

The second Christmas after our baby's death was our first with Jackie. Carl joined me in making it a fairy-tale evening. Lee Appleget, dressed as Santa Claus, came down the big chimney at The Shadows and landed directly in front of the lighted tree. Under the tree Carl had tied his Christmas present for

sun.

swam, walked, played and rode together and grew tanned in the husband I had known and my entire world changed. Jackie and I

I turned to Jackie for comfort, while Miami Beach and the particularly little boys; but how to explain that to a child! the memory of his own son because he loved all children, would push the little boy away. I knew Carl was pushing back

Sometimes I would see Carl's eyes darken with pain and he for Carl's dearest and best beloved friend, John Oliver LaGorce. days I was Clyde's mother and his name was changed to "John" "Pitty lady, pity lady, take me;" My heart melted and in a few tow-headed little boy ran down the terrace to my car screaming, raise him. I went to the cottage where she worked and a chubby to give us her little son. She explained she could not afford to count of the loss of our baby, Mazie Hogue telephoned, offering Indianapolis with Clyde Jr. Reading in the newspaper the ac- killed in an ammunition factory in World War I, she came to Russell Gilbert for whom he was named. After her husband was Jackie was born in Detroit, the son of Mazie Hogue and Clyde he was to him, could not fully accept him in the place of our son. Carl, fond though he seemed to be of Jackie, and kind though Jackie was to me the baby we had left in Indianapolis; but and I made him my own.

old with melting brown eyes and the most adorable personality, was kind to me, and to my arms came a little blond three-year- longed for children and they were denied me, but God at last myself hostess in a night club that ran night and day. I had hysteria. I, who loved gracious and hospitable living, now found

I was fighting to retain a nucleus of sane living in mounting- ently, Carl always boasted of the fact that I never drank. drinking and swapping joke for joke with their men. Inconsist- was the beginning of a new age, and women, too, were smoking,