

was the beginning of a new age, and women, too, were smoking, drinking and swapping joke for joke with their men. Inconsistently, Carl always boasted of the fact that I never drank.

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

Jackie was to me the baby we had left in Indianapolis; but Carl, fond though he seemed to be of Jackie, and kind though he was to him, could not fully accept him in the place of our son. Jackie was born in Detroit, the son of Mazie Hogue and Clyde Russell Gilbert for whom he was named. After her husband was killed in an ammunition factory in World War I, she came to Indianapolis with Clyde Jr. Reading in the newspaper the account of the loss of our baby, Mazie Hogue telephoned, offering to give us her little son. She explained she could not afford to raise him. I went to the cottage where she worked and a chubby tow-headed little boy ran down the terrace to my car screaming, "Pitty lady, pity lady, take me." My heart melted and in a few days I was Clyde's mother and his name was changed to "John" for Carl's dearest and best beloved friend, John Oliver LaGorce. Sometimes I would see Carl's eyes darken with pain and he would push the little boy away. I knew Carl was pushing back the memory of his own son because he loved all children, particularly little boys; but how to explain that to a child! I turned to Jackie for comfort, while Miami Beach and the husband I had known and my entire world changed. Jackie and I swam, walked, played and rode together and grew tanned in the sun.

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