

care; I was mad. Getting to my feet, I yelled after that guy some more, watching him shrink and disappear down the rails, his trolley sparking blue every once in a while, as though it were answering me. More porch lights were coming on now, and several men in shirt sleeves from the houses up beyond the lawns came walking toward me. I heard their feet scuffle as they crossed the walks.

"Well, I expect I was a sight, all right, standing in the middle of the street shouting and shaking my fist after that streetcar, the entire back of my suit covered with dust, my hat in the gutter somewhere. They asked me, those men, stopping around me—speaking pleasantly and politely enough—what the trouble was. I could see women and children standing on porch steps, watching. I answered. I told them how that streetcar had nearly run me down. This might not be a regular stop, I said; I didn't know about that. But that was no excuse to run a man down without even clanging his bell to warn me. No reason he couldn't have stopped, anyway; there were no other passengers, no reason to be in such a hurry. *They agreed with me, helping me find my hat, dusting me off.* I expect it was one of the women who phoned the police—one of the men signaling to her behind my back, probably. Anyway, they got there pretty quickly and quietly. It wasn't till I heard the car door slam behind me that I turned and saw the police car, a sixty-two Plymouth with white doors, the two cops already out in the street and walking toward me.

"'Drunk and disorderly,' or something of the sort, was the charge they arrested me on. I argued, I protested; I wasn't drunk. But one of the cops just said, 'Show me the streetcar

tracks, mister; just point them out and we'll let you go.' Marsh looked at me, his face set and angry. "And of course there aren't any tracks. There haven't been any on Broad Street since—"

"Since they tore them up sometime in the thirties," I said. "I know."

Marsh was nodding. "So of course you don't believe me, either. Well, I don't blame you. No one else did; why should you? I had to phone one of the councilmen to come down to the jail and identify me, and, when he arrived, he had the attorney from the city with him. They vouched for me, and apologized, and got me out of jail, and kept their faces straight. Too straight; I knew they were laughing inside, and that it's a story I could never live down here, never at all. So I'm leaving Galesburg. There are plenty of other towns along the Santa Fe to build a factory in."

"I didn't say I didn't believe you." I leaned toward him and spoke quietly. "Tell me something. How big was that street-car?"

Marsh squinted at the ceiling. "Small," he said then, his voice a little surprised. "Very small, actually; wouldn't hold much more than a dozen people or so."

I nodded, still leaning over the tabletop. "You saw the motorman up close, you said, and it was a warm night. Did you happen to notice his cap? What was his cap like, besides being black?"

Marsh thought again, then smiled. "I'll be darned," he said. "Yes, I remember; it was wicker. It was a regular uniform cap, just like any other in shape, and with a shiny peak and a stiff hard top. But the top was made of wicker—actual