~~boldly~~ *remarked*.

"Why not?"

"We're moving toward the <sup>bay</sup> sea, can't you tell? We're

*moving*  
going out with the tide."

*He had to be turned out*

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"That's impossible!" said Choupette sharply. <sup>two</sup>  
~~"Good heavens!" Choupette cried, "that's impossible!"~~

"Look at those two lights on shore— ~~now~~ <sup>one passing</sup>  
 the other; <sup>now</sup> do you see?"

"Do something, ~~Choupette~~ <sup>wailed</sup> she begged, and then in a  
 burst of French: "Ah! c'est épouvantable. N'est-ce pas qu'il y a  
 quelque chose qu'on peut faire?"

The tide was running fast now and the boat <sup>was being</sup> ~~moved~~ <sup>down</sup>  
 it ~~down~~ <sup>the</sup> Roads ~~into the Bay.~~ <sup>at 5</sup> Two ~~boats~~ <sup>boats</sup> passed them but at a  
 distance, and there was no answer to ~~Wiese's~~ <sup>Wiese's</sup> hail. Against the  
 western sky ~~loomed~~ <sup>blinked</sup> up a light-house but it was impossible to ~~say~~ <sup>guess</sup>  
 how near they would pass.

"It looks as if all our difficulties would be solved  
 for us," said Henry.

"What difficulties?" Choupette asked, "Do you mean  
 there's nothing to be done—can you sit there and just ~~drift~~ <sup>drift</sup>  
~~out~~ <sup>away</sup> like this?"

"It may be easier on the children after all," He winced  
 as Choupette began to sob bitterly, but he said nothing. <sup>all</sup> The ghost

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~~of an idea had come into his mind~~  
was taking shape in his mind.

"Look here, Marston, can you swim?" demanded Wiese  
frowning, <sup>P</sup>"Yes, but Choupette can't."

"I can't either" <sup>1</sup> "I didn't mean that. If you could <sup>swim</sup> get  
<sup>get the</sup> in and telephone the coastguard people would send for us."

Henry surveyed the dark receding shore.

"It's too far," he said.

"You can try!" <sup>could</sup> ~~wanted~~ Choupette.

Henry shook his head.

"Too risky. Besides there's an outside chance that we'll  
be picked up."

The lighthouse passed them, <sup>and</sup> far to the left out of ear-  
shot. Another one, the last, loomed up half a mile away.

"We might drift to France like that man Gerbault," Henry  
remarked. "But then of course we'd be expatriots and Wiese wouldn't  
like that, would you Wiese?"

Wiese, ~~was~~ fussing frantically with the engine, ~~when~~  
he looked up, ~~his face was white.~~



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*Henry answered*

*knowing*

"See what you can do with this," he said.

*don't anything*  
"I know ~~nothing~~ ~~about~~ mechanics. Besides

this solution of our difficulties ~~seems to be~~ ~~more~~ ~~practical~~ *grows on me & just*

*suppose you were*  
~~minute by minute, it's~~ ~~as~~ ~~dirty~~ ~~dog~~ ~~enough~~ ~~to~~ ~~use~~ ~~that~~ ~~statement,~~ ~~and~~ ~~get~~ ~~the~~ ~~children~~ ~~because~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~ ~~in~~

*ificate against* ~~as~~ ~~you'd~~ ~~probably~~ ~~get~~ ~~the~~ ~~children~~ ~~in~~ ~~that~~ ~~case~~

*90 on We're all*  
I wouldn't have much impetus to ~~continue to live~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~all~~

*as the head of my household,*  
~~failures~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~head~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~household,~~ ~~Choupette~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~wife~~ ~~and~~ ~~mother~~

and you, Wiese, as a human being. It's just as well that we go out of life together."

*is no*  
"This isn't the time for a speech,"

*Choupette*  
"Yes, it is. It's a fine time. How about a little more house-organ ~~stuff~~ ~~about~~ ~~money~~ ~~and~~ ~~power.~~"

Choupette sat rigid in the bow, ~~her~~ ~~face~~ ~~drawn~~ ~~and~~ ~~white~~; Wiese stood over the engine biting his lips, ~~obviously~~.

"We're not going to pass that lighthouse very close",

*idea struck him suddenly,* "Couldn't you swim to that, Marsten?"

"Of course he could," Choupette cried.

Henry looked at it tentatively.

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"I might, but I won't."

"~~Yes~~, you've got to!"

~~Oh, no!~~

Again he flinched at Choupette's weeping; but now he saw the time had come. ~~In ten minutes they would be passed the lighthouse and out of swimming distance.~~

~~Our lives~~ depend on one small point," he said rapidly, "Wiese, have you got a fountain pen?"

"Yes, what for?"

"If you'll write and sign about two hundred words at my dictation I'll swim to the lighthouse and get help. Otherwise, so help me God, we'll ~~be~~ drift out to sea. And you better decide in about one minute.

"Oh! anything," Choupette broke out frantically, "do what he says, Charles, he means it. He always means what he says. *Oh,*

~~Oh,~~ why do you wait?"

"I'll do what you want," Wiese's voice was shaking,

"only for God's sake go on. What is it you want--an agreement

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about the children? I'll give you my personal word of honor."

"There's no time for humor," Henry said savagely, "take this piece of paper and write."

The two pages that Wiese wrote at Henry's dictation relinquished all lien on the children thence and forever for himself and Choupette. When they had <sup>affixed trembling signs</sup> signed their hands ~~frankly~~, Wiese <sup>cried:</sup> ~~cried:~~

"Now go, for God's sake, before it's too late."

"Just one thing more. The certificate from the doctor"

"I haven't it here."

"You lie."

~~With a surprising glance at Choupette~~ Wiese took it from his pocket.

"Write across the bottom ~~the statement~~ that you paid so much for it and sign that." <sup>your name to</sup>

A minute later, stripped to his underwear, and with papers wrapped in an oil silk tobacco pouch <sup>surrendered for</sup> and tied around his Henry dove from the side of the boat and struck out toward the blinking light.

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The waters leapt up at him for an instant after the  
 first shock <sup>all</sup> it was warm and friendly and the small murmur of <sup>the</sup>  
 the waves <sup>was an encouragement</sup> ~~encouraged him~~. It was the longest swim he had ever  
 tried and he was straight from the city but the happiness in his  
 heart buoyed him up. Safe now and free. Each stroke was stronger  
 for knowing that his two sons were sleeping ~~unmolested~~ back  
 in the hotel were safe from ~~the greed and cynical materialism~~  
 which he ~~so~~ dreaded. Divorced from her own country Cheupette had  
 simply picked the things out of American life that pandered best  
 to her own self-indulgence. ~~That~~ backed by a court decree, she  
 should be permitted to hand on this farrago to his sons was  
 amendable. ~~And an hour ago it seemed that he must yield them~~  
 up <sup>up</sup> ~~to them~~ forever.

<sup>Turning</sup> Swimming on his back he saw that already the motor-  
 boat was far away, the blinding light was nearer. He was very tired.  
 If one let go, and, in the relaxation from strain, he felt an alarming  
 impulse <sup>to let go</sup> ~~in that direction~~ one drowned very quickly and painlessly <sup>all</sup>  
<sup>all</sup> ~~And~~ these problems of hate and bitterness disappeared. <sup>But</sup> Then he felt

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The ~~after~~ <sup>of his</sup> ~~sons~~ <sup>in</sup> with a convulsive  
 the ciled silk pouch about his neck and in a ~~state of~~ <sup>with a convulsive</sup> panic  
 turned  
 turned over again and concentrated ~~all~~ <sup>his</sup> energies on reaching  
 the light <sup>his goal.</sup>

Twenty minutes later he stood dripping ~~with sweat~~ <sup>showering and</sup>  
~~beside~~ in the signal room while it was broadcasted out to the  
 coast patrol that <sup>launch</sup> a boat was drifting in the bay.

"There's not much danger <sup>keeper</sup> without a stern" the man said,  
 "By now they've struck a crosscurrent from the river and they're  
 probably drifting toward Peyton Harbor."

"Yes," Henry said, "I knew that too."

who had ~~not~~ come to this  
 coast for three summers,

On October Henry left



