

6999

Sandwichery

Chopped SPAM and sweet pickles on sesame bun



... us to the beach?"

"I came with a friend," I said on a rising note of uncertainty.

"Someone'll take her home—it is a her, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Once in a while, Ann Palmer, you have to hang loose," and he took my guitar case. I mumbled a hasty, apologetic explanation to Marcia and grabbed my new coat.

Bo drove Mother's big car recklessly yet easily, as if he had eminent domain over the Santa Monica Freeway.

He parked, walking me by the entry to the gaudily lit amusement pier, south along the sand-gritty cement broadwalk to the row of rundown beach stores. It was late, cold, and there were few people around: a pair of shuffling ancients huddled into outside topcoats and three skinny, exhilarated little boys playing tag. Old-fashioned looped wires of bulbs hung like heavy bracelets, and a haze of barbecuing smoke hung over red neon arrows shooting into the dark sky. Bo stopped at a shabby wooden stand.

"The most gourmet hot dogs. Want one?"

For a hesitating moment I saw the place as my parents would. Grease-spattered, unsanitary.

Then—"Everything on mine!"

Sauerkraut, chopped onions, chili, grated American cheese, heated mustard—it was delicious and I ate as quickly as I could. We were hypnotized by a saltwater taffy machine pulling fat, creamy ribbons, folding, pulling again. We peered into a narrow bar where everyone slumped on high stools watching *Bonanza*. Bo bought cotton candy to split, pulling off my share, offering me huge, bobbling mouthfuls that melted into empty sweetness.

Later, back in the Lincoln, he asked me to sing. He listened, holding one hand over the dark hair that covered his left ear. "For a camel's hair type," he said, "you really are good."

Before I dropped him off at Sunset and Beverly Drive he memorized my phone number; he owned neither pen nor little black book. I spent Saturday and Sunday on the pink chair next to my silent phone going over the idiot things I'd said and done which had probably alienated him forever.

Monday noon. I sat listlessly chewing a tuna sandwich on the sunny cafeteria patio. Marcia chugged over. Her books dropped onto the round metal tabletop and she pointed at me.

"Behold!" she cried. "The sly, shy one."

"What does that mean?"

"As if you didn't know what Bo McCarran does."

"He lives, he breathes, he—"

"Promotes records. Listen, you really don't know about him? Ann, those groups being discovered in their own garages—well! Bo thinks of himself as their dis-

... adjacent table looked up...
... teria spaghetti, gazing...
... interest. Grabbing...
... purse and books, I...
... the long flight of...
... There's a grassy strip...
... swimming pool built...
... very few people go...
... solitary green shade...
... fir I sat for a long time...

That night during...
... doorbell chimed. Posy...
... coffee. I answered. The...
... lounging easily against...
... jamb of our elaborate...
... front door, obviously...
... my consternation.

"Looked up your address...
... phone book," he said...
... your own number, right?"

"Right," I agreed and...
... across the wide hall to...
... room. In a slightly dis...
... introduced him to my...
... smiled and said...
... enough, "Pleased to meet...
... some other boy might...
... mother's smile settled...
... lines around her mouth...
... father examined him...
... oughly and then went...
... apple pie.

When Bo and I went...
... the teak-paneled den...
... "Why didn't you tell...
... in the music business...
... "The subject never...
... "You let me make a...
... self."

Bo glanced at the...
... —built-in hi-fi speaker...
... tv and bar. "People...
... houses like this," he...
... "should never, never...
... fools of themselves."

"I hate it!" I burst...
... for show, not to live...
... house and things are...
... tant than people! An...
... around here—my mom...
... me to be friendly with...
... they talk about is new...
... can I get them coats...
... And they don't want...
... boys' one major intere...
... cars." And they don't...

"Okay, okay, I get...
... Bo grinned at me and...
... sockless, moccasined...
... coffee table. "Look, yo...
... real singer yet, not by...
... but you've got some...
... very important. A gre...
... ity nobody's ever figur...
... for. Every big perform...
... And so do a lot of...
... Without it, though, th...
... don't have it. That's w...

And he told me abo...
... He was one of the rare...
... who liked piano less...
... were paid for with sac...
... divorcée mother, a...
... Money was scarce, so...
... at Hollywood High...
... small combo playing...
... still earned his living...
... realized he'd never...
... as a performer. Learn...
... for him, but he was...
... in college. So he had...
... duction end, finding...
... demo records to ped...
... recording companies...

Last year he'd click...

Surefire lure to bring boys under
your spell. p202 4/69