

as Fred always described his favorite drink. Finally Fred told Art that he was sorry about the Rosenberg case and the Court's treatment of me and the stay, that I had been right and he had been wrong and that he wanted a Douglas to know what the Chief Justice actually felt. Whether Fred had a premonition of his death I do not know. Within a month, however, he was dead of a heart attack, fulfilling Dr. George Draper's prediction. Fred had large bags under his eyes, he smoked cigarettes incessantly, he was paunchy and never took a bit of exercise. "The ideal candidate for a coronary" were Draper's words.

As a result of my action in the Rosenberg case I became temporarily a leper whom people avoided, just as later old friends avoided Judge J. Skelly Wright in Louisiana because of his court orders desegregating the public schools. I was dropped from social lists, which did not bother me, as I much preferred to spend winter days in the Potomac Valley looking for wild persimmon trees and their sweet fruit, or conversing with an old barred owl on a cold crisp morning, or walking the old C&O Canal towpath at night in a thickening fog when the Virginia deer were on the move.

One special dividend of my social isolation was in the form of the time I had for backpacking along the Appalachian Trail. Eventually I backpacked or hiked along the trail in all the states from Maine and Vermont to Georgia and participated in efforts to preserve it against "civilization," as when a power company planned to convert lovely Sunfish Pond on Kintaniny Ridge in New Jersey into a vast reservoir system. In 1953 and 1954 I hiked from October to June in the Virginia and Maryland sectors of the trail. One weekend I went by car, alone as usual, to Paris, Virginia, and picked up the trail at the point where the highway going west bisects it. I turned north to a shelter below which lies a moss-lined spring of cold water. It had been raining in the valley and even there it was cold, though there was no ice on the roads. On the ridge the drizzling rain had frozen on every twig and every branch of every tree. It was the most beautiful silver freeze I have ever seen in the woods—a condition of beauty that turned into danger the next day when the temperature rose and avalanches of ice dropped to the ground.

So much for the dividends of being ostracized. There was sadness too. It hurts when old friends cut one down. Lyndon Johnson, a dear friend whom I loved then, as I did until he died, was one of those who did just that. He was in politics and fearful that the aura of any left-wing person