

THE TODD DOSSIER

COLLIER YOUNG



A DISQUIETING NOVEL
ABOUT A CHANGE OF HEART

HOLLIS TODD is one of the richest men in the world, a flamboyant and dynamic multimillionaire who possesses everything in the world, except a good heart. With death imminent, he is flown to the country's most prestigious heart transplant hospital, where shortly afterward the dying victim of an automobile accident is brought in. He is Tony Polanski, former Olympic track star already suffering a fatal disease—and the perfect donor. After his death, his heart is successfully transplanted to Todd, and so “the heart of one of the world's great athletes beats on in the body of one of the world's richest men.”

But to Dr. Charles Everett, a member of the surgery team, there is something too fortuitous about the circumstances. Against spirited opposition and stern warnings, he delves
(continued on back flap)



DELACORTE PRESS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

(continued from front flap)

deeper and deeper into the case, eventually exposing a masterly conceived and executed plan to insure the longevity of Todd, the man who wants to stay alive more than anything in the world. His disclosure triggers a chain reaction that brings the story to a shattering climax. Emphasizing, throughout, the moral and ethical dilemmas posed by transplants, and at the same time combining good surgery ("Medicine is just another form of human endeavor, the good and the bad.") with good mystery ("... he was a far better doctor than he was a detective."), *The Todd Dossier* is a novel both topical and engrossing, entertaining and informative.

Collier Young

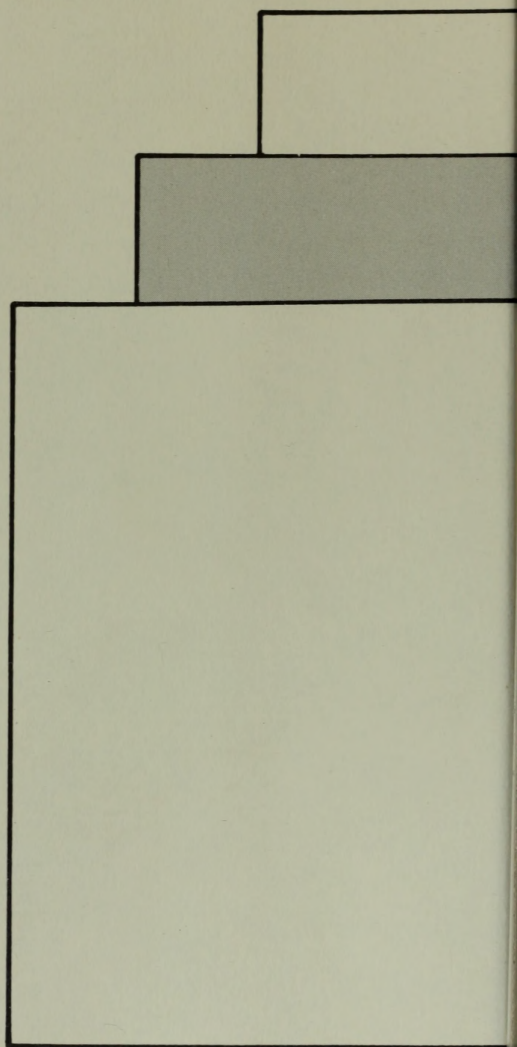
is a noted producer-director of motion pictures and television series. Born in Indianapolis and a graduate of Dartmouth College, he makes his home in Hollywood.



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NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Todd Dossier



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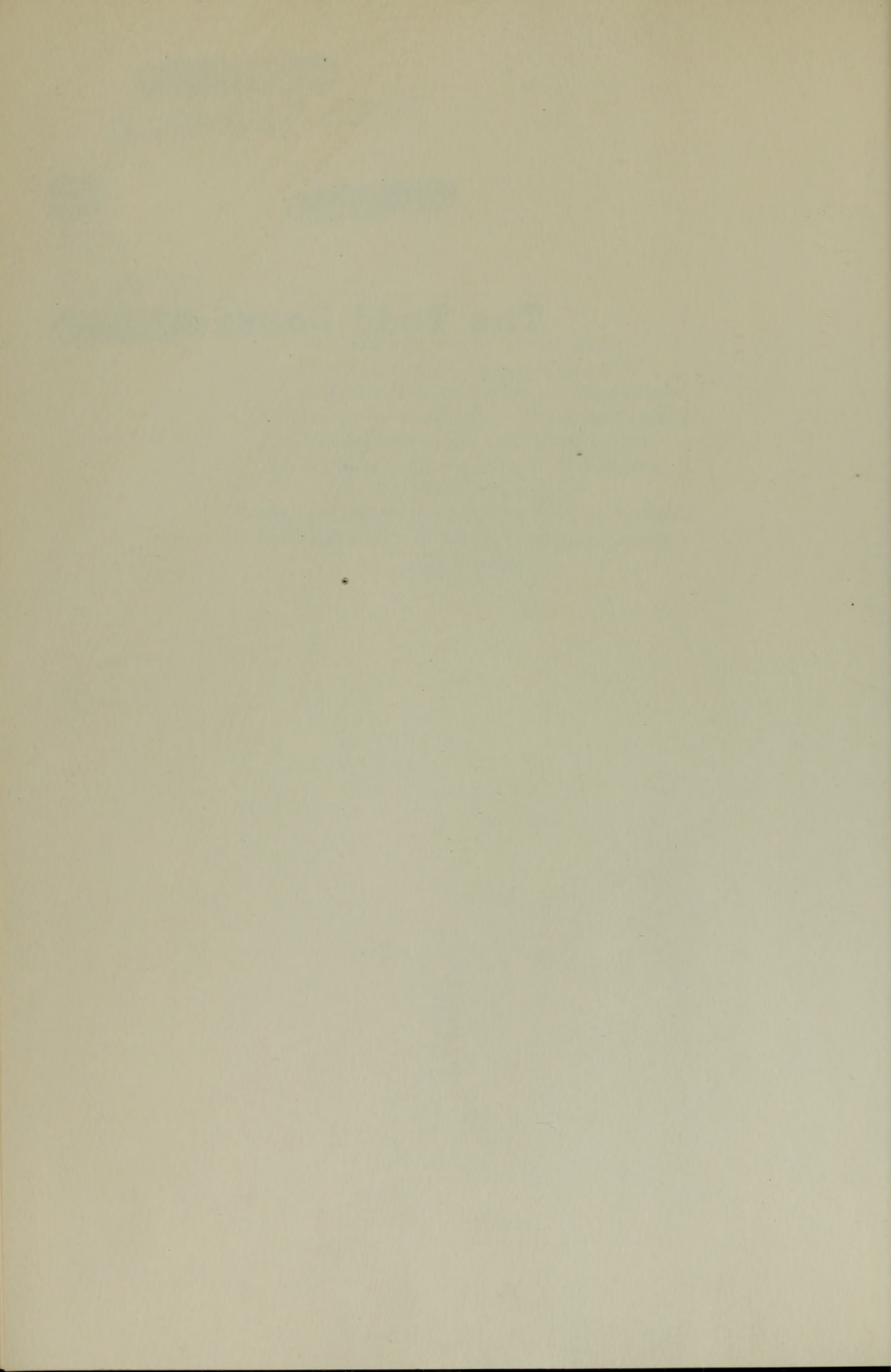
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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 70-84908

Manufactured in The United States of America

First Printing

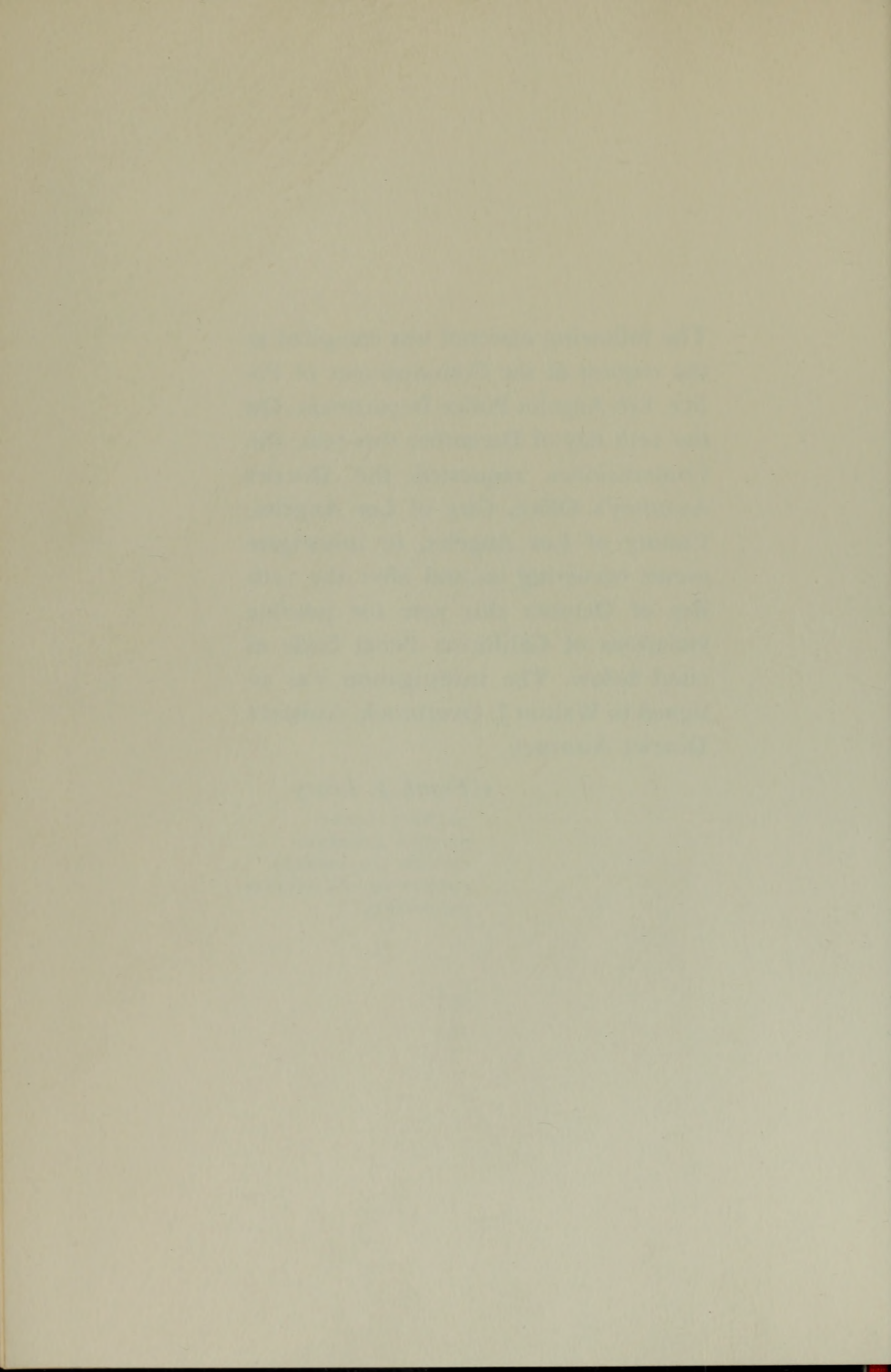
The Todd Dossier



The following material was compiled at the request of the Commissioner of Police, Los Angeles Police Department. On the 12th day of December this year, the Commissioner requested the District Attorney's Office, City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, to investigate events occurring on and after the 12th day of October this year for possible violations of California Penal Code as cited below. The investigation was assigned to Walton J. Overbrook, Assistant District Attorney.

s/ Frank J. Leary

FRANK J. LEARY
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
CITY OF LOS ANGELES
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA



Excerpt From Viewpoint Magazine
Cover Story on Hollis Todd

"There's no use looking up Hollis Todd in *Who's Who* because he simply isn't listed there. As the third (or is it second?) richest man in the world, Todd obviously regards personal privacy as his most valuable possession.

"Preserving that privacy, a small army of security officers police Todd's fabulous Hudson River estate on a round-the-clock basis. No feudal monarch or oriental potentate has ever maintained a more elaborate and efficient series of safeguards to protect both his person and his property. And few heads of state have ruled over a more dazzling domain.

"Baldwin Lodge (named after Todd's first stock market coup, a killing in Baldwin Aircraft) is a 48-room Tudor mansion—a multi-million-dollar showplace which has been shown only to the privileged few who are summoned to the Presence. The half-dozen guest-houses on the grounds are maintained by a separate staff of twenty servants, but are seldom used.

"Among the facilities he regards as essential for gracious living, the head of Todd Enterprises enjoys his own polo field, complete with stable and a dozen

mounts. An adjoining garage houses a fleet of custom-built cars, serviced by a staff of European mechanics on permanent duty.

"Todd also prizes his own private game-preserve and forest, a man-made lake, a skeet-shooting range, six tennis courts and a heliport.

"Directly behind the lodge is a glass-enclosed aviary which reportedly accommodates hundreds of rare specimens gathered from all parts of the world. But it is safe to say that the rarest and most elusive bird of all is Mr. Hollis Todd himself."

Extract From the Statement of George Mantle, M.D.

My name is George Mantle. Before we go into anything else, I'd like to go on record that I find this whole investigation extremely distasteful. I understand the necessity, of course, but there's a question of medical ethics involved. If you follow me—

Q. Precisely, Dr. Mantle. Will you identify yourself for the record, please.

A. I am a practicing physician, specializing in cardiovascular disease. For eleven years I was chief of Cardiology at Stanford University Medical Center, and for the past three years I have acted as personal physician to Mr. Hollis Todd.

Q. You were attending him in that capacity on the afternoon of October 12th?

A. Yes. We were at Baldwin Lodge, waiting for a report from the Coast—

Q. We?

A. Myself. My patient, Mr. Todd. Also Mr. Crosby McCullen, who as you know is involved in an executive capacity with Todd Enterprises. Mrs. Veillier was present, along with the household staff and perhaps a half dozen special nurses. As I say, we were waiting for word from Los Angeles General Hospital regarding the status of a possible heart donor. We were not, however, going to be able to wait much longer, which is what I told Mr. McCullen that afternoon.

Q. What exactly did you say to Mr. McCullen?

A. I told him that Mr. Todd's condition had deteriorated seriously since that morning. The pulmonary arteries were clogged and the heart was simply not getting enough blood. I told him that if a transplant was to be successful, it had to be effected within the next seventy-two hours.

Q. How did Mr. McCullen react to this information?

A. He said he was going to call the Coast immediately. I reminded him that the young woman indicated as a possible donor was still alive, and in any event, nothing could be done without obtaining consent. Mr. McCullen insisted on making the call to Dr. Walter Geiger, head of the Cardiology Department at Los Angeles General. He said at least the matter of consent could be arranged immediately.

Q. He spoke to Dr. Geiger then?

A. No, to Dr. Everett—Dr. Charles Everett. He works directly under Dr. Geiger on the heart transplant team. He was on duty during Dr. Geiger's absence and he took the call.

Q. What was the substance of the conversation?

A. Mr. McCullen was very upset when he learned Dr. Geiger was not available. He refused to deal with what he termed an "underling" and demanded to speak to Dr. Geiger at once. Realizing that Mr. McCullen was undergoing emotional stress, I intervened and spoke to Dr. Everett myself. I told him of my patient's condition and asked the status of the possible donor. Dr. Everett informed me that the young woman in question was undergoing terminal aneurism—his prognosis indicated a life-expectancy of twenty-four hours, maximum. Her blood type was AB-negative, the same as Mr. Todd's.

Q. Would you call that a rare blood type?

A. I would call that an extremely rare blood type. This, of course, influenced my decision to permit Mr. Todd to be flown to Los Angeles for transplant surgery. You must understand that such surgery cannot possibly be successful unless certain necessary conditions are met. A good tissue match is most important, but the blood type is the primary consideration. In this instance we had a possible donor available who met both specifications. Under the circumstances, I had no choice.

Q. You told Dr. Everett you were flying your patient to Los Angeles?

A. I informed him we would be airborne within the hour. A helicopter was in readiness to take us to the airport. Mr. Todd's plane was on standby there with the necessary medications on board. Barring unforeseen circumstances, I estimated our arrival time in Los Angeles at approximately midnight, Pacific Time. Meanwhile I urged Dr. Everett to take immediate action towards obtaining consent of donorship from his patient's next of kin.

Q. And he agreed to do so?

A. Yes. He said he would contact the patient's parents at once.

*Extract From Viewpoint Magazine
Cover Story on Hollis Todd*

"A perennial bachelor, Todd's activities as a playboy made newspaper headlines for almost three decades. These headlines—and, presumably, Todd's playboy antics—abruptly ceased, shortly after his first meeting with Mrs. Eva Veillier.

"Known simply as 'Eva' when she pursued a career as Paris' leading fashion model, Mrs. Veillier was a highly decorative member of the international jet set. She was married to Claude Veillier, race-car driver and

four-times finalist in the Grand Prix. According to reports, Veillier never finished first in competition as a driver, and his record of losses carried over into his marital career. Five years ago at the Cowes Regatta, his wife met Hollis Todd. She never returned to her husband.

"It was rumored at the time that Todd paid up Veillier's considerable debts and, in addition, settled a million dollars on him. Mrs. Eva Veillier has been Todd's constant companion ever since.

"Claude Veillier committed suicide a year later at the Negresco Hotel in Nice."

Extract From the Statement of Alma Torrance

Q. Mrs. Torrance, how long were you employed at Baldwin Lodge?

A. Twelve years, almost thirteen. It would have been thirteen, come next March.

Q. You were the housekeeper there?

A. I was.

Q. And just what was the precise nature of your duties at the lodge?

A. Look, young man. I'm not about to tell you my age but you can see for yourself I wasn't born yesterday. We both know good and well you didn't haul me clear across the United States to ask questions about how I

counted spoons or handled the laundry. What you're getting at is how much do I know about what went on in Mr. Todd's household, isn't that so?

Q. In a manner of speaking—

A. All right. Let's just say I know as much about what happened at Baldwin Lodge as anyone else. Probably more. And that includes Mr. Todd himself. It was my business to know.

Q. Regarding your employer, now—

A. Let's get one thing straight before we go any further. If you think for one moment that I'm the sort of person who goes around telling tales out of school you're badly mistaken. As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Todd's personal affairs are none of yours or anybody else's business.

Q. That is understood, Mrs. Torrance. The purpose of this inquiry is to shed some light on the relationships between Hollis Todd and his associates. For example, Dr. Mantle, Mr. McCullen—

A. Oh. Then why didn't you say so? No sense beating around the bush. I can tell you about those two. I was there when they came.

Q. Mr. McCullen?

A. He started out as Mr. Todd's secretary. That's right—secretary. Not too many people know that, but it's true. I remember thinking it was funny at the time, having a man for that kind of work. But Mr. Todd explained he wasn't what you'd call a regular secretary—

not like a stenographer, somebody to take dictation. He had to do with keeping track of business deals. And that's why Mr. Todd took him out of his New York office and brought him up to stay at the house. You see at that time Mr. Todd did a lot of his work at night. He'd get an idea, something he wanted to do, and right away he'd be making notes, sending wires, cables all over the world. You wouldn't begin to believe some of the phone bills just for the house alone. Of course you've got to remember when it's night over here it's daytime in London and Rome and Tokyo. He did business in places like that and in some of them he owned companies or set up offices. So he'd start on something and the first thing you know it would turn into a regular three-ring circus, calls coming in and going out at two o'clock in the morning. And Mr. McCullen was right there on hand to help. I don't know much about that part of it except that Mr. Todd was very pleased with the way they worked together. And one of the things that pleased him most was that Mr. McCullen was always ready to work with him at any hour of the day or night. I remember him saying to him once, "I don't know which is the most valuable to me, Crosby—your intelligence or your insomnia." Mr. McCullen just laughed, but you could see it was a real compliment. After a while Mr. Todd hired two more secretaries and put in a whole room just for communications as he called it. Private lines, all sorts of gadgets.

I really couldn't tell you what-all because I never did go inside. No one did except Mr. Todd and the secretaries and Mr. McCullen. And Mr. McCullen didn't spend too much time there after the secretaries came, either. That's because Mr. Todd started to send him out on special assignments—visiting company branches and people he did business with abroad.

Q. What was Mr. McCullen's title?

A. He didn't have any, not that I know of. It's just that he wasn't a secretary anymore. You see, Mr. Todd was like that. At first he'd keep his eye on you until he was satisfied you knew what you were doing. But once he was sure, he'd leave you alone. That's the way it was with me when I came to take over the house-keeping, and that's the way it was with Mr. McCullen. After a while he just let Mr. McCullen handle things his own way.

Q. How would you say you got along with him?

A. Mr. McCullen? Very well. If you mean were we close in any way, the answer is no. I'm not the kind to go sticking my nose in anybody else's business and neither is he. We both had our jobs to do and that was it. I must say Mr. McCullen was no bother to me at all. He was never fussy about eating and as long as his room was kept up and somebody looked after his laundry and cleaning that's all he expected. I don't recall the two of us ever having a cross word with each other in all those years. He was just as sweet as pie to

me, and I only wish I could say as much for some other people I know.

Q. Dr. Mantle?

A. You brought up the name, young man, I didn't. But that's another story entirely. Dr. Mantle didn't come to stay at the lodge until after Mr. Todd had his attack and naturally he had his own ideas then. You might say I was trying to run a household and Dr. Mantle was trying to run a hospital. You can't imagine what went on—bringing in those private nurses and setting up all that special equipment. And of course he upset the entire kitchen staff with the diet menus. Plus the cleaning and the sterilizing. Would you believe it, he even made us install a separate dishwashing unit with live steam to scald all the dishes and silver Mr. Todd used, even the pots and pans his food was cooked in! I'll never forget the time Goldie scalded herself—if it wasn't for Mr. Todd being so sick and all I would have marched right up there and told him what I thought. I was good and ready to give Dr. Mantle a piece of my mind but Mr. McCullen told me he'd handle it. And I guess he did at that, because things got better for a while. Of course nothing was really the way it had been. Even before Mr. Todd's attack everything changed.

Q. In what way?

A. In every way. I knew it was going to happen, right from the start. From the very first moment she walked into the house I knew it. I could feel it in my bones.

Q. When you say, "she," Mrs. Torrance, to whom are you referring?

A. I'm not "referring" to anyone, as you put it. You know perfectly well who I'm talking about. It was a black day when that one came to the lodge, a black day for all of us.

Q. You resented Mrs. Veillier's presence as a guest?

A. There's no need putting words into my mouth, young man. We both know she wasn't a guest. And if you think that shocked me, well, all I can say is you're very badly mistaken. Just remember I'd been working for Mr. Todd for almost eight years before she came, and a person would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to know that he was a great one with the ladies. And why shouldn't he be? I'm not a prude and I'm not a hypocrite and I'm not a fool either. It's only natural that a man in Mr. Todd's position would have his share of lady-friends, even more than his share, you might say. He never made any bones about it and I guess anyone old enough to read the gossip columns in the newspapers would know. He certainly didn't try to keep it a secret from me. Perfume, flowers, furs, jewelry, one time even a Rolls-Royce limousine for that dancer he met in Argentina. Oh no, I wasn't shocked. After all the whole business had been in the headlines when she walked out on her husband and went away with Mr. Todd on his yacht. It wasn't the first time something like that had happened. But when he came back from

his trip and she came with him, that did surprise me. He'd never brought any of them to the lodge before. So I knew this time was different.

Q. This was before Mr. Todd's heart attack?

A. Two years before. Mark my words, I'm not saying there's any connection between the two, between her coming to stay and Mr. Todd's getting sick. Fair is fair and you've got to give the devil his due. If anything, Mr. Todd lived a much quieter life after she arrived. Up until then, when he stayed at the lodge any length of time, there were always lots of guests, big parties. I remember when we had up to a hundred in for holiday weekends. Well, after she arrived, all that was changed. There were very few people outside of the ones who came up on business, and no parties at all. Sometimes half a dozen for dinner, but nothing more. And Mr. Todd took longer vacations. The two of them would go away together just like that, without so much as a word of advance notice.

Q. And this upset the household routine?

A. That's not what I said. Mrs. Veillier never upset the routine. She didn't interfere or try to change things. She just changed *him*. Little by little you could see it happening. It wasn't just that he was quieter. There was something else, something you couldn't quite put your finger on. But when you've lived with a person as long as I lived with Mr. Todd, in a manner of speaking that is, you can't help but notice. Being with her was

doing something to him I didn't like, even though I couldn't exactly say just what it was. Not until he had this attack, three years ago, and then I knew.

Q. Knew what?

A. How she'd changed him. She'd made him afraid. Never, never in all those years, had I ever seen Mr. Todd afraid before, not of anything. But he was afraid now. Afraid of dying.

Q. Wouldn't you say that fear would be a natural reaction under such circumstances, Mrs. Torrance?

A. Yes, for most people. But not Mr. Todd. Oh, he didn't go to pieces, nothing like that, it wasn't something you could see unless you knew the man as well as I did. He still put up a good front, I'll say that for him—always cheerful, making jokes. But that's when he brought Dr. Mantle in, and the nurses came, and all at once it didn't matter if the market went up or down, it was just his pulse-rate that counted. She did it, fussing over him all the time, don't do this, don't do that, you mustn't exert yourself, remember you've got to rest—mark my words, she did it. Of course a heart attack is a serious thing, it's nothing to sneeze at, but a man like Hollis Todd doesn't turn into an invalid unless somebody really throws a scare into him. And that's her doing. Three years of it, night and day, never leaving him alone for a single solitary moment. It's no wonder he didn't get better. How could he with her always there to keep reminding him how sick he was? Too sick for

visitors, too sick even for me to see him—don't think I didn't know where *that* idea came from! It wasn't Dr. Mantle who said for me to keep out of the room, not on your life. She was the one. She didn't want anyone else around who might help him snap out of it, just nurses and doctors and the like. Oh no, I couldn't disturb him, that would be too much—but *she* was entitled. Many's the time I've seen the two of them just sitting there, him in the bed and her beside it, holding his hand. Just sitting there, neither of them saying a word, hour after hour. Day after day.

Q. When did you first hear about the possibility of an operation?

A. Six months ago. I can't give you the exact date but it was sometime just before the Fourth of July. Dr. Mantle came to me and said Mr. Todd's condition wasn't improving and it might be necessary to start thinking about moving him to a hospital. What for, I asked. Wasn't he satisfied with the kind of care he was getting here? Dr. Mantle said it wasn't a question of care, not anymore. He had talked it over with Mr. McCullen and Mrs. Veillier and they both agreed it was time to investigate the possibility of surgery. I asked him what kind of surgery, and he said a heart transplant. Well, that was just too much for me, let me tell you. Just too much.

Q. Did Dr. Mantle explain the operation to you?

A. He didn't have to explain anything, young man.

I read the papers just like everybody else. I know what they do. They cut the heart out of a dead person and put it in the body of someone who's still alive. And then there's a big to-do about it, how marvelous it is, and all the doctors get their names in headlines right on the front page. Only later on, on the back page, there's a little story about how the patient died.

Q. Mrs. Torrance, are you aware that a number of heart transplant patients have successfully survived the operation?

A. If you mean do I know some of them are still breathing, yes, I am aware of it. But I don't call that survival. I don't call that being alive. Not if you're going to be an invalid all the rest of your days, just lying in bed or sitting in a wheelchair. I call that worse than death, and I told him so.

Q. Dr. Mantle?

A. No, not Dr. Mantle. Mr. Todd. That's when it happened, the morning of the Fourth of July. I couldn't stand it any longer, I went to his room, barged right in past the nurses and there the two of them were, him lying in his bed and her sitting right beside him, cool as a cucumber. Well, I didn't waste any words. I told him straight out what I thought about it—that he was in mortal danger of his life. And maybe it wasn't my place to tell him but if he stopped to realize he'd know I was just speaking the plain truth. I was only concerned about his welfare, that's all I'd been concerned about

for these past twelve years. Not like some people with their fancy jewelry and closets full of furs and whole suites of rooms done over for them to live in. Maybe they didn't really care if he lived or died now but I did.

Q. What did Mr. Todd say to you?

A. Nothing. Not a word. He kept staring at me while I talked, but his face never changed—I wasn't even sure he was listening until he reached out and took hold of that woman's hand. Then I started to cry, I couldn't help it, and *she* was the one who said it. *She* told me.

Q. Told you what?

A. To get out.

Q. Leave the room?

A. Yes. And the house. "I want you out of here," she said. "Is that understood?" I looked at Mr. Todd, waiting for him to say something, but he just nodded yes. When I went out the door the two of them were still sitting there staring like statues.

Q. When did you leave the lodge?

A. I was packed and off on the train for Boston that afternoon. And I've never been back since. Not even to say that I was wrong.

Q. In what way?

A. About the operation. I knew it the minute he took her hand and let her tell me to go. I'd been wrong all along. If ever anyone ever needed a heart transplant it was Hollis Todd. Because he had no heart of his own. No heart at all.

Extract From the Statement of Eva Veillier

My name is Eva Veillier. On the date you mention, October 12th, I was at the lodge. That afternoon I was—

Q. Excuse me, Mrs. Veillier. Were you living at the lodge?

A. I am a French citizen, my official residence is Paris. I have been a frequent guest at the lodge in recent years. On the afternoon of October 12th I was resting when Crosby McCullen came to my room. I had been up all night with Hollis. He was impatient, he despised illness, and he refused a sedative. He had wanted to see a movie but it was out of the question that he should be moved to the projection room, and so I read to him most of the night.

Q. You were asleep then, the afternoon of the 12th?

A. I didn't say I was asleep, I said I was resting. I could not sleep then and I sleep even less now, so you will excuse me if I wander. Crosby McCullen had come to tell me that a heart was available, that we were leaving for Los Angeles at once.

Q. Is that all he told you?

A. He told me to pack. As if I had not been packed for days. As if I were the kind of woman who worried about what clothes she should take on an occasion like this. I have traveled around the world with three Pucci jerseys and a toothbrush. But that is not your interest

here. When I went out into the hall they were already wheeling Hollis to the elevator. The elevator is not a large one, there was no room for me. Hollis told the nurse to get out so I could ride down with him. He smiled at me and squeezed my hand. His fingers were cold, very cold.

Q. You accompanied Mr. Todd to the helicopter?

A. Not directly. Hollis wanted to see the living room before we left. It was the first time he had been downstairs in five months. I suppose it was not only that, I suppose—excuse me.

Q. That's all right, Mrs. Veillier.

A. Excuse me. I am very tired, overwrought. I was about to say that I suppose Hollis did not know if he would ever see the room again. I remember he was upset about the covers on the furniture, the muslin covers. Where were the flowers, he wanted to know. Why did he keep a staff of gardeners for the greenhouse if there were to be no flowers in the house? Why were there no flowers, why were the clocks run down? He said it looked as though he were dead and the place was up for auction—

Q. Mrs. Veillier.

A. I am sorry. It is just that he had never spoken the word before. Not during all the months of his illness. But now I felt its presence. It is as though by saying it he brought death into the house. It was in that room with us when Crosby took the telephone call.

Q. What telephone call?

A. From Los Angeles General Hospital. Dr. Geiger. He said the girl's parents had refused consent.

Q. How did Mr. Todd react to this?

A. He said to offer them money, any amount. For themselves, for charity, whatever they desired.

Q. And Mr. McCullen conveyed this offer to Dr. Geiger on the telephone?

A. He tried to do so, but Dr. Geiger told him it wouldn't matter. Consent was being refused on religious grounds. The parents did not believe in violating the body, he said. Their decision was final. That word, too, hung in the room now. "Final." It is a word I have always hated.

Q. The telephone conversation, Mrs. Veillier.

A. Yes. The telephone conversation. Dr. Geiger told Crosby there was another possibility. The hospital had located an O-donor. They could keep his heart going on a pacemaker until Hollis arrived in Los Angeles.

Q. What was said then?

A. Hollis asked Dr. Mantle for his opinion. Would an O-donor heart be satisfactory. Dr. Mantle explained that an O-blood type is what they call the "universal donor." But the perfect match for Hollis would be an AB-negative, like he himself. Under these circumstances it was a difficult decision.

Q. But Dr. Mantle made it.

A. No. Hollis made the decision. He said to tell Dr.

Geiger he would not accept the O-donor. But that we were coming to Los Angeles anyway. It was a gamble, he knew that, but he had gambled all his life. And now he would gamble on a better match.

Q. Mrs. Veillier, I know this is trying for you. We're really trying to establish facts, not opinions. But you've heard the statement of Mrs. Torrance, in which she expressed her opinions of Mr. Todd rather freely. I'm sure you don't agree with them, but can you explain them?

A. Easily. It's strange how a woman can love a man without really knowing him. And as close as Mrs. Torrance had been to Hollis, she didn't know him at all. She loved him, I'm sure—I had been aware of it for some time. A woman always knows when another woman is jealous, and Mrs. Torrance was jealous of me. Perhaps she never let herself recognize it, but it was the typically unhappy case of a love that couldn't possibly be requited. And she is quite wrong. If anything changed Hollis, it was love—not fear. He had an enormous capacity for love. No heart? That, of course, is ridiculous. Those who really knew him knew that Hollis Todd was, beneath the surface, *all* heart.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of George Mantle, M.D.*

. . . Mr. Todd usually listened to my recommenda-

tions, but in this situation he was adamant. If there was a chance that an O-donor heart might be rejected after transplant, it was better to reject it now, beforehand, and take the calculated risk of finding another donor of his blood type. I started to question his reasoning but he insisted we leave. The helicopter was ready on its pad behind the house. Mrs. Veillier and I accompanied him when the attendants wheeled him out. Mr. McCullen was still on the telephone, he had a business call to make before we took off. By the time Mr. Todd was settled in the helicopter, Mr. McCullen joined us. During the trip to the airport no one exchanged a word. The helicopter was noisy, but I believe this was not the only reason for our silence. A commitment had been made, and now each of us was beginning to examine the possible consequences. One thing was certain—now that we were on our way, there could be no turning back.

Extract From the Statement of D. J. Nelson

My name is D. J. Nelson—D. J. stands for Desmond James—and I'm the chief pilot for Todd Enterprises. I've worked there for twelve years and before I get on to the business at hand, I'd like to tell you how I got my job. I think it will give you an insight into Mr. Todd. I was a first officer on Pan Am and one night

during an electrical storm we were taking off from LaGuardia on a flight to Rome. Just as we rolled past V-One—that's where you hit decision speed and it's too late to abort the takeoff—the captain keeled over. Heart attack. I managed to keep the aircraft steady and get airborne. Of course we landed immediately. Mr. Todd was a passenger on that flight and after we got back down on the ground, he came up to me and offered me a job. I'll never forget what he said. He said, "I'm indebted for life to people who save my life."

But about the night of October 12th. I was at my office at the airport, working late. I had a lot of paper work to take care of—the Todd organization has three fixed-wing aircraft and four helicopters. I imagine that's bigger than the whole air force in some of those banana republics and I got the paper work to match. Anyway I got a call from Mr. McCullen to get the *Argonaut II*—that's our 707 jet—ready for a flight to Los Angeles. I asked when are we going and he said ten minutes ago. Well, I'm telling you, that was something else. I had to round up the crew and get the aircraft serviced. Lucky for me it wasn't a high-priority takeoff time and I got a clearance for a direct flight at a maximum altitude of thirty-six thousand feet with a descent starting over Elko, Nevada.

I boarded when the crew arrived and I was just finishing the checklist when I heard the chopper set down. I knew Mr. Todd was pretty sick and I'd ordered

a hydraulic lift on standby to get him aboard the aircraft. I looked out while they were raising him and he saw me watching. He grinned and made a little circle with his thumb and forefinger. Mantle—that's his doctor—had arranged for a hospital bed to be put on board the day before and set up apparatus and medical supplies. I guess they figured on being prepared for emergencies.

When I saw that Mr. Todd was settled in, I got hold of the tower. They cleared me for immediate takeoff on runway three zero. I remember the fellow in the tower made a remark after giving his instructions. He said, "Good luck. I hope this isn't a one-way trip." I guess that was in the back of our minds, all of us, but I didn't like to hear him say it. Not at a time like this.

Extract From the Statement of Elgin P. Motherwell

My name is Elgin P. Motherwell and I'm the steward on the *Argonaut II*. I don't hold with flying much—my mother used to say that if God wanted man to fly He'd of given him wings—but Mr. Todd's the kind of man when he says, "Elgin, I want you out of the kitchen and into the air force," you just pin on your wings.

Well, we got Mr. Todd into bed in his cabin and I strapped him in. He seemed to be in pretty good spirits, but he looked poorly. They were all poorly, you might

say—Mr. McCullen, Dr. Mantle, and Mrs. Veillier too. It's only natural, seeing as how they were so worried about Mr. Todd. Just before we took off, Dr. Mantle gave him some kind of injection. Mr. Todd, he just kept looking at Mrs. Veillier and he said—I don't generally eavesdrop but you said you wanted to hear it all—he said, “Eva, you don't have very good luck with your men.” I never knew Mr. Todd when he didn't have some kind of wisecrack like that, never mean though, always nice. We left him then to get some sleep. I had some sandwiches to make and a pot of coffee going.

It was a long flight. Mr. McCullen, he just sat in his seat dictating into his tape recorder, something about don't let the news get out until the market closes. Mrs. Veillier was in her seat playing solitaire and Dr. Mantle, well, he asked me for a drink, the usual, he said. That's his joke. “The usual” means bourbon and lots of it. Well, Mr. McCullen, he gets up and takes the bottle right out of my hand, puts it back in the cabinet, locks it, and puts that key right in his pocket. Mrs. Veillier just looked at him and she didn't say nothing, nothing at all. Dr. Mantle gave Mr. McCullen a dirty look and then he got up and went back to Mr. Todd's cabin.

He must of been there about ten minutes and when he came out he leaned against the door and nobody looked at him, and finally he said, “Isn't anybody in-

terested in the odds? That is, if a heart is available." Well, that sent a chill right through me.

From a Report on The Associated Press Wire
10:45 PM 12 October

NEW YORK (AP)—Mystery billionaire Hollis Todd reportedly left LaGuardia Airport early this evening aboard his private jet *Argonaut II* accompanied by aides, at least one physician, and a close friend, Mrs. Eva Veillier. Todd's pilot filed a flight plan showing their destination as Los Angeles. Airport officials would neither confirm nor deny the departure. It has been rumored that Todd, one of the world's richest men and most flamboyant philanthropists until his heart attack a few years ago, is en route to Los Angeles for treatment at Los Angeles General Hospital. PICK UP CANNED BIO.

Extract From the Statement of Melvin De Toledano

My name is Melvin De Toledano. I am director of administration at Los Angeles General Hospital.

Q. Are you a doctor?

A. I said I was an administrator. I run the hospital. Now may I continue?

Q. Please. The night of October 12th?

A. I was getting to that before I was interrupted. I had of course kept in close touch with the situation. Mr. Todd had been an extraordinarily generous benefactor to the hospital.

Q. How exactly?

A. He had donated five million dollars to construct and equip a new cardiology wing.

Q. And so you were concerned.

A. I resent the implication. Every patient gets the same care at any hospital I operate. Now may I continue?

Q. Proceed.

A. Shortly after dinner that evening I was informed by Dr. Geiger in a call to my home that Agnes Perry's parents had refused to grant consent for a transplant. I was also informed that Mr. Todd, though there were no potential donors, was flying out to the Coast immediately. I left my home at once and returned to the hospital. I wanted to see that everything was in readiness to ease Mr. Todd's stay at Los Angeles General. I also wished to make sure that the hospital had informed other institutions of our situation.

Q. In what way?

A. Transplant surgery, as I am sure you are aware, is still a rather primitive science. There is no such thing as a heart bank. And so with each individual case, other

hospitals are informed of our requirements. That is, to watch out for terminal cases whose blood type and rejection cycle are such that, should consent be given, they would qualify as donors. It is a question of finding the proper match.

Q. I see.

A. When I arrived at the hospital I went immediately to the cardiology wing to check on what progress had been made in obtaining a donor for transplant. I found Dr. Everett in his office.

Q. Dr. Everett?

A. Dr. Charles Everett. He's second in command of the transplant team. Directly under Dr. Geiger. He had just been observing the progress of canine surgery—from a window in his office he could look down on the operating chamber below, where a heart-lung machine had been attached to a police dog. I must admit I was annoyed. With Mr. Todd's plane arriving in four hours, I felt this was no time to be concerned about an animal. I'm afraid I expressed my opinion rather strongly. I pointed out to Dr. Everett that Mr. Todd was not just another patient. That he had put five million dollars into the hospital, thus far. Dr. Everett said, "Well, he's going to make us earn that five million now. He wants a perfect match."

I took exception to that remark—I felt that it was entirely uncalled for under the circumstances. And I

was about to point this out to him in no uncertain terms when we were interrupted by a call. A possible heart donor had arrived in the Homograft Department. I—

Q. Would you give us that last again, please?

A. Homograft. H-o-m-o-g-r-a-f-t. You have it now? Very good. In this department, cadavers are dissected under conditions of utmost sterility so that their organs can either be stored or released for immediate use. The blood groups and tissue types of potential recipients are recorded by computers which match them with incoming organs. We have a Telex system to link our department with a network of other hospitals—we pool our availabilities with them, and they notify us regarding our own requirements. I am happy to say that this system has proved eminently effective.

Well. I accompanied Dr. Everett to Homograft. We found Dr. Piper—Leonard Piper, our head pathologist—in the midst of performing a PM.

Q. A post-mortem.

A. Post-mortem examination, that is correct. A pace-maker had been attached to the body of the deceased on the table. Dr. Piper was dictating his findings into a tape recorder as he worked. A very efficient man.

Extract From the Statement of Leonard Piper, M.D.

My name is Leonard Piper and I am the resident head

of Pathology at Los Angeles General Hospital. At approximately nine P.M. the 12th of October last, I notified Dr. Everett to come to the Homograft Department where I was conducting a post-mortem examination of an indigent. This was a cerebral hemorrhage case—aneurism, severe brain trauma. A well-developed male, Caucasian, measuring five-feet ten-inches, weight approximately one hundred and seventy pounds, age around forty. We never did pinpoint it more closely because there was no positive identification. As I recall, the police picked him up downtown, on Fifth Street. He'd been in and out of the drunk tank, no next of kin, that much they did know. Enough to release the body to us. You understand that we—that is to say, the resident staff members—had been alerted on the immediate need of a donor for a heart transplant.

That's where Dr. Everett came in. Everett and De Toledano. I'd never seen De Toledano in the department before—he's inclined to be a little squeamish about our work, and I can't really say that I blame him—but I guess in an emergency situation like this he wanted to be in on the findings.

Anyway they did come in, both of them, and just about that time I got the lab report on the blood sample I'd taken before starting the examination. It was AB-positive.

Everett told me he needed AB-negative. He thanked me and left. De Toledano went with him. He didn't

say anything, but he looked worried. Really worried. As the kids say, he was up-tight.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of George Mantle, M.D.*

I don't remember anything unusual happening on the plane, no. Mr. McCullen was his usual overbearing self, perhaps a trifle more so. Mrs. Veillier actually looked better than she had for a long time. She hadn't slept a full night in weeks, she wouldn't accept any Nembutal, but she was dozing on the plane. McCullen, of course, was wide awake, dictating memos full speed ahead to various Todd Enterprises offices—always the same message, something to the effect that under no circumstances should anyone make a press statement regarding Mr. Todd, his physical condition, or his whereabouts. All questions to be answered with, "No comment." It isn't difficult for me to remember this, because I must have heard it repeated twenty times over. I don't know why he didn't just dictate one memo with instructions to send a duplicate to every office. It would have saved a lot of time, but then maybe he was deliberately trying to kill time. It occurred to me, frankly, that perhaps the dictation was just an excuse he employed to avoid conversation with me. As you must have gathered, Mr. McCullen and I were never

on the best of terms. I resented his general officious attitude and he—but that's not important here.

At any rate, Mrs. Veillier was asleep and McCullen was still dictating when I went back to see if Mr. Todd was sleeping. I regret to say that I found him wide awake, despite the sedative I had administered when we came aboard. As a matter of fact, he was throwing a coin into the air and catching it. It was an old Greek coin of some fantastic value that he always carried with him. The point of it for him wasn't its value, not at all. The point was that he had brought it up out of a wreck himself, diving in the Aegean. It was a souvenir of the kind of man he had been. That was the point of the coin. "Sure I trust doctors," he said when he saw me. I hadn't said anything. "But I trust myself more."

Extract From the Statement of Charles Everett, M.D.

My name is Charles Everett. I'm a vascular surgeon. I've been with the transplant team about a year and a half. I was at Temple University Hospital when Dr. Geiger, Walter Geiger, asked me if I wanted to join his staff. Well, hell, that's like going from the Angels to the Yankees, I mean the Yankees in the old days. Over that period we performed fourteen transplants. Nine of those patients, I would like to say now, are still living.

Anyway, on the night in question I checked out a potential donor in our Homograft Department. The wrong blood type, so I stopped by our Telex office to make sure they'd sent out the emergency bulletin I'd given them. Mr. Todd had already turned down an O-donor we'd found earlier in the evening—he insisted on a perfect match—and so I put out the word to all hospitals within a hundred mile radius to notify us of possible terminal cases in the AB-negative blood group. They could be flown in to us within an hour.

De Toledano was with me. I guess he thought I'd been goofing off on this situation; I know he was surprised when he found out I'd put out the bulletin. He'd been pretty salty with me earlier in the evening but now he simmered down and said he was going to his office and to let him know if I needed him.

I went back to my office and called my wife—no answer, she wasn't home—and then I left word with the switchboard that I'd be in one of the staff bedrooms for the next hour. We use them to get in a little sack-time when we're running late—the past few months I guess I slept there more than I did at the apartment. Anyway, I went in and stretched out but I didn't fall asleep. I couldn't, not after some of the things De Toledano had said. I shouldn't have let him get to me that way, but you realize we were all under pressure. And all his talk about Todd's donations to the hospital and how important it was that we find him a transplant

didn't help. He made it sound as if the real problem was how to save a checkbook, not a human life.

But it wasn't just a question of motives that bugged me. Whatever our reasons—De Toledano's, mine, those people flying out here on the plane—we were all doing the same thing now. Waiting. Waiting for some unknown person out there in Greater Los Angeles to die. That's what really hit me. This was a deathwatch. I never think this way except in the middle of the night. The trouble is, out of the fourteen transplants I've been involved in, eleven have been performed between midnight and dawn.

Anyway, there I was lying in the dark when Dr. Geiger walked in. He'd seen De Toledano, of course, and heard about the run-in we'd had, and he must have realized how I felt. He'd told me before never to argue with hospital administration—they had their way of looking at the job and we had ours—but he didn't say anything now. I don't have to tell you he's one of the world's top surgeons, but sometimes I think he would have made a damned good psychologist too.

He switched on a lamp and sat down next to the bed and all he said was, "Forget it, Charlie. We're doing everything we can at the moment."

"It's the waiting," I told him. "It makes you feel like an undertaker. And if it's bad for me, think of how it must be right now for Todd."

Funny, I don't have anything like total recall, but

for some reason or other I can remember what Geiger said then, word for word. "You don't have to worry about Hollis Todd," he said. "What's that line about the very rich? Well, Hollis *is* different. When I operate I have a certain confidence in myself. But I don't carry that same confidence with me to the golf course or a duck blind or a poker table. Todd does. He's convinced that he can't lose—that he's the best in anything he sets his mind to. I went hunting with him once in Canada, for caribou. The guide was one of those old-timers, knew those woods like the back of his hand. He said there wasn't a caribou within a hundred miles. And Hollis fired him on the spot. Radioed his plane and had his pilot fly in and take the guide back. So there we were, stuck out in the middle of nowhere with no guide. Hollis got a bull the next afternoon."

Right then is when the phone rang. There was a call from Bakersfield and the operator switched me over. I talked to the resident there—sorry, I don't recall his name at the moment, but that's not important. The important thing is, he'd received our emergency bulletin and he was phoning in to tell us he had a compatible donor. AB-negative, no body damage. I began to check out the details on Rh factor, rejection ratio, and it was the match we were looking for, no doubt about it. Then I said something to him about Todd, and all of a sudden he began to stammer and apologize. It seems that when he got the bulletin he

hadn't noted Todd's age. And the possible donor at Bakersfield was only nineteen months old.

Continued Extract From the Statement of Eva Veillier

. . . It seemed to me that we must have been somewhere over the mountains when suddenly the cabin lights went out. I felt the plane shuddering and then it began to tilt at a crazy angle. Everything happened so quickly there was no time to think, but I knew we were going to crash and I began to scream.

Somebody shook me by the shoulder and I saw it was Dr. Mantle standing there. "It's all right," he said, "you were having a nightmare." As if I didn't know for myself. Then he asked if I would like a Nembutal and I told him no, I had no intention of falling asleep again. What I really wanted to do was to see Hollis, but only if we could be alone. And I noticed Crosby wasn't in the main cabin now—he must have gone back to talk with Hollis while I was sleeping—so I decided to wait until he returned.

Dr. Mantle went up forward, I think he wanted to see the steward and talk him into letting him have a drink while Crosby was gone. This worried me, the drinking, but at the moment I was glad to see him leave, anything was better than having him sit there and talk about the odds, will they find a donor, things like that. Ever since the flight started he kept going on

this way, over and over again, like an old woman.

But I am being unfair, I realize that. Because you see I was thinking the same things, we all were. It was impossible to put such thoughts out of one's mind at a time like this.

I started another game of solitaire but I was not able to concentrate properly and it went badly for me. I destroyed the game and laid out the cards again. Then I saw Crosby come out of the rear cabin and I stood up. He sat down in my place and began to play the cards and he said, "That's how you tell winners from losers, Eva. Winners always finish the game."

I did not speak to him. I went into Hollis' cabin. He was awake, of course, but I told him to rest. I would not disturb him, I only wanted to sit beside him quietly. But he said no, he wanted to talk to me about some things that were private between us. And that is what we did.

Q. It would help us, Mrs. Veillier—

A. All right. He said that our time together had not been easy. Not yet, he said. But he had a feeling that everything would be all right. He said that he was a lucky man and he hadn't felt the run stop yet.

Q. The run?

A. Of luck. I told him I did not like this talk of gambling, everyone speaking of odds and risks and chances. This was not a game, I said. "Oh, but it is," Hollis said. "The greatest game of all. And for the

THE TODD DOSSIER

highest stakes." He could see I was not able to accept the situation on these terms, and he became more serious. He said he wanted more time, he needed it, we needed it. He said—he asked if I wanted to marry him.

Q. What did you say?

A. I said it made no difference to me. No difference. We were neither of us children, babies who needed words said over us. We had not been attracted to each other for the purest of motives, not in the beginning. Hollis had wanted me for reasons of his own. I had wanted Hollis because power attracted me. But all that was past. I told him we had already shared too many things, many of them bad, for us ever to be apart now.

Q. Was there anything more to the conversation?

A. We were interrupted. By the pilot, speaking over the intercom. He announced that we were coming into Los Angeles and an approach had been cleared for landing. We would be on the ground in approximately ten minutes—until then we should remain seated and fasten our belts. I did not return to my seat, I wanted to be with Hollis. When he felt the plane beginning to descend, he put his hand on mine. He knew that I do not like the landing.

*Extract From Telephone Log, Communications Center,
Los Angeles Police Department*

DATE: 13 October TIME: 0437 NATURE OF CALL:

Automobile accident, intersection Modeno Avenue and Roman Street, possible fatality CALLER: Mrs. Elsie Sandoz DISPOSITION: Dispatched ambulance, police cruiser No. 731 to scene of accident OPERATOR: CHL

*Extract From Accident Report Filed by
Patrolman Chester Forbis, Commanding Cruiser No. 731
From 0001 to 0800 13 October*

At 0443, Patrolman Wanusek and I arrived at the scene of the reported accident. We made a preliminary surveillance of the area. A late model black Buick Riviera coupe was stopped in the intersection of Modeno Avenue and Roman Street, facing south on Modeno. It had been hit with great force on the right side by a heavy steel wheelchair. The driver of the vehicle and his passenger were uninjured. The operator of the wheelchair was lying in the street. He was unconscious. Investigation of the victim's wallet identified him as Anton Polanski, male, Caucasian, twenty-four years of age. At 0447 an ambulance arrived at the scene. Though the vehicular traffic was light, I directed Patrolman Wanusek to reroute it until the victim was placed in the ambulance. The ambulance departed the scene of the accident at 0452. Patrolman Wanusek and I began to interrogate witnesses to the accident. There were two;

the driver of the Buick Riviera and his wife, Samuel and Elsie Sandoz. (Report attached.)

*From a Statement Given to Patrolman Chester Forbis
by Samuel Sandoz 13 October*

" . . . My wife and I had dinner at General Lee's in Chinatown and then afterwards we took a drive through the area around the Silver Lake Reservoir. We ended up in the hills above the lake. Neither of us had visited Los Angeles before and the view of the city at night was pretty impressive. But it was getting late and Elsie was tired, so we decided to go back to our motel. That's the Shangri-Lodge, over on Hollywood Boulevard. We came down from the hills on some side street, I didn't pay any attention to the name, and turned right on Modeno Avenue, heading south. We must have driven about half a mile and then, just as we were passing Roman Street, we got hit. I didn't know what happened at first. There's a row of trees on the right just before you get to the intersection and they cut off the view, and of course I didn't see any car lights coming from the side street. I was doing between thirty and thirty-five when this happened. Just a hard thump, something hitting the right side of the hood. My wife screamed and I jammed on the brakes and stopped. Then I saw him lying there. We'd passed a filling station a block back,

closed for the night of course, but I thought I remembered seeing a phone booth. So I sent Elsie to call the police and tried to do something for the man. He was out cold and looked pretty bad. I checked his pulse and it was still going all right, but I had enough sense not to try to move him. Looking around, I could see what must have happened. There's a pretty steep hill on Roman Street and that's where he came from. I guess somehow his wheelchair went out of control and he came ripping down, couldn't stop. Just our luck to be passing by when he hit the intersection. Just his luck, you might say, but it came as one hell of a shock to us, let me tell you. . . ."

*From a Report Filed by Kenneth Loach, M.D.,
Ambulance Intern, Los Angeles General Hospital*

"The victim was suffering from multiple fractures and there was evidence of internal bleeding. There were bruises and lacerations around neck, head and limbs. The victim was unconscious, breathing sporadic. . . ."

From the Associated Press Wire 0550 13 October

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Former Olympic gold medal champion Anton "Tony" Polanski was seriously injured

tonight in a freak automobile accident. Polanski, who has been confined to a wheelchair for the past thirteen months, crashed into an automobile at the intersection of Modeno Avenue and Roman Street. According to witnesses, Polanski's wheelchair went out of control as the former Olympic 400 meter record-holder was descending the steep Roman Street incline. The chair struck a car driven by Samuel Sandoz, address unknown. Doctors at Los Angeles General Hospital described Polanski's condition as serious. He has been placed on the critical list.

Pick Up Canned Bio

The former UCLA star returned to Los Angeles in triumph after winning two gold medals in the São Paulo Olympic Games. He broke both the world and the Olympic records in the 400 meter and then anchored the U.S. team's successful 800 meter relay combination. Two years later, disaster struck. On the eve of the Melrose Games in New York City, Polanski complained of muscular spasms. He was committed to the hospital where exhaustive tests indicated a spinal atrophy. Despite intensive medical care, he lost the use of his legs. He has been confined to a wheelchair for the past thirteen months.

Like former Brooklyn Dodger great Roy Campanella,

Polanski never lost his sense of humor. He was a familiar figure at track and field meets and other sporting events in the Southern California area and made a number of telethon appearances for national charity-fund drives . . .

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Leonard Piper, M.D.*

. . . They sent down Polanski's blood samples from Emergency and I was working on them in Homograft when Everett came in. I'd better explain about that. What you do is extract lymphocytes—the white cells that carry antigens involved in graft rejection—and test them against samples of serum containing antibodies to lymphocytes. The results can be compared to a similar test run on someone else's blood samples to see how the body tissues of the two patients match. In this case, of course, the other patient was Hollis Todd. We already had computerized his data, and I assigned a nurse to pull his card while I ran my tests on Polanski's samples to get the blood profile.

"One thing you don't have to worry about," I told Everett. "They're both AB-negative."

He didn't say anything. I knew what he was waiting for—the tissue match. That's important. Well, I finished up and jotted down the findings and then the nurse handed me Todd's cards for the comparison. I did a

double-check on the data—in this kind of situation you can't afford to make an error—and Everett just stood there sweating it out until I finished my rundown and was ready to give him the answer.

"It's a perfect match, Charlie," I said. "The tissues match perfectly. Imagine the odds against that!"

He still didn't say anything to me, just shook his head. "When do you operate?" I asked him. When he didn't answer I thought maybe he hadn't heard me, so I repeated the question.

He gave me a funny look. "You're forgetting something," he said. "That boy is still alive."

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Melvin De Toledano*

. . . I of course was informed immediately that Anton Polanski was a possible donor as soon as the report came up from the Homograft Department. I called Dr. Geiger at once to see if Polanski's parents had been contacted. You see, consent is a delicate matter and I asked if he wanted my help in securing it. Inasmuch as he had failed in a similar situation earlier in the evening, I thought I could be of some assistance. He declined my offer, rather rudely I might add, and said that he thought he could handle the matter. It was shortly after this conversation that the hospital was informed of Mr.

Todd's ETA—estimated arrival time—at Los Angeles International Airport. An ambulance had been dispatched, of course, but I thought it might be best if I met him.

I could not help reflecting as I drove to the airport how fate sometimes orders up strange coincidences. I mean, here was Mr. Todd arriving, a man who had been so instrumental in charting the future greatness of this hospital, and exactly at this crucial moment, fate intervened so that this hospital could, in effect, repay him. Anyway, when I got to the airport they directed me to a hangar and told me the plane had just come in. I arrived just in time to greet Mr. McCullen. He was the first one off the plane, and he was surprised to see me. I told him I thought we had a possible donor if consent were given. I of course did not tell him the possible donor's name—that would be in strict violation of medical ethics.

Mr. Todd was lifted off the plane then in one of those hoists. Dr. Mantle and Mrs. Veillier were with him. He was in a stretcher but he seemed in very good spirits. He saw me talking to Mr. McCullen and he said, "The least I expected was a brass band. What are you doing here?" When I told him, all he said was, "What are we waiting for?"

Then they wheeled him into the ambulance. Mr. McCullen, Dr. Mantle, and Mrs. Veillier went with him. Mrs. Veillier started to cry—I can imagine her

relief at the news, after the great strain she'd been under, not knowing what to expect—and Mr. Todd reached out to take her hand. Just before they closed the ambulance door I heard him say something to her. It sounded like, "Remember what I told you—the run hasn't ended after all."

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

. . . After leaving Homograft I made another attempt to reach my wife at the apartment. There was still no answer. Then I went down to Emergency. When I walked through the anteroom I saw a middle-aged couple sitting near the nurse's desk, and I guessed they must be Polanski's parents. The woman had some rosary beads.

The nurse told me Dr. Geiger was inside. She said the press kept calling but her orders were to give no information. I verified this. The woman heard the nurse calling me "Doctor" and she came up and introduced herself—I was right, she was the mother. She asked if she could see Polanski, be with him.

I told her not just yet, not until I checked with Dr. Geiger. And I went into Emergency then. Dr. Geiger was getting a report from the R.N. on duty and I asked him how it looked. Irreversible brain damage, he said. Only a matter of hours now.

That's when I told him we had a perfect match—blood *and* tissue.

He didn't comment on it directly, just asked if I'd take Polanski's parents into his office, he'd join us there in a moment. I left then and—

You know something? I never realized it until now, but all the while I was in Emergency with Geiger, I never once looked at the patient. Never once . . .

Extract From the Statement of Walter Geiger, M.D.

My name is Walter Geiger. I am head of the Cardiology Department at Los Angeles General Hospital. You know what I do there. It has been a subject of some interest to all media. I understand that I am here to tell you in some detail about two meetings which took place at the hospital on the morning of October 13th. I would prefer not to have to tell you about the first, which was with Mr. and Mrs. Andrezy Polanski, the parents of Anton Polanski. To tell a mother and father that their child is dying is difficult beyond any imagining of it—everything the parents know may already have told them that the child is beyond hope, but the hope still remains. Until the doctor tells them. The doctor is supposed to be God. A great many years ago I lost a child of my own, and I can tell you that it was no different for me. I refused all evidence. I had to be told. This meeting with the Polanskis was no different from

the others. Dr. Everett was with me. He suggested a sedative for Mrs. Polanski, but I said no. Grief is grief, better to face it. Dr. Everett has not yet been acquainted with exactly that kind of grief. I told Mr. and Mrs. Polanski the prognosis, what they must be prepared to expect, and when. I emphasized that we had done, and were doing, everything possible under the circumstances to keep their boy alive, but that there was no way of repairing the brain damage or averting its consequences. And then I asked Mr. and Mrs. Polanski if we could take their son's heart and give it to another man. As laymen you might imagine that such a suggestion at such a time would intensify their distress, but in many cases it has an actual positive effect. The immediate thought is that something will still live. So they agreed.

Q. Did you tell them who the recipient was to be?

A. Yes. I told them that. Mrs. Polanski did not know who Hollis Todd was. In her world, women do not read newspapers, do not extend their interest beyond their family. Mr. Polanski knew only that Hollis Todd was "some kind of millionaire."

Q. After the consent was signed, what was the procedure?

A. I sent Dr. Everett to prepare for the possibility of transplant surgery. Do note the word, "possibility." Anton Polanski was still living. It is a sensitive area. I went myself to tell Hollis Todd that consent had been given.

Q. You knew Mr. Todd before that meeting?

A. As you are doubtless aware, he had been a patient at Los Angeles General several times since his first heart attack three years earlier. As you are also doubtless aware, he had contributed a rather large sum of money to the hospital. You are perhaps not aware that I had hunted in Canada with him, at his invitation, on two occasions. I knew him, yes. And I liked him. Unlike many rich men he was not merely an accumulation of capital. He was intensely alive. He knew how to do physical things and do them well. I watched him dress out a caribou once, clean as a surgeon would. When I told him we had a heart for him he said something which I thought was very characteristic of the man. He asked me if I knew of anyone else, anyone younger, who could make better use of the heart than he could. I said I knew of no one.

Q. Did you tell Mr. Todd at that time who the donor was?

A. Yes. After the consent had been signed. That is standard procedure.

Q. Was he familiar with Tony Polanski's name?

A. Of course he was. Tony Polanski was almost as famous in his own way as Hollis Todd was in his.

Q. What was his reaction?

A. He was shocked. He wanted to know what had happened. I told him what I could. I then informed him that we were moving Polanski into surgery so that

if and when he died the transplant could take place immediately.

Q. And then?

A. We waited. God help us, we waited.

Extract From the Statement of Georgia Rosen, R.N.

My name is Georgia Rosen. I am a registered nurse on duty at Los Angeles General Hospital, assigned as head surgical nurse to what we call "the team." We call Dr. Geiger and Dr. Everett and the other doctors who work on heart transplants "the team" just so you understand who I'm referring to. But you want to know about when I first saw Tony Polanski. It was in the Emergency Room, the day of the operation. He was still alive, of course. Dr. Everett took me there and said that consent had been given, that we were going to remove Tony Polanski's heart. "If he dies," Dr. Everett said. "You know he's going to die," I said. "I said, 'if he dies' and that's what I meant," Dr. Everett told me. Right from the beginning Dr. Everett had always been that way about these cases. Of all the doctors on the team he was always the most—well, I wouldn't say reluctant, because he wasn't, but after the first operation we ever did I read a story in some magazine about the "moral dilemma" of heart transplants, and believe me I wouldn't be surprised if somebody told me that Dr. Everett had

written that story. Anyway, that morning we moved Tony Polanski from Emergency up to Surgery A. We got an ECG and an EEG hooked up, and Dr. Everett kept checking the EEG tape while another doctor—Dr. Palmer, he's new, just did an assist on the last two operations—Dr. Palmer monitored the ECG. Dr. Everett asked him, "What about the heart?" and Dr. Palmer said, "Not so good. There's an increase in fibrillation." So Dr. Everett said, "Put the heart on a pacemaker." Well, Dr. Palmer looked at the EEG tape and then he said, "With the brain pattern we're getting, do you think that's justified?" Dr. Everett just stared at him. "Yes, I most definitely do think it's justified," he told him. "Our job here at this moment is keeping this patient alive, not preparing him for post-mortem surgery. And don't you ever forget that."

Q. Did Dr. Everett examine the patient at all?

A. Well, that struck me funny at the time. Moving Tony Polanski up from Emergency and giving us instructions the way he did, and then checking the EEG, he really didn't have a chance to do more than what he was doing. I mean he really had his hands full. Besides, Tony Polanski had been examined up and down in Emergency, you see, and whether Dr. Everett liked it or not we were just waiting for him to die. So there wouldn't be much point in making an examination now. Anyway, while Dr. Palmer and I were putting on the pacemaker, Dr. Everett watched us, and then all of a

sudden I noticed he wasn't paying attention to what we were doing anymore. He was looking down at Tony Polanski, almost staring you might call it, as if this was the first time he'd really seen him. And he asked Dr. Palmer how the heart was doing now and Dr. Palmer said the beat was stronger. "That's good," Dr. Everett said, "That's very good." But all the time he kept on staring at Tony Polanski and then he started to examine his throat. There were some bruises there, but he was covered with bruises, I don't know what looked so special about these. Dr. Everett touched Tony Polanski's neck and then he ran his finger along it. And then he said to me, "Have we got the accident report here, the police report?" I told him there would probably be a copy down at Emergency Admitting, and he said to get it for him, now. "Now?" I said. And he didn't answer me, because that's when it happened.

Q. What happened?

A. The ECG stopped and then there wasn't any more lung function and then—we were all watching the tape and I can tell you nobody moved—there just weren't any more complexes on the EEG. So that was it.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Eva Veillier*

. . . Mr. De Toledano had arranged for Hollis to be

put in a suite and there was a nurse on duty with him all night. We—Dr. Mantle, Crosby McCullen, and myself—had been given rooms of our own just across the hall. Dr. Mantle waited until he was satisfied that Hollis was settled and then he went to his room to rest. Crosby and I stayed in the parlor of the suite. The nurse came out to tell us that Hollis had finally fallen asleep, but we stayed. It was like Crosby to stay. All during the bad months, the bad times when he had to take over for Hollis—not just help to make the decisions about business, but follow through to make sure they were carried out—Crosby was still there when Hollis needed him. I do not know how he survived with so little rest, to say that he was dedicated is not to explain. It is true that I myself stayed but that is another matter. With Crosby, it was different. Perhaps the business meant to him what Hollis meant to me, and he was devoted to Hollis because without him—but that is not important. We stayed.

I do not think we exchanged more than a few words all that time, we were both exhausted and neither of us wanted talk, it was enough not to be alone. I stretched out on the sofa and I remember seeing the sky lighten outside the windows just before I closed my eyes. I was sleeping when Crosby ordered breakfast. He made no effort to wake me, and he was already eating and reading the newspapers when I opened my eyes again. He showed me bulletins about Hollis flying out to the

hospital and they were all quite short, with no details. That was good, he said, because at this time it was not desirable to have publicity. But the stories of the accident were on the front pages, in the Los Angeles paper there was a headline. I am not a follower of sports and I had not realized the boy was so famous.

Had there been a further report about the boy's condition, I asked. And he told me no, we must be patient. And would I care for breakfast? I was not hungry, all I wanted was to see Hollis now. So I went in to him and he was awake and there was another nurse, a day nurse, with him. He looked better this morning, because of the rest.

He too wanted to know if there was any news about the boy. But before I could answer him, Dr. Geiger came into the room with Crosby. And I knew, even before he said it, that the boy was dead.

It was of course what I expected to hear, but I was not prepared for my reaction. I got frightened then, the kind of hard fear that clutches inside your stomach. I am not a fearful woman. But I fear loss. All my life I had lost things and I did not want to lose Hollis. Hollis was—Hollis was unlike anyone I have ever known. It was not that he was rich. I have spent most of my life with the rich. The usual rich are very different from you and me, yes, but they are also very different from Hollis. Hollis—well, Hollis lived. And now he might die. It was not a matter to be decided by hope or prayer, it

would be in the hands of strangers. This was what I had not prepared for in all the waiting and the anticipation. The moment when I realized there was nothing left for me to do, no way to help him anymore, not even time to say anything to him.

Because suddenly the room was full of people, nurses and attendants and the anesthetist telling Hollis not to be afraid, as if Hollis would be. I was the afraid one. While they were giving him the hypodermic injection I touched his forehead and he held my hand to his cheek, my hand and the sleeve of my coat. It smelled of a perfume he liked. "I wish I could take that with me," he said. "You come back for it," I told him.

And then they took him away.

*Continued Extract From the Testimony
of Georgia Rosen, R.N.*

. . . It'll be over your head, no offense. But I'll tell you as simply as I can. First we prepared Tony Polanski's body for surgery.

Q. Was there anything unusual about that process?

A. Well, one thing. There was a little blood in the mouth, around the lips, dried blood, and Dr. Everett said not to wipe it clean. That was unusual. That was peculiar. Maybe I looked at him funny, because he said, "We're not operating on the face, Miss Rosen."

Then there was another thing, which was that Dr. Everett was still kind of examining the body. For example, he looked at the hands, turned them over.

Q. Polanski's hands were bruised?

A. No, not so that I could notice. You have to remember I was up to my ass, pardon my French. Anyway, before I really had a chance to look, Dr. Geiger said to go ahead, to begin the operation.

Q. Dr. Geiger was present?

A. You don't understand. We were in Surgery A with Tony Polanski. Dr. Geiger was in Surgery B, getting ready to open up the recipient's heart. That's Hollis Todd, the recipient, follow? But Dr. Geiger had an intercom system hooked up between A and B so he could give us the word when to start. The two operations had to be synchronized, that's important. So now he told Dr. Everett to go ahead, over the intercom.

Q. Will you describe the operation, please.

A. If you say so, but it's technical. Dr. Everett made a midline incision. He snipped some ribs and the heart was exposed. It was one healthy heart, believe me, I've done a lot of open-heart work and you can tell. We had Dr. Palmer standing by for assist and he'd gotten a heart-lung pump ready, and now Dr. Everett attached it to the heart and clamped off the aorta, the pulmonary artery, and the venae cavae. So now the heart was getting oxygenated blood cooled to seventy-two degrees. And

now comes the first big moment in any operation like this, Dr. Everett cuts eight blood vessels and severs the ligaments and the donor heart is free. It's disconnected from the pump and carried into Surgery B. I don't care how many of these things you see, you always think somebody's going to drop that heart. I know that's no way for a surgical nurse to talk but you think it every time.

Q. Did Dr. Everett then go into Surgery B?

A. Well, sure. So did I. Or we went into the little sterile anteroom between the two surgeries and Dr. Geiger was waiting there. That's when I began to wonder if Dr. Everett was sick.

Q. Why did you think that?

A. Because he was in a cold sweat. And Dr. Everett's a very cool surgeon, believe me. But he was in this cold sweat, and when Dr. Geiger asked how it was going, he said, "Something's wrong." "With the heart?" Dr. Geiger said. "No," Dr. Everett said, "it's a perfect heart." Well, you can hardly blame Dr. Geiger for blowing up. "Then what the hell do you mean?" he said. Dr. Everett didn't answer him right away, and then he said, "I don't know, I can't put my finger on it." Dr. Geiger was really angry now, but he kept his voice down and all he did was ask Dr. Everett if he wanted to be relieved from surgery. And of course Dr. Everett said no. You just don't relieve yourself from something like this, not with Dr. Geiger in charge. "Sorry," he said. "We'll talk

later." Dr. Geiger just looked at him, and then he said, "Let's get on with it," and turned around and walked back into Surgery B. So I changed Dr. Everett's gown and he went on into Surgery B after Dr. Geiger. But just before he opened the door he sort of hesitated for a second. And then he asked me to do something irregular, but I figured he knew what he was doing.

Q. What exactly did he ask you to do?

A. He told me not to release Tony Polanski's body to the next of kin.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Walter Geiger, M.D.*

. . . The transplant itself was accomplished under optimum conditions. Everything was on our side. In brief outline, I will tell you what I did after the donor heart was in Surgery B. I carried out the actual removal of Hollis Todd's heart. I stitched the donor heart into its place. May I say here that the heart is a far less complex organ than most people imagine. It is just a tough muscle. Next—about four hours had passed since surgery began—I ordered electrodes placed on each side of the heart and a current of twenty-five-watt-seconds applied. The heart began to beat. But of course we still had a pump attached, and we would not try to remove the pump for at least ten minutes. So actually we did not know yet if it was going to work. You never know.

Q. During this time was Dr. Everett in Surgery B with you?

A. He was.

Q. Did there seem to be anything unusual about his behavior?

A. There can be no unusual behavior in surgery.

Q. Let's put it this way. Was there any tension between you?

A. There was. There was.

From the Los Angeles Evening Standard, 13 October

EVA PRAYS, AIDE WORKS
DURING TODD OPERATION

by Anne Sackworth

"Oct. 13—While Hollis Todd lingered between life and death in Operating Chamber B atop Los Angeles General Hospital today, his longtime companion, Eva Veillier, sat in the hospital's nondenominational chapel just two floors away. This reporter discovered Mrs. Veillier in circumstances that resembled a cat-and-mouse detective story.

Authorities at Los Angeles General refused early this morning to admit either that Mr. Todd was a patient or to allow reporters into the hospital to check on the

rumor that he had been flown to this city late last evening for emergency heart surgery.

While press representatives besieged the outer reception lobby, this reporter slipped out the front door, shed her coat and walked into the hospital through the Emergency entrance, wearing a borrowed nurse's uniform and cap which she had donned in anticipation of the situation. No one on the hospital staff was the wiser as your correspondent went unchallenged.

In the solarium on the hospital's top floor, just below the surgical units, this reporter discovered Mr. Crosby McCullen, the financial wizard many credit as Hollis Todd's indispensable right hand. Mr. McCullen was dictating memoranda into a tape recorder. Although recognized by your correspondent, Mr. McCullen refused either to acknowledge his name or to answer any questions concerning his own presence in the hospital or the whereabouts of Mr. Hollis Todd. When he threatened to summon hospital authorities, this reporter slipped down a service stairway.

Your correspondent then checked waiting-areas and visiting rooms on every floor of the hospital. On the fifth floor she opened the door into the chapel. Eva Veillier was sitting there alone. Your correspondent asked Mrs. Veillier if she were praying for Hollis Todd. Mrs. Veillier would not answer the question. She was then asked by this reporter if Hollis Todd was presently undergoing surgery, and if so, the exact nature of the

operation. Before she could reply, hospital attendants arrived, led by Mr. McCullen, and insisted upon your correspondent leaving the premises. From the context of remarks exchanged between Mr. McCullen and Mrs. Veillier during this episode, it seemed apparent that some form of cardiac surgery had been performed upon Hollis Todd or, more likely, was still in progress."

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Walter Geiger, M.D.*

. . . As I said, it was ten minutes before we took the pump off. What happened then would have alarmed me had this been my first transplant. The heart stopped. I ordered the pump switched back on. We gave it another five minutes and tried again. This time the ECG showed a beat and it was strong and regular. I knew it was going to work, so I stepped back and requested Dr. Everett to close the incision, which he did.

Q. How did you feel about this, well, this tension between you and Dr. Everett?

A. To the extent that there is time to feel anything in surgery, I felt angry. I knew that Dr. Everett had been having personal problems and I was angered that he had let them intrude upon our work. You may find that to be an unsympathetic reaction, but you must understand that one of the prime requisites of the surgeon is

emotional stability, control under stress situations. I cannot afford to tolerate any deviation from professional standards, and in this instance I resented Dr. Everett's attitude, whatever the causation. As I say, you may consider my reaction unsympathetic, but many people, for that matter, find me an unsympathetic man.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Melvin De Toledano*

. . . During the operation I was with Dr. Mantle, Mr. Todd's personal physician, in Dr. Geiger's office. There is an observation window overlooking the surgery units below, and naturally Dr. Mantle was most anxious to view the procedure.

Q. Did you notice anything out of the ordinary during the course of the operation?

A. No, I did not.

Q. Let me rephrase the question. Did you notice anything out of the ordinary in the behavior of any members of the surgical team?

A. Well. To be perfectly frank with you, I did not watch for more than a few minutes while the actual surgery was being performed. Although I am in a position which brings me into daily contact with human suffering, I have never become inured to it. I am not ashamed to admit that I do not like the sight of blood.

I consider this, by the way, to be a perfectly normal reaction. And in this particular instance, with the patient being Mr. Todd, a man for whom I have always felt the keenest admiration, one of the really important men of our generation you might say, my natural empathy and concern was greatly increased. I did not leave the office at any time while the operation was in progress—I felt it was my duty to stay, and I did—but most of the time I was at Dr. Geiger's desk, using his phone to keep in contact with the various departments under my supervision. The press was giving them a lot of trouble downstairs, and I wanted to make sure that the staff was following orders and continuing to protect Mr. Todd's privacy. So I was really tending to business, minding the store as they put it, while Dr. Mantle followed the progress of the transplant.

Q. While Dr. Mantle was watching, did he make any comments which might lead you to believe he was observing anything unusual in the behavior of the team?

A. No, he had never actually witnessed an operation of this sort before and he seemed fascinated. In the professional sense, that is. You understand he has a background in cardiology, that was his specialty, but reading reports on transplant surgery is not quite the same thing as firsthand observation. But academically, of course, he knew all the techniques. So he kept saying things like, "Good, that's it, clamp it off now, great, beautiful!" I must confess I found his choice of expressions some-

what incongruous under the circumstances. It was almost like a football fan watching a game on television and offering gratuitous advice to the players. Except that this was not a game he was watching. I did notice that most of the time he concentrated his full attention on what was happening to Mr. Todd in Surgery B, and this naturally I could understand, inasmuch as Mr. Todd's welfare was the primary concern. And once—it must have been while Mr. Todd's heart was actually being removed—he said something about Dr. Geiger.

Q. Go on.

A. He said, and I must apologize for the words but of course you realize they were uttered under great emotional stress—he said, “Jesus Christ, how I envy that son-of-a-bitch!”

Q. Do you know what he meant?

A. Yes, because he told me. He said—

Q. Continue, please.

A. Very well. After all, he did say it and I'm only quoting. He said, “There was a time when I could have made it. But when your hands start shaking, you can only reach for a bottle, not a scalpel.”

Q. Anything more?

A. Well after that—that outburst, or whatever you choose to call it—Dr. Mantle's whole mood and attitude seemed to change. As I mentioned, he kept focussing his attention on Mr. Todd, and for a long while he was quiet, very quiet, just watching while the donor heart

was being stitched into place. There was a pump attachment which stimulated heart action and I gather that after a certain time it was removed. I wasn't following at that moment, I was on the phone talking to Crosby McCullen about an unfortunate incident involving a woman reporter who had somehow managed to bypass hospital security measures and annoy Mrs. Veillier with her impertinent questions—at any rate, just at this point, Dr. Mantle banged his fist against the glass of the observation window and said, "Oh no!"

Q. To what was he referring?

A. Please—if you will kindly refrain from interrupting, I was about to tell you. Dr. Mantle turned to me and he said, "The heart. It's stopped." I looked at him and his face was absolutely gray. I joined him at the window immediately, and forced myself to watch. I don't suppose you have ever seen an exposed human heart in an open chest cavity, nor had I until that moment. It is—well, no matter, we are discussing Dr. Mantle's reactions here. "Get that pump back on," he said. "Get it on!" Of course Dr. Geiger down there in Surgery B couldn't hear a word of what he was saying. But apparently he *did* switch on the pump because after a moment or two Dr. Mantle said, "There, that's better." I must tell you that after my first glimpse I turned my head away from the observation window, but I did continue to watch Dr. Mantle. Gradually he seemed to relax and after perhaps five minutes he said, "It's all

right. They've taken the pump off again and it's going to work." Then he walked away from the window and sat down in an armchair, you might say he collapsed into it rather than sat, because he was utterly limp. Seeing him this way one might think he had just completed performing the operation himself, and in a way you could say he had. "That was close," he said. "Very, very close." I didn't say anything. I imagine he felt somewhat embarrassed about exposing his emotional reaction to me because he attempted to make a joke about it. "You know," he said, "when I looked down and saw Todd's heart wasn't beating, mine almost stopped too. And if it hadn't started again, mine *would* have stopped." I told him I could understand how he felt, because I was fond of Mr. Todd too, and preserving his life meant a great deal to me. And that there were others, many others, who shared my concern for his welfare. "You can say that again," he said. And then he poured himself another—uh, it was precisely then, as I recall, that—

Q. One moment. Dr. Mantle was drinking?

A. I find these interruptions most distracting. What I was attempting to tell you—

Q. Had Dr. Mantle been drinking during the time he was watching the operation with you?

A. Dr. Mantle was not engaged in the performance of any professional duties. I do not feel that a discussion of his personal activities is at all relevant.

Q. Please.

A. Very well. If you insist. But I wish to state for the record that I consider this line of questioning in dubious taste, an invasion of privacy. Dr. Mantle had been under great stress, he was extremely fatigued. While faithfully observing the operating procedures, which I might remind you took place over a lengthy period of time, he took several drinks of whisky from a small bottle he had brought with him. That is all.

Q. Thank you.

A. I was about to say that at this point Mr. Crosby McCullen phoned and asked for my assistance in arranging facilities for a press conference. I agreed with him that this was a matter of necessity and importance. So I went to work on it immediately . . .

*Extract From Post-Transplant Press Conference:
Videotape Courtesy NBC News*

"This is Kieron Morgan, NBC News Los Angeles, speaking to you from the teaching amphitheater at Los Angeles General Hospital, where this hastily organized press conference has been called. It is a truly extraordinary moment in a truly extraordinary day. The heart of one of the world's greatest athletes beats on in the body of one of the world's richest men. No one can pinpoint exactly when word began to spread this morning that Hollis Todd had arrived in the City of Angels

for a crucial heart transplant operation. No one can tell you at what precise moment the fate of Anton Polanski began to link with the future of Hollis Todd. The hospital would not officially admit that Hollis Todd was a patient. But somehow Los Angeles just knew . . . one moment, ladies and gentlemen. Dr. Walter Geiger, the heart specialist who performed the transplant, has just entered the room. This is remarkable . . . the ovation you're hearing . . . reporters and photographers are actually standing and applauding. . . ."

Q. Dr. Geiger, Dr. Geiger . . .

A. Gentlemen, first of all, I would like to say I'm tired. We, the members of my staff here and myself, have been up all night, and as you can imagine, these last four hours and fifty-six minutes have been somewhat of a strain. So I'd like to keep this short. Please direct your questions to either Dr. Everett or me. Dr. Everett—where is Dr. Everett? I asked him to be here. Do any of you people know where he went? I told him to be here. . . . Gentlemen, I'm afraid the sight of a bed was more than Dr. Everett could pass up. (*Laughter*) So let's get on with it.

Q. Doctor, did the fact that Anton Polanski was an athlete make him a better donor than a more sedentary person?

A. Let's say it didn't hurt. That young man had the heart of a bull. But at the same time I should say that far more important for our purposes was Mr. Polanski's

blood type and rejection cycle. There are many medical factors inherent in Mr. Todd's condition that makes the perfect donor in his case a very rare specimen. Mr. Polanski was that perfect donor. And I'd like to say something here about Mr. Polanski's heart—the abstraction called heart, rather than the tissue itself. I think he showed a will to live greater than that of any other patient I have ever seen. He must have been a splendid young man. (*Applause*)

Q. Doctor, when did you know the operation was a success?

A. When the beat started and maintained without irregularity, independent of artificial stimulation. You can tell immediately if it's all right, because if you're getting a good beat then everything is right, temperatures, blood pressure, electrolytes, everything.

Q. Doctor, what is your definition of death? "You're dead when your doctor says you are?"

A. I've found that after fourteen transplant operations I no longer resent that question—nor the implication behind it that I am a murderer who takes hearts from healthy people and transplants them into sick bodies. To answer your question simply, a patient is dead when—through the use of electroencephalograms—the doctor can see that all electrical activity in the brain has ceased. The heart can stop, and you can start it beating again. But once the brain stops, it does not recover. Yes?

Q. Doctor, can you tell us something about how it feels to perform a miracle on such a remarkably rich man?

A. One, I do not perform miracles. I operate. Depending upon my skill and the conditions which pre-exist, I either succeed or I don't. Two, I do not operate on a checkbook. I operate on people. Three, surgery of this nature is dependent for its success upon the specialized effort and skills of an entire group, a surgical team as it were, with each member making a vital contribution to the outcome. I count myself most fortunate in being able to work with and to rely upon such a team. Some of them, as you can see, are present with me now, and others are not. All of them deserve full credit for what they have done to help bring about the success of this operative procedure. (*Applause*) Gentlemen, I'm going to ask you to excuse me now from any further questioning. Thank you.

Excerpt From the Diary of Natalie Everett
Under Dateline October 13

Catharsis, that's the name of the game, and as far as I'm concerned it *is* a game, no matter what Gradwell said. If you can't talk to me, if you have a communication problem, write it down. Get yourself one of those diaries with a lock and key, you don't have to show it to any-

one until you feel that you really want to, but I'm hoping that one of these days you'll reconsider and resume these sessions with me or with someone else and then what you've written may prove helpful. That's what the man said, the shrink, the creep. Sorry, Dr. Gradwell, but you told me not to repress anything. And I just happen to think you're a creep.

All right, so you're not a creep; if you were, I wouldn't be following your advice, would I? Keeping a secret diary like a schoolgirl—I mean the old-fashioned kind of schoolgirl, who knew how to read and write. Careful there, Natalie, your hostilities are showing.

But really it does seem a bit much as they say in the English movies. Writing everything down strikes me as a form of mental masturbation and no wonder I feel self-conscious.

No, I don't feel self-conscious at all, I just feel confused. Identity crisis, Gradwell called it. They have labels for everything nowadays, brand names for everything. And that makes me Brand X, I suppose. Only I'm not buying it.

Very well then Natalie, just what *are* you doing? As if I didn't know. All this scribbling, talking to myself really, like some kind of a nut. I know exactly what I'm doing. I'm trying to avoid what happened last night. I'm not going to talk about it, I'm not going to write about it, I'm not even going to think about it. Not any-

more. It's over and done with, there's nothing I can do now to change what happened. Nothing. So forget it.

Today, then. After I got home this morning. Some homecoming. The place was a mess, I was a mess. And no Charlie. First I took a nice long hot bath and then I put on my slacks and cleaned the whole apartment. That took care of two messes, but not the big one. The no Charlie situation, of course. And there really doesn't seem to be any way I can clean *that* up.

I knew he'd stayed over at the hospital again. I'd known it ever since I caught that flash on the late news last night at the studio, about Hollis Todd coming to L.A. A long time ago, before things started to happen, Hollis Todd had checked in for observation and I knew about his heart. Not from Charlie; even then, he wasn't really talking to me anymore and certainly not about anything involving a patient, but I happened to hear Hollis Todd had checked in or observation and I knew So if Todd was coming back now it meant only one thing—there was going to be a transplant. Which also meant that Charlie would be sweating it out down there waiting until they found the right donor, *if* they found one, because they can't use just any heart. There has to be a match.

I wonder if Charlie called last night to tell me he wasn't coming home. I'm positive he didn't try the

studio, but he might have called here. Which means he's going to want to know where I was all that time, which means I'll have to invent some kind of—

No. Take it easy there, girl. We're not even going to think about last night, remember?

Today. Now. Just a little while ago. While I was working on the apartment I kept switching channels on the portable just in case there'd be something in the way of a late news bulletin. All they were doing was talking about Polanski, the great Tony Polanski, how he was dying. The same stuff that had been in the morning paper which I'd already put down the incinerator, along with the rest of the garbage. The last thing I wanted to hear was about him, so I switched off the TV and left it off while I made a late lunch. I had three cups of coffee and four cigarettes one right after the other. Of course what I was really doing was trying to keep from phoning the hospital and asking for Charlie. He always hates that, particularly at a time like this; besides I had a pretty good idea what was going on. Not that there's really anything "pretty" or "good" about the idea, or about what was happening, either. You do like to hide behind words, don't you? Come out, Natalie, come out come out wherever you are.

So. After I put the things in the dishwasher I turned on the TV again and there it was, this press conference with Geiger. Right at the beginning he mentioned Charlie, something about how he expected him to be

there but he must have gone off to bed. Which told me he was all right.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

Q. Dr. Everett, why didn't you attend the post-transplant press conference as Dr. Geiger requested?

A. I was tired. There was no, uh, exhilaration such as there usually is when you finish an operation of this type.

Q. You were disturbed?

A. Yes.

Q. By what you saw.

A. Yes.

Q. Dr. Everett, I think it would be easier if you answered in somewhat more detail. What specifically was it that disturbed you?

A. Is this for the record?

Q. No, sir, it's just a preliminary statement. Everything you say is voluntary. It cannot be held against you. Shall we continue?

A. Well, I don't know what set me off. I had been under some strain. There were difficulties at home and I was sleeping at the hospital. And then I suppose I was irritated with Mr. De Toledano that night. He got to me. I don't like to see medicine equated with a bank

account. But here was Mr. Todd coming all the way across the country and then, just as if watches had been synchronized, bang, we had a donor for him. And not just any donor, but one of the rarest compatible donors around. I don't want to imply that this was all active. But it was lurking somewhere in the back of my mind. It must have been, to make me notice the things I did.

Q. Which were?

A. Well, first, there was that circular abrasion on Mr. Polanski's neck. It was fresh and looked like it came from some sort of friction burn. Not the sort of thing that happens normally in this kind of accident. Then there was the presence of clotted blood, not just on the lips but on the teeth. And I noticed what seemed to be an unusual amount of foreign matter under the fingernails. I wanted to take a closer look. That's why I ordered the body not to be released.

Q. There could be several explanations for what you saw?

A. Right now I can think of a couple of dozen.

Q. What did you do then after the operation?

A. I went to the hospital morgue. I ordered the attendant to remove the body from the freezer and place it on a table in the examination room. I told him I wanted to be alone.

Q. What did you expect to find?

A. I don't know. At this point I was already beginning to feel as if I'd made a mistake. It was like waking

up in the middle of a bad dream. Everything is all right and you feel slightly foolish. That's how I felt. But I decided to go ahead. I did want to make a thorough examination of that body, just to make sure.

Q. What did you do?

A. Well, I took a syringe and some sterile solution and removed specimens of blood from the lips and teeth. Then I cleaned the fingernails with tweezers and dissolved some of the substance in sterile solution. It was dried blood. Now I had two vials—one containing blood specimens from the mouth and teeth, and the other containing blood specimens from under the nails. I took them into the morgue lab. I asked Miss Johnson to run off a test and give me the blood types on both samples. I waited while she did so. Both specimens—from the mouth and from the fingernails—were the same.

Q. Was the blood Mr. Polanski's?

A. Mr. Polanski's blood-type was AB-negative. This blood was B-positive.

Q. What did you do with the specimens?

A. I told Miss Johnson to file them for me. Under my name. Nobody was to touch them.

Q. What else did you do?

A. I went back into the examination room. I examined the neck abrasion closely. It was a definite friction burn. There were also a series of contusions under the arms.

Q. What would these indicate?

A. If someone is trying to ward off a blow, he would put his arms up in front of him, the underside out.

Q. Wouldn't Mr. Polanski have done this instinctively at the moment of impact with the car?

A. Yes, but the contusions would have been uniform. There was no pattern to the contusions under the arms. They were vertical, horizontal, diagonal.

Q. Is that all?

A. No. There was a fracture above Mr. Polanski's left temple.

Q. Couldn't that result from the accident?

A. It could, yes. But the condition of the body indicated that Mr. Polanski received the force of the impact full face. And this trauma looked as though it were the result of contact with a blunt instrument. Of course right away I thought of the wheelchair.

Q. Mr. Polanski's wheelchair?

A. That's right. It had been brought into the hospital, along with his clothing and effects. They usually keep this stuff in lockers in a storage room outside the morgue and release it to the next of kin when they release the body. So I had the attendant bring it in. It was a mangled piece of metal, as you can imagine. The brake handle had apparently come off at impact in the accident.

Q. In other words, this could account for the head

wound—the handle coming off and flying up to strike Mr. Polanski's temple.

A. Yes. There was blood on the handle. But at both ends.

Q. Did you run a test on the blood?

A. The same procedure, two specimens in separate vials, one from each end of the handle. Miss Johnson gave me the results.

Q. What did you discover?

A. One specimen matched Mr. Polanski's own blood type.

Q. And the other?

A. It matched the blood taken from Mr. Polanski's lips and from under his fingernails. B-positive, not his blood type.

Q. Dr. Everett, what conclusion did you draw?

A. I didn't then. It seemed—it seemed as though I was back in the bad dream again. I wanted to think it over. I wanted to talk to someone. So I left the hospital and drove home. It's about four miles. I wanted to talk to my wife.

*Continued Excerpt From the Diary of Natalie Everett
Under Dateline October 13*

It must have been about seven o'clock when Charlie came home. I'd just finished supper—God, how long has

it been since I've fixed dinner, a real dinner-type dinner just for the two of us? Anyway, supper, a couple of cold cuts and a salad, that's what I had, and I was putting the things away in the refrigerator when he walked in. He looked awful. I've seen him before after these operations and I have a pretty good idea of what he must go through, but this time he was just drained, completely drained.

The terrible part of it is, he didn't say anything. If he'd only say something I'd know what to do. Even if he started yelling at me, arguing, I could at least yell back. Not that I want to fight with Charlie, but even a quarrel is still *some* kind of communication. It's this silent treatment that gets me. I don't know how to handle it, I can't reach him, he just freezes up the minute he walks in and sees me. So it's the same old story, trying to pretend nothing's really wrong.

I asked him if he'd had anything to eat, would he like me to fix him some bacon and eggs or a sandwich. And he said no, all he wanted was a drink.

I can't remember the last time he had a drink, maybe New Year's Eve, but I didn't say anything. I got a bottle of Scotch down from the top shelf in the pantry and he took it and poured himself a good stiff shot into a water glass and carried it into the living room. Then he sat down and stared out the window, just as if I wasn't there.

I couldn't stand it any longer so I asked him was

something wrong, had something gone wrong with the operation. He said no, the surgery had gone fine. So I tried again and asked why he hadn't gone to the press conference.

He said, "You watched it?" and I told him of course I had, I was home all day. He gave me a funny look then and said, "What about last night, you weren't home last night. I know because I called you twice and no answer."

I told him I was sleeping, I didn't hear the phone ring.

Then he asked me how come I stayed home all day, why hadn't I gone to the studio. And me and my big mouth, before I could think I said I was too tired because of the late session, we'd cut three numbers. He picked right up on that and said oh, then you weren't home last night, you were at the studio. And I said yes, I was, what did he expect me to do, sit around the apartment day and night waiting for a few kind words over the telephone? He had his work to do and I had mine.

God, it sounds stupid, all this "Then I said and then he said" nonsense. Stupid and ugly. But he'd caught me off-guard and I had to say something. That part about the studio was a mistake; even if nothing had happened last night, it was still a mistake.

"I just said I was asleep because I know you don't like to hear me talk about the studio," I told him. And

that part is true, he hates for me to even mention it—sometimes you'd think I was working in a whorehouse instead of for a recording outfit. "I'm sorry," I said. "You come home beat and I flare up at you. All I really want is for you to tell me what's the matter."

He took a big swallow of his drink and stared out the window again. It was starting to rain. And then he said he couldn't tell me what the matter was, he couldn't put it together in his mind. Things eat Charlie alive before he ever tells anybody. I remember when somebody offered him that practice out in Pacific Palisades, a very good practice, big money, and it ate at him for two weeks, should he or shouldn't he, before he ever told me about it. This is the way he was tonight. He gulped down the rest of the Scotch and then he said, "I'm going to sleep here, all right?" "You pay the rent," I said. That big mouth again—the second it came out I wished I'd bitten off my tongue instead.

So he went into the guest room.

I turned out the lamps in the living room and sat there watching the rain through the window. Natalie the Tragic Heroine. The Misunderstood Wife.

I know I should have gone in and talked to him. But I can't talk to him, not about the things that really matter. I can't talk to him about last night. . . .

About tonight. I sat there watching the rain and after about half an hour it stopped. I lay down on the couch and covered myself with my afghan and tried to sleep.

It must have been about eleven o'clock when Charlie got up. I heard him come into the living room and I pretended I was asleep. He started to walk past me and then he leaned over and tucked the afghan up around my shoulders. I kept my eyes closed and I heard him go over to the front door and open it. He left very quietly. I don't know where he went. Maybe he just wanted to get away from me.

I wish I could get away from me too. That's why I got up after he left and decided to write this. I couldn't stop thinking about last night and I thought perhaps if I kept my mind occupied—

I'm still thinking about last night.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Walter Geiger, M.D.*

. . . Yes, in Bel Air. Dr. Everett rang my bell about eleven-thirty that night, eleven forty-five. I had been resting since I arrived home late in the afternoon and I was just finishing a snack in the breakfast room when Edith, Mrs. Geiger, showed him in. He apologized but I told him it wasn't necessary, I was expecting him. We went into the den and I asked him to sit down. He was very tense. I'd noticed a nervous reaction in him before after similar surgeries and I consider it natural enough under the circumstances, I sometimes feel it myself. But

this was different. It was more like the tension I'd sensed earlier that day, midway through the operation. Now he'd come here specifically to talk to me and it seemed as though he didn't know how to begin. I decided the only way to break the ice was by a direct approach. I asked him why he'd ordered Tony Polanski's body held. I told him the family had called, that they wanted the body, and that I had released it to them before I left the hospital. Dr. Everett said, "It's been embalmed, cleaned up?" I told him yes, I would assume so. And inasmuch as it was getting late I'd appreciate it if he'd come to the point. What I expected to hear from him then was some explanation for what had happened in surgery. But I certainly did not expect the explanation he offered.

Q. Which was?

A. Dr. Everett had a notion, based on various pieces of extremely tenuous medical information, information open to several interpretations, that Tony Polanski had not been injured in precisely the way outlined by the accident report. He said he had first noticed these discrepancies while the body was being prepared for surgery, and had subsequently ordered the withholding of a release. Following the completion of the operation he went to the morgue and conducted an examination which, to him, seemed to confirm his initial reactions. He mentioned throat abrasions, a head wound inconsistent with the accident as reported.

Q. Did you make any comment upon his statements at this time?

A. Yes, I did. I reminded him that an accident report is merely a record of what one or two exceedingly overwrought witnesses *think* happened. I told him what we both knew, what any intern on ambulance duty knows—scarves get caught in things and then you see throat abrasions, pressure burns. Heads get in the way of metallic objects, and a wheelchair is such an object. “But that doesn’t explain the blood,” he said. “There was blood under Polanski’s fingernails, as if he’d clawed somebody, and blood around his mouth. I had samples tested, and it’s B-positive. Somebody else’s blood.” I told him this did not strike me as unduly significant, considering that the driver of the car had, by his own testimony, jumped out and tried to help the boy. I reminded him that the driver of the car suffered glass lacerations, lacerations he considered too minor for treatment, but which undoubtedly had caused some initial bleeding. This, of course, would explain why traces of his blood were found on Tony Polanski’s body. Clawing is not an unnatural reflex under such circumstances. I also reminded Charlie that this accident was immediately reported by the driver’s wife. Nobody was running away from it.

Q. How did Dr. Everett react to your explanations?

A. He asked me if I didn’t think it unnatural for the driver to have refused treatment for those glass lacerations. Whether I thought it possible that these weren’t

glass lacerations, that there was another cause for his bleeding. "You'd better tell me what you mean," I said. "All right, I will," he told me. "I think the driver refused treatment because somebody bit him on the hand. I think Tony Polanski bit him."

Q. Could this conceivably occur as a reflex action in such a situation, Doctor?

A. It could, it could indeed. An animal, injured and in pain, will instinctively bite at the nearest object, which may be the hand of a rescuer. I immediately reminded Dr. Everett of this very example. "Then why didn't the driver mention this when he made his report?" Charlie said. "And what about the brake handle that came off the wheelchair. I took some blood samples off it too, from both ends. One end had Polanski's blood type, the other was different. But it matched the foreign blood type from the lips and under the fingernails." Well, it seemed to me that there was a perfectly obvious explanation for this, too. If the brake handle presumably came off and inflicted the head wound Charlie was talking about, that accounted for the presence of Polanski's blood on one end. And if the driver noticed it lying there in the street beside Polanski's body he might have picked it up on impulse, perhaps to identify this piece of metal for what it was. Holding it in his lacerated hand would result in his leaving blood stains. As I say, this seemed a reasonable enough possibility. And that's what I told Dr. Everett.

Q. Did he agree with your conclusions?

A. No, he did not. He kept repeating himself. The fact that the body had been released disturbed him. "If it hadn't been cleaned up and embalmed, we could make a further examination," he said. "You could see for yourself." Finally I lost patience with Charlie, I asked him what he was suggesting. "I don't know," he said. Quite honestly I don't believe he did. He was exceedingly overwrought. "Then I'll tell you," I said. "You're suggesting that Anton Polanski was murdered." He looked at me for quite a while. "I suppose I am," he said finally. "Supposing isn't good enough," I told him. I was quite angry then. "If you're going to sit here in my house and tell me that boy was killed deliberately, you damn better well have more on your mind than 'I suppose so.'" I asked him who he was accusing. Was it Hollis Todd?

Q. What did he say?

A. All he said was, "Sweet Jesus." And he stared at me and shook his head. "I wasn't accusing Hollis Todd of murder," he told me. "You said it first." I spoke quite harshly then. I thought it was justified. I told him I didn't know what was wrong between him and his wife, but it obviously was having a serious effect. If he was reaching a stage where he was beginning to construct paranoid systems he was a possible candidate for Neuropsychiatric. Charlie knew I was angry but he also realized my personal concern for his welfare. We had

been very close. He had always respected me, trusted my judgment, and now he was visibly shaken. "Do you want me to forget I ever said anything?" he asked. I told him that we could neither of us just "forget." I told him he was going to have to work this situation out by himself. In my opinion he was in no condition to operate, so he was free to pursue whatever research he liked on the matter, on two provisions. One, Hollis Todd's recovery was to be, as a doctor, his first consideration. Two, under no conditions was he to divulge his rather vaporous suspicions to any official authorities. If he was right, of course, I wanted to know it. But if he was wrong, and I was convinced that he was, we had everything to lose. I was not talking about incurring the wrath of Hollis Todd. I was not talking about involving the hospital in an unpleasant situation. I was talking about blighting the whole future of transplant surgery.

Q. What was Dr. Everett's reaction to that?

A. He knew the stakes. He agreed.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

Q. Dr. Everett, how did you feel after you left Dr. Geiger's house?

A. Like a damned fool. Tilting at windmills. I had

to admit the logic of his argument. His interpretation of my findings seemed entirely plausible. But I still kept on seeing those windmills.

Q. What did you do?

A. I got in my car and drove to the hill at the top of Roman Street. It must have been after midnight. I parked the car and stood at the top of the hill. It was only a couple of blocks from Tony Polanski's house. You know the neighborhood. Blue collar, well kept, older homes and small bungalows. I looked down towards Modeno Avenue below. I never knew the hill was so steep. A wheelchair, if it goes out of control, well, I guess at the bottom of the hill it would be hitting thirty-five, forty miles an hour.

Q. What did you do then?

A. I walked to Polanski's house. The lights were on inside and I saw two women go in. They were carrying covered dishes, food, I suppose. Another woman came out and got into her car. She was crying. I went up to the porch. They were having a rosary inside. I could hear the priest reciting the five Sorrowful Mysteries. I didn't go in, just stayed on the porch. Then this man, this elderly man, came out onto the porch. He noticed me standing in the shadows and he asked me what the hell I was doing there. That's exactly what he said. He was built like a hydrant. He said he was sick and tired of the damn reporters sniffing around and why didn't they let the dead be. I told him I wasn't a reporter and

he asked if I was a friend of Tony's. I told him yes. I guess by this time I was a friend. They had one of those veranda swings on the porch and we sat down on it and he offered me a drink. "Too damn much crying in there," he said. "Too damn many women." He said his wife wouldn't let him take a drink inside, so that's why he came out on the porch. He had a bottle, a pint bottle of whisky, and we just sat there in the shadows, listening. His name was Vacek. Tadeuz Vacek.

Q. Did you identify yourself to him?

A. Not by name. I was a friend of Tony's and that was good enough for him. He wasn't wasting any time with the bottle, and the liquor started to hit him almost immediately. He began to talk, he wanted to talk. He was a neighbor, he'd known Tony Polanski ever since he was a kid, and he told me something about that. And then he said something else, something that really interested me. He said he was probably the last person to see Tony Polanski alive, before the accident. I asked him if he could remember and he said sure. He speaks in a heavy accent, but he speaks slowly so you can understand him.

Extract From the Statement of Tadeuz Vacek

My name is Tadeuz Vacek and Tony Polanski, he's my friend. I tell you what I tell the doctor that night.

I don't know he's doctor or maybe I don't say this to him. But he tells me I should tell you, so I tell. Tony I know all his life. My wife, me, we live across street, three doors down, by the hill. Tony, after he gets sick, well, he don't change much. Every night, eleven o'clock, you can set your watch by it, he comes out on his front porch. You know, like some people take a little walk before go to bed, well, Tony, he goes for a ride in that . . . in that thing. Up the street, by my house, to the top of the hill. At bottom of the hill, by Roman Street, is place called Pat's. Pat's Bar, maybe a block south there on Roman. Well, Tony, he go there every night, eleven o'clock, for a beer. One, two beers, he don't drink much but every night he likes a beer. Somebody always give him ride back up the hill. Couple times Tony, he always a wild kid, he go down the hill full speed on that thing. He say okay, don't worry, brake work good, no sweat. His mother, she don't like for him to do this. She say stop, so Tony stop. After that he just take it easy, go down slow. So this night Tony go out. I watch the television in front room but I see him go by. God damn commercial come on, I don't look. I see Tony go to top of hill and stop. He talk to lady there. No lady I ever see. Just lady. And I don't see her good because street light is way off to other side. Tony, he's always got plenty lady-friends, never one girl he goes with, lots of ladies even after he get sick, so I don't be surprise to see this. Right now, god damn television

go on blink, something happen to picture, one hell of a noise. I go over to fix, turn knobs. Then I come back, look out window again. Nobody on top of hill now. No Tony. No lady. Gone. So I watch television some more.

*Continued Excerpt From the Diary of Natalie Everett
Under Dateline October 14*

About midnight last night I went to bed, but I didn't sleep. I kept thinking about Charlie, about the way things were with the two of us. Not just the present situation, but how it started. My fault, his fault, that kind of thing. The same old routine, I've been over it a hundred times, God knows, the same questions. When did it change, why did it change? It used to be so good, so perfect.

That's what I keep telling myself, and this time wasn't any different. Except that I started wondering—just what did I mean by “it”? Our relationship? But our relationship, any close male-female relationship, isn't something you can squeeze together into one word, certainly not into a nothing word like “it.” And just what kind of relationship did Charlie and I have?

Sex, of course. At the beginning it was mostly all sex. If I'm honest I've got to admit that to myself; right from our first date I wanted to go to bed with Charlie. And

I know he felt the same way about me, because later, that time after we did go to bed, he told me so. And I believed him. That's when he said maybe we'd better break it off right then and there, stop seeing each other, because it wouldn't be fair. He still had a year to go to finish medical school, and he was working five nights a week at that restaurant in Westwood because he needed the money to pay for his tuition. Then he'd have two more years interning and if he went into surgery or even got started in his own practice, he'd have to figure on another two years at least before he could make enough to even think about marriage.

I told him I didn't care, we didn't have to get married, all this nonsense about being fair went out with the horse and buggy.

That was the first time I ever saw Charlie get angry, really angry. For a minute I thought he was going to hit me. "All right," he said. "Maybe I'm the horse and buggy type. Maybe that's what I'll be, a horse and buggy doctor. But don't you see, it means something to me, I'm not going to quit now. And I'm not going to spend the next five years of my life sneaking in and out of motel rooms, either. Or running up to your apartment to grab a quickie. That's not what I want from you, that's not the way I feel about you. Look, you're twenty-one and already you've got a responsible job, you're going places. Somewhere along the line you're bound to meet someone else and then you'll be sorry you ever

got involved. You've got to look at this thing objectively, and so do I. Five years is one hell of a long time in both our lives. And I can't ask you to wait."

I told him I didn't like this sneaking around bit either, and I certainly had no intention of waiting any five years. But we wouldn't have to because he was right—I did have a responsible job, I was earning good money, enough so that we could get married tomorrow.

That's when we had our first argument. Funny thing, I hadn't really thought about it as an argument before but that's what it was, a real quarrel. No, he couldn't think of such a thing, out of the question, he wasn't going to let anyone else support him, he couldn't have that kind of relationship with a woman and certainly not with a woman he loved.

None of it made any sense to me, it was just pride, pride and ego, and I told him so. I said the only important part was that he loved me. And I loved him, and here was a perfectly reasonable solution to a problem that was purely a financial one. Why couldn't he let me provide the income until he got started, thousands of other couples did the same thing nowadays; and when he began to earn he could pay me back if that would make him feel any better. Well, I could tell he wasn't buying this; I said everything I could think of to persuade him and it was like talking to a stone wall. And then I played him a dirty trick. I took him to bed with me again.

That wasn't dirty, the bed part itself, but my motives were. I wanted him to say yes and I knew this was the way to make him say it. And he did.

I think right now is the first time I've ever understood what happened. It was starting then and I didn't know it. I won the first argument and that was my first mistake. Because even if it was Charlie's pride and ego talking, he was telling the truth. Charlie wasn't, isn't the kind of man who can accept what he had to accept for five years after we got married. Maybe that's wrong, I happen to think it's wrong, but there it is. I made him feel inadequate. Emasculated. That's the way Dr. Gradwell would put it, wouldn't you, Dr. Gradwell? And after you've finished all your labeling, would you kindly do me one more favor and drop dead?

I didn't do any labeling, I didn't even know what was going on. I thought we were happy, I know I was happy, and Charlie never said a word to make me think otherwise, not once over all those five years. But it must have been eating away at him inside, even though he never showed it the way he shows it now. Now I can tell when he's bugged, that's because he doesn't try so hard to hide it anymore.

When did that start, the not-hiding part? After he began at Temple, I guess, though I can't say I really noticed the real change until he went to General. Working with Geiger did something to him. It's not just the crazy hours and the tension—Charlie loves surgery and

what he's doing is something he's always wanted, something really important and worthwhile. And that's it, I suppose. Now he has identity, status, all those convenient little labels I learned about from dear Dr. Gradwell, and the only thing that spoils it for him is remembering he didn't do it all by himself, that I helped him.

God that sounds petty Natalie, you know it's not as simple as that, not as stupid. But the resentment must have been building up inside him all this time, and it had to come out. I should have let him pay me that money back when he offered to. Then perhaps he wouldn't have been paying me back in a different way ever since.

Maybe I'm making a mountain out of a molehill. Or out of hundreds of molehills, all the little things that kept piling up to come between us.

One big thing, of course. Ever since Charlie got on his feet he's been after me about quitting my job. Even before that I know he resented it—not just the idea of my working, but the job itself. All right, being a sound engineer in a recording studio isn't the most feminine occupation in the world, but I'm good at it. Damned good. I suppose in my own way I've gotten as much satisfaction from cutting records as Charlie does from cutting patients. How corny can you get, but it's the truth. Of course the hours are bad, all these night sessions, but half the time Charlie is working nights any-

way and it gives me something to do besides just sit around the apartment. Why don't we buy a house, Charlie said. If you quit at the studio we could have a real home, there'd be plenty for you to do.

It isn't as if Charlie and I ever had any open battles; he's not the type, he represses his emotions. Maybe it would have been better if we did, maybe if we'd had a big fight it might have ended up in some kind of lasting peace. As it is, all we've had going between us is a sort of cold war.

So when he started doing these transplant surgeries with Geiger he got more and more wrapped up in work, and little by little he was spending more and more time at the hospital. For a while there I was knocking myself out trying to work around my schedule so I'd be home when he got there, have meals ready for him. But when he did come in usually he was too tired to talk, too tired to go out anywhere, and there was always the damned telephone. Then he started this business of sleeping over at the hospital and he asked did I mind and I said no, go ahead, maybe it's better for both of us. I hated myself for saying it, it wasn't true, but that's the way it came out. And he said okay, if that's the way you want it, and there it was.

That's when I started with Dr. Gradwell, because I knew a lot of this was my fault, there was something wrong with me and maybe I could work it out. But I couldn't talk to Gradwell, not when it came to open-

ing up with him, getting down to the real nitty-gritty. I think now that the reason was he reminded me too much of Charlie. Not the way he used to be when we first met but the way he was now, a doctor, everything very professional, very cold.

Now I want to stop all this rambling and just put down what happened when Charlie came back.

Two A.M. and I still wasn't asleep, not with all this going through my head. I heard the front door open and I switched on the light, but before I had a chance to get up and put my robe on Charlie walked into the bedroom. He sat down on the side of the bed. He looked very tired but he didn't seem quite so upset anymore—as if whatever it was that was bugging him, he'd made up his mind how to handle it. I didn't say hello, how are you, where have you been. I just waited for him to talk, and he did.

He said he'd been doing a lot of thinking. And if I had been contemplating a divorce, now was the time to get it. Because there was a strong probability that in a very short time he was going to be a medical and social outcast.

I told him I didn't want a divorce. If the worst came to worst, we could run off to Pago Pago together and eat papayas on the beach. He said this was no time to make jokes and I told him I wasn't joking. "You've never understood what mattered to me and what didn't, Charlie," I said. And then I couldn't help it, I started

to cry. Then I told him exactly what had happened that night. All of it.

Charlie held my hand, and suddenly everything was all right again. We didn't even have to talk about it anymore. Then Charlie said, "But now I want you to listen, because I'm going to tell you something that matters to me."

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

Q. What did your wife tell you, Dr. Everett?

A. Is that necessary? I don't really think it's relevant.

Q. Off the record, then. If it made you change your mind about telling her your suspicions, it might be helpful.

A. Well—all right. It was embarrassing, but it wasn't Natalie's fault. Natalie told me she quit her job because this Dorshka woman, her employer, made a pass at her. I won't go into any details, but apparently this had been building up for quite some time without my wife really being aware of the situation. That evening she was at the studio alone, finishing up some work, when her employer came in. Natalie was feeling depressed, she needed someone to talk to, and I gather this woman encouraged her. One thing led to another and this—this incident—occurred. My wife ran out, it was about one-thirty in the morning, she said, and spent several hours

driving around before returning to our apartment. Ever since then she'd felt guilty, ashamed to tell me. When she did break down and tell me, it cleared the air, and I felt free to tell her what had been bothering *me*.

Q. Precisely what did you tell your wife, Dr. Everett?

A. Pretty much what I've told you, though I didn't go into any details. I told her what I'd seen on Tony Polanski's body, how I examined it. I told her where I'd been that night, about my conversation with Dr. Geiger. How I'd gone up to Polanski's house and talked to the old man, Vacek. . . .

Q. Please continue.

A. Well, first of all you've got to realize at this point I wasn't too clear about things in my own mind. I was tired, I hadn't been getting enough rest, and the operation itself would have been enough to knock me out. And then all these other things on top of it. I'd started out reaching pretty far to begin with, just the idea that Polanski's death wasn't an accident, it was murder. Only there was no evidence that this man Sandoz had any reason to kill him—even if I could prove he had the same blood type I'd discovered in my examination of the body, it didn't prove murder. Because I had to admit that what Geiger told me about Polanski clawing or biting in a convulsive spasm made perfectly good sense. It could have happened that way very easily, and I knew it. But Geiger mentioned Hollis Todd and this threw me—Todd did have a motive, no doubt about it. And

that made it murder again. The trouble here was how to imagine the way such a thing could be set up. I admit it had crossed my mind at first but I couldn't see any connection that made sense. So when Geiger said what he did, it only confused me more. It wasn't until I talked to Tadeuz Vacek that I found what might be a logical answer.

Q. Which was?

A. The woman. The woman he saw with Tony Polanski at the top of the hill. Suppose she twisted his scarf, tightened it around his neck from behind, then released the brakes on his wheelchair and sent it down. He'd be grabbing at his throat, trying to loosen his scarf so he could breathe. And by the time he did, it was too late for the brakes, he was out in the street just at the moment that car happened to be passing the intersection. He crashed into it and then everything happened exactly the way Geiger said. Mr. Sandoz jumped out to help him and Polanski clawed at him and bit his hand before he lost consciousness. Nobody saw the woman at the top of the hill—she ran for it the moment Polanski started down. She'd have no way of knowing he'd hit a car, of course, but it was still intent to murder.

Continued Extract From the Statement of Eva Veillier

. . . Why did I go to the boy's funeral? I went because

I wanted to. I went because the boy's heart was in Hollis' body. That's a silly question. It was a sad funeral, rain, dead leaves among the wreaths, many poor people, many young people. A boy's funeral is always sad. Crosby and Dr. Mantle didn't come—by this time, you understand, we had moved to suites at the Ambassador, close to the hospital. But they didn't come to the funeral with me and I felt like an intruder. I was glad to see Dr. Everett there. I offered him a ride into town in the limousine. Later it occurred to me that he must have had a car, he had gotten out there by himself. But he accepted a ride in mine. He asked if I could wait a moment, he wanted to see someone. So we waited while all the young men filed by. There was a machine on the hill, digging graves. I have never seen such a machine before. I could have wept, all the young men, the dead leaves, that machine, the boy in the ground without a heart. Then came a man who was not so young. Dr. Everett shook his hand. He called the man "Mr. Sandoz" and I knew it must be the man involved in the accident. "It was thoughtful of you to come," Dr. Everett said, and he squeezed the man's hand. The man seemed to jump, as if with pain, and he pulled his hand away. There was some kind of wound, a few stitches. "I see you had it treated," Dr. Everett said. "Better take care of that." Mr. Sandoz told him it was all right, there was no need. And then he left, and we went to the limousine.

Q. And did you talk about anything in particular in the car?

A. How was Mr. Todd, he wanted to know. Of course he had called in to the hospital earlier for the report, the bulletins, but he wanted to know what I thought. I told him Hollis was doing well, very well. And that I would be happy now if it wasn't for that boy. He said a strange thing then. "But the boy had to die in order for Hollis Todd to live," he said. "You realize that, of course. So there was really no choice, was there?" I told him if it was a matter of the boy or Hollis I could only give one answer. But in this case I was glad my choice was not involved, it was something beyond anyone's control.

Q. What did Dr. Everett say then?

A. He asked would it have made any difference if I had known the boy. I thought this question morbid, in bad taste. I told him so. I told him what he must already have known, that none of us knew the boy, Hollis or Crosby or Dr. Mantle, there was no point in dwelling upon such things. He apologized to me.

Q. Please continue, Mrs. Veillier.

A. By this time we were arriving at the hospital. He thanked me and got out and I told the chauffeur to take me on to the Ambassador. I expected Dr. Everett to go directly inside after leaving me, but he did not. As we drove away I saw him walking over to a cab parked near the entrance.

Extract From the Statement of Duncan Colden

. . . That's right, the Shangri-Lodge. Not Shangri-"La"—"Lodge." I'm the desk clerk. And what you're asking about, it happened in the afternoon, not morning. The reason I know is because it wasn't raining anymore and it was still coming down pretty good at twelve when Effie relieved me and I went across the street for a hamburger. I'd been back at the desk maybe half an hour when he walked in. Drove up in a cab, it was still waiting.

Q. Did he identify himself to you?

A. No, he just asked could he see Mr. and Mrs. Sandoz. At first I figured him for fuzz, they'd come in yesterday to take some kind of statement about that accident. But he didn't flash an I.D. and there was this cab waiting, so I thought maybe a reporter, you know, looking for a story, like an interview. They'd been around yesterday too, in and out you might say, and Mr. Sandoz slipped me and Becker—he's the night man—Mr. Sandoz slipped us each ten bucks to say they were out. Which they were, most of the time, but when they were in they didn't want to be bothered. Can't hardly blame him for that, seeing as how he and his wife were so shook up after what happened. Helluva thing, just starting out on a vacation and then something like this. I remember one time me and Effie were on our way up to Big Bear, just driving along—

Q. Mr. Colden.

A. Sorry. Anyway, I thought he was maybe from one of the papers and I asked him. He said no, just a friend, he'd read about what happened and wanted to get in touch. Well, it didn't matter who he was now so I told him the truth. I told him they'd checked out, the Sandozes, first thing this morning. He asked what time, I said about eight-thirty, they'd been in 212 and some fella from Cleveland, salesman, moved right in after the room was cleaned up. In this business they come and go. So then he looked kind of disappointed and said what about a forwarding address where he could contact them. I said they didn't leave any, they were just driving up the Coast on vacation. They took off in a new Chev, not the one they drove when the accident happened, this was from another agency. After the police checked it over they turned the old car back in on account of it being banged up. So he wanted to know what agencies? Questions people ask, they'll talk your ear off if you let 'em. Anyhow I said I didn't know about the Chev but the old car came from Kitz, over on La Brea. He told me much obliged and went out to the cab.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

. . . I hadn't really expected to get any information

from Mrs. Veillier, and I didn't. That left Sandoz. When he pulled his hand away from me at the cemetery I saw the stitches, and the wound did look like a bite. Of course he could have gotten it just the way Geiger suggested, but I wanted to be sure. I promised myself if we had a talk, if Sandoz told me how he got the wound, I'd be willing to forget the whole thing. I really meant it. Then when I went to the motel Sandoz mentioned in the accident report and learned he'd checked out in such a rush, I started seeing them again.

Q. Seeing what?

A. The windmills. The ones I was tilting at. Why the hurry to take off in the rain? Why no forwarding address? Again there could be a perfectly natural explanation, but I still wanted to hear it. I went over to the car rental agency hoping to get Sandoz' home address so that at least I could get in touch with him later. He'd have to give them identification before taking a car out. There was no one in the office but a girl, a secretary, and I told her the same story I'd told the clerk at the motel—I was a friend, how could I contact Sandoz? She gave it to me.

Q. The address?

A. That's right. A post office box number in St. Louis. Apparently it was on his credit cards, too, and that was good enough for them. But I could see another windmill turning. I told the girl I was sorry, I'd read about the accident and wanted to see him, make sure he

was all right. She said she thought so, the only damage was to the car, the whole right side was banged in. I asked her what they did in such cases, junk it? She told me no, it was being repaired. They'd taken it over to a refinishing place, Herman's Body Shop out on Sepulveda. I asked if they were any good, because I'd had some bad experiences on body work with my own car. She was very helpful. She said they were excellent and gave me one of their cards. So I went out there.

Q. To see the car?

A. What you're really asking is, what did I have in mind? I don't know. Have you ever tried to call a public utility company or a government agency and gotten the busy signal half a dozen times? And then the call goes through, and all you get is a recording telling you to hang on, the lines are busy? Finally you manage to get through and tell them what you want. But they just give you another number, another department to call. So the whole thing starts all over again. You know you're being pushed around, but by this time you can't give up. You've got to see it through. Well, I suppose that's how I felt. I had to see it through until I came up with some kind of answer. Promise you won't go to the police, Geiger said. Work it out for yourself.

Q. What did you find at the body shop?

A. A big garage setup. Open on one side. Drafty. Half a dozen wrecks. Mechanics with masks and welding torches, paint-sprayers. Lots of noise and nobody around

to give you the time of day. So when I spotted the Buick Riviera over in one corner I walked up and took a look. The right door panel was smashed and dented. The left door was unlocked. I opened it and slid under the wheel. No one paid any attention. I opened the glove compartment, thinking perhaps something had been left there. A note, a piece of paper with an address on it. There was a filling-station map of Los Angeles, half a pack of pocket-size Kleenex. Nothing else. Then I saw a litter bag hanging under the dash. It was half-full. I removed it and got out of the car. I carried it outside to the cab I had waiting. The banging and pounding went on. No one noticed me or tried to stop me. I told the cab driver to take me to the cemetery. I picked up my own car there. During the ride out I sorted out the contents of the litter bag.

Q. What did it contain?

A. The usual assortment. Gum wrappers, toothpicks. A crumpled cigarette package. Used cleansing tissues. Near the bottom was a small empty plastic prescription bottle. The lower portion of the label, the part that would show the name of the patient and the prescribing physician, had been torn off. I couldn't find it. But the top of the label was still on the bottle. It carried the printed name and address of a local pharmacy, the phone number, and the typed-in number of the prescription. So after getting my car at the cemetery I stopped at a gas station and called the pharmacy for

information. Then I drove into town. I knew where I was going.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of George Mantle, M.D.*

. . . It was sometime between four and five in the afternoon that he came into the Ambassador bar. I had left word at the desk and with the switchboard as to where I could be reached, of course, so he had no difficulty locating me. But I was surprised to see him. Certainly neither he nor Dr. Geiger had extended themselves to be particularly cordial to me since Mr. Todd had arrived at the hospital. Merely as a matter of professional courtesy one might think I would have been invited into surgery as an observer rather than view the operation from a distance in Dr. Geiger's office. Nor was I presently being consulted in any way concerning Mr. Todd's regimen during convalescence. Although I was his personal physician, my only source of information regarding his condition and progress came from the regular bulletins. Mind you, I am neither stating nor implying any unethical conduct or procedure. I only wish to emphasize that I had not been sought out by Dr. Everett at the hospital and I had not expected him to seek me out here. He came directly over to my table and asked if he could join me. I told him by all means,

and a waiter came to take his order. I don't remember what he asked for, it's not important. But when the waiter left, Dr. Everett took what I recognized to be a small prescription bottle from his pocket. He placed it on the table before me without speaking, and I had the impression he expected some sort of reaction from me. All I said to him was, "Well?" He picked up the bottle—it was empty, by the way—and said, "Tetracycline. An antibiotic prescribed for open wounds." I told him I was quite aware of that, I had gone to medical school. His stare, his whole manner, was irritating. "Why did you write this prescription?" he asked. I told him I hadn't. "The Barone Pharmacy on North Figueroa says you did," he insisted. I did my best to control my temper but it wasn't easy. "They're mistaken," I said. "What's the meaning of this?" He then informed me that the medication in question had been prescribed for Samuel Sandoz—the driver in the accident which resulted in the death of Anton Polanski.

Q. What did you say?

A. I told him I didn't know what he was getting at, but it had better end right here. That I was not accustomed to being cross-examined and for his information I wanted to make one thing very clear—I did not write that prescription. And then I got up and left.

Q. Did you mention this conversation to anyone?

A. I could hardly avoid doing so. As I came out into the lobby I found Crosby McCullen waiting. I had the

distinct impression that he had been observing Dr. Everett and me in the bar. He wanted to know what Dr. Everett had been talking about. I told him.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

I no sooner walked into the hospital when I heard myself being paged. I was told to report immediately to Dr. Geiger's office. Geiger was furious. He's got a temper like an acetylene torch. He can peel the paint right off the walls. I've seen him dismiss an intern from surgery right in the middle of an operation. Well, this time it was directed at me. McCullen had made a complaint. In no uncertain terms, Geiger told me to lay off. He told me I was smearing the entire medical profession by implying that Dr. Mantle was somehow implicated in the death of Tony Polanski. And then he showed me the prescription.

Q. Prescription?

A. The original prescription used by Sandoz to obtain the Tetracycline from the Barone Pharmacy. Geiger must have ordered it sent over right away, the moment McCullen called him. And he said, "You know the incidence of stolen prescription blanks, Doctor. Now can't you get it through your head that Dr. Mantle's handwriting does not match the handwriting on this pre-

scription?" He had a sample of Mantle's writing on his desk and he insisted I look at it and compare it with the prescription. Well, I'm no graphologist, but it didn't take an expert to see that Dr. Mantle's handwriting was entirely different from what was on the prescription blank. I had to admit that.

Q. You told this to Dr. Geiger?

A. Yes. But I also pointed out that it seemed coincidental that the prescription wound up with Sandoz.

Q. What was his reaction?

A. He really hit the ceiling then. He said yes, it did seem like coincidence, and that coincidence was all I had been able to come up with in my paranoid fixation. He had extended himself to be patient with me, but now I'd gone too far. I was tarnishing my own reputation, his, and the hospital's. He said, "Your reputation is yours to ruin, but I will not allow you to endanger the integrity of this hospital or that of the medical profession." I just stood there and took it. "Is that all, Doctor?" I said when he finished. "That's all," he said. "And I mean all."

*Continued Excerpt From the Diary of Natalie Everett
Under Dateline October 16*

Last night when Charlie came home I had dinner all

ready for him—roast beef from that place in Farmer's Market, baked potatoes, asparagus tips, all the things he likes. On the way home from shopping I had my hair done at Marlene's and I wore my dress from Saks.

"What's all this about?" he said when he came in. I told him it was a celebration, a family reunion. I brought out the bottle of champagne from the refrigerator and asked him to open it while I served. Not now, he said.

I'd been so excited I guess I hadn't really taken a good look at him but when I did I thought, oh-oh Natalie, you blew it again. Something was wrong, I could see that. The thing is, I wasn't going to let him shut me out now or we'd be right back in the same old routine. So over dinner I got it out of him.

Apparently he'd been chasing all over town in the rain trying to check up on the accident. First he thought he'd found something, then it turned out he hadn't. No sense going into details because it doesn't matter now. That's what I said to him.

"What do you mean it doesn't matter?" Charlie said. "Geiger blew the whistle on me. He as much as told me if I didn't stop playing cops-and-robbers he'd fire me right out of the hospital." That's what really bothered him. I know how much he thinks of Dr. Geiger.

I asked him what he was going to do. He said, "You tell me." I couldn't believe my ears. Charlie's never

asked my advice before, not about something that's really important to him. But I could see he meant it.

So I told him what I thought. You can't win them all, and in this case it sounded as though Geiger was right. The thing to do now was relax, get some decent rest and forget about it.

"Okay, you're the doctor," Charlie said. I told him no, *he* was the doctor, and from now on that's the way it was going to be. He was the doctor and I was a housewife, and just to prove it I was going to show him how good I was at opening that bottle of champagne.

We drank the whole bottle. I saw to it that he had most of it and gradually he started to unwind. We sat in the living room talking about what I'd do now that I'd quit the job. I told him the apartment would keep me busy and if not I'd find some kind of occupational therapy like looking for a house. I told him what had happened with Dorshka didn't bother me anymore and I hoped it didn't bother him either. That's when I knew Charlie was really relaxed because he made a funny. "I've got nothing against lesbians myself," he said, "but I wouldn't want one to marry my sister."

Then he finished the last glass and stood up and put his arms around me. "No more windmills then," Charlie said. "Come on, let's go to bed." I don't know what he meant about the windmills but the rest sounded good to me.

It *was* good. You know something, Natalie? I think

you won't have to be keeping this diary anymore. I think you've got your husband back.

Continued Extract From the Statement of Eva Veillier

. . . I was at the hospital all day, most days. Of course I could not talk to him at first, but I could see through the window, and I could sit at the nurses' desk and watch him on the closed-circuit television. The nurses were very kind. They would let me sit there and do my needlepoint and read my books and when they had coffee they would share it with me, very open, very kind. The nurses liked Hollis. Women always liked Hollis. And they did not resent my having him because I was—I was older than most of them. That's where I was, there at the nurses' desk, the day you ask about. I was doing a square of needlepoint for a rug I wanted to put in a house Hollis had promised we would have, a house in Sardinia. Doing the rug was an act of faith that he would get better and we would have the house. It seems silly now. But I was doing the rug and watching Hollis on the television. Hollis was himself watching television—he had a remote control for a wall-set in his room—and suddenly when I looked up from the rug and saw what he was watching I was appalled. He was watching a news program which had been given over to a documentary tribute for—for the boy, for Tony Polan-

ski. The boy was running, the boy was breaking through a tape, the boy was wearing an Olympics medal and waving at the crowd, the boy was being interviewed, the boy was smiling. The boy was alive. But now he was dead and Hollis had his heart and Hollis was lying there watching him. And then Crosby McCullen came up—he was not at the hospital much but he did come in at least once a day—and Crosby was angry. He wanted to know who had given Hollis the television set. And the nurse on duty was very cold. "Mr. Todd asked for it," she said without looking up. "And Dr. Geiger said that he could have it. Which is good enough for me." Women do not like Crosby, he is too nervous, too rude, too—I don't know. And I did not speak to Crosby because I was watching Hollis. He had turned away from the television set and I could not see his face. I had the sense that he had turned away deliberately so that the closed-circuit could not show his face. I had the sense that we were intruding on some private grief. And then the nurse jumped up. She had been watching the instruments which recorded his heartbeat and his brain waves and so forth and the instruments said that something was going very wrong in Hollis' body.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

I was in the doctor's lounge reading a magazine when

I heard the loudspeaker page "Dr. Heartwell." Every hospital has coded paging—"Dr. Firestone," for example, is a fire alarm—and the heart team's emergency code is "Dr. Heartwell." I knew something was up with Mr. Todd and I got over to Cardiology immediately. Dr. Geiger was not in the hospital—he'd gone to a medical dinner in Beverly Hills. I told the nurse to get hold of him at once. Mr. McCullen was there and he asked where Dr. Geiger was. I told him I was in charge. He didn't seem to like that one damn bit. I didn't much care if he did or not. My concern was Mr. Todd. He was undergoing a serious rejection crisis. His liver was not producing enough prothrombin and other substances required for clotting and his blood was dangerously low in platelets.

Q. Would you repeat that last, please?

A. Platelets. The tiny cells that prevent hemorrhage.

Q. Got it. Thank you.

A. What Mr. Todd needed was both a transfusion of whole blood and a separate infusion of pure blood platelets. We had the platelets but not six pints of whole blood in AB-negative. The type is rare and it would have taken until next morning before we'd be able to call in six pints. I ordered six pints of O—that's the so-called universal donor type. It was risky, but it was my judgment that the patient might not last until we got AB-negative. I knew Dr. Geiger would probably have waited, but as I was in charge, I felt it my respon-

sibility to do what I considered best. There was a little—reluctance, I suppose you could call it, on the part of some members of the team, but when I told them, uh, who was in charge, they responded immediately. We administered both the platelets and the six pints of O. And then we waited.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Walter Geiger, M.D.*

. . . After thirty-five years in medicine, I always know when I'm going to get called. I think every doctor has a built-in alarm signal. He can have the most critical case, but some instinct tells him he can go home and get a good night's sleep and there won't be a call. And he can have a minor case and this alarm signal keeps ringing somewhere in the back of his mind, telling him he'll be summoned back to the hospital before he's finished the second cup of coffee. That's how it was that night. I left Mr. Todd resting comfortably. There were no indications of any complications. Yet I knew instinctively that I wouldn't get all the way through my evening at the Hilton. The call came right after the soup course. I made the run back as quickly as I could through Saturday night traffic, but by the time I arrived at the hospital there was nothing left for me to do. I don't think I would have taken Dr. Everett's

course of action—I would have waited for the AB-negative blood—but Mr. Todd was conscious and breathing normally. The crisis had passed. I told Todd I didn't appreciate being interrupted during dinner and not to do it again. As I have never known public officials to be equipped with a sense of humor, I should point out that what I said was meant facetiously.

Q. Did you speak to Dr. Everett at all?

A. Yes. In the corridor. I told him I might not have taken his course of action. I also told him that I might not have saved the patient.

Q. Is that all?

A. No. I also told him that he was a far better doctor than he was a detective.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

Dr. Geiger was right. I never claimed to be a detective. I'd promised him I'd lay off, I'd promised my wife, and I did lay off. I won't go so far as to say I forgot about it completely, but it gradually faded away into the background as time went on. After that one rejection crisis, Todd was over the hump. There was a tremendous vitality, by the end of November he'd progressed to the point where he was able to spend most of his waking hours in a wheelchair. Naturally he was still under close

observation and round-the-clock care, but it was more of a precautionary routine. Neither Geiger nor I had any doubts about the prognosis if he continued to recuperate at this rate. Actually I didn't see very much of him during his convalescence, he was Geiger's patient, and by this time I was involved with other cases. Things were getting back to normal, more regular hours, a decent home life. On Thanksgiving, after dinner, Natalie and I drove up to look at a house just below Mulholland. I—the reason I'm telling you all this, going into detail, is because I want to make one point very clear. I was not disturbed. I was not obsessed. I'm willing to swear an oath that I hadn't even thought about Tony Polanski for weeks. Not until the afternoon at the hospital when I ran into Tallac.

Q. Tallac?

A. Joe Tallac. He's one of the assistants on duty at the morgue.

Extract From the Statement of Joseph D. Tallac

. . . I stepped out into the hall for a smoke and I saw Everett passing by. Funny thing, I was just about to call upstairs when I finished my cigarette, and there he was, you know? So I said, hey Doc, you got a minute? And he said sure, what is it, and I took him into the office and showed him the envelope laying there on the

desk. That's what I'd put it in, this big manila envelope, you know?

Q. Put what in?

A. I'm getting to that. When a customer—a body, that is—comes in, we generally put all their personal effects in a locker until the family comes to claim it. Things like clothing, jewelry, papers, you know? There's a list we keep and we check off the items before they're released. Everett knows that so I don't have to explain. I told him, I'd just been cleaning up the empties—empty storage lockers, you know?—with a disinfectant we use. And I come across this item in one of the lockers all by itself, nothing else with it. At first I couldn't figure how it got there so I went to the files. The last party whose belongings were stored in that particular locker was Anton Polanski. Tony Polanski, the Olympics champion, you know? Well, the minute I saw the name it all came back to me, what happened. The family picked up his stuff six weeks ago, his old lady signed the forms. All the items on his list were checked off except this one. This scarf.

Q. Anton Polanski's scarf?

A. No. That's what I'm trying to tell you, you know? It wasn't his scarf. That don't belong to Tony, his mother said. He never wore a scarf. I told her it had come in with him but she said no, there was a mistake, he didn't even own one. So I dunno what happened—we must of got busy, somebody using the examination

room or something—anyway, I just stuck the scarf back in the locker, to get it out of the way, you know? And then one thing after another, and I forgot about it being there.

Q. Did you explain all this to Dr. Everett?

A. Sure. I said I'd run across it today and put it in this envelope, figuring to call and send it upstairs. Whoever'd been on the case, let them worry about it. If they said throw it away, okay. But don't blame me, you know?

Q. What did Dr. Everett say?

A. Well, first he took the scarf out of the envelope and looked at it. A silk scarf, on the small side, blue with little red designs all over. Like bugs. What d'they call it—Presley, pastry—?

Q. Paisley?

A. That's it. Could be a woman's scarf, Everett said. And was I positive it belonged with Tony Polanski's effects. Couldn't it have gotten mixed up with somebody else's stuff? I told him not as long as it was on Polanski's list it couldn't. We itemize everything the minute it comes in. And there was no such thing missing from anybody else's list around that time. Nobody said anything about missing a scarf when they came in to pick up other bodies, you know? So it was Polanski's all right. Maybe somebody gave it to him before the accident. Maybe he got it from a girl friend. Everett kind

of looked at me funny and then he said, yeah, maybe he did.

Q. What happened then?

A. Everett put the scarf back in the envelope. He asked if he'd have to sign for it if he took it away. I said sure, that was S.O.P., just put down his name and the date opposite the item on the list. I gave him the list and he signed. I asked him what was he going to do with the scarf, keep it for a souvenir—just kidding, you know? He said maybe he'd do just that. One hell of a souvenir, if you ask me.

*Continued Excerpt From the Diary of Natalie Everett
Under Dateline December 3*

I was lying in bed, already half-asleep, wondering what was taking Charlie so long in the bathroom, and then I heard this sound. This horrible retching sound. My God, he's sick, I thought. I was out of bed and into the bathroom in about five seconds flat.

Charlie was standing at the wash basin in front of the mirror. He had his pajama pants on but not the jacket. There was a scarf wrapped around his neck, a woman's silk scarf, and he was pulling on the ends with both hands, choking himself. That's the sound I heard—he'd pulled so hard he was gagging, and his face was almost purple.

I grabbed his wrist and he let go of one end of the scarf. I yanked it away from him. "For God's sake, Charlie," I said, "what are you trying to do?"

Instead of answering, he looked at himself in the mirror. There was a red mark on his neck and he ran his fingers along it. "Exactly," he said. "Exactly that way."

Then he told me about the scarf, how it was in Tony Polanski's effects only it didn't belong to him. And how Polanski's friend Vacek had seen him talking to a woman just before the accident, before his wheelchair rolled down the hill. "Only it didn't roll," Charlie said. "She shoved it down. She wrapped her own scarf around his neck, this scarf, and choked him. And then she shoved." He was all wound up again. "I had it figured that way but Geiger talked me out of it—maybe Polanski got his scarf caught in the wheel of his chair he said. Well, I'm not buying that anymore. Polanski didn't own a scarf, didn't wear one, so it doesn't fit. What fits is Vacek's story. The abrasions on my throat, matching the ones I found when I examined Polanski. Don't you see?"

I started to cry, I was so angry. "No, I don't see," I told him. "Maybe it happened that way, maybe it didn't. But finding a scarf isn't proof. You want to *prove* anything, ask yourself why it was him, why Tony Polanski?"

"Why Tony Polanski?" Charlie said. And then he

looked at me and I could almost see the wheels turning. "Yes," he said. "Right. Why Tony Polanski?"

Extract From the Statement of Charlayne Lawson

My name is Charlayne Lawson. I'm the executive director—directress—of the California Institute of Hematology.

Q. I gather this is a blood bank?

A. You gather wrong. A blood bank stores blood. Every hospital has its own bank, a branch bank as it were, and every municipality has its own central bank. Perhaps you could call it a federal reserve—that is if you continue the banking analogy.

Q. I'm sorry. What is the function of your institution?

A. The Hematology Institute is engaged in research into the geographical availability of types and subtypes of blood and tissue.

Q. Availability?

A. Yes, the prevalence of these types. By computerizing our data we determine the incidence of a given blood type, the theoretical prevalence of that type in a given sampling of the population—one hundred thousand people, say—and the number of committed prospective donors. Our service is available to public health agencies, medical schools and institutions, clinics, hospitals and individual physicians.

Q. Do you know Dr. Charles Everett?

A. I knew him only by reputation. And then one day, early last month, he appeared at my office and insisted on seeing me.

Q. You say insisted.

A. He seemed quite agitated. He told me he wanted some information on A-negative, subgroup B. I informed him that this information was always available to Los Angeles General—there is a service fee for our information—but he insisted on my giving him the information immediately. Our usual procedure is to fulfill such requests on a basis of priority. This generally means within a day or so, but he emphasized an urgent need.

Q. And you complied?

A. Yes.

Q. Mrs. Lawson—

A. Miss Lawson.

Q. Excuse me. Miss Lawson, could you tell us the nature of the information that you gave to Dr. Everett?

A. Certainly. The computers were programmed with the pertinent data. I have here a copy of our findings. He first requested an estimate on the theoretical number of AB-negative blood types in Los Angeles County. The computer answer is eight-tenths of 1 percent. Roughly, twenty-two thousand people. Then Dr. Everett added another factor—the number of AB-negatives with delta-type tissue.

Q. What was the answer?

A. This requirement brought the probability in the county down to roughly one thousand people.

Q. One thousand, yes.

A. Dr. Everett then asked for a further refinement. He wanted a probability estimate for this grouping based on the elimination of all persons over the age of fifty, all those under eighteen—also the sick and infirm, the transient. Arriving at such a determination was a considerably complicated procedure.

Q. This left how many people in Los Angeles County who measured up to his particular requirements?

A. Two hundred and fifty. Perhaps less.

Q. Did Dr. Everett comment on this figure?

A. No. No. He merely said one thing. "The coincidence is striking."

Extract From the Statement of Harold Flinn, M.D.

My name is Harry Flinn. I'm a doctor of Internal Medicine at St. Robert's Hospital. I've known Charlie Everett for . . . say seven, eight years. We were at medical school together and I used to see him afterwards from time to time until he went over to Los Angeles General. I guess we're friends, friends in the way people are who like each other but can't spend five minutes together without some kind of hassle. We rub each other the wrong way, but I wouldn't like to get up in the morning

and know that Charlie wasn't around. I hadn't seen him for quite a while. Then one afternoon, I'm taking a swim in the hydrotherapy pool at the hospital—I do it every afternoon when I'm free, just to keep in shape, relax—I'm taking this swim and I break water and I hear this voice say, "Harry, tell me about Anton Polanski." I shake the water from my eyes and there he is, my friend the heart surgeon. None of this hello, how are you, how's the wife, how's the kids—not Charlie Everett. Just, "Tell me about Anton Polanski." So I climbed out of the pool, got myself a towel and dried off. Meanwhile, of course, we were talking.

I said to Charlie, "What do you want to know?" and he said, "You were Polanski's doctor. Tell me—everything." I said, "Official or unofficial?" and he said unofficial, so I told him. In a way, Tony Polanski was a referral of mine. I treated him and kept on treating him from the time he collapsed until the accident. I told Charlie that Polanski would never have walked again, that the end of his spine was like a piece of frayed rope. Charlie wanted to know about his mental condition. I said not bad, considering he was a terminal case. I knew that would shake him.

"For a spinal deterioration?" Charlie asked. "No, Hodgkins' Disease," I said. "That was the feature attraction. The tests picked it up a couple of months back. He had, maybe, six months to live." Charlie just whistled. Then he asked if anyone knew. Well there

was no one, not a soul. Tony thought that, coming on top of the spine, it would kill his mother to find out. So I kept my mouth shut. "Are you sure no one knew?" Charlie asked me. I told him we could check the records if he liked. So I got dressed and we went down to the record room and hauled them out.

I didn't know what he was looking for and I knew Charlie well enough to know he wasn't about to tell me. He just studied those records as if he was back in school cramming for an exam. And there was plenty to study. I may not be the best in the business but one thing I'll say for myself, I'm thorough. Everything was there—the disease, symptoms, the spinal deterioration, X-rays, basal, blood type, hematological tests, the works. Charlie went through it all.

Finally he asked me who had access to these records. "Well, for one, Charlie," I said, "the people at your shop. We sent a copy of those records over to Los Angeles General two months ago." I thought he'd go through the roof. "What for, for God's sake?" he wanted to know. "Ask your own people, Charlie," I said. "Ask your own people."

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Leonard Piper, M.D.*

Q. Dr. Piper, you are an immunologist at Los Angeles General Hospital?

A. Yes.

Q. And included in your duties is blood research for the transplant team?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you explain this last duty?

A. Certainly. As you no doubt realize, the science of heart transplant surgery is still in its, well, its Wright Brothers-Kitty Hawk stage. There are contingencies and possibilities and obstacles we haven't dreamed of yet. One of the things that Dr. Geiger has insisted that this hospital do is record all known contingencies on our computer. I personally am constantly running tests on every rejection contingency on every possible blood type.

Q. Including A-negative, subgroup B?

A. Yes.

Q. Dr. Piper, do you remember the afternoon that Dr. Everett came to you and asked to see this set of contingency reports?

A. I do. We had computer data available on only one test, one specimen. I pulled the card and showed him the name of the subject.

Q. Who was Anton Polanski?

A. That's right. At the time I'd computerized the information, several months ago, there was no reason for me to take any particular notice of the name—I was merely recording a test. But now I was surprised.

Q. Was Dr. Everett surprised?

THE TODD DOSSIER

A. No. I had the impression he was merely confirming something he already knew. And he didn't seem at all happy about it. He asked me how we got hold of the specimen—I don't mean the actual blood sample, we didn't have that, I mean the profile, the data on Polanski which showed him to be an AB-negative type. I told him it came from St. Robert's Hospital, two months ago. We'd put out a call, an inquiry concerning AB-negative. I did the test, put it on the machine, and then filed the records away. Dr. Everett wanted to see the records. I showed them to him, we had a complete case history from St. Robert's.

Q. Did Dr. Everett request any further information?

A. Yes, he did. He wanted to know who would have access to these records. I told him what he already knew—the heart transplant team had access. "Anyone else?" he said. "Could anyone else get permission to see them?" I told him no, this was privileged information. The only other person who'd be allowed to see them, of course, would be the hospital administrator. That's Mr. De Toledano.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Melvin De Toledano*

. . . Of course I was willing to see Dr. Everett that day. He was, after all, the hero of the hour you might say,

and, well, let bygones be bygones. He was quite brusque. He wanted to know what I was doing with the records of Anton Polanski. Not our own admissions records, but those which had been sent to us several months ago by his physician at St. Robert's Hospital. I really had to refresh my memory before I realized what he was talking about. And then I had to explain to him, as one would explain to a child, how a hospital is run. You see, charitable foundations don't just give money away on request, without investigation. One applies and the foundation evaluates. This is how we received our five million dollar grant from the Todd Medical Foundation. Our application was made on the basis of our transplant work. Other hospitals are involved with heart transplants, but no other hospital is as far advanced as Los Angeles General in its contingency work. I reminded Dr. Everett that the Todd Foundation paid for our cardiology wing. And that, as a part of our responsibility, as evidence of our activities, we continued to send the Todd Foundation complete documentation of our work in this field. Records of surgery, records of all research, including tests, went to them on a regular monthly basis. I explained this to Dr. Everett. He just stared at me blankly. Then he asked me who the head of the foundation was. I told him Mr. Crosby McCullen was the chairman and Dr. Mantle the operating director.

Q. What did he say?

A. He just shook his head. And then he started to laugh. I must say I found his attitude most annoying.

*Continued Excerpt From the Diary of Natalie Everett
Under Dateline December 5*

. . . "We fingered him," Charlie said. "We fingered him, every single one of us involved in this business. Scientists pushing back the frontiers of human existence, that's the way we like to think of ourselves, and in the end we're all accessories. Tony Polanski was a dead man from the moment of the first successful transplant. A ten-thousand-to-one shot, and Todd found a way to load the dice."

He must have realized from the look on my face that he wasn't getting through to me because he stopped. "You asked me a question the other night," he said. "Why Tony Polanski? I suppose I've been asking myself the same question all along, only in different ways. I asked it in one way from the moment I heard Todd was flying out here. Why here, for God's sake? A man back East, dying, in immediate need of transplant surgery. With good men, good teams near at hand—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Johns Hopkins—why risk a three thousand mile flight when there wasn't even a donor waiting? Only there was a donor waiting. We didn't know it, nobody knew it. Nobody but Hollis Todd. That's why Tony Polanski. I found out."

Then he told me what he'd learned from the people he'd been seeing. That Tony Polanski had an incurable condition, and his doctor sent a report of his blood type to L.A. General and L.A. General sent the information along to the Todd Medical Foundation. So Todd knew there was someone out here, someone who could match his rare blood type when he needed it.

"Only Polanski wasn't dead yet," Charlie said. "And when the crisis came, he had to die if Hollis Todd was going to live. So it was just a question of how to set it up. And that's where Sandoz came in."

The way Charlie explained it, it really sounded wild. Sandoz was a professional killer—like the ones you hear about, working for the Syndicate. Somebody "puts out a contract," as they call it, and they do the job. It sounded wild, but the more he talked about it, the more sense it made.

Charlie figured it was all set up in advance. The Sandozes were already here, waiting—maybe they did come from St. Louis, but it could be anywhere because people like that have fake names, identification, credit cards, everything they need. And they located Tony Polanski and set up a watch on him. They learned his habits so they could make their plans accordingly. The important thing was that it had to look like an accident. By the time they got the word to go ahead they were all prepared to act on a moment's notice.

Charlie says it must have been Elsie, Mrs. Sandoz,

who went up to the top of the hill and talked to Tony Polanski when he came out to go to the tavern that night. They knew his schedule and she and her husband had everything timed to the split second. She choked Polanski with her scarf and pushed the wheelchair down with the brakes released. Her husband was waiting below in the car, ready to drive past that intersection at just the right moment. But after Polanski crashed into the car he was still conscious. Sandoz got out and that's how he got his hand bitten, when he started to hit Polanski with the brake handle from the wheelchair. In the end, Sandoz did hit him and then his wife phoned the police. All the police found was two innocent tourists with an accident victim.

"They got away with it," Charlie said. "It was a clean job. A clean, dirty job. Hollis Todd and his wonderful foundation. De Toledano and his eager-beaver cooperation, feeding in the information. And the Sandozes. A real triple play—Tinkers to Evers to Chance. Only there was no chance involved. It was deliberate, outright murder."

Just hearing it made me feel sick. Whether it's true or not, the idea itself is horrible. And I told Charlie even if it is true there's nothing he can do about it. He can't prove it. The Sandozes are gone. Certainly he isn't going to get anywhere trying to accuse Mr. Todd, not without evidence—real evidence, the kind the police would believe.

"That's the hell of it," Charlie said. "I don't have anything like that. But how can I live with myself unless I do something about this thing?"

Well, I did my best to answer him. I told Charlie it's never all that simple, never just a question of all black or all white. Hollis Todd is a rich man, but not all rich men are villains. Even if he'd planned it the way Charlie thought, the foundation was still an instrument for good as well as evil. De Toledano probably didn't know a thing about it, he just followed orders and supplied all sorts of information on request—sure, he played up to Todd, he was after money, but it was for the hospital, not himself. Even the Sandozes might have their other side.

I don't know what all I said, I went on for quite a long time, but in the end I calmed him down. That's what I wanted to do. I couldn't bear seeing him like this, blaming himself for something he wasn't responsible for when he was only trying to help. At least I think I got him around to seeing he wasn't an accessory, as he called it. I hope so, anyway. And I made him promise me one thing, that he wouldn't do anything foolish.

"Don't worry," Charlie said. "We both agree on that. There's nothing I can do. But if I live to be a thousand—"

I told him he wouldn't live to be more than five hundred unless he got some rest. And just to make sure of

it, I made him take a sleeping pill. He was exhausted anyway, or it probably wouldn't have worked, but it did.

Mine didn't. I still feel sick. Sick because of what he told me, and sick for Charlie too. When I think of how it was only a few weeks ago, me believing I wouldn't be writing this diary anymore, I feel a little sick about myself, too. But there's nothing anyone can do. Nothing at all.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Melvin De Toledano*

. . . When Dr. Mantle spoke to me about the possibility of Mr. Todd leaving the hospital I was, I must admit, somewhat disturbed. My rather unpleasant interview with Dr. Everett was still fresh in my memory and I wondered if he was in some way responsible for Mr. Todd's desire to leave.

Q. And was he?

A. Apparently not. From what Dr. Mantle said I gathered it was not a question of any dissatisfaction with hospital procedure or personnel. In fact Mr. Todd had expressed himself as being more than pleased with our service and facilities. But because of the rapid progress of his convalescence he was hopeful it might be possible for him to return home for the Christmas holidays.

Q. What did you tell Dr. Mantle?

A. I said that I could understand Mr. Todd's natural desire to terminate his stay with us, but that any request for a discharge must be made directly to Dr. Geiger. Since he was handling the case personally, such a decision would be his responsibility. This is, of course, standard procedure.

Q. Dr. Mantle was not aware of this?

A. He was, he was. But there seemed to be a certain—lack of communication, shall we say, between Dr. Geiger and Dr. Mantle. Not friction, I most certainly do not suggest or imply that, because Dr. Mantle had been most cooperative in every respect. He had stepped aside most willingly and allowed Dr. Geiger to assume complete charge. Inasmuch as Dr. Mantle was Mr. Todd's personal physician, I regard this as a laudable gesture in placing professional ethics above pride. Unfortunately, there was no great reciprocity on Dr. Geiger's part. To be frank about it, in Dr. Mantle's own words, Geiger never even gave him the time of day. So before making a request for discharge, Dr. Mantle wanted some assurance of cooperation on my part.

Q. He wanted you to back him up?

A. Exactly.

Q. You gave him this assurance?

A. Yes. I promised to impress upon Dr. Geiger, to the best of my ability, that it was important for Mr. Todd to resume the conduct of urgent business affairs. On a limited basis, of course, and subject to whatever

medical supervision Dr. Geiger might indicate—a private nursing staff and so forth. Actually, in view of the circumstances I felt it highly advisable for Mr. Todd to leave as soon as he might safely do so. After my conversation with Dr. Everett I wished to prevent any further incidents of a similar nature. I felt it my duty to inform Dr. Mantle accordingly.

Q. You told him what Dr. Everett had said?

A. In substance, yes. As I say, I felt it was my duty.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of George Mantle, M.D.*

Q. Dr. Mantle, what was your reaction to what Mr. De Toledano told you about Dr. Everett's conversation?

A. I was concerned. Greatly concerned. Despite our personal differences, I entertained the utmost respect for Dr. Everett's professional capabilities as a surgeon, and I felt that he was going completely overboard. This disturbed me. And I was also concerned for Mr. Todd.

Q. In what way?

A. As Mr. Todd's physician I realized the importance of his peace of mind—particularly during convalescence, when the interrelationship between physical and mental well-being must be maintained at all costs. I considered it my duty to shield my patient from this undignified and embarrassing situation.

Q. You are saying you did not report this matter to Mr. Todd?

A. That is precisely what I am saying.

Q. Did you report it to anyone else?

A. Only to insure that my patient be protected from possible annoyance. I emphasized how important this was, just as I have explained it to you. That was my sole reason for mentioning the affair.

Q. To whom?

A. Crosby McCullen.

Q. What were his feelings in the matter?

A. He agreed my position was perfectly justified and that Mr. Todd should not be subject to any disturbance on the part of Dr. Everett. He thanked me for informing him and said he would speak to Dr. Geiger immediately about making arrangements to leave the hospital.

Q. Was there any further discussion?

A. No. That is, not directly. I might add that I did express my concern for what I felt was an indication of Dr. Everett's, ah, mental instability. I wondered whether or not it might be advisable for Crosby to make some tactful reference to this when speaking to Dr. Geiger, in the event he was unaware of the situation.

Q. Did Mr. McCullen agree?

A. No, he did not. He said he felt it would be unethical. The important thing, he said, was to prepare for our departure. "Everett's not your problem," he told me. "You have only one person to concern your-

self with, and that's Hollis Todd. He's your patient. Let's get busy and see how soon we can put this show back on the road."

Continued Extract From the Statement of Eva Veillier

. . . December seventh, Pearl Harbor Day. A time of painful memories, but for me an occasion of rejoicing. I cried, yes, but because I was happy. Because Hollis told me he was going home.

Dr. Geiger had given permission, he said, and we would leave within a few days. First a private nursing staff must be properly briefed and instructed, but we could expect to return with them to the lodge for the holidays. And then later, as he had promised, we would go to Sardinia. A matter of some months, perhaps in the spring of the coming year. "I'll be back on my feet by Easter," he said, "and so will the business."

It was strange for me to hear this because Hollis never discussed such matters in my presence. In all our time together I cannot remember another occasion. But on this evening after dinner, sitting alone with him in the room, he spoke about Todd Enterprises. Not directly, he did not go into any detail, but enough for me to realize there had been some problems. A matter of stock transactions during the period of his illness, a threat to certain areas of control. Crosby had done his

best, he said, but more was required now. Why did he tell me this, I asked Hollis. Why did he concern himself with business when all that really counted was his health, our being together in the way we planned? A question of pride, he told me. It had taken thirty years to become the head of Todd Enterprises, in a very real sense he *was* Todd Enterprises. To abandon the business now would be to abandon a part of himself.

I told Hollis I understood this. I told him I would abide by his decisions in the future as I had in the past. As if he didn't already know this, but there are times when it is best if such things are spoken. I had the feeling that Hollis wished to say more to me, but there was no opportunity because Crosby came into the room. Crosby looked tired. He had been away during the day making the necessary arrangements for leaving and he said if I would excuse him he wanted to go over the preparations with Hollis. I left the two of them together.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

I'd promised Natalie I wouldn't do anything foolish, and I kept my word. The trouble was, while I didn't do anything foolish, I didn't do anything constructive either. There wasn't anything I could see that would

be constructive under the circumstances, so I did nothing. That was the worst of it. Doing nothing, just going through the motions, the daily routine, as though everything was back to normal.

I almost said something the next day, when Geiger called me in to tell me Todd was going home. I guess I looked shocked, even though I tried to cool it, because he went out of his way to explain the reasons for giving his permission. How he was setting up a regimen for the private nursing team to follow, the arrangements he made for a continuing daily check-out through the staff of the Cramer Clinic near Todd's home. He thought he was reassuring me. I wanted to tell him to forget it, this wasn't the kind of reassurance I needed. But Natalie was right. I couldn't prove anything, and I kept my mouth shut. It wasn't easy. Particularly now that I knew Todd was leaving the hospital. In a few days he'd be gone and life would go on just as it had before he came, for all of us. All of us except Tony Polanski.

I kept thinking about that. Not because I wanted to but because I couldn't put it out of my mind. Not that day, not that night, not the next morning. Natalie knew, of course. She took me out for another look at the house that afternoon and we decided to make a definite offer to the realtor. All we talked about was terms and payments and what we'd have to do in the way of furniture. She was excited about the idea and I did my best to go

along with her. But all the while I kept going back to Polanski and even though I didn't say a word she knew.

By the time we stopped by the realty office and signed a purchase offer it was too late for dinner. I had to get over to the hospital before seven so we went to a drive-in for a hamburger. You don't decide to buy a house every day and normally it would call for some kind of celebration. But I wasn't in the mood so the drive-in was a good idea. We talked some more about the house—that is, she talked and I tried to look as if I was listening—and that was it. I drove back to the apartment and let her out. She still hadn't said anything about what was bugging me, and all she said now was would I call her from the hospital before eleven. I told her I would. I waited until I saw she was safely inside the lobby and then I took off. I must have gone about half a mile before I realized I was being followed.

Q. Followed?

A. That's right. I saw the car in the rear-view mirror. It was about half a block behind me, and at first I didn't think anything of it, except that it somehow looked familiar. Then I realized I'd seen it before. Back at the apartment, when I dropped Natalie off, the same car had been parked across the street. A green '69 Pontiac Le Mans. I remembered its headlights switching on just as I started to drive away. I hadn't paid any attention, it's just one of those things you notice automati-

cally when you're driving, and I hadn't seen it turn around. But it was there behind me now.

Q. You knew it was the same car?

A. Not at that moment. But when I got into the right lane and waited for the green light to make a turn onto the freeway ramp, the Le Mans pulled into the same lane, two cars behind me. It could still be coincidence of course. Even if it was the same car, that didn't necessarily mean I was being followed. So I decided to find out. The light changed, but instead of turning to go up the ramp I went straight ahead, under the freeway crossing. The two cars behind me made the normal turn onto the ramp. The Le Mans followed me.

Q. Did you get a look at its occupant?

A. That was my first idea. I slowed down, waiting for it to pull ahead. Instead it pulled over to the curb and parked. I couldn't see who was in it. And now that it had parked I wasn't all that concerned. Figuring the state of my nerves, I'd made a mistake. I picked up speed again and turned right at the next corner. I got a good look at the car as I turned and it was still standing there at the curb.

Q. You went on to the hospital then?

A. Yes. I drove to the hospital. Instead of going back to the freeway I decided to take Riverside and then cut over. Traffic was fairly light for that time of evening and if I'd been followed I would have noticed. I didn't see anything. By the time I pulled into my space in

the reserved parking lot I knew it had just been my imagination. I was just getting out of the car when I happened to glance over towards the street. I saw it moving past the driveway entrance. A green '69 Le Mans. It didn't turn in, didn't stop. But I saw it and I knew. Whoever was driving had decided where I'd be going and taken a different route to check my destination.

Q. That was your interpretation?

A. There was only one other possibility occurring to me. That I was really paranoid, seeing things. Either way, I didn't like it. I didn't like it at all.

Extract From the Statement of Darnell London

Well, it was the funniest damn' thing. Must have been around nine o'clock, maybe ten after, if the time is important to you. Like I said, the word was out that Todd was going to leave tomorrow noon and Rosen—that's Georgia Rosen, she's one of the R.N.'s with the heart team—sent me down to 326 to pick up a dupe file copy of Todd's surgery report—326, that's Dr. Everett's office. Well, he wasn't there, the door was locked, but I had my keys. Attendants aren't supposed to use keys on duty rounds unless it's an emergency, but Rosen told me she'd talked to Everett and he said he had the file copy on his desk waiting for her. So I figured

why not just go ahead and pick it up instead of chasing all over the place trying to locate Everett on the intercom. There's a requisition form to sign but that could wait 'til later.

Anyhow that's what I did, I opened the door and walked in. Sure enough, I could see the file folder on the desk, so I didn't even have to turn on the lights, just went over and reached down to pick it up. And I hear this voice, this whisper, almost, right behind me, saying "Dr. Everett?" Well, coming so unexpected like, I almost jumped out of my skin. I turned around real fast and I see this woman standing there.

Q. Can you describe her please.

A. Well, no, not really. Like I say, I didn't turn on any lights and the door to the hall was only part-way open. Dark hair, maybe five-five or -six, wearing a suit. I did notice she was holding a purse in her left hand and it was open. At least I got that impression, but it was pretty hard to make out anything clearly and I guess that's how come she made the mistake. I mean, just walking into the office and seeing me bending over the desk in a white jacket, she figured I was the doctor. But when I turned around my face was in the light from the hall and she knew I wasn't Everett even before I told her.

Q. You did speak to her?

A. I started to. But the minute I turned around she said, "Excuse me," and then she reached down and

snapped that purse shut with her right hand. I didn't have a chance to say a word before she was marching out into the hall. I said, "Hey lady, wait a minute," but she kept right on going like she didn't hear me. I picked up the file folder and walked over to the door, but when I looked out into the hall she was gone.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Georgia Rosen, R.N.*

. . . I couldn't make heads or tails out of what Darnell told me. He was all shook up, but then Darnell's the type who makes a big production out of everything. The way I heard, it was just some woman barging in looking for Dr. Everett. But to hear him tell it, you'd think she tried to rape him—not that she'd have much luck, not with Darnell. Sorry. He's a nice kid, but a little too—anyway, I told him to forget it. If I notified Security it would just mean a lot of fuss over nothing, what business did he have unlocking the office to get that file in the first place, where was the requisition, all that static. And when you came right down to it, what had really happened? So he gave me the file and left.

Q. You were still on duty outside Mr. Todd's suite?

A. I was on the desk all evening. I was there when Mr. McCullen went in and Mrs. Veillier came out. I was there when Mr. McCullen came out again.

Q. At what time was this?

A. Right after Darnell left. I'd say about nine-thirty. Mr. McCullen came out and stopped by the desk to tell me he'd be in first thing tomorrow morning. He started to explain something about setting up a reception for Mr. Todd and that we'd all be notified. Just then a call came through on the board and I excused myself while I took it—I honestly don't remember who it was and it doesn't matter. But while I was talking to the party I happened to look down the corridor just as this couple stepped out of the elevator, some man and woman I'd never seen before. Mr. McCullen saw them too. He started walking over to them, fast, and I got the idea he was upset before he even spoke to them.

Q. You overheard their conversation?

A. Just a word here and there. I was on the phone, remember? And Mr. McCullen was keeping his voice down. But he didn't have to say anything at all for me to know he wanted them out of there. He kept punching the elevator button with one hand and pulling at the man's arm with the other. And when the elevator came, he almost shoved them inside. I think he did shove the man. All the while the woman kept trying to say something to him, and Mr. McCullen had to raise his voice over the sound of the elevator door closing. What he said sounded like, "Go back and stay put, I'll be in touch later." And then the door closed.

Continued Extract From the Statement of Eva Veillier

. . . I came back to the hospital after I finished packing at the hotel. It was still early and I thought I might have a few minutes alone with Hollis before he went to sleep. It was when the car pulled up to the entrance that I saw Crosby coming out of the hospital. He did not see me because he was talking to these people who walked with him, a man and a woman. He went with them to where their car was parked, a green car, and he stood waiting until they drove away. I watched from just inside the lobby entrance, thinking he would be coming back. But Crosby did not come back. He walked over to his own car, the Continental. I do not know why I continued to watch him except that there was something at the back of my mind which disturbed me. It was not until he had driven off that it came to me, about the couple he talked with. The woman I had never seen before, but now I recognized the man. He was the one who had been involved in the accident, the one I saw at the cemetery. I could not recall his name. Just then I noticed Dr. Everett pass through the lobby from the administration offices. He was going to the elevators and I joined him there. I told him what I had just seen and asked if he happened to remember the man. Dr. Everett said yes, he remembered him very well. His name was Sandoz.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

. . . So I wasn't seeing things. They had been here, at the hospital, Sandoz and his wife, in a green car. Veillier saw them. The attendant, Darnell London, saw Mrs. Sandoz in my office.

Q. How did you learn this?

A. I'm coming to it. Mrs. Veillier and I rode up in the elevator together. She expressed surprise at seeing the Sandozes here. I told her perhaps they had stopped by to inquire about Todd. She said that was thoughtful of them and when she saw Todd now she'd mention their visit. I suggested she refrain from doing so because it was still possible that any reference to the accident might be disturbing to him. Pretty clumsy, but all I could come up with on the spur of the moment. Anyway, she bought it. People listen to doctors, God help them. So she went on in to Todd and I stayed at the desk. Rosen said she'd like a word with me.

That's how it came out. Rosen wanted to explain why Darnell London was in my office. She knew it was irregular procedure and hoped I'd sign the requisition form without making waves. I told her it was my fault, I should have mentioned to her on the phone that I was leaving the office to check out the rest of Todd's paper work down at Administration. Then she mentioned the

part about London and the woman. Did I know who she was?

I didn't, of course, but I had a pretty good idea. I asked her if London had given any description. Rosen said yes and started to tell me and then she stopped. What's the matter, I said. She told me it had just struck her—from the description it sounded like the same woman she'd seen getting off the elevator with a man who knew Crosby McCullen.

Q. She told you about the incident?

A. In detail. Rosen's a good nurse but she's got a mouth big enough to house a fleet of semis. Hears all, tells all. Staff routine is pretty boring and I can't blame them, they get this thing about scuttlebutt. Well, this was one time it was an advantage. I think she had an idea there was something going between me and this woman because she was only too happy to answer questions and see how I'd react. I asked her about the conversation between this couple and Crosby McCullen. She couldn't remember very much. She thought these people might be Mexican. McCullen had said something about where they were staying and the man said with Pedro. And then when McCullen asked about a motel, the woman shook her head. She mentioned a name, Archer or Harper, Rosen wasn't sure—anyway, some man had given them a sombrero. That's why Rosen thought maybe they were Mexican, only what she heard didn't seem to make much sense.

I told her no, it didn't, and the best thing was to forget it. Just the way I was going to forget the little matter of Darnell London using his key to get into my office. She didn't have to have it spelled out for her. When I left I knew she'd keep her mouth buttoned.

Q. Where did you go them?

A. To my office. I went in and looked around. Nothing had been disturbed. I sat down and tried to put the pieces together. Some of them seemed to fit. The Sandozes made sure I was at the hospital and then they came looking for me. First in my office, then upstairs. McCullen spotted them and hustled them out. They went away. He went away. But why had they come? And where did they go? That's the part that didn't make sense. And I couldn't find out the why until I knew the answer to where.

Mexicans, Rosen said. Because they were staying with Pedro. How many Mexican-Americans named Pedro are there in Greater Los Angeles? And how could I even be sure it was Los Angeles? There are plenty of Pedros in San Diego, Redondo, Long Beach.

I got a crazy hunch then. Suppose Rosen heard wrong? Suppose the man hadn't said they were staying *with* Pedro, but *in* Pedro? Pedro, that's what they call San Pedro around here. All right, then what? McCullen asked about a motel and the woman shook her head. And then she'd told him something about this Archer or Harper giving them a sombrero.

That didn't fit. That didn't fit at all, because it didn't answer the question. Or did it?

I picked up the phone and dialed Information. I told the operator what I wanted to know and she got it for me. There was an Archer Charter Service in San Pedro. They even had an ad in the Yellow Pages. Boats by the day, week or month. Of course the place was closed now but she had a home number listing on Archer and I asked her to call. I talked to Archer. He told me yes, he did have a boat called the *Sombrero*. And he'd rented it out to a couple day before yesterday, only the name wasn't Sandoz, it was Sanders.

So I called downstairs and said I wasn't feeling too well and could Nunnally take over for me until the morning shift. Then I called Natalie at the apartment, just before eleven. She wanted to know if I was all right and I told her yes, I was fine, everything was fine, and she should get a good night's rest. Doctor's orders.

Then I checked out and got into my car and headed for the Harbor Freeway.

*Continued Excerpt From the Diary of Natalie Everett
Under Dateline December 7*

We put an offer on the house today. Mr. Davis thinks we'll get it. He said we could probably arrange to take over the present mortgage and at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ percent it would be a good deal. I told Charlie if we did I'd want to go

in and take measurements of all the rooms before we started looking for furniture. The carpeting and drapes in there now ought to be good for at least two more years. I don't much care for beige but it's practical because it goes with everything. Charlie said he'd leave that part of it up to me.

From the way he's been acting these past two days you'd think he didn't care whether we got the house or not. All I can get out of him is yes or no, he just can't seem to get interested. But he does care, I know he does. It's only that his mind is a million miles away. He promised not to talk about it anymore and he hasn't, but I know that's what he's thinking about. There's still something wrong—

Don't look now Natalie but your needle's stuck again. Natalie Everett, girl wolf-crier. Very funny. Only it isn't, because there is. Something wrong.

Charlie just phoned from the hospital. I asked him how he felt and he said good and I asked him how things were going and he said fine and I could tell from his voice he's still a million miles away.

Something's going to happen. I know it. Something's going to happen.

I'm cold all over.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

. . . I expected to have some trouble locating the boat

but as soon as I pulled up alongside the dock I knew. There must have been half a dozen police cars, and they'd roped off the end of the dock to keep the crowd back. I told a cop I was a doctor, showed him my I.D., and he let me through. It was like a madhouse, everyone milling around, searchlights playing over the water, sirens going on the fire patrol boat offshore. I could see the *Sombrero*, or what was left of it. The hull was black and it was still smoking. The water was full of floating debris. They'd already hauled the bodies out and put them under blankets on the dock. I didn't have to go through the motions of an examination. They were both dead, Sandoz and his wife. I talked to a Lieutenant Nelson, asked him what happened. He said as near as they could figure, there was a leak in the propane tank leading to the heater. One or the other of them turned it on and that was it. Explosion.

Q. Couldn't they smell it?

A. That's what I asked Nelson. And he said no, they were flying. He showed me Mrs. Sandoz' purse. One compartment was stuffed with heroin caps.

Q. Anything else?

A. Yes. A hypodermic syringe. Brand new, apparently never used. Nelson said if they were taking the stuff orally, then why the needle? He couldn't figure it out. But I knew.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Melvin De Toledano*

It was really a festive occasion. Of course we provided the amphitheater itself but Mr. McCullen or some of the other people on Mr. Todd's staff made all the actual arrangements. A catering service, a buffet, flowers—it was truly a going-away party in every sense of the word. Somehow Mr. Todd had managed to get a list of the names of everyone even remotely connected with his case, everyone who might conceivably have rendered him some service during his stay at the hospital. He had a gift wrapped and waiting for each one, and he sat there on the dais in his wheelchair handing them out as our people came up to say good-bye. And he thanked everyone personally. You could tell he wasn't just making a grand gesture, he truly appreciated what had been done for him. Not that any of us expect gratitude—I always say we get our own thanks from the knowledge of a job well done.

I certainly was taken by surprise when I heard my own name called out and Mr. Todd showed me the envelope. He made a little joke about it. How much did I think a new heart was worth—one million, two million? He kept pulling the envelope back, pretending I couldn't wait to get my hands on it. It was so like Mr. Todd to inject a touch of humor into the situation,

to make light of his own generosity. I don't mind telling you I was thunderstruck when he finally did hand me the envelope and I opened it. I suppose you know the amount of the check. It was five million dollars. Well, I just couldn't say anything.

Q. Was Dr. Geiger present on this occasion?

A. Indeed he was. And Mr. Todd said something about him I've never forgotten. He said that thanks to Dr. Geiger he was leaving the hospital a better man than when he came into it—he was leaving with the heart of a better man beating inside him. And that while it was easy for him to express his gratitude with a checkbook, there was no way of indicating how much he felt he owed Dr. Geiger, who had given him the gift of life itself.

Q. Did Mr. Todd say anything to Dr. Everett?

A. He most certainly intended to. But Dr. Everett had already left.

Q. He had been present, though?

A. Only at the beginning. I saw him standing near the door, watching while the gifts were being handed out. He didn't speak to anyone. And just as I went up to the dais, I noticed him turn and go out.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

Why did I leave the party? Because I wasn't supposed

to be there. I was supposed to be dead. I knew it when I saw that needle in Elsie Sandoz' purse. Everything fell into place. McCullen knew I was getting close, so he sent for the Sandozes again. I don't suppose he discussed ways and means—when you call in the exterminators you let them handle the job themselves, all you want is to get rid of the termites. I think he expected them to proceed cautiously, certainly to wait at least until after Todd had left. He must have felt he could trust them because they were professionals. What he didn't know, apparently, was that they were also addicts. And whatever he'd paid for the first job, the Polanski murder, had supplied them with enough heroin to keep them high ever since. I don't have to tell you about the effects. Euphoria is one of them. Everything seems very easy. I can imagine them hitting on this idea and then deciding why bother to wait, do it now and collect the payoff. It must have looked very simple to them. Rent the boat as a base, hide out there, and then drive in and locate me at the hospital. My office would be an ideal place. Sandoz could stand down the hall and act as lookout in case anyone was coming. Meanwhile Elsie would go in. Remember, I'd never seen her, I wouldn't recognize the woman. She probably had some story prepared, just enough to keep me interested while she waited for a chance to open her purse. Then one quick jab and that would be it.

Q. I'm not sure I'm following you, Doctor—

A. Have you ever heard of an air aneurism? An empty hypodermic syringe expels an air bubble. It's simple, painless and practically instantaneous. And it doesn't leave any evidence.

Q. That is your interpretation of why a needle was found in Mrs. Sandoz' purse?

A. That and what I heard about her coming in on the attendant, Darnell London, and mistaking him for me. He said something about her purse being open, and how she snapped it shut again when she found out she had the wrong man. She must have been flying then, she and Sandoz, or else they wouldn't have risked going up to Todd's suite. Maybe they were looking for me, I don't know. The point is, Crosby McCullen found them and realized their condition, what had happened. He knew he couldn't trust them, not after that performance. So he followed them to San Pedro and that was it.

Q. You did not suggest any of this as a possible explanation to Lieutenant Nelson or other police officials?

A. I did not.

Q. In spite of the fact that you were thoroughly convinced?

A. That's right. What you're getting at is why didn't I. Geiger already answered that question for you. Because I'm a doctor, not a detective. Because what I thought, what I believed, still didn't prove anything.

In the last analysis, it was still guesswork, and even then there were loose ends. For example, did McCullen follow the Sandozes to the boat or did he floor the accelerator on that Continental and get there ahead of them? Did he sneak onto the *Sombrero* and gimmick the propane tank before they returned and then clear out, knowing they'd be sure to turn on the heater when they arrived? The Sandozes couldn't testify to that, and knowing McCullen, you could be certain he'd have some alibi to account for his whereabouts between the time he left the hospital and the time of the explosion. So it was an accident, just like Polanski's death was an accident. The Sandozes wouldn't be testifying about that, either. Everything was wrapped up now, along with their bodies in those blankets.

Oh, I thought about saying something, don't get me wrong on that score. I had plenty of time to think it over, even when I was driving back into town in the early morning traffic. I went over the whole thing again in my mind, right from the beginning. But it was all conjecture, suspicion—if, and maybe, and perhaps. No witnesses, no real evidence. And no matter what I thought, I could still be wrong.

When I got to the hospital these big street-washing machines were going along the block. Washing away last night's dirt, leaving everything fresh and clean. All right, maybe it was a sort of omen. Yesterday was gone, forget it. In a few hours Hollis Todd would be gone,

too, and the traces of his presence would vanish with him.

I checked in. I had some coffee. I called Natalie and told her she could probably expect me around noon, just as soon as Todd left. She knew about the reception, of course—I'd mentioned it to her last night. She asked me if I was going to attend. I said I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Q. You did attend the reception?

A. I looked in on it. I stood at the back of the amphitheater and watched Hollis Todd in his moment of triumph. Sitting up there on the platform like a department-store Santa Claus, handing out the goodies. Gold bracelets to the special nurses. Gold cigarette cases and lighters to interns. He was loving every minute of it. Then he gave De Toledano a check. A nice, big fat check, the payoff. I couldn't be sure De Toledano knew that, but it was still a payoff. And I started to feel a little sick. De Toledano did everything but kiss Todd's hand and that made it worse. Then Walter Geiger was up there, and one thing I *was* sure of, Walter didn't know. He shook hands with Todd and listened to him being ever so humble and grateful, and he didn't know. That was the worst part, for me, Walter being involved in this—this filth—and not knowing. And all the other innocent people who would never know, while Todd went on his way. That's when I realized I couldn't take any more. And I left.

THE TODD DOSSIER

Extract From the Statement of Velma Carter, R.N.

. . . It was one of those things you never forget. I'll swear half of the people there had tears in their eyes, and that includes some of the surgical team—and I do mean doctors—who like to think of themselves as very hard-nosed. But you couldn't help but realize how much this moment meant to Mr. Todd, how thankful he was to be going out of here alive. It was a wonderful feeling, and somehow he managed to make us all share it with him.

After he'd given out the gifts they started in serving the food again, but Mr. McCullen looked at his watch and said it was getting late and there were still the final forms to sign before leaving. So he and I took Mr. Todd back to his room. I was a little surprised when we got there because Dr. Everett was waiting for us. He said he'd just be a few minutes and he'd call me. I left him alone with Mr. McCullen and Mr. Todd.

Continued Extract From the Statement of Charles Everett, M.D.

"I'm glad you came to say good-bye," Todd said. "We missed you at the party." He gave me a big smile and stuck out his hand. And there it was. My cue. Good-bye

and God bless you Mr. Todd. You go your way, I'll go mine, and we'll all live happily ever after. So easy, and I'd promised I wouldn't do anything foolish.

McCullen was watching me. He knew I wouldn't get out of line. I didn't look at him. I looked at Todd. And I didn't have any way of saying it, no way at all, so I just told him what I thought. I told him he had a peculiar set of ethics. He held out his money and people took it, and the way he figured, that let him off the hook. "It's your money that does the corrupting, isn't it, Mr. Todd?" I said. "Not you, never you. The best accidents money can buy, you set them up. But you don't think you're responsible. You're wrong, Mr. Todd. You're a murderer."

He sat there and he was just as cold and quiet as ice. I can see now how he made all those millions. This was a tough man, a side of him I'd never seen. And he said, "It's just possible, Doctor, that *you* could be charged with attempted murder." I didn't know what to say. "Your operation obviously took," he said. "A weak heart wouldn't have been able to withstand this sordid little accusation. Tell me, if my new heart had given out just now, would you consider yourself an accessory to manslaughter?"

All at once I was the guilty one, I was in the dock and he was the prosecutor. I didn't have an answer and his instinct told him that. So there was no point in detailing my suspicions about Polanski because he

realized that's all they were, suspicions. There was nothing I could prove or else I'd be going to the police, not coming to him. He knew my accusation meant I wasn't certain, I was grasping at straws, hoping he'd break. But Todd didn't break. He sat there and snatched the straws away from me. I can remember his exact words.

"Have you considered the penalty for being wrong?" Todd said. "If my heart had failed? It would have been a landmark court decision. You have a strange interpretation of the Hippocratic oath, Doctor. You don't protect life, you take it."

McCullen didn't say anything just watched me. He didn't have to say anything, he knew Todd had the upper hand now. "I think you're insane, Doctor," Todd said. "I think you regard medicine as a license to kill. And if you went into court, I think a jury would agree."

He was right, of course. I had to admit it. I told him I wasn't going into court. I might have if I'd been able to get to the Sandozes, I might have done it and risked the consequences. But not now, since the Sandozes were so conveniently dead.

"What are you talking about?" Todd said.

"I'm talking about the Sandozes," I told him. "Don't play games, it's not necessary. I'm talking about the 'accident' on their boat last night."

I don't think I'll ever forget the look on Todd's face. He just stared at me. Then he stared at McCullen.

McCullen started to say something, then stopped. His hands came up and his shoulders began to shake. And Todd just stared at him. It was the most terrible look I have ever seen on any man's face.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Georgia Rosen, R.N.*

. . . It was one big hullabaloo outside the hospital, I can tell you that. Crowds, reporters, television cameras, and the cops trying to hold everybody back from the ramp and the doorway. You would've thought we had Queen Elizabeth and Sinatra and the Beatles all rolled up into one, leaving the hospital that morning. I tell you it was something. Mr. Todd was very quiet. I thought maybe he was almost a little sorry to leave. Mrs. Veillier was happy, though, not strained. Sometimes she looked tired but that morning she looked like a picture in a magazine. Dr. Mantle and Mr. McCullen were the same as ever, trying to run the show. "What's holding it up," Mr. McCullen kept saying. "What's all the delay." Well, I just let him stew in his juice for a while, I didn't bother to tell him that there are certain procedures to be followed before a patient leaves Los Angeles General, I don't care who that patient is. But finally it was time and the police got the photographers away from the car ramp and I

wheeled Mr. Todd out to the limousine. I got in some of the shots, you may have seen me in the *Times*. When we got to the limousine Mr. Todd just shook Dr. Geiger's hand. "Now it's up to me," he said. And off they went. I watched the limousine turn off and go down the street and when it got to the corner, sure enough, it hit a green light. I'll bet there wasn't one red light all the way to the airport. That's the way it is when you're rich, not that I want to be, I've got my health. But it must be nice, all green lights.

Q. Was Dr. Everett there, when Mr. Todd left the hospital?

A. Dr. Everett was in the solarium.

Q. What was he doing in the solarium?

A. Just looking out the window. Standing there looking out. I saw him there just before Mr. Todd left. "Aren't you going to get in on the party, Doctor?" I asked him. And he didn't answer. Just kept looking out the window, looking out.

Continued Extract From the Statement of Eva Veillier

. . . Hollis didn't speak in the car. He seemed abstracted, far away, he worried me. And after the plane took off he asked Dr. Mantle to help him to his cabin. He said he wanted to rest. Crosby asked him if he wanted to see some papers and he didn't answer. Simply

didn't answer. He looked at Crosby and then he looked at me. "I'll see you later," he said to me. "You look cold. Why don't you have a drink?" I said it was only noon, I usually don't drink that early in the day. "Maybe you better have one anyway," he said. And he told the steward to bring me a Scotch. Then he went to his cabin with Dr. Mantle. Crosby went up to talk to the pilot and I just wrapped my coat around me and sat by the window. I watched the clouds and waited. I think I never felt so cold, never in my life. Something was wrong and I didn't know what. I drank two Scotches neat before Dr. Mantle came back and said Hollis wanted to see me, but I was still cold.

*True Copy of a Letter From Charles Everett, M.D.
to Walter Geiger, M.D. Under Dateline December 8*

Dear Walter:

As of this date I would like to tender my resignation from your staff. I don't think I have to go into reasons. I think we both know why. Medicine has been my life all these years and now that life is in question. I want to go away with Natalie and sort things out, to find out who was right and who was wrong, not just about us, but about everything.

As ever,
Charlie

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

. . . I watched Todd leave from the solarium. I think once he caught my eye but I'm not sure. I knew that by now Walter had my letter and that I'd have to see him. I didn't much want to see him, but you don't say good-bye to Walter Geiger with a scrap of paper. Then I heard myself being paged to Surgery B. It was the kind of touch that Walter would use—if we were going to talk about it, we were going to talk about it there in the room where it all started. I guess you've probably never seen an operating chamber that's not in use, but take my word, it's cold. Lonely.

Walter was waiting for me, standing by the instrument table holding a scalpel that somebody had forgotten to replace. "I think I'll have to put out a memo about the sterilizing procedures in this hospital," Walter said. He had the letter, open, on the operating table. He pointed at it with the scalpel. "I won't accept it, Charlie," he said. "You can't resign. You can take a leave of absence. At best."

"You're going to have to accept it," I said. "In the first place I'm not indentured. In the second place I can't practice medicine. Not now, not after what's happened." He looked at me for a while. "What exactly has happened?" he said finally. "You know damned

well what I think happened," I said. "I can't prove it. I can't lay it out on this table, Step A, Step B. But I can't just forget it, either."

Walter put the scalpel down on top of the letter. "What kind of a man do you think Hollis Todd is?" he asked me. Very flat, no emotion in his voice, as if Todd was somebody one of us had just met, maybe a new resident whose work we were watching. "I think he's a man who wants to stay alive more than he wants anything else in the world," I said.

Continued Extract From the Statement of Eva Veillier

. . . So what he was telling me was that we were not going to be together anymore. He was telling me that we were not going to sit in the sun in Sardinia, never going to—to do anything together again. That is not what he was saying into the tape recorder but that is what he meant. I knew what he was telling me. I sat there by his bed while he talked into the tape recorder and we had hit some rough weather and the plane was lurching but even then he never took his eyes from mine and I knew what he was saying.

Q. You weren't shocked, Mrs. Villier?

A. I—you understand very little.

Q. I'm simply asking what your reaction was.

A. My reaction?

Q. Your reaction to what Hollis Todd was committing to tape.

A. I don't know—I don't know any words to tell you that. I'll try to tell you one time what it was like, no more. During that half hour on the plane I was closer to Hollis than ever before. I loved Hollis. I knew Hollis. I knew what he had to do.

Q. You felt no need to stop him?

A. I told you. I loved him. People you love, you let them do what they have to do.

Q. Did Mr. Todd say anything to you before you left the cabin?

A. He asked me to send Dr. Mantle in to check on him in an hour. That would be at two o'clock. And he told me—he told me that I would be all right.

Q. What did you say?

A. I said nothing at all. There was no need.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Walter Geiger, M.D.*

. . . "Everybody wants to stay alive," I said to Charlie Everett. But I wasn't sure what I thought myself. It costs me a great deal to admit that, to admit I wasn't sure. A surgeon can be dead wrong and still carry off an operation, but the minute he stops being sure, then right or wrong he's not much of a surgeon anymore.

You might say well, we weren't talking about an operative procedure. But surgeons don't stop thinking like surgeons when the operating-room lights go off, or they shouldn't. So this uncertainty was to me a—a frightening condition. There was a moment there in that empty surgery when I put it all up to Charlie as if I were a patient. "We'll go to the police if you want," I said, the way a patient says he'll have the operation. "Is that what you want me to say?" It was a long time before Charlie answered me. "We can't," he said finally. "I'm no closer to definite proof than I was the night I came to your house. It's still a question of what I think, not of what I can prove. And if I think wrong, and we open this thing up—well." Well, indeed.

Q. Well, what? What exactly did he mean?

A. He meant that the consequences would be unspeakable. He was correct. They would be.

Q. What did you say then, Doctor?

A. I told him that I wanted him to stay. I told him that I believed it was his duty to stay. I said that I wanted to believe he was wrong about Hollis Todd. But I told him too that I had thought a great deal, ever since we first dreamed of transplanting the human heart, about the rapacious ones, the takers. I wasn't lying to him, I had thought about it. But I had thought about it only in the abstract. There are always takers, people who take what they want, no matter the cost to others.

They take in order to extend their own territory, their own power. Now we had given them the opportunity to take in order to extend life itself. I told Charlie that beyond the most elementary precautions I had no idea what we could do about this. But I also told him that the gift he had in his power to give was not available to the takers alone. I reminded him that there were a couple of children down on the pediatric floor right now, waiting for the day one of us would come and explain how it would feel to go to sleep for a little while and wake up with a new heart. I reminded him of a lot of things we had accomplished together. I am not a sentimental man. But I believe in what we do. I wanted Charlie to believe in it too. And finally he said he would stay, a while.

Q. That is all that was said?

A. It was well past noon then and I asked Charlie if he wanted lunch. He said not. Neither did I, for that matter. I guess we were both in the same mood when we left surgery.

Q. How would you describe that mood?

A. I would scarcely describe it as elation.

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

Walter gave me back the letter and I took it and tore

it into little pieces. "Thanks, Charlie," he said. For the first time since I had known him, he looked old. We walked down the corridor together, and it was as though we had just lost a patient in there on the table. Only it wasn't a patient we'd lost, it was a part of ourselves. At least that's the way I felt.

Miss Rosen was waiting outside my office as we came by. She had a package for me. "It's from Mr. Todd," she said. "A messenger just delivered it." I guess he arranged to have it sent from the airport just before he took off.

We went into my office. I didn't want to open the package. "You might as well," Walter said. There was just a card inside and taped to it was that old Greek coin Todd always carried, the lucky piece. I turned the card over. A message was written on the back. It's strange seeing someone's handwriting for the first time after you've known them for a while. I never would have thought Todd would write that way, small, precise, like a girl. "Everett," the message read. "I didn't count on you making my luck run out. But I guess I had some extra time I had no right to, and perhaps the coin gave me that. I hope you have as good luck with it as I did, if you don't press it too hard." It didn't get through to me at first. I didn't understand. I showed the card to Walter. The color drained out of his face. "My God," he said. "He's killed himself."

Continued Extract From the Statement of Eva Veillier

. . . At two o'clock exactly I went back to Hollis' cabin. Crosby and Dr. Mantle were having lunch. I had never intended to send Dr. Mantle. It was my business, Hollis' and mine, I would do it. And I opened the door. And I cried out. I knew in my heart that he would be dead but still I cried out. And before Crosby and Dr. Mantle got back there I took the tape, as he had told me to do, and put it in my bag. And I stayed there with him. I held onto my bag and I stayed with him all the way to New York.

*Transcript of a Tape Recording of
the Voice of Hollis Todd*

This is Hollis Todd speaking. What I am about to say is entirely voluntary on my part. Voluntary but, I believe, necessary under the circumstances. Because the question will be asked, the inevitable question. Why did I do it?

There are so many possible answers, and most of them are wrong. I suppose the gentlemen of the press will paw through my library, and when they see all those volumes of Nietzsche they will say I was a Nietzschean.

The ironic thing is that I always thought Nietzsche was a lot of hogwash. I've never celebrated the triumphs of the mind. I'm interested in doers. I'm more interested in Von Braun than I am in Einstein. I'm a doer.

I am not rationalizing. I am dealing, as I have always done, in cold fact. In my time on this planet I have enhanced life as we know it. I have not made money for the sake of money. I could have built mobile homes and become more wealthy with less effort. But does a trailer fortune dignify one's existence? Does a ski resort or a frozen custard pie empire? My money has pushed back the frontiers of science and space and medicine. I am not a Christian in the conventional sense. God is just a word, a word that to me signifies the unknown. All my life I have in a sense attacked God, in that I have tried to carve away at the unknown. To narrow the limits of the unknown and broaden the horizon of knowledge, to take from God and give to man. I wanted more time to continue this task, a task that few seem capable of. And time was running out for me. It was as simple as that.

Think of the resources I have at my command. Think how simple it would have been for me to pick any man suitable to my special needs. But I am not a wastrel. I am nothing if not efficient. What I wanted was to perpetuate my own life in the most efficient way, with the least possible suffering to others. I know it is much to ask, but grant me that, just that one small thing. With

all the choices which might conceivably be open to me, I made sure to select a man who was living out his own death. A walking corpse—not even walking, but already confined to a wheelchair—a man already doomed, with just six months left to live.

Some people call euthanasia murder. I call it euthanasia and nothing more. We abort life now, we kill a foetus, and we don't call it murder. I am willing to be accused of taking Anton Polanski's life. But I am not willing to be called a murderer. I have said that I don't celebrate the thinkers, but it is the thinkers who will argue and codify this—this distinction.

My error was that because of the nature of my condition I had to leave it to others to carry out my plan. Only a fool thinks all men are equal. I believe all men should have equality of opportunity, but biologically, chemically, metaphysically, some men are superior to others. I don't mean to imply that if I had had total responsibility for perpetuating my life I would have inevitably succeeded. There might always have been an Everett.

I am sorry I didn't get an opportunity to really know him. He's a strange young man, troubled, rigid. I don't think he would agree with my code, but I would have enjoyed arguing with him. It's odd to realize this now. Perhaps I really do appreciate the exercise of the mind more than I thought.

Everett, I'm sure, would point out what he would

call the flaw in my thinking. The inevitable after-effects, the loose ends, the unknotted strands, the clutter. It's part of my nature, I suppose, that I can only think of the Sandozes now as clutter. I cannot bear clutter. Would I have permitted this clutter? I would like to think not. McCullen was such a fool. It was so unnecessary to kill them. But don't think, please, that I am trying to abdicate any of the ultimate responsibility. I was willing to live with the death of Anton Polanski. It is the clutter I cannot live with. The clutter, and the possibility that the violence would spiral. You could have been next, Dr. Everett. Walter Geiger. Your families, God knows who else.

So either way I suppose it had to end as it did. What McCullen perpetrated in panic, out of his own selfish fears, I would have been forced into doing to put an end to the continuing clutter. It is the clutter I cannot live with. It is against the very pattern of my life. Even this strange heart I have beating inside me will not permit me to change this pattern.

And so I reject this heart. I regret that I am rejecting, with it, all the skill and genius that went into giving it to me. Some will say I reject it because I am afraid for myself if Crosby McCullen should crack, but that is not true. I fear nothing, least of all his cowardice. Others may think, when they discover the state of my financial affairs, that I could not bear the possibility of ruin. It is true that Crosby and certain people under him mis-

managed things while I was unable to guide the course of Todd Enterprises these past months. This, I suppose, is one of the reasons Crosby was so desperately anxious that I should live—knowing I could, once my physical energies returned, pull the chestnuts out of the fire. I know this too. I would be capable of salvaging the business. But to what end? So that the incompetents, the McCullens and the Mantles, could go on to further clutter? This too I must reject.

The thinkers will call it a moral rejection. Morality—it's a word I distrust. I remember once, years ago, driving on the floor of Death Valley. There was an automobile accident on the road. Strange that I should think of this particular instance, an automobile accident—a real accident, not an arranged one. But I recall it now, and vividly. The driver was killed and his companion, a girl, I think, seriously injured. The nearest hospital was perhaps a hundred miles or so away. They drove the girl to the hospital, through the desert at night, in the back of a station wagon. There was an old country nurse who drove the station wagon and she let her husband out there on that barren, lonely desert all through the night with the body of the driver. I remember asking her why. "You can't just leave a body on the highway," she said. "It's immoral." It was the one time I didn't distrust the word. I knew what she meant. The coyotes would come in and eat the flesh, and we owe something to our dead. That's the kind of

morality I can understand. In a way, I think Dr. Everett understands it, too. I hope he does.

We are, in a way, two sides of the same coin, Everett and myself. The coin has been tossed. Not to see which of us wins and which of us loses, because we are both a part of the coin—opposites, perhaps, but of the same metal. No, the coin has been tossed and the sole result is a decision. A decision which is my privilege to make. A decision to end the game. . . .

*Continued Extract From the Statement
of Charles Everett, M.D.*

It was a nightmare with the newspapers and the television. I guess that someday it will end, that people will forget. Medicine is just another form of human endeavor, the good and the bad. It's the good I want to believe in. I think I can.

Natalie believes it too. She was there that day after it was over. She was there to meet me and we went home together.

The above statements were taken and supplemental material compiled between December 11th and December 16th this year. After examination of the evidence it is the recommendation of the

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undersigned to the District Attorney's Office of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, that proceedings be instituted before the Grand Jury calling for the indictment of one Crosby Peter McCullen for violation of Section 182 California Penal Code (conspiracy to commit murder) and two counts of Section 189 California Penal Code (murder in the first degree).

Respectfully submitted,

s/Walton J. Overbrook

WALTON J. OVERBROOK
ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY
CITY OF LOS ANGELES
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

Sworn to and attested on December 18:

s/Austin H. Shea

AUSTIN H. SHEA
COUNTY CLERK



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. . . I had thought a great deal, ever since we first dreamed of transplanting the human heart, about the rapacious ones, the takers. There are always people who take what they want, no matter the cost to others. They take in order to extend their own territory, their own power. Now we had given them the opportunity to take in order to extend life itself.

*Extract from the statement of Walter Geiger, M.D.,
to the Assistant District Attorney, City of Los Angeles,
County of Los Angeles, California.*

DELACORTE PRESS / NEW YORK, N.Y.