

Once it was a ten-thousand-dollar set of sterling silver for our table. Sometimes he and Bob would share a bottle of choice scotch under the apple trees. Or he might bring a box of cigars, and then smoke them himself, since Bob did not smoke cigars. One afternoon he drove up in a brand-new station wagon. When he was leaving he turned to me, "Drive me back to Sands Point, honey, my eyes are bothering."

"Of course. Bob can drive after us in our car to bring me home."

Carl flashed into a strain of temper. "Dammnit, I wanted you no use for this Long Island smart-set wagon."

An involved trick for presenting an ex-wife with a station wagon!

Completely ignoring the fact that I now had another husband to take charge of my affairs, Carl added improvements to our farm without my knowledge or permission as if he were still lord and master of my household and my destiny. Dirt flew on the East Williston acres as it had at Blossom Heath and The Shadows.

"But, Carl," I would wail, "I don't want the garage so close to the entrance."

"That's where it belongs, and that's where it's going to be." And there the garage would stand before evening, by Carl's orders.

But Bob admired Carl, and whatever he did was all right with Bob. I hadn't a chance between them.

One morning we were awakened by the snorting of a tractor in the garden. Through the windows I saw the unmistakable battered white hat bouncing jauntily over an arena of action. Carl, surrounded by workmen, was driving a tractor and plow. I hung on a dressing gown and rushed out of doors.

"What on earth are you doing?"

Carl yelled down from the tractor: "Thought this would make a nice little practice polo field."

"I don't want a polo field! I never played polo in my life! I never expect to play polo—"