

The Thin Way

"Have you seen any of the old crowd?" I asked, telling him of all I had found out.

"Helen Conner is doing wonderful work drawing illustrations for Latin text books," he told me, "And Helen King, Catherin Mury Alzire Jahnes and Alma Ustal are all in a dressmaking business together. Their clothes are worn by all the prominent people."

"What about Franklyn Witzmann?" Edith asked. "You and he used to be good friends do you know where he is?"

"Oh yes," Jimmy answered, "He's chief engineer for the Elliott Construction Company—That's Ralph Elliott, you know—Wilbur is an ink manufacturer."

We left Jimmy and sauntered on "I just noticed how pretty your hair looks, Edith," I said, "What have you done to it?"

"I had it dressed to suit my personality at Cornie Costa's beauty parlor," she answered. "I'm glad you like it. Adele Vreeland works with Cornie too—she gives the best manicures in the city."

We were passing a church at the moment. On the lawn was a bulletin which read, "Services here every Sunday, George Botyos, Pastor." Just as we passed the church clock struck four.

"Oh! is it so late," Edith gasped. "I must hurry right home, I should have been there half an hour ago."

"I think I'd better be starting over too," I said. "It's been nice seeing you and swapping stories about all our old pals." I boarded a trolley and as I dropped my fare in the box I saw that the motorman was none other than Robert Bund.

I had to rush to catch the ferry and slipped breathlessly into a seat just as it started. "Shine, shoe shine—shine, lady?" I lifted my head and looked straight into the face of Jack Sevenair! "Hello, Jack," I said, "have you seen any of the members of the class of 1932?"

"Not very many" he replied, "but **Sonny Takala** was on the boat the other day. He's football coach for N. Y. U., the same college where Ruth Taylor is teaching Art, and I heard that Francis Rossman is matron of an orphan's home in Philadelphia." By this time the boat had docked as I said goodbye to Jack and hurried on.

"Ridgefield Park, Bogota, Teaneck, West Englewood—on Track 41" the iron-throat calling that train belonged to Robert Pohley. I had time for nothing more than a hurried greeting as I clambered aboard. "Darn it" I thought, "I've forgotten to buy the paper!" However, I was lucky in finding one someone had left in the seat. "Parry case decided" glared the headlines. "Grace Parry, of Zelnick's Follies, was awarded \$50,000 in her breach of promise suit against Laurence Matthews, millionaire cheese king Brithwald Weissinger, Attorney for the defense, presented a stirring account of the story to Judge Robert Poe."

As I turned the pages a story on the radio page caught my eye, "The quintet composed of Phil Toby, Stanley Greaves, Lew Ruhro, Stanley Austin and Chubby Hebbard is worthy of mention. Their program over the B. C. S. is getting better every night. However, we think that they give too much time to advertising Kyle's patented appliance for holding back the ears." An article right below that one said that Beatrice Fried, the operatic star, was going to broadcast for the first time very soon. Then there was the life story of Eddie Lofberg, the famous announcer and an advertisement for Grosser Radios. On the next page I saw a success story which told of the immense concern Richard Altenberg had made from one little fish store.

I turned to the comic sheet and was much amused by the antics of "Flea" a cartoon drawn by Ida Lindstrom.

On the woman's page I read with interest Dolly Joseph's column on "Advice to the Lovelorn," which contained a letter written by Lois Murphy. In the section devoted to Beauty Hints, written by Helen Krauss, Betty Singer asked for advice on how to arrange her hair.

Goodness it's cold in this train—what train?—Where am I?—I opened my eyes to see a beautiful sunset in 1932. Why—it must have all been a dream—or a vision—I murmured between yawns.

EMMA LUSSENHOP.