

NOT A *Romance* NOVEL

**COPYCAT**  
**Love**

**DAVID CARLYLE**

outskirtspress  
DENVER, COLORADO

The opinions expressed in this manuscript are solely the opinions of the author and do not represent the opinions or thoughts of the publisher. The author has represented and warranted full ownership and/or legal right to publish all the materials in this book.

Copycat Love  
Not a Romance Novel  
All Rights Reserved.  
Copyright © 2013 David Carlyle  
v5.0

Cover Photo © 2013 JupiterImages Corporation. All rights reserved - used with permission.

This book may not be reproduced, transmitted, or stored in whole or in part by any means, including graphic, electronic, or mechanical without the express written consent of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Outskirts Press, Inc.  
<http://www.outskirtspress.com>

ISBN: 978-1-4787-0704-2

Library of Congress Control Number: 2013907796

Outskirts Press and the “OP” logo are trademarks belonging to Outskirts Press, Inc.  
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

# Contents

Chapter 1: May, 1931 .....	1
Chapter 2: 1931-1936 .....	9
Chapter 3: 1936 – 1947.....	17
Chapter 4: 1945 – 1950.....	25
Chapter 5: 1950 .....	33
Chapter 6: 1950 - 1952 .....	39
Chapter 7: 1952 - 1953 .....	51
Chapter 8: 1953 .....	55
Chapter 9: 1953 – 1954.....	64
Chapter 10: 1954 .....	71
Chapter 11: 1954 .....	80
Chapter 12: 1954 .....	90
Chapter 13: 1954 .....	100
Chapter 14: 1954 .....	109
Chapter 15: 1954 .....	115
Chapter 16: 1954 .....	125
Chapter 17: 1954 – 1955.....	130
Chapter 18: 1955 .....	139
Chapter 19: 1955 - 1956 .....	147
Chapter 20: 1957 .....	156
Chapter 21: 1957 .....	162
Chapter 22: 1957 .....	171
Chapter 23: 1957 .....	177
Chapter 24: 1958 .....	185

Chapter 25: 1958 - 1959 ..... 192  
Chapter 26: 1960-1971 ..... 200  
Chapter 27: 1970-1971 ..... 208  
Chapter 28: 1971-2000 ..... 215  
Chapter 29: 1999 - 2003 ..... 217  
Chapter 30: 2003 - 2005 ..... 225

## May, 1931

Everett Weston thought of himself as a no-good troublemaker, a worthless has-been at age eighteen. Maybe he knew, or maybe he didn't. Would it someday matter to anyone, except to him, that he lived? He didn't know.

Everett had been born to Daniel and Dorothy Weston in Burlington, Iowa on March 28, 1913. The family lived in a small house in a poor section of Burlington. Everett found ways to be almost continually in trouble in school, from his earliest years there, and thus provoked his mother to grief and his father to anger. He enjoyed attention, including, and maybe even especially, negative attention.

Everett's appearance didn't reveal his troubled past. Except for his glasses and his pouty countenance, Everett looked similar to most other brown-haired, blue-eyed boys his age. He usually wore overalls, a blue work shirt, and smooth-soled work shoes, the same as most of the other boys he knew. His mother didn't approve of the overalls, and pointed out at breakfast on the last day of his school, "You have two pairs of slacks in your closet. You look so much nicer in those, than in your faded old overalls. Why don't you go to your room and change before you go to school?"

"I'll go to my room and wait, but you can forget about the change part."

## ☞ COPYCAT LOVE

“If you look better, you might respect yourself more, Everett. I worry about you every day, and I hope you know that.”

“Yeah, yeah. Worry about somebody else. I don’t need it.” Everett left the table and went to his room. He stood an inch or two shorter than most of his peers. His tan face and arms showed his history of fishing on the Mississippi River bank.

His mom reacted when he received a diploma with the other members of his class, at age eighteen. “I’m proud of you, Everett, and maybe a bit surprised. You graduated with so tiny an effort, just think what you can do next, if you apply yourself.”

Everett’s dad walked away, out of the commencement hall. As he went, he contradicted Dorothy’s kind words. “Nobody’s proud. Amazed, maybe, but not proud. Somebody dropped a shot of official charity on you, and I’m embarrassed, not proud.”

Everett arose early the day after he graduated, as his parents required. His tight-lipped father broke the customary breakfast silence with an ultimatum. “You shamed me since you were big enough to walk. I paid all your bills, all your fines, all your lawyer fees. I’m sick and tired of it, and I’m done.”

“What do you want me to do?” Everett’s tone implied he, too, wanted out. “You telling me to just run away?”

His father briefly answered Everett. “We should be so lucky—that’s up to you,” and quickly returned to his speech, “but I’m done being responsible for you. I want you gone from this house in a month. You can get a job and an apartment, and do it right, or you can live under a bridge. I don’t care which, I just want you out of here.” Daniel gestured toward the door as he finished talking.

His father rarely spoke to him, and always when he did, only in a short burst. He wouldn’t speak to him again that morning. Everett stood up. “Whatever you say.” He left the table and went to his room.

Everett never stood and fought over a principle, because he didn’t have one. He grabbed the pillowcase off his bed and put two changes of underwear, a clean shirt, and a clean pair of overalls in it.

He counted out all his money, put the entire ninety-one cents in his pocket, and stepped through the window of his room at the back of the house when he heard the door slam behind Daniel, as he left for his quarry job. He walked to a road going west out of Burlington and stuck his thumb out to hitch a ride as far from Burlington as he could get, as far as the road would go.

A man in a brand new A-model Ford stopped after about a half hour. "Where you headed?" The person looked older than Everett's dad, but wore a sporty short-billed cap and flowery shirt.

Everett said the most distant place he knew. "California."

"I'm only going half way across the state. You wanta go that far?"

"It's a start."

"Hop in."

Everett stepped into the car and the man immediately questioned, "What's your name?"

"Everett. What's yours?"

"They call me Slim."

Everett didn't talk for a half-minute while Slim went through the gears. "Where in Iowa you headed?"

"Jupiter. I work for Thompson Ford Motors there. I brought a car to Arndt Ford yesterday and did a dealer trade. An old lady in Jupiter bought this one, and she's waiting for it." Slim switched topics. "It's funny. I never pick up a hitchhiker, and I don't know why I did this time." Slim brought the car up to speed, going west. He stopped at a gas station, and Everett spent sixty-two of his ninety-one cents on candy and pop there. When Slim walked behind the gas station to use the outhouse, Everett cranked the car, slid into the driver's seat, and put a smirk on his face.

Slim scowled when he returned and noticed Everett behind the wheel. "Get in the other seat. This isn't your car."

Everett moved to the other seat and snarled, "It isn't your car either. Why do you care?"

"Do your parents know where you are? I don't want to help a runaway child."

## ☞ COPYCAT LOVE

"You think I'm a child?"

"Are you? Where you wanta go in California?"

Everett didn't answer immediately, but after a moment, "Carp."

"Where's that? Where in Carp you headed?"

"Carp's about in the middle of the state. I'm going to the corner of First and Elm, where my new boss lives."

"What's his name?"

"John Smith."

"I don't believe you. You better get out."

"You can't make me get out, and I won't. You're stuck with me all the way to Jupiter."

"You can stay to Jupiter, but if you try to steal the car, I'll go straight to the Hardin County Sheriff. He doesn't put up with car thieves, run-aways, or funny business, period."

Slim approached Jupiter in mid-afternoon. "I'm about home. I'll stop at a public place, and then you're out."

"How about somewhere by a through road, so I can get another ride?" Everett hesitated. "Maybe also close to a restaurant."

"I can let you off at Hal's Eats, at 175 Highway and Main Street. But I can tell you right now, Hal'll run you off."

"He can try. I don't run off easy."

Slim pulled over to the edge of the road before he came to the Main Street intersection, and pointed to Hal's Eats. "We're here. I never pick up hitchhikers, don't know why I made an exception for you, and won't again."

"Bye, Dunderhead. Been nice talkin' to you."

Everett grabbed his pillowcase, got out of the car, crossed the road, went into Hal's Eats, and saw a person with a broom. "Hal around?"

"I'm Hal."

"Oh. Can I wash dishes, or do something for a meal here?"

"We got plenty of help." Hal's eyes roamed all over Everett. "I don't want the likes of you hangin' 'round here. You might try Mack Jones, on down Main Street. He runs Jupiter Foods, and he's a sucker for bums."

"Whatever you say." Everett stared at an open cash drawer a few

feet to Hal's right. Hal's eyes followed Everett's, and he shifted his grip on the broom. Everett turned toward the door. "Thanks for nothin', old man."

Everett went out the door and down Main Street until he came to Jupiter Foods. He went inside and asked the checkout girl, "Mack Jones here?"

She didn't speak, but pointed her thumb toward a man behind her. He approached the man. "You Mack Jones?"

"You bet." When Mack opened his mouth, Everett noticed he had only one upper front tooth on the right side, a bit like a fang there. Mack appeared younger than Everett's dad, and more calm and relaxed. He looked down from his height a few inches above Everett, and had a small paunch underneath a Jupiter Foods smock smeared with greasy food. He had enough gray hair to look distinguished, and it might have worked, except for his snow-white, over-bushy sideburns. Everett could easily see Mack's hazel-colored eyes behind wire-rimmed glasses.

He inquired, "Can I do something for food here?"

Mack looked at his feet a couple seconds. "You live in Jupiter?"

A yes answer might have bolstered Everett's chances with Mack, but he invented a less obvious lie. "I'm looking for a place here to live."

"Where you from?"

"California. You got food?"

"You have a job in Jupiter?"

Again, neither yes nor no seemed to fit, so Everett asked a question of his own. "You know of any around here?"

Mack hesitated a second or two. "I can maybe use a stock boy. If you're interested, I can advance you a week on room and board at my house. The room isn't fancy, just an attic room."

Everett tried a stall. "That'll interrupt my trip back home." He hesitated more, but then accepted Mack's offer. "I gotta have food quick. I'll stay here and work for that. Thanks."

"You bet." Mack gave Everett a quart of milk. "I live two houses

east of here. My wife always has supper ready at six o'clock. I'll walk you over there after we lock up." Mack gave Everett time to drink the milk, and then showed him what to do.

Everett looked, and looked again, at the checkout girl he first encountered when he went into Jupiter Foods. She carried a frame as solid and strong as Everett's, but slightly shorter and smaller. She had brown hair like Everett's, but longer, and it had a hint of curl at the ends. He couldn't see her clothes, because she wore a Jupiter Foods smock over them.

Everett didn't know how to talk to girls, but he tried with this one. "How ya doin'?" The only evidence the girl heard the question was the scornful look she shot at him, so he went ahead with the work Mack gave him.

Everett's critical nature emerged when he arrived at Mack's house that evening. "Don't you have a lawn mower or a paintbrush? Your grass's ragged, and I saw a spot of bare board from ten yards away."

"You ashamed to live here?"

"No. Anyplace works for me."

"You wanta mow the grass?"

"It's yours, not mine."

"Fine, then don't tell me about it. Let's go inside, and I don't want to hear about grass or paint anymore."

They entered through a south door into the kitchen, and Mack took Everett through to the living room, directly east. Mrs. Jones, Martha, called them to supper at six as Mack predicted. They returned to the kitchen, where Everett ate more than his share of the food, and then Mack took him to the stair to his room. "The bedrooms are off this hall north from the kitchen. That's the bathroom door there where the hall turns east, and mine and Martha's bedroom is at the end of the east hall. This stair up east between the bathroom and the kitchen, goes to your bedroom." Everett went up the stair to his room.

He repeated his earlier words to the checkout girl the next morning at the store—"How ya doin'?"—but she ignored him again. Mack apparently saw Everett try to engage her, because he told Everett a

little about her; he didn't say it, but implied her rocky history entitled her to spurn Everett.

Everett responded to the story with shrug and a question, "What's her name?"

Mack answered, "Susan. Susan Gustavson."

Mack had hired Susan at Jupiter Foods in 1929, and promoted her to full time when she graduated from high school in 1930. She had seniority over Everett at Jupiter Foods, and affected a superior demeanor in his presence. One morning she used her most authoritative tone and commanded, "Bring more tomatoes out of the back room and put them in the produce aisle."

"Mack's in the store. If he wants to tell me something, he knows where I am." Everett didn't move a tomato until Mack told him later in the morning.

Susan and Everett didn't talk much to each other for a while after that, and thus avoided clashes. Everett saw the same hostility and danger in Susan he saw in everybody, but saw an extra quality as well, and eventually noticed he sometimes looked longer at Susan than he had reason to. Perhaps Mack noticed too, or maybe it was mere happenstance, but Mack invited Susan over for supper one Tuesday evening. Martha seated Everett and Susan next to each other at the supper table; she and Mack finished their meal quickly, and left the kitchen, while Everett and Susan remained at the table. Everett interacted awkwardly with Susan. Because he lived there but didn't own the place, he could neither leave, nor ask her to leave. She apparently felt awkward also, because their conversation consisted of quiet gaps between short episodes of small talk.

Susan mentioned Everett's food. "I see you like mashed potatoes and gravy."

"Yeah, don't you?"

"Yes."

Everett searched several seconds for something else to say, but Susan broke the silence. "What's California like?"

"Not bad."

## ☞ COPYCAT LOVE

He went back to his search and came up with, “You want to go to Mom’s Kitchen after work on Friday?”

“I think I can go. Yes, I’ll go.” Everett frowned when Susan accepted, both because he hoped she’d say no, and he thought her ‘yes’ sounded like it mixed curiosity with pity. He didn’t mention Mom’s any more that week, and left the store slowly on Friday, to encourage Susan to forget. He couldn’t be unduly slow, because Mack wanted to lock up. Susan stood outside the door until Everett came through it, and clearly didn’t forget. He stayed as far away from her as he thought acceptable, but walked up the street with her to Mom’s Kitchen.