

Town & Country

ESTABLISHED IN 1846

Sailing into Summer

**PRIVATE
BEACH
CLUBS**

Then and Now

**SIMPLE CHIC
FOR FUN
IN THE SUN**

*Slip-Ons, Throw-Ons, and
75 Other Easy Essentials*

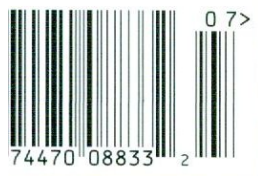
**SOCIETY
HITS THE
HIGH SEAS**

*Big Yachts,
Billionaires, and
Bold-Faced Names*

**IN DEFENSE
OF TANNING**

(And Castans)

JUNE/JULY 2011 \$4.50



74470 08833 2

**+ THE FINANCIAL CRISIS
AND AMERICA'S
MANNERS MELTDOWN**

Whitney Coble in Bermuda



INDECENT

It was a month after my 19th birthday when I was told I had stage four melanoma. I don't remember the details of the phone conversation—I think it was my dad who broke the news—but I know that within an hour I was in the passenger seat of my car, which was being driven by my boyfriend (now husband) the 208 miles from the Cornell campus in Ithaca, New York, to my childhood home in Short Hills, New Jersey.

I arrived that evening to find my carbohydrate-averse mother cooking pasta with vodka sauce—which was comforting, and as good a sign as any of a looming apocalypse. Early the next morning I was lying on a gurney as a sur-

geon my dad sometimes played golf with used a Sharpie to mark where he'd make his cuts: a wide circle just above my right knee around the original site of the offending mole, and a smaller oval in my right groin, the location of the lymph node nearest to the cancer site, to see how far it had spread. I remember thinking, in that moment, about the mole itself: a small, smooth, pink bubble, like the eraser on a No. 2 pencil, that I had first noticed several months before during a family vacation on Martha's Vineyard for no other reason than that I deemed it unsightly. The first dermatologist I went to see told me it was a cosmetic issue and that I'd have to pay for its removal out of pocket; the second dermatolo-

gist I visited agreed that it was nonthreatening but consented to send it off to the lab anyway.

In the end, my surgery was successful. The margins and lymph node were, unexpectedly, clear of cancer. But a few weeks later I received another shock: I may never have had cancer in the first place. The parts of me that had been excised, including the original mole, had apparently been making the rounds of pathologists, most of whom concluded that my eraser-like blemish had never been anything more than a mere Spitz nevus, also known as a juvenile melanoma—a term that has since been abandoned because they can show up in people of any age, and, oh yeah, they're benign. Over the next decade the

Photography Slim Aarons

EXPOSURE

The importance of vitamin D in preventing cancer and heart disease has left many Americans doubting long-held beliefs about the sun—and sunblock. One writer confronts the catch-22.
By Danielle Stein

