

THE IMPOSTOR

By NORMAN SPRINGER

"HE WAS mad," said the doctor. "I drew up his will, to his dictation, the very day before—well, the day before it happened," said the lawyer, "and I insist that Philip Vallejo was as sane as you or I."

"Yes—the day before—"

"But you must admit the act was premeditated. Now that we regard them in the after-light, the terms of the will prove that he carefully planned the act. And, in addition, there is this document he left with me." The lawyer indicated a sealed envelope that lay upon the library table. "If he was mad when he shot himself, then he was mad when he dictated his will, when he handed me this envelope. Mad? Nonsense!"

"He must have been," muttered the doctor.

"What made him do it?" exclaimed the lawyer. "The cruelty of it! He must have known that to kill himself at such a time meant the death of his wife. The poor infant—"

"She did not learn of his suicide," stated the doctor. "I never told her."

"But—I thought the shock—her condition—"

"Her physical condition was excellent. No, it was not childbirth that took Mary's life."

"Then in heaven's name what was it?" cried the lawyer.

"It was—oh, it was stark insanity. Both of them were mad."

"What? Mary, too? Oh, come, come, Doctor!"

"It was madness—or it was the other thing," said the doctor, slowly. "And the other thing is impossible. It is quite impossible."

"What other thing?"

"Insanity is oftentimes difficult of detection, or of analysis when detected," was the evasive answer. "A mind may possess a well hidden insane spot, a single quirk, and be otherwise quite rational."

"You imply that Philip possessed such a spot? And Mary, too?"

"Yes. Or else—but the other thing is impossible."

"What other thing?"

The doctor was slow to answer. He leaned over the table that separated the chairs of the two men, and, with delib-

eration, chose a cigar from the humidor. He bit its end, and struck a match. When the stick flamed, his features, hitherto indistinct in the shaded light of the lawyer's study, were momentarily illumined. The lawyer saw marked agitation in a face usually serenely immobile. His companion was profoundly disturbed about something, and the lawyer was deeply impressed by this fact.

"There is no other thing," the doctor said, finally. "My use of the phrase was a slip of the tongue. In my opinion Philip and Mary were the victims of a singular insanity, of a terrible delusion their twisted minds held in common. You will learn about it later. But now—" He pointed to the envelope. "—let us get along with the business of this meeting."

The lawyer picked up the envelope and read aloud the inscription that covered its face: "To be opened after the death of Philip Vallejo, by the Executors of his Estate." Before he broke the seal, he held up the envelope to the other's view. "Of course, you recognize Philip's handwriting?" he said.

The doctor nodded. "Naturally. I, as well as you, was a guardian." The ghost of a smile hovered for an instant at the corners of his mouth. "There was a time when Philip's handwriting greeted me pretty regularly in my morning mail. When the young scamp was in college. He had the cheek to tell me once that I was easier to work than you." He leaned forward, and scrutinized the writing. "Philip's hand, without doubt. And yet—"

"And yet a little different from his college hand, eh?" commented the lawyer. "Bolder, firmer, more character in it, is it not so? How marriage changed the boy! Do you recall how worried we were when we learned that Mary had accepted him, and how sorry we were for her? He was such a lovable boy—and so weak. The pleasure-loving Californian blood, the old Spanish strain—an inherent weakness, I always thought. But the wedding—or perhaps it was that terrible experience of his wedding day—seemed to make a man of him quite suddenly. When he came out of the hospital, he seemed to me to have

actually borrowed the positive, self-assertive character of that chum of his."

"Graves?" demanded the doctor, quickly.

"Yes, Chadwick Graves, 'Polly' Graves."

"Do you mean that Philip seemed to you to resemble young Graves, after the accident?"

"Resemble him? Of course not. Our dark, slender Spanish grandee resemble 'Polly' Graves! Do you remember what Graves looked like—squat, parrot-nosed, red-headed? Resemble him—well, hardly."

"I do not mean a physical resemblance," explained the doctor. "But a resemblance of—well, personality. You said—"

"I used young Graves to illustrate a point, nothing more. Because he possessed in such superlative degree those qualities of decision and firmness that Philip so conspicuously lacked before his marriage and so conspicuously owned afterward. Poor Graves. I never liked the young man, but I thought his death a great pity. I never encountered a stronger will. He had a career ahead of him. That boy knew what he wanted, and got it."

"He wanted Mary," said the doctor.

"Well, that was a pardonable failure, surely. 'Polly' Graves could hardly compete with our Philip in affairs of the heart. Philip's good looks and romantic tongue would outweigh in any girl's eyes the solid but invisible virtues Graves possessed. But Graves was a good loser; Philip's victory did not disturb their friendship."

The doctor nodded, musingly. "Yes, he was best man that day," he said. The lawyer waited a moment for further comment; then he forced his finger beneath the flap of the envelope.

"Just a moment before you break the seal," the doctor suddenly exclaimed. "Tell me, did Philip ever mention the accident to you?"

"No, and I never mentioned it to him," was the prompt response. "Philip appeared to avoid the subject. I respected his reticence, because I knew how close was their friendship, and how keenly he must feel his friend's death. In fact, I suspected Philip of brooding over the fatality."

The doctor stiffened in his chair. "Brooding, eh? Now, why should you suspect him of brooding? His eyes, perhaps? A certain expression—"

"My friend, I practise the art of cross-examination for a living," the other interrupted, a slight annoyance in his voice. "I know just what you are after. You have decided that the verdict must be insanity, and you wish my evidence to confirm the verdict. But I tell you again—in my opinion Philip was not mad. Indeed, ever since his marriage he seemed to me to be extraordinarily sane. When I say I suspected him of brooding over his friend's death, I mean, not that he exhibited any eccentricity of manner or appearance, but merely that there was about him at times an air of sadness that seemed not to belong to a young man newly and happily married."

The doctor leaned back in his chair. "Well—break the seal," he said.

THE lawyer glanced up from the typewritten sheets he had drawn from the envelope and spread upon the table. His air was puzzled.

"But this is not Philip's—" he began, and stopped short when he thought he detected a sardonic light in the other's eyes. "I do not know what you expected, but I thought the envelope would contain Philip's explanation of his rash act. But, apparently—" He left the sentence uncompleted, and stared at the paper under his hand.

"Apparently it contains Chadwick Graves' explanation?" ventured the doctor.

"Eh!" exclaimed the lawyer, startled. "Now, how—but apparently it does. Here is a title in capitals at the head of the writing, and it says, 'The Confession of Chadwick Graves.' I don't understand—what can a man more than a year dead have to do with last week's tragedy?"

"Read on. You will understand," counseled the doctor.

The lawyer read aloud in his clipped professional voice:

"I am writing these lines on the night of April 11th, 1922. They are for the instruction and enlightenment of Doctor Morton and Judge Cumberland, the executors of Philip Vallejo's estate. To them this confession is addressed.

"The facts I relate are incredible; but you must believe them. You must believe that Chadwick Graves writes this message, although his body has lain in its grave for a year and a month. You must believe that Philip Vallejo died upon his wedding day, although his

flesh continued to live, another man's dwelling."

"Great heavens, this is sheer lunacy!" cried the lawyer.

"Ah—yes?" murmured the doctor.

Abruptly the lawyer resumed reading.

"For the first and only time in my life, I, Chadwick Graves, acknowledge defeat. Tomorrow I shall adjust my affairs—or rather, I shall adjust Philip Vallejo's affairs—and then I shall end an imposture which has become intolerable to me, and which is killing my—no, Vallejo's wife. As for the child—if it lives, I beg of you gentlemen that you act toward it as she, whom I have so cruelly wronged, directs.

"It is for her sake that I make this confession. It is for her sake that day after tomorrow I make an end of myself. What is done cannot be undone, but my act, I trust, will bring her peace, and drive the horror from her eyes. I cannot continue to live. I have failed. I deceived the world, but not Mary. I cannot compel her love. She knows me. She sees me through my mask of Philip's flesh.

"All my life I have loved Mary Varnady. I hated Philip Vallejo. Not because he had all that I lacked—wealth, physical beauty, a personality that won affection—I cared little for these things. I had brains and will-power, and he was putty in my hands. In school, in college, in business, I used Vallejo to advance my prospects. I confess this frankly and without shame. I used him because he was necessary to my advancement. I did not hate him because he was a weakling; I merely despised his weakness. I hated him with a deep, abiding, ever-growing hatred because he was the obstacle between me and Mary Varnady.

"I loved her, and she loved Philip. Me she disliked, and endured only because I was Philip's shadow. Him she loved, and for long the fool never knew it.

"I kept him blind to her love, and charm. I kept him amused with other women. I encouraged his dissipations; I even arranged them. But Mary's will matched my own in strength. She compelled his attention. He became her devoted slave, her betrothed, and I was helpless.

"Can you realize what it meant to a man of my temperament? Can you imagine the furious envy that consumed me? The distraught nights, the days of self-torture? God—the agony of spirit I endured! It was during the period of their engagement that I began to wish

myself Philip Vallejo. Can you appreciate that? I wished with all the force of my mind that I were this pretty weakling who had Mary Varnady's love. I wished that I were actually he.

"I hid my fury. I deceived the world, and Philip—but not Mary. I could see her knowledge in her eyes. She feared me, hated me. That was my one ray of comfort. Even her hatred was better than her indifference.

"Since I was Philip's best friend, I was best man at the wedding. Immediately following the ceremony, we carried through a program Philip had carefully planned. He and Mary wished to elude the congratulations, the rice and newspaper cameras, so the three of us slipped through the vestry door out into the side street where I had parked my car. Before the people in the church realized we were gone, I was racing them to the railway station.

"Can you imagine my state as I drove through the streets that morning? Turmoil. Pain so keen my brain seemed skewered with hot pins. Rage so furious it seemed about to burst my body asunder. Longing, above all that longing. It had become an obsession during the last weeks. From the driving seat I could see, in the rear-sight mirror, the two of them in the seat behind. They sat with hands inter-clasped, like two children; and her eyes adored him. Oh, the longing that surged through me. It was an imperious desire. With mind and body, with every atom of my being, I longed to be Philip Vallejo.

"I swung the car into the avenue which parallels the railway tracks. I was speeding. It seemed to help to go fast, and faster. I saw things through a mist—the street, the staring and gesticulating people, and a train coming toward me. Faster and faster I drove. The wind roared past me. Behind me Philip was shouting, but I ignored his voice. For I knew now what I must do.

"As soon as I saw the train I knew I must do it. The law of my being compelled it. I was not born to survive defeat. That is why day after tomorrow—

"A burst of light lay now upon my path, a great flame of light. It licked up the mist. Faster, faster, I drove. The car was a live thing beneath my hand, obedient to my will. A great joy surged in my breast, a cry of triumph was in my mouth. For I was about to wring victory from defeat.

"I heard Mary shriek as I wrenched the steering wheel, and the car swerved from the road and plunged across the tracks. I saw the expression of dismay and fright upon the face in the cab

window of the engine. Then a jar—it seemed not heavy—lights—darkness.

THE lawyer raised an agitated face. "My God, what fiendish—what ghastly—" He stuttered, and fumbled in his pocket, and presently was applying his handkerchief to his damp forehead.

"Remember the date line," said the doctor, sharply.

"Sh?"

"The accident was on the morning of March 9th, 1921; this document is dated April 11, 1922. It is in Philip's hand—"

"Yes, yes, of course, the dates—Philip's writing—I forgot. So circumstantial, so like Graves' egotism, that for a moment I—oh, but this is terrible; Doctor; why, Philip must have been as—"

"Ah—yes?"

The lawyer smothered his words in his handkerchief. Hurriedly, he recommenced the reading.

"The following item I set down because it is a possible explanation of how the thing took place. But I cannot vouch for its accuracy or truth, for in my own mind it is no more than a hazy half-memory. It may give Doctor Morton a clue. Perhaps it happened just as this half-memory tells me it did; perhaps this memory is merely a hospital-bred fantasy, and it happened in some other fashion. But happen it did. I am a living witness to that fact.

"I remember, then, that the darkness was not like any darkness I had ever known. It was the darkness of a space that contained nothing, absolutely nothing. Into this void I fell, or, rather, sank. The memory of the sensation is very clear; I sank into this darkness, slowly, softly, down, down, down, an immeasurable distance; no pain, and the only discomfort a slight feeling of suffocation.

"Abruptly, I passed through the bottom of this abyss, and was in light again. An extraordinary buoyancy was mine. I floated in a little cloud of mist; I, myself, was mist.

"I found myself looking down upon myself. Just beneath me was my body, the body of Chadwick Graves, lying twisted and broken upon the ground. I was free of it.

"I saw Philip lying there upon the ground. His body was not broken; it was unmarred. From between his slightly parted lips issued a tenuous spiral of mist; it spread about his body, became an aura, with its root in his mouth.

"I did not wish to re-enter my own hated body; but when I saw Philip lying there, I wished to enter his body. It had become a fixed habit to wish to be Philip Vallejo. The longing still possessed me. I did more than wish, I willed. With all my strength I willed. A force held me back. I struggled against it. I broke free of it, and I—that is, the mist that was I—floated slowly toward Philip's body."

"But, Doctor, this is—"

"—A madman's dream."

"Yet, the particulars of the accident are so—so—"

"Naturally. Philip was there, wasn't he? And Graves did speed, and the machine did swerve into the path of the train. But recall the evidence upon which the coroner's jury based its verdict—the broken steering knuckle?"

"Yes, yes, certainly. And—I know Philip was supposed to have escaped any injury, but—"

"Exactly. He escaped any visible injury, but—"

"Just what occurred in the smash-up, Doctor? I know you reached the scene almost immediately after the tragedy occurred."

"It was altogether a most miraculous—no, no, I don't mean that word, I mean it was a very freakish accident. The automobile was completely demolished. Philip and Mary had been tossed clear of the engine at the instant of impact; she was only slightly bruised, and had not even been rendered unconscious; he lay stunned—it was 36 hours, you recollect, before he came to—but there was not a scratch or bruise upon his body. A marvelous escape. But poor Graves was dead. He had died instantly; a glance told me that. His body was shockingly mutilated."

"Lying twisted and broken upon the ground," murmured the lawyer.

"What's that? Come now, you don't intend to hint—"

"No, I don't. But, about Philip—it is your theory, I take it, that, although he escaped visible injury, his mind—"

"—was permanently unsettled by the terrific shock," finished the doctor. "It is more than a theory; it is a decision. He was insane, or—the other—"

"Impossible!" stated the lawyer, decisively.

"I awakened with a full consciousness of my own identity. I was myself, I was Chadwick Graves. I looked up and saw Mary standing by my side, gazing down at me. I was in bed, in a hospital room, I learned afterward, and Doctor Morton and a nurse were also present.

But them I did not directly see, for I had eyes only for Mary.

"She regarded me with an expression so tender, so full of love and entreaty, that my heart all but stopped beating. She, whose eyes at sight of me had always betrayed dislike and fear, was regarding me with eyes of love. She was looking at me as I had seen her look at Philip.

"I thought she was looking at Philip. I thought she must be looking beyond me, toward some spot where Philip was lying. The memory of the accident rushed upon me, a wild confusion of images. I tried to lift my head, to lift my body; I said, "Where is he?"

"A cry came from Mary's lips, a cry of joy. I was pressed back, her arms were about me, her soft lips touched mine.

"The shock of that contact, the ecstasy that thrilled me, my incredulous astonishment—oh, you cannot guess what I felt! My mind was a-whirl; giant fingers squeezed my heart until the pain—or the joy—was almost unbearable. For Mary Varnady kissed me upon the mouth!

"She was withdrawn, and Doctor Morton bent over me. "You are quite all right, my boy," said he. "Not a scratch. But—no excitement, you must be quiet. Sleep now. Close your eyes."

"I closed my eyes. I was glad to, for I was fighting for my self-control. I was repressing an impulse to leap from the bed and dance, to scream, to in some physical way express the turmoil within me.

"A door closed, and, somewhat composed, I opened my eyes to find myself alone in the room. I sniffed the air, the odorous hospital air upon which lingered, I fancied, a faint breath of Mary. I licked my lips; I fancied I could taste her. Then, moving in the bed, I thought of myself, and felt of myself. Apparently I was uninjured—not a bandage, not a pain. But my mind was chaos. A voice in my brain was chanting, "Mary, Mary, Mary! Why, Why, Why!"

"It was some time before I noticed the hand lying upon the bed-spread. It was not my hand. My hand was short and square and red, and back of it was covered with a red fuzz that matched the hair on my head. This hand I observed was small and narrow and gracefully proportioned, the fingers were long and tapering, and there was not a hair upon the white skin. There was a topaz ring upon the third finger that I instantly recognized. Indeed, I instantly recognized the hand itself. I recognized

it with a shock. It was his hand—Philip's hand.

"I sat up in bed. To my amazement, when I moved my arm this hand—Philip's hand—moved in obedience. I held it up before my eyes, and gaped at it. Slowly I realized that it was my hand, that it was my arm, my body—and yet, something was changed, something was different. Dismay, horror, a terrible fear I was mad took possession of me. I gazed about the bare walls of the room, and noticed a dressing table and mirror in a corner. I got out of bed and went toward it, and so afraid was I of something—I knew not what—it took all my courage to look in the glass.

"I, Chadwick Graves looked in the mirror. Philip Vallejo looked out of the mirror.

"I was not there. He was there. When I grimaced in the glass, he mimicked me. When I moved my arms, he moved his. When I breathed, he breathed. I was Philip!

"I nearly swooned when I comprehended. Indeed, I did not at once comprehend. I fell upon the bed and lay there with clenched fists, fighting back the madness that seemed about to overwhelm me. I was he! I was in his body!

"As I lay there, I began to remember, very dimly and hazily, the thing I have recounted above, the thing that occurred immediately after the accident. I began to understand the amazing thing that had happened.

"When I understood, my fear was laid. I knew I was not mad. More than that, I knew that I was victor. The sense of triumph was mine. I, the despised and rejected, was victor! The man who loved Vallejo's wife, had become, through some freak of fate, the tenant of Vallejo's body!

"The humor in the situation struck me, and I began to laugh. I could not help it. Once started, I could not stop. I laughed shrilly, hysterically.

"Suddenly Doctor Morton was bending over me again, an alarmed expression in his face. I felt the needle in my arm, and immediately I drifted off into sleep."

"An explosion of nerves," the doctor replied to the lawyer's inquiring glance. "Hysterical reaction to shock, you know—I was expecting and watching for it. But this other—this delusion—I did not then have the faintest suspicion—"

"Poor lad. Ah—well—"

"I began my new life in a high and confident spirit. We left the hospital together, and walked hand in hand down the long steps. I was happier than ever

before in my life. What more could I desire of Fortune? I had the woman I loved, and Vallejo's wealth and proud place in the world.

"We motored down to the old Vallejo ranch in Monterey. At Mary's request (to which I gladly agreed) the long wedding trip planned by Philip was abandoned. It was no wish of mine to rush my bride about the world. The quiet country life, where I might enjoy to the full the unexpected favor of the gods, was much more to my liking.

"My happiness, the glorious sense of triumph, endured during the whole of the ride to Monterey. I did not guess—but how could I guess? We had not yet been alone together; our contacts had been no more than a meeting of eyes, a touching of hands, a kiss stolen beneath the eyes of onlookers. My avid, dotting love blinded me to any possible danger. And yet, if had I sensed danger, what could I have done? It was not a tangible peril that threatened.

"The warning, the shadow, came the very first moment we were alone together in the Monterey house. The maid closed the door upon us; eagerly I opened my arms, and as eagerly she responded to the gesture. For the first time I held her in close embrace.

"She trembled in my arms. It was a movement of repulsion, a shudder. Her warm lips that had just sought mine so hungrily became cold and unresponsive. She drew back and looked up into my face; and deep down in her questioning eyes I saw a formless, groping terror.

"What—what is it?" she said.

"She did not know what it was. But I knew. Her mind had no doubt, but her heart, her soul, had detected a difference.

"I laughed it off. I pressed her to me again, and had the exquisite delight of rekindling the ardor in her eyes. She cooed and crooned in my arms. But, somehow, there was a difference. Our communion was incomplete, for a shadow had come between us. Philip's shadow.

"She did not see the shadow, but I saw it. And I knew, down in my heart, that my triumph was a fool's triumph.

"But I would not admit this, even to myself. I was drunk with love. I steeped myself in love. I loved madly, blindly, with all my heart and soul, with all my power, and for a time my love seemed sufficient. The very strength of my emotion swept Mary along with me. The shadow dwindled; it disappeared—almost.

"And then one night Mary's voice awakened me. The room was filled with

moonlight, and she was sitting up in bed staring out through the window at the sky. The words she spoke, the words that awakened me, were, "What is it? Philip—what is it?"

"I answered her, and she clutched my shoulder with a nervous, frightened clasp. She switched on the light, and peered into my face, into my eyes. And in her eyes I saw again that strange expression, that formless, groping terror. It was not so deeply buried this time.

"Afterward, she wept upon my breast. "I thought I heard you calling me," she sobbed. "And Philip, you were far—oh, far away!"

"After that night the shadow never left us. It had come between us like the thin edge of a wedge, and daily the wedge was driven deeper, and the rift was widened. I cannot explain in clear terms the pain and disillusion of the following months. It was not that we drifted apart; we were forced apart. By something nameless. By Philip's shadow. Oh, I cannot explain the thing, the invisible Thing, that surrounded us always when we were together, and caused that expression to come into her eyes whenever she looked at me.

"Her mind could not detect the counterfeit, but her heart knew there was a difference. *He* possessed her heart. Every day her heart clamored louder against the impostor. Her heart informed her flesh against me; it made her shudder with distaste of my arms, shrink from my kisses; it made her distraught, unhappy. She could not understand what it was. But I understood. Philip's shadow, Philip's voice whispering in her heart. And I was powerless to hold her.

"I have lived a million years in the past few months, a million years of pain, of the dull agony of waiting, waiting for the inevitable to happen, a million years of torturing jealousy.

"It was the new life forming and stirring beneath her heart that gave Mary a true vision at last. From the depths of my wretchedness I grasped at any straw in hope of salvation; and hence I forced maternity upon Mary, hoping that a child—my child—would banish the shadow and draw her to me.

"It was not salvation, it was disaster. The unborn babe breathed my secret into its mother's consciousness.

"Two mornings ago, we were sitting opposite each other at breakfast. Suddenly Mary gave an exclamation, a half-choked scream, and leaped to her feet. My startled glance informed me it was the end. She knew me! That strange expression was in her face. The terror in her eyes was no longer formless, grop-

ing; it was full grown, it leaped out at me, it was terror of me. She knew!

“ “You are—stirring your coffee like—like—” she cried.

“She did not finish the sentence. The accusation, really. There was no need. She knew. She rushed from the room, an expression of unutterable horror in her face—and I cowered in my chair, helpless, tongue-tied.

“It was the end. It was defeat, final defeat. I cannot survive defeat. And so I have been setting Philip’s affairs in order. When everything is settled, day after tomorrow—well—

“I have not seen Mary since that hour. I know I shall never see her again. She remains immured in her rooms, and only Doctor Morton and the servants may see her. Her time is close, her hour of trial which I have imposed upon her. My despised love devours me, and thoughts of Mary are hot needles in my brain. But I shall not approach her again. I could not bear it—to see again in her eyes that awful terror and loathing of me,

“What I have done I cannot undo. But I can undo myself.”

“Well?” said the doctor.

“I am overcome,” confessed the lawyer. “The poor boy. Why, Philip was—”

“Insane, eh?”

“Absolutely! It shows in nearly every sentence of this—this confession, as his cracked mind conceived it. Insane, and yet he seemed so rational. I, who saw him nearly every day, did not suspect. But apparently you suspected—the delusion, I mean. You said—”

“I guessed it—that is all. I could not be certain. I treated Mary for nerves, a mild hysteria consequent upon her condition. Due to that and nothing more, I was sure. But from what happened after the baby came—the manner in which Mary behaved—well, I guessed it.”

“The manner in which Mary behaved,” mused the lawyer. “And you hinted that she also—in fact, you said so. Have you concealed something from public knowledge? Did Mary also—er—undo herself?”

“No. That is, not exactly. Mary simply quit.”

“Eh? Quit?”

“Yes, quit. Quit living. Gave up the fight. When we brought her son to her.”

“In heaven’s name, explain.”

The doctor drummed upon the table for a long moment before he replied. Then he spoke almost with reluctance, and in broken sentences.

“Now, understand—this does not alter my decision in the case. It is just a—well, a freak, an atavism, a throwback in the ancestral stream. Nothing else. Unless—perhaps the exploded theory of pre-natal influence is not so exploded after all. Mary’s mental state, you know. But—understand—it is not the other thing, not the—impossible.

“Whichever of the first two it is—well, the features of Mary’s baby were extraordinarily well developed, even at birth. And the resemblance (quite accidental, I am certain, mind you) was unmistakable. Red hair. Parrot nose. The child was a miniature, so to speak, of Chadwick Graves.”

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