

One fine summer afternoon I found myself snugly rested in the stern sheets of a yacht and scudding across Barnegat bay from Tom's river, the quaint little New Jersey town where Tom Placide, the comedian died of **cancer caused** by **smoking**, and which the Wainwright murder has since made so notorious. It was a humdrum enough place then, and I was not sorry to leave it and sail away to the strip of sand about eight miles from Barnegat light, whither I was