



stock trade. Then call Foster in New York and tell him to go ahead at that end."

He took a deep breath. "Go ahead, both of you, and take Duncan with you. Buy him a drink, drop him in the mill pond, do anything."

"Not me," Duncan said. "I want to see how this all ends."

"Go along, Duncan," Janet said. "Janet!"

"Please, Duncan, and take those two business machines with you."

"Just a minute," Hayes said. "Give me some money." He stuffed the bills in his pocket without looking at them.

THEN IT WAS very quiet in the old mill.

"You needn't have bothered about the money," Janet said softly. "Have another cup, on the house."

"I'm sorry," Hayes McWilliams said. "That's all right," the girl said, not looking at him. "Cream and sugar?"

"Right. And I've made up my mind."

The girl looked at him, her eyes misty.

"I mean," Hayes McWilliams said hastily, "about what you said. About what my problem is, anyway. I mean, I know."

"Oh," said Janet Mayberry.

"My problem is that I haven't taken the time like other guys to have a girl. I haven't stopped. Now don't laugh, but I've never really bothered about girls, before."

"Who's laughing?" whispered Janet Mayberry, looking away.

"I mean, this evening has been all mixed up and I keep telling myself love doesn't happen like this. I mean, crazy and wonderful and sudden as sunrise."

"How else?" asked the girl huskily. "You have been busy."

"I know," Hayes said. "I know now. Janet, I love you and I need you."

"Ha," said Janet Mayberry, but she was smiling. "Well, I guess you could use someone to remind you to stop rushing around and start living. I mean, to see that you had a clean shirt and a decent suit."

Then she shook her head. "What am I saying? You and all that money. My restaurant."

"Who cares about the money? Don't be so proud," Hayes laughed. "And let Duncan run your restaurant, anyone can see he loves it, and we'll come back often."

"Crazy and wonderful and sudden as the sunrise," the girl said. "How else, indeed!" She stood on tiptoe and kissed him on the point of the chin.

They walked together through the parking lot to the tiny sports car. The moon was old and silvered, high in the sky. It revealed a stand of willows, the bend of the creek, the stones of the millrace, and the old mill itself, with a tall, loose-jointed young man with an outthrust jaw kissing a straight, slim girl with dark hair.

Then the young man drove the tiny sports car through the night with the ease of a professional, even with an arm around the girl. She wore the baseball cap. The young man drove very slowly and stopped whenever the moon went behind a cloud.

"What's wrong with working in the kitchen?" Duncan demanded.

"Nothing," Hayes said, "and you've got to admit I did a fine job."

"Laughing up your sleeve." Janet was near tears. "Making fun of little people."

"Who's little people?" Duncan asked beligerently. "Our family's the finest in the state. Been here since two years before it was a state. You take that back about little people."

"I didn't say anything about little people," Hayes protested.

The man on the phone said, "Foster has only five minutes before his plane leaves."

"Look," the tall man said, "I don't know what's going on here, but I do know we've got to get to San Francisco, Hayes."

"You've got no right to be so all-fired pud," Hayes said to the girl. "You're not the only one to make your way in the world."

My dad had 1,200 acres of red clay in Oklahoma. Killed himself trying to make a ranch out of it. I worked my way through engineering school. Washing dishes, if you want to know.

And I found the oil on our land. I've been working like a dog since I was 11 years old, rich or not. I still work like a dog."

"Why?" asked Duncan.

The tall man said to him, "How'd you like to keep track of 80 million dollars?"

The man with the phone hung up. "Foster had to catch the plane. We can reach him in New York in the morning."

"New York, Chicago, San Francisco," Janet Mayberry shook her head. "Driving around the country with two men chasing you, phone calls, big deals. Why indeed?"

"You want the truth, miss," the tall man said, "I think he's nuts."

"Said so myself before I found out how crazy he really is," Duncan observed.

"That does it," Hayes McWilliams said emphatically. "I'm not crazy, just busy. And maybe things have sort of piled up. Maybe I've no excuse, but I could do better, Janet."

"Ha," said the girl.

"I said bum at the start," Duncan said, "and still say bum. A rich bum, but still a bum."

"No," the girl said, looking at Hayes McWilliams, "he's just a little confused."

"I am not," Hayes said.

"Well, I am," said the short man. "This place is a madhouse. Hayes, get back in the car and let's get out of here."

"You two go," Hayes said. "Go to San Francisco. Offer 15 million and a two-for-one



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